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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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WE purpose to exhibit, so far as the compass of a brief essay may allow, an outline of the history and leading opinions of a writer who, under the distinguished patronage of the highest personage in the land, has lately been introduced to the notice of English readers.

The life of the German mystic, Heinrich Zschokke, was one which in many ways deserves notice. He was in his way a philosopher no less than a poet; he was an enthusiast in the work of education, an ardent philanthropist, and a Utopian political reformer; while in domestic life he was a devoted husband and a conscientious father. He was not, like many of his compatriots in a metaphysical age, stunted and one-sided in his mental development, looking with pur-

blind eyes on the scenes around him, and listening with dull ears to the sounds of healthful every-day work in this busy world of ours. If he was dreamy, enthusiastic, spiritualist, and transcendental, he was also earnest, practical, active, and versatile. He was always engaged in works of active charity, as well as in the speculations of spiritual clairvoyance; he was an earnest worker for the public good, and almost a demagogue with his people. In Switzerland he seconded Aloys Reding with a courage and perseverance worthy of a noble cause.

In writings like Heinrich Zschokke's *Hours of Devotion* (of which work the *Meditations on Death and Eternity*, lately translated into English, form a portion) a thoughtful reader will be careful to appreciate the good and true, while he rejects the sentimentalism and error which are found too abundantly intermingled with much that is worthy of attention. Nor is this strange; for a writer who does not recognise the limits to human independence and finite knowledge, who cannot feel with Dryden that 'what could fathom God were more than He,' who speaks of positive truth as only the 'indispensable veil thrown around the supersensual' for the benefit of mortals, and who advocates the necessity of separating the 'essential' truth which the Saviour of the world taught, from the '*poor* figurative language of the East,' from 'Israelitish prejudice' and 'Mosaic conception,' is one whom we should not wish to see brought forward as a teacher of the multitude, however peculiar the circumstances may be under which he has been raised to such prominence.

It need excite no surprise that the vivid imagination, the eloquent language, and the deep devotion which adorn the writings of Zschokke should lead the sorrowing mourners who seek for consolation in his pages to the heights of pietistic enthusiasm; nor that the fascinating style and intense sympathy of the author should do much to embellish a negative form of error, which at first sight appears to be purely innocent, or at least little to be dreaded. In reality, however, when *positive* error is taught, we have something tangible to examine and to test by the standards of truth; but when, by a process or an influence merely negative and destructive, the foundations of our faith are undermined, the teaching of our fathers rendered obsolete, and our sense of certainty destroyed, we are too apt to take refuge in vague generalities, or to comfort ourselves with some such artistic but unmeaning sentiment as that of Goethe, who elegantly wrote: 'It is not always necessary for truth to embody itself; enough if it floats spiritually

about; if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air.'

But this distant undulation is not sufficient for the heart of man. 'The spirit of the wisest thinker on earth,' explains Zschokke, 'cannot maintain itself long on the heights of the infinite. He has need to clothe the pure ideas of religion in a sensuous form.' Such a form he found in Christianity, interpreted by ideal mysticism. This rationalised and mysticised Christianity he declared to contain the 'ultimate results of speculative philosophy,' and to be in harmony with reason and nature.

The most plausible explanation of this high-sounding language, and the best excuse for Zschokke's peculiar system of religious thought, may be found in his singular Autobiography,—a work which was translated into English in 1845, but which is now out of print.

It has been well remarked that so few men know their own history, so few are acquainted with the fluctuating nature of their own characters, and so few can estimate the power of early education, natural predisposition, and other influences in regulating the circumstances of their lives, that a really unprejudiced autobiography has probably never been written; and it is well perhaps that the 'softening veil is kept in mercy drawn,' and that the power of perfectly relating his own mental history should be denied to man. 'Each mind,' says Foster, 'has an interior apartment of its own, into which none but itself and the Divinity can enter. In this retired place the passions mingle and fluctuate in unknown agitations. There all the fantastic and all the tragic shapes of imagination have a haunt, where they can neither be invaded nor descried. There projects, convictions, and vows, are confusedly scattered. .....There in solitary state sits conscience surrounded by her own thunders, which sometimes sleep and sometimes roar, while the world does not know.' The old heathen philosophy was shallow and false, notwithstanding its apparent beauty. For perfectly to 'know himself,' and to know of nothing beyond, might be a curse to drive man mad. With Heinrich Zschokke, however, it was a principle to look at the world through the glasses of fancy and sentiment. An analogous rule seems to have regulated his views not only of history, but of religion; and to have shaped his estimate of his own character, and of the events of his life. And yet, as it is with other autobiographies, (such as those of Rousseau, Hume, Jean Paul, or Goethe,) so it is with that of Zschokke: amidst much egotism and self-deception in the writer, the penetrating reader

may obtain a fair idea of the true features of the man. We have before us the portrait of a hero of a bygone generation, who during a long and honourable career distinguished himself as poet, novelist, historian, politician, and philosopher; of a versatile genius, as eclectic in his tastes as any Michael Angelo, or Leonardo da Vinci; of one who was an earnest-minded worker, and not an idler or dreamer in the busy world of labour; of a man quiet and domestic in his tastes, imaginative and in a certain sense devout, yet daring and free in the tone of his mind, hating all shams and affectations, turning with disgust from everything which was conventional, and abandoning many forms of truth in his exaggerated dread of accepting the opinions of his fathers, or of wearing other men's thoughts as swaddling clothes. To such a character, priding itself on its independence and its eccentricity, there was a luxurious pleasure in retiring occasionally from active life to enjoy the process of self-contemplation. Zschokke was apparently sincere and unaffected; but he was too self-conscious to understand true simplicity. 'L'homme simple,' observed Fénélon, 'n'affecte ni la vertu, ni la vérité même; il n'est jamais occupé de lui, il semble d'avoir perdu ce *moi* dont on est si jaloux.'

But if Heinrich Zschokke has to some extent failed in the attempt to unmask the mysterious Ego for our inspection;—if, as in the *Confessions* of Rousseau, we have our suspicion that much has been concealed, if not unconsciously embellished, in this attempt at perfect confidence;—yet his Autobiography abounds with graphic pictures of the cities and people among whom he lived, and with interesting descriptions of past events. We will try to reproduce some of his sketches on a reduced scale.

The first picture is of an orphan childhood. The mother, beautiful, but melancholy in her temperament, died seven weeks after the birth of Zschokke, which took place at Magdeburg in the year 1770. In her last hour she pressed her child passionately to her breast, exclaiming, 'My boy, why cannot I take thee with me to the tomb?' The father was a clothmaker, head of his guild (or Oberältester) in his native town; and for nine years little Heinrich, the youngest, was the Benjamin of the honest citizen's heart. These years were spent, with other saucy and daring urchins, in merry and mischievous exploits, and in wild gymnastic exercises; but, on the death of the father in August, 1779, the child was handed over to the tender mercies of a somewhat stern and pedantic relative. Romping with vulgar associates was now forbidden as unbe-

coming. Brother Andreas was determined to subdue the exuberant boy's innate barbarism, (as he deemed it,) and endeavoured to mould a fine gentleman, if not an aristocratic genius, out of rather hopeless material. It was all in vain. The enforced attendance of the boy at church made him fancy strange shapes in the architecture, mimic the gestures of the clergyman, and mentally compare the bowing congregation of worshippers to a field of corn with the wind passing over it. At school he pored by stealth over Schummel's translation of the *Arabian Nights*, and at last was expelled on the ground of utter mental incapacity, and handed over to a lower class of associates, in the hope that he might at least become a decent mechanic. Neglect and unkindness followed.

The peculiar character of the imaginative boy (who questioned whether the world might not be a great puppet-show, in which figures were moved about without knowing or willing it) caused him to be harshly reproached, and his childish expressions were unmercifully laughed at. Thus estranged, as he imagined, from mankind, and alone in a world which terrified him, the orphan addressed lamentations in writing to the spirit of his father. This prompted his first attempt to make poetry. He felt as if heavenly beings must be addressed in a loftier language than that of common life. Derided by the business-like tradesmen who surrounded him for these signs of hereditary madness, the solitary boy would creep sobbing at night to his dark bed-room, when, being denied the use of a candle, he hollowed out a turnip, and filled it with oil for a lamp. Here he constructed wild theories of his own, and held converse with imaginary beings, answering his own petitions in language which he ascribed to them. In this unhealthy training was laid the foundation for that daring originality and love of dreaming which distinguished him in after years.

Generally speaking, there is an insensible and continual propagation of opinions from the old to the young, leading to the 'uninquiring adoption' of the religious and intellectual ideas of predecessors from one generation to another; but in the case of Zschokke, in consequence of his peculiar education, not only was this continuity of opinion and sentiment absolutely cut off, but an aversion was engendered to the teaching of others which caused him rather to pride himself on his singularity, and to rejoice in leaving the beaten highway which was worn by other human feet, for the narrow path which he had cleared for himself amidst the tangled brushwood of error.

If a history, as it has been remarked, were to be written of the 'Philosophy of Doubt,' the world of sceptics might be

divided into numerous classes. There would be the man who, unstable and fluctuating in his opinions, is continually adopting a new creed at the suggestion of others. There would be another who, because he cannot fathom with his finite reason all the mysteries of heaven and earth, condemns himself to live a life of unquietness and to die a death of terror, imagining it insincere to believe at all. There would be another class of sceptics, who love to parade their scepticism, wearing their infidelity *à la mode* like the cut of a new coat, condemning Rationalism because it is *passé*, and flaunting in Pantheism because it is fashionable. But yet another would consist of those who pride themselves on being unlike other men, and who fancy that their original genius would be degraded by accepting the precepts which the wisdom of ages has taught. Bishop Butler has done well to warn us against the habit of allowing thoughts to filter through our minds, without testing them by our own reason. The mind possesses nothing which it has not conquered for itself; and to shrink from the effort or fatigue of review and attention is a form of culpable indolence. But the other extreme—that of contempt for the settled conclusions of past ages, and for the judgment of others, however wise or good—is equally detrimental to the progress of truth. Such contempt is often an easy way of satisfying personal vanity; and just as in fashionable society men endeavour to distinguish themselves by pretending to be fastidious or exclusive, so in the mental world, in order to gain a reputation for independence of mind and sincerity of conviction, men are often tempted to disagree from their neighbours.

At the age of fourteen Zschokke tells us he was considered old enough to be initiated, by the rite of confirmation, into the 'mysteries of the Christian faith.' His behaviour at this period was quite in keeping with his character. Without troubling himself to comprehend the practical meaning of peculiar doctrines,—such as the 'Trinity of the Godhead,' 'Original Sin,' or 'Election by Grace,'—he allowed this 'theological dogmatism' (as he called it) to remain for him in inextricable confusion; nevertheless he became inflamed with a temporary and youthful enthusiasm, in which every act of childish thoughtlessness took the shape of an unpardonable transgression, and during which he seldom left the pastor's house without having eyes red with penitential weeping. A devotion so little grounded in principle or conviction, so entirely dependent on evanescent feeling, was of course liable to be chilled by any passing incident. In vain did he attempt

to sustain the intoxication of this false fervour, nourishing it 'artfully' by the frequent reading of mystical works. The fact that his first attendance at the holy sacrament was not accompanied or followed by the mysterious enjoyment that he had expected, was sufficient to arouse his mind, as he tells us, to the urgent rights of 'awakening reason,' and to cause the glowing phantasmagoria of excited fancies entirely to fade away. The next change is one which might have been expected. Young Zschokke's genius had by this time risen above early difficulties, and he had for a considerable period pursued his studies at the Gymnasium with great zest and devotion. In the library of his learned rector—Caspar Reichard, the unwearied translator of Latin and English works—the youth soon became familiar with the thoughts and languages of other nations, adopting each theory with which he became acquainted, just as it happened to excite his wonder or to please his fancy; becoming in turn a poet or a politician, a mystic or a freethinker, just as his last book made him, and yet remarking with horror the instability of his own mind, as only capable, like a passive mirror, of reflecting everything which passed before it.

Thus the boy-philosopher brooded in vain over the 'world-riddle' which oppressed him, refusing, as he imagined, in the light of his clearer reason the positive traditions of men. This 'dogmatic religion' (as he expressed it, in the vanity of his self-satisfied heart) dropped from him as 'decayed leaves drop off from a tree' when the budding of a new spring pushes against them. More lonely than ever, being deprived of the spiritual excitement which had formerly rendered his orphan existence endurable, he now became hopelessly depressed by the jarring discordance which he remarked, both in his own life and in the lives of others, between theories of the real and the ideal; panting, however, at the same time, with instinctive eagerness for change of scene, for energy and action. In this state of mind an unpleasant incident in his daily life occasioned his flight from the 'Gymnasium;' and, on a cold and foggy morning in January, 1788, the young adventurer, without a friend in the wide world,—a world that he already knew to be

> 'Alive with sorrow and sin,
> Alive with pain and passion,'—

and without a hope in heaven, found himself travelling on foot far away from his native town. He even dreamed at first of journeying as far as Switzerland, which his fancy had pictured with towering Alps, sun-lit lakes, and wild cascades in bright

idyllic beauty; and so enraptured was he at the prospect of his freedom that he shouted and danced for joy. The spectacle is a curious one; but it is fully in keeping with the character of Zschokke, who throughout his life united something of that vivid realisation of the present and earnest longing for action which have generally distinguished the French as a nation, with the dreamy over-consciousness and metaphysical restlessness of the German. Harassed by a dread of the 'nothingness' of all created things, when the solid earth seemed to be reeling from beneath his feet, his was not a nature to shrink into dark melancholy, and pine away under the agony of the thought. The possession of strong animal spirits came in to correct the false conceptions of the mind, and he was roused from his unpractical dreams by the longing that

> 'A healthy heart hath in it,
> To feel intensely life's each minute.'

'Arbeit,' say the Germans, 'giebt Kraftgefühl, und in diesen besteht unser höchstes Vergnügen.' Perhaps Pascal was right when he argued that this eager activity is only a relief from the contemplation of self: we dread to be left alone, as a debtor shrinks from casting up his accounts. At any rate, in the anxious struggle for bread-getting employment which soon called for the exercise of stern common-sense, and in the laborious occupation of teaching boys, Zschokke presently felt his fanciful gloom disperse as a mist before the sunshine.

The winter passed away in Schwerin, where circumstances had induced him to cast his lot; and as spring came on with its 'vast superfluity of beauty,' the fanciful youth forgot his schemes of enterprise, and was content to play a part in imaginary dramas of his own day-dreaming, and to spend his spare hours in wandering through woods and meadows. But when another year had passed away, his restless spirit tired of these simple pleasures, and, like Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' he joined a travelling caravan of actors in the character of theatrical poet.

A short period was sufficient to sicken him of the drudgery of sentimental rhyming; and discovering that the tattered artists whom he had formerly regarded with reverence as Schiller's 'bearers of the palm-branch,' were always wrangling and drinking behind the scenes, he abandoned this vagabond existence, and betook himself to Frankfort to prosecute his studies at the University.

Here he threw himself with eagerness into the study of theology, being tormented afresh by the old agony of uncer-

tainty. The history of this mental struggle would fortunately be a curious one to the English reader. The so-called 'enlightened' age to which Zschokke belonged was ready, in its half-delirious restlessness, to tear every system of philosophy and faith to tatters.

The simple rule that the mind should never be moved from a point well proven, by accompanying difficulties which it cannot solve, seems never to have occurred to these scholars; and Zschokke himself was far from understanding that sentiment and fanciful intuitions are often things of 'inveterate prejudice,' and that the mind of man too commonly inclines to believe the theories which its own wit may have created. Zschokke, as he tells us, was miserable at this period, and painfully conscious of the ludicrous inconsistency between the scepticism of his understanding, and the mysticism of his visionary feelings. Having determined to accept no theological dogma which '*any Christian sect had at any time regarded as heretical*,' he soon found that his faith had dwindled into a kind of poetical pantheism, which he termed 'Christianity disencumbered of its outward wrappages,' and that he needed higher truths yet for the peace of his soul.

He longed for direct knowledge of God, and sorrowed that he could not obtain it. He toiled in study: he wearied himself in speculation. But all in vain. His search became more and more hopeless. And what wonder? Have all the recondite books yet written ever calmed the whirlwinds of earthly tumult and passion, or laid to rest the troubled seas of worldly desire and ambition? Have Kant or Fichte, or the elaborate disquisitions of Strauss, ever satisfied the keen craving of the soul after something higher than itself, or guided the failing steps of man up those heights of aspiration where at every turn in the ascent a wider horizon opens to the view? Have all the books on evidences and all the controversies of scholars ever (we use a word for which there is no substitute) *converted* a single soul, turning it away from self, and bringing it back to God?

Philosophers have done well to establish a body of ethical truth on grounds independent of revealed religion; but most men are conscious of a craving for truth and certainty higher than human reason can afford. Centuries ago Plato taught that earth's uncertain lights were but the reflection of the hidden glories of truth, and man but a finite and partially seeing creature. Yet through some such struggle as Zschokke's the right path may be often reached; and when all the forces of the soul are apparently scattered by the attacks of the

enemy, they may yet be rallied by believing, and the faithful soldier, though wounded, may still win the day. Harassed himself by mental difficulties in this age of doubt, Jean Paul Richter would refer in his symbolic language to the fable of the blind Orion, who went incessantly towards the sun to find his sight; and piteously he would implore his fellow-countrymen not to look the wrong way, where they discerned only emptiness and darkness, but to turn their eyes to the sky, where the 'Star in the East' was still shining for them as for the Magi of old; concluding in his picturesque style, 'Let us not be only as the flowers which open their leaves to the sun, but as the sunflower which turns towards it.' But with Zschokke, as with many of us, the connexion between the head and the heart was very imperfect. The two were as utter foreigners to each other; and when his head was convinced, it was as nothing to his heart. Thus he laboured night and day at learned books, without gaining the least assurance respecting the reality of true religion. The glorious history of Bethlehem and Calvary was like some beautiful tale of the poetical and fabling past, which he could not bring home to his believing consciousness. It floated as an unreality by his side, the foundation of his love for beauty and the origin of his admiration for self-sacrifice; but he could not grapple or lay hold of it. A great gulf lay between it and him. Many are the sentimentalists still who feel in this way, and are content to rest in it. Like the ancient Romans, they would enrol the Saviour of the world among their gods, but never offer Him undivided worship. Every age has its own distemper, and the tendency of ours is to generalise, and to content itself with uncertainty in matters of faith. To Zschokke belongs this praise, that from his youth he felt the necessity for, and longed to realize the existence of, a *personal* God; and we can only sorrow that this vehement desire should ever have been satisfied with vague and poetical abstractions, and never have found its fulfilment in the perfect acceptance of the all-sufficient Gospel of Christ, the Son and Image of the everlasting Father.

Amidst all this inward desolation and gloom the morbid University student would regret that he had been born into the world some centuries too soon, or would envy the honest mechanic his daily labour, applying to himself the words of Goethe's despairing Faust:—

> 'I've studied, alas, philosophy,
> Jurisprudence, and medicine, too;
> And, sadder still, theology;
> With burning zeal and courage true.

And now, poor blockhead, my learned lore
Leaves me as wise as I was before,
Magister and doctor though I be.'

A visit to his old home at Magdeburg, where he was lauded by admiring relatives as a 'promising graduate,' did little to raise his spirits. Discontented and sceptical though he was, he had yet no conscientious scruple to deter him from exercising the talent which as a 'preacher' he by this time possessed, and addressing a congregation from the Christian pulpit with an appearance of fervour; sophistically arguing that it was no hypocrisy to clothe eternal truths in harmony with the laws of nature and reason in the 'Hebrew old clothes' of biblical language. A few years of quiet work, spent at Frankfort-upon-Oder, were soon succeeded by the old thirst for action. Weary of mere books and dry learning, he longed for the healthy culture which was to be acquired in the open air, and in the contemplation of living things. He panted for a sight of the outer world, and with Burton would have pitied the man who could not travel, counting him an unhappy prisoner that 'from his cradle to his old age beholds the same; still, still the same.' Thus commenced a long course of wanderings in Switzerland and Germany, beginning the period which may be called the *political* life of Zschokke. On his Utopian dreams of republican happiness, and on the prominent part which he took in important revolutions in Switzerland, we have no space to enlarge. Our province is rather to investigate the literary and private history of the man, and to examine into the reality of his claims to be considered as a teacher of truth. It is sufficient to remark that the political principles of Zschokke were in keeping with his generous and enthusiastic nature. In all his domestic and social relations he proved himself to be eminently unselfish. 'All work and all love,' as it has been said, 'must be either centrifugal or centripetal;' and anything good or noble must be done disinterestedly. 'Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra,' was the principle of Zschokke's active exertion. To see a people suffering or oppressed was with him sufficient to make their cause his own, and he was too eminently sympathetic not to recognise that spirit of nationality which 'haunts the very soil of every country—the permanent atmosphere which no rind of philosophy or revolution can dislodge.' In his labours he was associated with other men as earnest and philanthropic as himself. Amongst them not the least was Heinrich Pestalozzi, the celebrated educational reformer, whose character bore in many respects a close similarity to that of Zschokke. From his association with

Pestalozzi, Heinrich Zschokke evidently derived many of his theories on the training of children, which he afterwards put into practice in the education of his sons. Amongst these may be noticed the following ideas: that there is a living principle of development in every human soul—that the great task of education is to put obstacles out of the way of this development —that the true end of this development is reason or self-reliance, and that the way to obtain self-reliance lies in activity. These views were intimately connected with theories as to the perfect purity and innocence of infancy. The painful recollection of 'original sin' found no place in this poetical system, or in these imaginary 'Kindergärten,' in which the little ones were to be tended like plants, and left to their own free development under loving and admiring guidance.

With views such as these, at the age of twenty-six our author undertook a schoolmaster's vocation at a large seminary at Reichenau. Here, for a time, his deep love of all that was beautiful in natural scenery, and his sympathy with human nature, were both gratified. His home was in a rocky fortress, beyond which foamed the impetuous waters of the sunny Rhine; and, melting away in the blue distance, peak after peak, rose ranges of the mighty Alps, crowned by the snow-capped summit of St. Gothard. Inspired by a consciousness of the importance of his task, our enthusiast entered with characteristic ardour into his new duties, commiserating the children he had to teach as so many representatives of his own neglected childhood; becoming their playmate, their confidant, and the busy inventor of all their sports and plans. To support himself in the exercise of authority, he instituted a juvenile tribunal of the scholars themselves, in which all offences (more especially lying and deceit) were severely punished. Here, for the benefit of his scholars, Zschokke undertook his first work of any literary importance, entitled, a *History of the Free State of the Three Confederacies in Upper Rhætia.* This historical work was speedily followed by others in the same style, which we are unable to mention here.

But this interval of peaceful security was only for a time. The numerous factions which were endangering the tranquillity of Switzerland soon spread to the Rhætian Alps, and Zschokke (whose political insignificance had led him to consider himself secure amidst the prevailing commotion) was so seriously alarmed one day by an attack of assassins,—probably hired for the purpose of taking away his life,—that he was compelled to seek for safety in flight. During long years of exile, he became associated with the patriotic Tscharner. But on his diplomatic career

and its many vicissitudes our limits will not permit us to enlarge. Ever attentive to the wants of the lower classes of the people, he soon devoted himself to publishing an honest and outspoken newspaper, entitled, *The Swiss Messenger*. It appeared in large print, on coarse paper, with a staring red title, and professed to tell the 'dear native country' what 'wise folk and fools were doing all over the world.' This republican use of Gutenberg's invention called forth a storm of abuse and indignation from others, which was rather satisfactory than otherwise to its publisher, who prided himself on being attacked by his neighbours. During his residence at Unterwalden, however, his enthusiasm was often chilled by the meanness and ignorance, the hardness and coldness of thought and feeling, which the constant pressure of temporal and spiritual bondage had engendered amongst the people. Not here, alas! was he to look for that perfectibility of the human race, which constituted the grandeur of his ideal scheme. 'Man,' wrote Goethe, in one of his elegant aphorisms, 'was the first speech which nature held with God.' But in this Swiss canton, where nature had flung forth in prolific abundance the vast resources of her wealth, the contrast between the beauty of the natural and the deformity of the moral world became only the more appalling. Even the cheerful mind of Zschokke was oppressed by a transient gloom, as he remarked the coarse debasement and the malignant passions which lurked in this favoured region. But prejudice is a thing of habit. Each man, as Locke remarks, is forward to complain of those prejudices which mislead other men and parties, forgetting the beam which is in his own eye. And, in this instance, Zschokke was only led to deduce from the evil a fresh objection to any dogmatic system of faith: arguing that, since cunning selfishness might exist with *religious* fanaticism and priestly negligence, *ergo*, each man should be guided through the labyrinth of creeds by the light of his inward consciousness, seeking for a 'Divine self-revelation of the All-Holiest,' and rejecting 'hollow formulas and ceremonies.' In his contempt for the absurdity of the Romish Church, Zschokke delights in recounting stories to her disadvantage. For instance, at Einsiedlen, when he was regretting the loss of the miraculous image of the Virgin, which had caused pilgrimages to cease, and reduced the village to a state of destitution, an officious priest showed him that the image could be easily restored, by directing him to an old chest, containing a row of the same-sized dolls, dressed in different costumes, to be produced at the various feasts.

Meanwhile, the old delight in exertion sufficed to keep up

his spirits. 'Action is life,' he wrote, 'and benevolent action is the most blessed life.' The troubles of war, famine, and distress, however, increased around him. In Uri especially the unhappiness was greatest, and Zschokke was incessant in his labour of benevolence. Daily anxieties, cares, investigations, and correspondences, left him little time for the intoxication of poetry, or the disquisitions of philosophy. Only when these stormy days were over could he return again to the pleasures of literature, and the dreamy meditation which he held so dear.

But, after these years of tumult and distress, when, in the quiet of private life, he again approached the old abyss of doubt, it seemed to him that the gulf had disappeared which had formerly existed in his own imagination alone. For the first time in his life, he tells us, he believed in the existence of an Almighty Father, as a living certainty; and this belief never afterwards deserted him. In this state of feeling we look in vain for any solid foundation of sterling truth. Zschokke's own description of it is rather negative than positive, but affords a good key to the erroneous assumptions in his religious works. Little comprehending the importance of reverent awe in dealing with sacred things, he applies epithets to the opinions of his fellow men, as if these were of the same value as conclusive reasons. In too light and careless a tone he tells us that his belief was in no 'God of a catechism, with human faults and virtues, with attributes and perfections of human invention,' but rather in an Eternal All, bearing the same relation to the universe as that of the soul to the human body. In fact, this absolute ideal of Divinity becomes more and more intangible,—an *Ens rationis*, a mere conception of the understanding or the higher faculties. This is a subject on which it is painful to dwell. That a man so highly gifted, and possessing so many of the characteristics of genius, should arrive, after a weary struggle of years, at no more certain and consolatory truth than this cold and powerless conception; that he should think and speak of the Saviour of the world merely as a 'God-enlightened Teacher,' and a 'Divine Revealer of the Father,' and revile the ministers of the Gospel as 'unprincipled persons,' who lower the nature of true religion, is almost as incomprehensible as it is sad. Yet he describes his own feelings as joyful in the extreme; and, wishing to give others a share in his 'peaceful convictions,' he wrote at this period his *Alamontade* and the *Yearning after the Invisible*.

The conclusion of Zschokke's history is less remarkable. In the summer of 1802, he took a pedestrian tour to Aarau,

accompanied by the poet Kleist, and realised the truth of a saying which is as old as the days of Homer, 'Two when they travel together, one sees what misses the other.' Whilst at Basle, he made the acquaintance of the pastor Ruperti, of Kirchberg, and his daughter Annie,—a girl of sixteen, whose youthful simplicity and beauty detained him long in the neighbourhood. In the course of a few months the wing of the old castle at Biberstein was fitted up, with a view to comfort and convenience, and the wedding was celebrated in a simple and unostentatious manner,—the bride and bridegroom remaining in every-day costume. In his domestic relations Zschokke appeared to advantage. At the conclusion of his life he declared, from his own experience, that a happy marriage was a heaven upon earth. On his wedding day he became, in his own imagination,

> 'Lord of a happiness unknown,—
> Which could not all be known for years and years,
> Uncomprehended as the shapes of hills,
> When one stands in the midst.'

With characteristic sagacity, however, he was careful to contract a marriage treaty with his young wife. They agreed to 'live only for each other, to have no secrets, to trust in God, and to trust fully in no one else.' Simple and plain in all exterior arrangements, they were careful to maintain a moderate competence, and the hospitality of the quaint old castle was always offered to the *literati* of Germany.

The following years were occupied in official and charitable work; nor did Zschokke neglect to pay attention to the subjects of farming and rural economy. All these things he held were of vast importance; for every act, he taught, was a religious one, which 'raised man above the mere animal, and brought him nearer to the Divine nature.' With convictions such as these, our author was ever endeavouring to improve the condition of his fellow-men, and ever rousing himself when increasing worldly prosperity would have led him to slumber in the lap of luxury. 'Recreation,' it has been remarked, 'can be fully enjoyed only by the man who has some earnest occupation;' and it was the reality of his work which caused him to relish his leisure. Some of his spare time was devoted to literary employment, and thus by degrees was composed his most important theological work, entitled, *Hours of Devotion*, ('Stunden der Andacht,') and intended to re-awaken religious enthusiasm in the public mind, and to disencumber the 'real from the husk of a formal Christianity.' The publication of this work occasioned a storm of excitement and controversy in

Germany. In 1840 Dr. Tholuck published his own improved edition of a work which he held to be admirable in parts, but too rationalistic for Christians. Previously (in 1819) three volumes, written in a more intolerant spirit, had appeared, entitled, *The Hours of Devotion, the Work of Satan.* These invectives were delightful to the anonymous author, who, never doubting his competence for the task he had undertaken, was only enraptured by what he termed 'priestly vituperation.' How was it possible for these critics to make any impression upon the mind and conscience of an author, who actually beheld in the religion of others only a 'dead load of formulas' and fanatic dogmas, obscuring and stifling by 'wordy rubbish' the simplicity and clearness of the Divine revelation? The indignation which his theories excited only heightened his self-complacency. Amongst other things he fancied himself gifted with a mysterious faculty called 'inward sight,' and tells us that it happened to him sometimes on a first meeting with strangers, while listening silently to their conversation, that their whole former lives, or some trifling circumstance or particular scene connected with their lives, would pass quite involuntarily, and as it were a dream, before his eyes. Others were apt to be incredulous as to the reality of these visionary gifts, which Zschokke termed 'soul-experiences,' and which he attributed to the subtle influences of sympathy and antipathy.

That a writer who laughed to scorn the possibility of the existence of any evil being, and who denied that temptations could be allowed to deepen the humility and to try the faith of man, should yet dream that he was gifted with knowledge of future events, and had intercourse with unseen powers, is a phenomenon that need surprise no one who is but partially acquainted with the peculiarities of human nature. Extreme credulity and obstinate scepticism are often nearly allied. Zschokke was even a believer in the mysterious operations of rhabdomancy, and declared that whilst staying in Switzerland he found persons in almost every canton who were able to discover, by peculiar sensations, the 'existence of subterranean waters, metals, and fossils.' A recent writer on the 'supernatural' attaches great importance to these illusions of Zschokke, and would refer them for a full interpretation to a period when he supposes the 'higher and recondite' laws of creation with which we are at present but imperfectly acquainted, may be fully made known. But it is obviously impossible to investigate these peculiarities scientifically, or to attach any importance to the assertion of their existence, so long as this assertion rests upon the statements of persons

whose nervous and enthusiastic temperaments may resemble that of this German mystic. In his early youth we are told that Zschokke was seized with a passionate desire to behold the spirit of his father. Such was his unnatural excitement that sometimes, dissolved in tears, he would reproach the dead for forgetfulness or indifference to him because his morbid wish remained ungratified. The encouragement of such an unhealthy state of feeling might in another sufferer have induced brain disease, so that an optical delusion or morbid monomania might naturally have been the result. Fortunately at this period the mind of Zschokke was braced by the necessity for active conflict with the difficulties of life, his character was disciplined by earnest work, and he was thus enabled to recover his habitual self-control; but the full and equable development of all the human faculties was probably in his case hindered by the constant cherishing of superstitious ideas. As it was, his distracting egotism caused him to dwell with complacency on the recollection of the 'voices of sweet prophecy which made the air ring wildly around him,' on the occasion of his boyish flight from school; and profoundly he would pity the 'gross majority' of this earth's inhabitants, who, precluded from these 'soul-experiences,' were supposed to be lying 'deep in the mire of animalism.'

The energy of Zschokke remained unabated as he advanced in years. To the last he was interested in political matters, having in his later years to pass through many public difficulties, and being occupied with schemes on 'Freemasonry,' and societies for 'national culture.' Ten of the quieter years of his old age he calls by the name of 'sabbath years;' and during these he was occupied, amongst other charitable works, with the foundation of an asylum for the deaf and dumb at Aargau.

In his seventy-first year, in contemplation of his peaceful death, the aged Zschokke concluded these recollections of his life. He remarked that he felt nothing of the joylessness of old age, but that as the present world appeared to fade and darken from his sight, the brighter shone the dawn of the morning of a better life. Wife and children were around him still,—the youthful attractions of the former transformed into the beauty of the soul,—the sons stalwart and active in their daily pursuits, not one of whom had proved unworthy of his love and care. It is pleasant to picture the old man as he spent the evening of his life wandering amid the 'green lawns and groves of his "Blumenhälde,"' most rich

'In all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.'

Looking back with him on the chequered lights and shades of a changing existence, we may echo one sentiment which he has beautifully expressed: 'There is—of this I am, and have long been, thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black threads that run through the many-coloured web of life even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself—in his self-pampering—his fostering of selfish desires.' This view of life was closely connected with Zschokke's theories on education. In his idea of happiness he was careful to preserve the true Platonic distinction between 'pleasure' and 'good.' Health he considered to be the proper constitution of the body, and 'law-regardingness' as that of the soul. According to this view, the Christian was not only to manifest obedience in serving, and energy in acting, but patience in enduring, so that even suffering and worldly misfortune were to be regarded as means of testing his moral progress, or of reforming the errors of the soul. Death itself had no horrors. On the decease of a favourite son he wrote, 'My dead are not divided from me. Death is something grand and solemn, like all that comes to us from God. The death of my children hallows me, purifies my feelings and my thoughts, and by tearing away all earthly delusions brings me nearer to the Divinity.'

Zschokke brought up twelve sons. These were trained early to hardness and privation; their clothes were plain and coarse, and they slept on straw beds. From their tenth year they were sent, knapsack on shoulder, to make rambles through the neighbouring country, that they might learn the necessity of self-dependence. At the proper period each was allowed to select his own profession, though, to guard against the possibility of 'gentlemanly ignorance,' each was also bound apprentice to some honest trade. Their religious instruction was peculiar. The father started on the principle that children are born without sin and without virtue, and are justly called *innocent*; and that the doctrine of the sinfulness of the human race had no meaning except as it referred to the least spiritual part of man's nature. They learnt no catechism, and were taught no prayers; nor were they allowed to attend public worship, till, at the age of sixteen, their understandings were supposed to be sufficiently ripened to comprehend the true meaning of Christianity. In all this there was a certain amount of real wisdom combined with the old pedantic and presumptuous eccentricity. Zschokke was ready to imitate the

Greeks in teaching his sons poetry to inspire them to imitate high deeds, in using music to soften their nature, and in training them in gymnastics that their bodies might be fit to second the impulses of their souls; but he held that nothing had so greatly contributed to the decline of Christianity as the custom of imparting the higher ideas of religion to children at an age when their memory only and not their understanding was capable of receiving them.

In taking leave of the history of this singular man, we cannot but remark on some fine traits in a character otherwise marred by excessive self-confidence and self-consciousness. Zschokke was at once contemplative and social. He knew how to value the joys of privacy, and no man could better have appreciated the advice of Bishop Donne,—

> 'Be thine own home, and in thyself dwell;
> Be thine own palace, or the world's thy jail.'

But on the other hand he was not a cold egotist, and the ardour of reflection did not incapacitate him for companionship with others. With him the intellect was not allowed to stifle the warm affections of the heart; and amongst his fellow-men he was respected and consulted as what the Scotch would have called a 'man of wecht,'—an earnest, strong-minded, and unselfish worker, one who knew that

> 'We live in *deeds*, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
> And he most lives,
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.'

With all this, Zschokke was invariably cheerful, and his was no negative form of thankfulness. Men usually see the world and colour it according to their own experience. Some shudder at it, as if it were a dark and gloomy prison-house: but to others, who have not been chilled by suffering or disappointment, a hymn of praise appears perpetually to ascend. These think of the harmony in the works of nature, of the growing unity of hearts, of the deep ecstasy of human love, and they give vent to an irrepressible murmur of joy. Montesquieu wrote at the close of a long and active life, 'I have never had a chagrin, still less an hour of ennui. I waken in the morning with a sweet pleasure at beholding the light, and gaze at it with a species of ravishment; and all the day I am content.' And Richter exclaimed in wonder at a feeling contrary to his own: 'Many persons think themselves to be God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears; but I believe they would be more so if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything right,

than with those who think everything wrong. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call this world a place of sorrow and torment?' Yet Zschokke's enjoyment of existence was regulated by a deep sense of the supreme importance of the unseen. He was one of those who, in the busy mazes of life, behind them

'Always hear
Time's winged chariots hurrying near.'

Life was to him no earnest 'indefinite longing,' no 'knocking at a door not yet opened;' for he was eminently satisfied with the conclusions of his reason: but death (that 'tremendous necessity,' as Dr. Chalmers called it) was looked upon by him with continual and pleasant anticipation. This looking forward with delight to the thought of a higher and more perfect existence, accounts for the rapturous enthusiasm which we continually find in the *Stunden der Andacht*. Death to Zschokke was not so much the last enemy as rather an angel of light. The last struggle seemed to him but an easy transition of nature, and in his peculiar sense he would have acknowledged that no line in the whole range of poetry conveys so piercing an idea of misery as that in Dante's *Inferno*, where it is said of the lamenting spirits,

'They have *not the hope of death*.'

It was the *intensity* of Zschokke's mind, and his earnestness in urging his favourite theories, which gave him power in his writings. This intensity of thought, with a one-sided development of mind, is not uncommon in cases where from childhood there have been strong repressing circumstances, and where, from want of 'nourishment elsewhere, the mind has been forced back into its own depths.' The vivid imagination of the writer was also calculated to give a peculiar force to the ideas over which he had so long brooded in solitude, and to blind him to the importance of other views. It is sometimes this faculty of imagination which leads to 'a desire to look into' the mysteries of the Gospel,—a desire which has been attributed to angels, but which may be abused by mortals,—a desire which is shown by natures essentially progressive, but is sometimes united with an eagerness and audacity of feeling, bordering on irreverence. In that portion of the *Stunden der Andacht* which has been already translated into English, the reader will have an opportunity of examining for himself the strange mixture of truth and error, of beautiful images and fanciful speculation, which is to be found in these pages. It

would be scarcely possible to analyse this visionary creed, or to define errors which are rather negative than positive; and this difficulty is increased from the writer's carefulness in avoiding the use of biblical language or doctrinal terms.

There is a tendency in the human mind to dwell exclusively upon particular ideas, exaggerating or distorting actual truths, till the judgment becomes warped, and the imagination diseased. The tendency with Zschokke was entirely to spiritualize the new dispensation, and to regard the law of the Spirit of life, written in the heart, as superior to any other revelation. Thus the indissoluble bond between sin and death is argued away, involving a real denial of much that is distinctive in Scripture. The threefold nature of man,—consisting of body and soul and spirit,—the fundamental constitution of human existence as described by the Apostle Paul, is utterly ignored. Death is no longer regarded as a necessity or punishment, but simply as a means fore-ordained for entrance into a higher and superior mode of being; the encumbering weight of the body being treated as detrimental to the progress of the soul.

Thus his hatred of formalism and settled dogmatism became morbid, and the fundamental truth of Christianity that 'God is love' assumed such a prominent importance as to verge towards mere sentimentalism. With much high-sounding rhapsody, and a tendency to etherealise the most solemn subjects of time or eternity, there is nevertheless a remarkable ignorance of the simplest scriptural teaching. The first chapter of the *Meditations* is devoted to the consideration of the question, 'Is slow decline or sudden death most desirable?' The decision is apparently in favour of the latter, because of the freedom from pain and inconvenience which it insures. To live a life of perfect health, virtuous happiness, and innocent pleasure, and to die like a child falling asleep, is Zschokke's favourite ambition; in which there is no recognition of the sacredness of suffering, and the necessity for the resignation of the human will. Of Enoch and Elias we are informed that they *died* suddenly, and he who has a clinging to life is thus comforted:—

'Prepare thy house. If thou leadest at all times a life of piety, innocence, benevolence, full of active well-doing, and free from hatred and anger, such as Jesus thy Saviour taught thee, then sudden death can only be to thee a sudden benefit. Why shouldst thou dread to appear before God?'

Here is a recognition of the Son of God as the Exemplar of mankind; but though the word 'Saviour' is occasionally used in a loose sense, we look in vain for any recognition of the

doctrine of the Redemption in its fullest sense, or of the union of the two natures, God and man, in the one Christ: for Zschokke recognised no fall and no penalty to which mankind could be subject for guilt, and never conceived the idea that the sting of death can be removed only by the removal of sin. To die, according to his theory, was to go out like a light, to forget the passing phenomena of the day as in a 'sweet trance,' and to ascend in the scale of creation. According to these ideas, which may be found continually repeated in the writings of those who belong to what is called the 'Progressive School' of thinkers, there is an irrepressible desire in the bosom of man to escape from the present unnatural state in which he is limited and confined, and which prevents the further expansion and progress of his being. Death, they tell us, is appointed to satisfy this craving for development by the removal of 'those limits and restrictions which the *initiatory* state of existence imposes.'

In this way modern speculation glosses over the real scheme of Gospel truths, and, with much intentional reverence, avoids the danger of unqualified contradictions.

In the succeeding chapters we find such apostrophes as these:—

'O religion, O sweet peace of conscience, and thou, O union of my soul with *the Most High*, do not abandon me!' 'Thou art love, and nought but love! Does not the whole creation proclaim it? Does not Jesus, the Divine Enlightener of man, declare it? .....Thou wilt never dis-unite what Thou hast united in spirit..... Whosoever dwells in love can never feel forsaken, and can never cease to exist.'

In this ideal system, death is described as a natural and pleasurable transformation. The soul enters into more glorious connexions, into higher spheres of action; but the body is thrown aside as a worthless coil, never to be used again.

'He (the dead) knows of no loss.....He has vanished from the realm of this life, and has left to us his ashes, his earthly raiment, this icy statue, which we loved when it was animated by the soul, but which *never belonged to him*, and which will now return to the elements out of which it was gradually built up.'—Page 17.

Or again:—

'What is it they bear to the grave? Is it not merely the mortal coil?.....The ashes that lie buried there were only a borrowed raiment, and did not belong to the immortal being—were but an instrument useful for a short time here below—now no longer needed.'—Page 58.

Truer to the teaching of Scripture are the well-known lines,—

'For the widow'd lonely spirit
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.'

The doctrine of the resurrection of the body was always repugnant to unaided human reason, and heathen philosophy could not conceive of such a thought. Stoics and Epicureans scoffed at it when St. Paul preached; whilst amongst the Jews—the only ancient people who were taught by direct revelation—it was always indissolubly united with belief in the soul's immortality. The Pharisees, who held to the one hope, were fierce in their conviction as to the truth of the other; whilst to deny the resurrection of the dead was, with the sceptical Sadducee, the same as to deny the existence of disembodied spirits. And now as ever the doctrine must be firmly held, by those who profess their belief in it. For the souls of men which have never been extinguished out of being cannot be said to arise from the dead; but it is these bodies in which we are now dwelling which must be raised from the grave, as the body of the Redeemer of the race has already come up out of death. This belief may be equally repugnant to the materialist and the spiritualist; but there is no putting it on one side, and no means of substituting for it a vague and unsatisfactory notion of the probability of future immortality. This body with 'its manifold ways of glorifying God' must be trained for immortality; a truth which, as it has been well remarked, the advances of modern science and physical research seem to confirm, by showing the probability that organic arrangements may in wisdom be preserved for the perfection of our personal being. The same organization once worn by the Saviour of the world, will hereafter be redeemed from all dishonour, and become the undying tenement of undying spirits. 'This corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality.' Then shall be fulfilled the saying, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'

Zschokke ignores the reality of a fall. Speaking of childhood he remarks:—

'We were joyous because we anticipated no evil—because *our hearts were pure, and our conscience unburdened.*'

But at the same time he admits the reality of sin, and distinctly asserts his conviction that there is no evil in the universe but sin.

'We are ourselves' (he says) 'the principal authors of our sufferings, by rushing in our blind passion headlong against the eternal and unyielding rules of creation.'

These rules, which nature is supposed to teach us, are that we should daily grow in wisdom, knowledge, and virtue, as well as in godliness. Zschokke's idea of sin is, that it is the animal part of man's nature, and is to be conquered by cultivating the spiritual. The sinner is the man to whom this earth is all in all, and who lives for this world as if it were never to end; but to attain perfection we are told we must have pure hearts.

'The spirit of man,' he explains, 'when its innate nobility is uncorrupted, acknowledges a higher law than that of bodily instincts; it obeys, not the flesh in which it dwells, but itself alone; that is to say, the laws of its reason, whereby it distinguishes between good and evil, right and wrong.....The human spirit is akin to the Divine, the animal soul is akin to the flesh.'

According to this, the physical world is a mirror of eternity, and man is a mirror of Divinity. The good man rejoices in the consciousness of his goodness.

'In the moments of his highest bliss, his sense of virtue is always most strongly excited.....Be pure in heart, and you will enjoy constantly that foretaste of heaven.'

But though such a man may be proud of his own integrity, and conscious of his goodness, Zschokke admits that his faith may be shaken by unusual suffering.

'There are hours and days when even the consciousness of our uprightness, the sense of our own worth, and the remembrance of our virtues, far from soothing our distress, only increases it..... What has the pious Christian done that the thunder-cloud of war should burst over his cottage?'

It is not strange that the author who could write the foregoing should ignore the necessity for the mediatorial and sacrificial work of the Divine Head of the Christian faith. How meagre and worse than unsatisfactory are such passages as these!—

'I understand where it is said that Christ has saved us from death, by showing us the way of life. Yes;—by pointing out to us our high destination, and teaching *us to know our own dignity* by affording us the surest means to reach perfection,—His own example, and by bidding us deny ourselves and our sinful devices and follow Him. *Therefore, using figurative language*, He called himself our way to Life.'

'Do you think the Saviour, the Light of the world, came in vain to re-assure us as to our immortality and our ultimate destiny? And

how does He describe death?.....He called it going unto the Father. And with Him every Christian says with truth, "To die is to go to the Father;" for Jesus' Father is also our Father.'

It will be noticed that the last extract lowers the 'Eternal Sonship' to a level with the claim of all mankind to call God 'Father' in virtue of their creation. In keeping with all this is a sneering reference to 'senseless prayers,' and 'a thousand ordinances' in religion. Public worship was of little importance to Zschokke, who dreamed of the contact of each individual soul with the Deity in 'naked immediateness.' Very characteristic, again, is the question, 'How do we gain any knowledge of God except through the great works of His creation? Is not our reason the gift of God? Is it not through this reason that He has revealed Himself to all nations?' True it is that the history of the ancient world may be interpreted by its longing for the manifestation of God, but it is equally true that the 'world by wisdom knew not God,' and that the 'foolishness of preaching'—the revelation of God in the 'Word made flesh'—was ordained to satisfy the yearning of human souls.

In his judgment of the religious ideas of others Zschokke is often uncharitable and unguarded, more so than would appear in keeping with the character of a man who professed to make moderation one of the ruling principles of his life. In language which verges on the profane he speaks of actions attributed to the Almighty as actions which, if attributed to a human being, would rightly be considered as execrable and unjustifiable. In the same spirit he exclaims:—

'Alas, when I look at the mass of the people, what spiritual darkness do I behold! Here on earth they would lead a life of luxury; and for their fate in the next world they would rely on the intercession of saints, and on the merits of Jesus Christ!.....They do good merely for the sake of recompense, and avoid evil merely from the fear of punishment. Their conception of heaven is of an ever-enduring and sensual enjoyment.'

Apparently Zschokke did not wait to examine the opinions of others; for his description of the received notion of an Evil Being is certainly false. In reference to the existence of any Evil Being he indulges in irony, and considers such a doctrine as a mere childish delusion:—

'This notion of a devil, as the author of all evil in the world, was transmitted from the Jews to the Christians, Jesus and his Apostles having, when addressing the Jews, made use of figures of speech which would be likely to be understood by the people. This ungenerous notion so incompatible with the omnipotence and omnisci-

ence of God is perhaps hardly worthy of a refutation. There is no God but God.'

It is needless to make further extracts from a work which in its elegant English garb is unfortunately accessible to all; but those of our readers who are interested in further illustrations of the nature of Zschokke's peculiar mysticism may be referred to another of his works, which is entitled an *Historical Survey of the Spread of Christianity over the Earth*. In this work, which has never yet been translated, may be found the germs of those errors which are developed more fully in the *Hours of Devotion*.

In studying the case of Zschokke we are continually reminded of Dr. Hampden's striking *dictum*, that 'mysticism is but an insane rationalism.' We have now sufficiently illustrated the nature of the views respecting Christianity, by means of which he endeavoured in all sincerity to enlighten his fellow-men. His sentiments are often admirable, and his language inspiriting; but throughout we miss something, which no fascinating phrases or paragraphs can supply,—a something which renders his theories as different from the vital religion of the earnest-minded believer who is not daunted by difficulties or mysteries in religion, as a lifeless statue is from the form animated by a living spirit. For natural religion, as it has been well remarked, is 'like the child's flower-bed filled with flowers cut from his father's garden, planted all without their roots,—delighting him with their brief bloom,—perplexing and disappointing with their swift decay.' And so the holy morality and the Divine philosophy which the Gospel inculcates are not likely to survive, 'severed from the root of objective truth from which they sprang.' But for the simple believer there remains truer comfort than this. He need desire no purer creed, no loftier faith. The terrific sight of the abyss of Sin has glorified for him the heights of Love, nor, like Bunyan's pilgrims, need his eye be 'so blinded with looking at darkness' as to prevent his perceiving the Delectable Mountains. Let us not rave of human perfectibility, but rather seek for the humility which confesses its own imperfections and sin, whilst it rejoices in its hope of immortality,—'a humility that kneels in the dust, but gazes at the skies.' And to the Christian mourner there remains a truer source of consolation than the cold reflection that there is not a particle of waste in the whole economy of nature, that no atom of dust can perish, but that, having abandoned its mortal coil, the spirit becomes absorbed into the bosom of its Creator, to recommence some higher and more perfect state of existence. To him there is no necessity to

theorize on the certainty that 'life and immortality have been brought to light *through the Gospel.*' Even the dead body of his departed brother appears to him worthy of 'sacred honour;' nor is he separated in spirit from those blessed ones who, 'not severed' from the body of the Christian church, are 'only out of sight.'

> 'Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
> Half that we have
> Unto an honest faithful grave,
> Making our pillows either down or dust.'

ART. II.—*The History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan: demonstrating a universal Faith.* By WILLIAM HOWITT. Two Volumes. London. 1863.

THE history of modern opinion upon the subject of supernatural phenomena is a history of fluctuations. There is perhaps no point in the entire range of human knowledge or speculation upon which the England of to-day differs so entirely from the England of past times. Indeed, without some familiarity with our earlier writers it is impossible to imagine how deep and vast is the chasm by which we are separated from them with regard to this question. To quote an instance, the best authors of the sixteenth century were not only themselves believers in witchcraft,—and witchcraft of the most degraded kind,—but they accounted it a species of impiety to doubt its existence. That women could leave their beds, and transport themselves many miles through the air by the aid of evil spirits to be present at their nocturnal orgies, where the demons planned with them all kinds of mischief to the surrounding country, was a belief which holy and learned divines accounted it a sin to ridicule. Bishop Hall, in one of his Soliloquies, discovers a proof of Satan's supremacy at that time in 'the marvellous number of witches abounding in all parts. Now,' he continues, 'hundreds are discovered in one shire: and, if fame deceive us not, in a village of fourteen houses in the north are found so many of this damned breed. Heretofore, only barbarous deserts had them; now the civilest and most religious parts of the world are frequently pestered with them.' Baxter repeatedly refers to witchcraft and apparitions as furnishing convincing proof of the truth of religion. In the *Saints' Rest* he introduces them to confirm the believer's

faith in the existence of a future state; in his *Reasons for the Christian Religion* he adduces them as an argument likely to convince those infidels who reject the evidences of Scripture, and acknowledges that he had himself been too incredulous of these things till cogent evidence constrained his belief.

Times have changed. In our own day it has generally been considered as no slight evidence of the Divine origin of Christianity, that it has outlived such defenders and such arguments. The sudden spread of modern Spiritualism seems to indicate a revival—whether permanent or only momentary, the lapse of time alone can show—of those ancient beliefs which writers of all classes during the last eighty or a hundred years have agreed to brand as superstitious. It is long since any professed champion of the Bible has ventured on the use of these rusty weapons, which Mr. Howitt and the Spiritualists are refurbishing with all the enthusiasm of knight-errantry. One of the last who protested against the disuse of some at least of these weapons was John Wesley. The infidels, he said, had hooted witchcraft out of the world, and complaisant Christians in large numbers had joined in the cry, so that men of learning throughout Europe had given up not only the argument but the facts; but he for one would protest to his dying breath against 'this violent compliment paid by those who believe the Bible to those who do not believe it;' for 'the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible.' Our living divines are of a different opinion, and go to the opposite extreme. A recent biographer of John Bunyan, than whom no one was a more sincere believer in these marvels, could not let the subject pass without asserting the superior science of the nineteenth century. 'The world is grown too old, and the church too wise,' writes Dr. Philip, 'to dream or drivel again about the devils of superstition; these are all gone for ever with the ghosts and hobgoblins of antiquity—science and common sense cast out these imps, and therefore no superstition can bring them back.'

It is a reflection which can scarcely fail to occur to any one who is conversant with the present aspects of religious thought, that this is precisely the kind of language which is now frequently employed respecting the miracles of the Old and New Testaments. That professed unbelievers should doubt or ridicule these miracles is to be expected; but it is a new state of things when avowed—and we doubt not sincere—believers in the truth of Christianity represent them as an element of weakness rather than of strength. The character of our holy religion, it is held, and of its Great Teacher, form suffi-

cient proof of its Divine origin; and it were to be wished that the miracles could be quietly got rid of, as unsuited to the intellect of a scientific age. It is secretly felt to be somewhat of a degradation to receive truth, which ought to be self-evidencing, upon the strength of supernatural phenomena. The sublime fixity of the laws of the universe is regarded as a grander proof of the existence and character of its great Author, than any occasional infraction of those laws can possibly be; just as a clock-maker by his antics in moving the hands of the timepiece backwards and forwards, or in making it strike different ways, may afford huge amusement to children; but grown persons will rather estimate his skill by the regular performance of the machine, and the nicety with which it keeps unvarying time. Hence the anxiety which is now displayed by many defenders of Revelation to resolve miracle itself into the operation of regular law, though of a higher and more recondite kind than those physical laws which miracle appears to disturb. Hence the intimation,—intended apparently as a sort of concession to that physical philosophy which has now been for some time in the ascendant,—that, if we possessed a more perfect acquaintance with the laws of the universe, we should probably discover that these exceptional phenomena which theology regards as miraculous interpositions are in reality as dependent upon fixed law, and would be as accurately ascertainable by calculation, provided we were in possession of the requisite data, as the phases of the moon or the occultations of Jupiter's satellites. Hence the tendency to concede that, although the fact of the recorded miracles having actually taken place must be maintained, the old theological doctrine of special interference in regard to them may be only a result of our present imperfect acquaintance with the higher laws of the universe:—just as Crusoe's man Friday would not have attributed the scalding of his hand to evil magic, if he had known that water would naturally boil when placed over the fire;—or as the savages of Guadaloupe, had they understood the rudiments of astronomy, would not have worshipped Columbus as a man supernaturally endowed because he had foretold the eclipse of the moon.

This is the doctrine maintained by Mr. Howitt, in the laborious *History of the Supernatural* now given to the world. At the same time, so far is he from accepting the conclusions of those who would get rid of miracle altogether, that he believes in the continuous presence of miracle. He

'intends by the supernatural the operation of those higher and more recondite laws of God with which being yet most imperfectly

acquainted, we either denominate their effects miraculous, or, shutting our eyes firmly, deny their existence altogether. So far from holding that what are called miracles are interruptions or violations of the course of nature, he regards them only as the results of spiritual laws, which in their occasional action subdue, suspend, or neutralise the less powerful physical laws, just as a stronger chemical affinity subdues a weaker one, producing new combinations, but combinations strictly in accordance with the collective laws of the universe, whether understood or not yet understood by us.'—Page v.

These spiritual manifestations, in various forms, have been present, according to our author, in every age and in every country. The marvels of Spiritualism are so far from being entirely new, that he is astonished at the profound ignorance of the literary world respecting similar phenomena which have displayed themselves, not rarely and obscurely, but openly and often, in past ages.

'So profound is the ignorance of the great subject of Spiritualism, which is but another term for belief in the Supernatural, in this age, —an influence pervading all ages and all nations, wide as the spread of the sun's light, repeating its operations as incessantly as the return of morning,—so thoroughly has the ocean of mere mundane affairs and affections submerged us in its waves—that if presented with a new phase of a most ancient and indestructible power, we stand astonished at it, as something hitherto unheard of. If our knowledge reaches yesterday, it is absolutely at fault in the day before. This has never been more conspicuous than in the estimation of American Spiritualism in this country. Because it has assumed a novel shape, that of moving physical objects, and has introduced spirits speaking through the means of an alphabet, rapping, drawing, and writing, either through the hand of mediums, or independently of them, it has almost universally in this country been regarded as an entirely new phenomenon. We still continually hear of Spiritualism as originating in America within the last ten years. The evidence produced in this volume will show that no view of the matter can be more discreditable to our knowledge of psychology. Nothing can be more self-evident than that American Spiritualism is but the last new blossom of a very ancient tree, coloured by the atmosphere in which it has put forth, and somewhat modified in its shape by the pressure of circumstances upon it. In other words, it has burst forth from the old, all-prolific stem, to answer the needs of the time. As materialism has made a great advance, this grand old Proteus of Truth has assumed a shape expressly adapted to stop its way. As materialism has tinctured all philosophy, Spiritualism has spoken out more plainly in resistance of it.'—Vol. i., pp. 17, 18.

In evidence of this universal presence of the Supernatural, Mr. Howitt has brought together a vast and miscellaneous

mass of very curious information. And it is easy to see that his chief difficulty has been that of selection; so abundant are the stores from which he has drawn his illustrations. By way of connecting former ages with the present, he prefaces his history by sketching the development of Spiritualism in Germany and Switzerland during the last century; and the stories of Jung-Stilling and of Madame Hauffé, of Lavater and Oberlin, of Eckartshausen and Zschokke, of Swedenborg and Gassner, are made to constitute a connecting link between the Supernatural in past ages and in our own. Beginning, then, with the earliest appearances of angels as recorded in the Book of Genesis, he reviews all the supernatural events of the canonical books of Scripture, taking the stories of Tobit and his dog, and of Bel and the Dragon, as equally authentic with the account of the passage of the Red Sea, or of the feeding of the five thousand, and closes his summary of Scripture evidence by reminding his reader that no church, according to St. Paul, can be a living church without spiritual gifts, and that the lack of supernatural endowments in the present day is an evidence of the absence of a living faith. Turning from sacred history to profane, he ransacks the histories of Assyria, Chaldea, and Persia, adducing the predictions of the Magi concerning Cyrus, the testing of the oracles by Crœsus, the warnings given to Alexander, in proof of a supernatural prophetic faculty existing in those nations. In Egypt, 'the land of bondage and of wisdom,' he finds abundant evidence of the Supernatural, of mesmerism, and clairvoyance in their more recondite manifestations, and of healing in the temples. In ancient India and China evidence is found in the Vedas and laws of Menu, in the idea of the Nirwana, in the vast numbers of spirits in the Indian mythology, in the Chinese worship of ancestors, and in the history of Apollonius of Tyana, who studied in India.

From the East Spiritualism passed to ancient Scandinavia; and, as might be expected from so successful a student of Scandinavian lore, Mr. Howitt calls up a strange array of Disir and Valkyrior, of prophetesses, elves, and apparitions, from the sagas of old Norway and Denmark. The Greeks were the most 'spiritually receptive' of all people; the decline of the Roman faith in oracles is lamented as a decline of wisdom and of piety. From the patristic writers it would have been easy to collect a much greater number of illustrations than Mr. Howitt has presented, as to their belief in the continuance of miracles—a belief which, according to him, constitutes one great element of superiority in the Romish

Church as compared with the Protestant. The history goes on to trace the Supernatural in the Greek Church,—in the Waldensian Church with its wonderful interpositions of Providence,—among the heretics and mystics of the Middle Ages, and the early Reformers. George Fox and the early Quakers, Madame Guyon and the French mystics, the Cevenol prophets, the Wesleys, the Moravians, Jacob Böhme, Edward Irving, and a host besides, are included in this multitudinous compilation; one object of which appears to be to render less incredible the statements of American mediums, by placing them in juxtaposition with other statements equally astounding in various ages and countries; while another object is to reduce the disbeliever in Spiritualism to a dilemma:—

'either to reject this universal evidence, by which we inevitably reduce all history to a gigantic fiction; or to accept it, in which case we find ourselves standing face to face with a principle of the most authoritative character for the solution of spiritual enigmas and the stemming of the fatal progress of infidelity.'

That principle is, that supernatural forces are always at work; that neither miracles, nor prophecy, nor tongues, have ceased; that as time rolls on, new evidences are required of the truths of Christianity; that such new evidence is supplied in the spiritual manifestations of the present day; and that, although it might not be improper to term these manifestations miraculous, yet in reality, like other supernatural manifestations which are recorded in the annals of past ages, inspired and uninspired, they are only the results of spiritual laws which, if we could fully understand them, would be seen to be as fixed and regular in their operation as physical laws.

We have here a curious illustration of the proverb that 'extremes meet.' Those who would fain get rid of miracle and of the supernatural altogether, and those who, with Mr. Howitt, believe in their constant presence with us, agree in the wish to reduce them under the operation of regular and recognised law. We can fully agree with neither. The facts of modern Spiritualism, so far as they are related on trustworthy evidence, do not appear to require a supernatural solution, but may be accounted for, if not fully and in all respects, yet to an extent sufficient to prevent our considering them in any sense miraculous, by the operation of natural laws. Yet we are not disposed to exclude the Supernatural from every department of the history of man, or absolutely and altogether to deny the influence of unseen beings. Incredulity has been carried too far, in regard to the possible influ-

ence of spirits in this physical sphere. It does not even appear impossible that, in an exceptional case here and there, some invisible demon may have had to do with the manifestations of Spiritualism. This may be consistently allowed, notwithstanding a total disbelief in the pretensions of the mediums, that spirits will come at their call. While the phenomena in question may be generally due to natural causes, it is not impossible that invisible beings may be at work in particular instances, to facilitate the process of infatuation and deception. But even if this be so, it does not amount to a confirmation of the spiritualist doctrine, but the reverse. Looking at the whole subject of mediæval and modern Supernaturalism in its relations to popular opinion, and to the notions of such writers as Mr. Howitt, there is a course to be taken which at first sight may appear open to the charge of inconsistency; but the inconsistency is apparent only, not real. In view of the extravagant credulity of Spiritualism, it may be contended that the wonders of mediumship are generally capable of being accounted for by natural causes, the possible exception being allowed which has just been referred to. In view of the scepticism which declares that science has for ever disposed of the witchcrafts and possessions and ghosts of past history, it may be maintained that there are some things which science has not satisfactorily disposed of, and which appear inexplicable on any other supposition than that of the interposition of spirits.

We can be at no loss to account for the prevalence of a scepticism of this kind.

The marked increase of this tendency to idolize physical laws can scarcely be deemed surprising if we reflect how greatly, during this present century, the domain of the preternatural has been reduced through the continual advances of physical science. The appearance of a comet, for instance, was formerly regarded as a prodigy of baleful import,—and this not by the common people only, but by learned divines, the foremost men of their age, who did not neglect to inculcate upon their flocks the duty of attending to the special warning, 'so that,' as John Spencer writes, 'a comet creates in them more solemn thoughts than hell doth.' At present we cannot boast much, it is true, of our knowledge of comets. Sir John Herschel has lately stated that it is a subject calculated rather to show us the extent of our ignorance than to make us vain of our knowledge; yet at all events we have learned that they form part and parcel of the system of planetary bodies circulating about the sun, and are to be classed among natural

phenomena. In like manner—and notwithstanding all the ignorance and imposture which have followed in their wake, like degraded camp followers in the rear of a brave army—the researches of the last fifty years in animal or vital magnetism have in the opinion of many considerably limited the domain of the Supernatural. These researches have gone far to *suggest*, (we will not say to *prove*,) that in reference to many of those strange and singular manifestations of which we have apparently authentic narratives, from the pythoness of ancient Greece to the clairvoyante of our own day,—ecstasies, predictions, distant vision, and other unusual matters,—we are not necessarily driven to the alternative of unbelief or superstition; either of refusing credit to evidence which would be deemed sufficient upon any other subject, or else, if we credit the evidence, of taking refuge in the notion of diabolical interposition. It may prove that these extraordinary phenomena, though uncommon and hitherto unaccountable, are not, after all, supernatural, but are due to the operation of a definite physical or zoo-physical law.

It would be easy to adduce other instances of the transference, in consequence of advancing science, of whole classes of phenomena from the region of prodigy into the region of known law. But the instances now given will sufficiently prepare the way for the observation that the word 'supernatural,' in the sense in which we ordinarily use it, is just an expression of our ignorance, and no more. When we speak of an event as supernatural, we mean that it is above or beyond nature; but with this always understood, that by 'nature' we intend only what is known or ascertained of the laws and processes of nature. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; many narrations must be judged incontestably true if we look only at the evidence which substantiates them, yet utterly inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge. Take, for example, the famous story of the disturbances at the Epworth parsonage. That strange noises were heard in every part of the house, rappings, and knockings, and crashings as of breaking china; that the hand-mill turned swiftly round without any hand being applied to it; that an invisible person, rustling and trailing along as if dressed in a silk night-gown, seemed to follow the members of the family from room to room; that the dog invariably knew when these disturbances were approaching, trembling and creeping away; —these are facts which, however we may account for them, we cannot disbelieve except in contravention of all the established laws of evidence; more especially as the occurrences, though

uncommon, are not by any means unexampled, there being other similar accounts equally well attested. A philosopher no less distinguished than Mr. Isaac Taylor has suggested that these disturbances at Epworth may have been caused by some invisible spirit. 'While intent upon these quaint performances, one seems to catch a glimpse of a creature, half intelligent or idiotic, whose pranks are like those of one that, using a brief opportunity given it by chance, is going to the extent of its tether in freaks of bootless mischief.' There may be gradations, Mr. Taylor argues, among unseen as well as among visible beings. There may be some, perhaps, not more intelligent than apes or pigs. These creatures have ordinarily no liberty to infringe upon the solid world. But just as a stray Arabian locust, tempest-borne, has alighted once or twice in a century in Hyde Park, we know not how, so one of these occult folk may have as accidentally come in contact with our world of sense. Assume for a moment this explanation to be the correct one. Suppose we had arrived at a knowledge of the existence of these unseen creatures, and had investigated their habits, and had ascertained that when a chance offered itself they would play such pranks as those at Epworth. The whole transaction would then lose its supernatural character, having been brought within the limits of ascertained law. It is thus that the wider our knowledge of nature, using that term here in its widest sense, becomes, the narrower become the limits of the Supernatural. Many things which our ancestors deemed to be supernatural, we now know to be within the range of ordinary causes. With invisible beings, superior in knowledge to ourselves, and in a position to understand the relations of the physical universe to the spiritual, many things which to us are supernatural may be the commonest and simplest of occurrences. To the Infinite One, nothing can, strictly speaking, be supernatural; although it is perfectly conceivable that He may see fit, in the exercise of His free will, to disturb occasionally that order of things which His fixed will has established.

It is at this point that we become sensible of the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous; a distinction which is so far from being trivial or merely verbal, that, failing to apprehend it, our theological views cannot be clear, nor can our speculations upon such unusual and difficult subjects as those which will presently come under review be otherwise than obscure and unsatisfactory.

And here we must be prepared to encounter a great deal of ambiguity in the language even of popular and accomplished authors who have treated of these subjects. Mr. Howitt, in

the work named at the head of this article, animadverts with much warmth upon Bishop Douglas for refusing to employ the word 'miraculous' in characterizing certain wonderful cures performed in 1662 by Mr. Valentine Greatrakes. The bishop, nevertheless, was perfectly right; for, as Mr. Greatrakes pretended to no Divine commission, but exercised his gifts simply as intrusted to him by God, in connexion with prayer and faith, his performances, though wonderful, could not be properly called miraculous. It is a source of much confusion that the term 'miracle' is so loosely employed. Sir William Hamilton, in one of his metaphysical treatises, complains pathetically of the inaccurate and clumsy way in which the terms most in use in metaphysical science are popularly used; so that it becomes impossible for the mental philosopher to express his meaning with delicate precision. We cannot refer to Hamilton's exact words; but the comparison which they suggested and left in the mind was that of a microscope-maker doomed to work with the pick-axe of a navvy and the hammer of a blacksmith. The vague and loose employment of the term 'miracle' which is common even among divines, is unfavourable to the attainment, and still more to the expression, of clear and definite views. We may adduce a single instance. An eminent doctor of divinity, about fourteen years since, published a most able book upon America. In crossing the Atlantic, the steamer was met by a westerly gale and heavy sea. The author describes the scene in eloquent terms, and the gallant way in which the ship made head against the storm, and then remarks,—

'We decry miracles; what is a steamboat crossing the Atlantic, in the midst of opposing powers, but a miracle? Have we not here a force above nature? Is not a miracle the mastery of natural elements by mind, whether immediately by God, or mediately by commission to man?'

He then proceeds to argue for the probability of the miracles of revelation. The ocean steamer has now become part of the daily arrangements of civilised life, and has ceased to excite astonishment. Yet even in the first irrepressible outburst of amazement at its powers, it could not be called supernatural, inasmuch as everything connected with it proceeds in conformity with known physical laws. Still less could it be termed miraculous, for there is no doctrine to be attested, no man's Divine commission to be proved; but the *religious object* enters essentially into the definition of a miracle, according to the proper theological usage of the term.

In stating the distinction between the supernatural and the miraculous it is necessary to distinguish, first, what they have in common, and then wherein they differ. That a miracle is a supernatural occurrence—that is, an occurrence for which we are unable to account on the basis of any known natural laws—is generally understood. But a miracle, properly speaking, is a supernatural occurrence with a particular object. It is in its very nature a *sign*, and thus it cannot be separated from the thing signified. It is a phenomenon for the purpose of beckoning and attracting men's attention to some particular person or truth,—ringing the great bell of the universe, as Foster expresses it; and in this sense it cannot be separated from that to which it points. Or it is an *attestation* of the truth of some doctrine, or the Divine commission of some messenger; or else an integral part of the plan and system of Divine truth, not in itself an evidence thereof, but itself a part of the system, and indissolubly bound up with it. Thus a miracle, properly so called, can never be considered as a supernatural event merely; it is always linked with Divine revelation.

We have dwelt the more particularly upon this distinction, for the purpose of removing an obstacle which, in the apprehension of many, lies at the very threshold of all investigations respecting the Supernatural. There are those who cannot readily rid themselves of the idea that everything supernatural is invested with a peculiar sacredness. Looking upon all supernatural phenomena as direct Divine interpositions, they are afraid of incurring the guilt of presumption in pushing their inquiries too far—in curiously prying into the mystery of the sacred bush. Whereas, in truth, there is no more religious sacredness about these than about any other legitimate subjects of scientific or practical inquiry. An event, or phenomenon, is not necessarily sacred because it is, or seems to be, supernatural. Others, again, are afraid lest the whole miraculous evidence of our holy religion should be put in peril,—should be invalidated and, so to speak, vulgarised,—as the result of pushing too far such spiritualistic inquiries as have recently occupied a considerable share of attention. There has been, of late years, a marked aversion,—perhaps contempt would not be too strong a word,—on the part of our most prominent scientific men, for all such inquiries. The Church has, in this sense, conformed to the world, till the unseen and the supernatural have been almost banished from many pulpits, and religion has been placed merely upon what Sydney Smith thought was the best basis, 'the solid foundation of interest.' There are not wanting, however, some indications of a reaction, and of a more healthy tone of inquiry respecting the unseen.

A grave difficulty encounters us at the threshold of such inquiries. To the every-day mind—unaccustomed to decide upon the value of evidence except in connexion with the ever-recurring facts of the outer life—it may appear no difficult matter summarily to pronounce, in any given case, whether the evidence is credible and sufficient, or otherwise. Yet this question of the sufficiency of evidence, as applied to subjects remote from, or presumably contrary to, the ordinary experience of mankind, is one which, notwithstanding all that has been written upon it, still continues to occupy the closest thinkers of our own time. The assertions of the modern Spiritualists have revived this question. When we are told that all the extraordinary supernatural phenomena which have been recorded in past ages are being reproduced in our own, with certain new appearances besides, to which there exists no parallel in history; that Mr. Home has been seen repeatedly to rise from the floor without any visible force being applied, and to float in the air for several minutes together, with his head touching the ceiling of his apartment; that a table has similarly risen into the air, although half-a-dozen men have been seated upon it; that the hand of an invisible body has appeared, and shaken hands with the astonished visitors all round; that writing and drawing have been executed, not once or twice, but in hundreds of instances, upon blank paper, by unseen hands, without the possibility of a trick being practised; that all these things have taken place, not in Honolulu or in Kamschatka, but in the most populous cities of the civilised world; and that these or similar facts are attested, not by a little knot of half-a-score enthusiasts, on whom the suspicion of monomania might be permitted to rest without any glaring violation either of probability or of charity, but by two or three millions of American citizens, and by a much smaller yet still considerable body of persons in England, including lawyers, bankers, scholars, and clergymen,—we are absolutely compelled, unless we yield at once a blind and puzzled credence to statements which appear as improbable as they are extraordinary, to institute some kind of examination into the credibility of evidence.

In the religious world these statements have been received with something like contempt. The whole idea of spiritual manifestations has been dismissed as nonsense, or ridiculed as superstition, or rebuked as blasphemy. It is not impossible that this contemptuous tone may, in some instances, be owing to a half-defined, half-unconscious fear. Have not we Christians been taught that the whole proof of our religion rests upon the truth of certain alleged facts, and that these facts are attested to us by the evidence of testimony?

Have we not been taught that the evidence of a reasonable number of credible, capable, and disinterested witnesses is a sufficient proof of the truth of any statements as to fact, however contrary to general experience? And if we employ this argument in support of revealed truth, will not logical consistency compel us to accept as undoubted facts all the marvels of modern Spiritualism, provided they are attested to us by a number of respectable people? Or, at least, should we not be compelled to acknowledge—which would be a humiliation as great as that of being obliged to believe in American mediums—that the miraculous facts upon which Christianity itself rests are dependent on no better evidence than that which modern Spiritualism has to offer?—that the miracles of the Gospel are attested by evidence no better than that which is produced in confirmation of a ghost-story? Such are the fears, more or less clearly defined, which prevent many persons from attempting to investigate this subject; and which impel them to treat the whole matter with that kind of derision which, it must be confessed, is often found in company with conscious weakness.

Now, without attempting to hazard a conjecture as to the conclusion at which an examination of such books as those of Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home would land us,—without wishing in any way to prejudice, still less to foreclose, their examination,—we may unhesitatingly say, that such fears as those we have just indicated are absolutely and altogether groundless; yet, as the subject has assumed some importance, it may not be improper to show, a little in detail, in what way the evidence for the Christian miracles excels not merely any evidence which actually is offered, but any which can possibly be offered, in support of the marvels of modern Spiritualism.

It is a mistake to suppose that the whole proof of the truth and Divinity of Christianity rests upon the testimony of eye-witnesses to certain facts. That testimony is only one link—an important and essential one, we admit, yet still only one link—in the chain of the Christian evidences. Take, for example, the great miracle of the New Testament, the resurrection of our Lord. Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, has urged with singular cogency the argument from testimony in support of the reality of the resurrection. Is it conceivable, he asks, that a dozen plain good men—too plain to be capable of inventing an unmatched sophistry, and too good to be suspected of concurring in an unmatched falsehood—should agree to declare that they had seen their Master risen from the dead, should firmly assert it before opposing magistrates and under terror of death, should continue under all circumstances

unwavering and consistent in their declaration of the fact in spite of all the blandishments and all the threats which could be employed against them, and that they should continue this statement in the very city where the alleged event occurred, without being substantially confuted,—is it conceivable that all this should have taken place, on any other supposition than that the statement of the men was true? Yet, forcible as undoubtedly this argument is, it does not constitute the whole strength of the case. It is open to this reply,—that, though exceedingly unlikely, yet it is conceivable that such a collusion might possibly have taken place; that consequently the case must be regarded as one of degrees of probability rather than of absolute demonstration; and further that the transcendently important issues involved were almost too great to be suspended merely on the evidence of fallible witnesses. Nor, on the hypothesis that the proof of Christ's resurrection depends *solely* on the testimony of eye-witnesses, would it be easy entirely to obviate the force of this reply. But the case is totally altered if we take a broader view. If we bring into consideration the whole facts of our Lord's manifestation upon earth,—His incarnation, baptism, doctrine, miracles; if we consider what a sublime spirituality, what an exquisite unity, what an unearthly wisdom, what a marvellous combination of infinite power with infinite tenderness, pervades this whole manifestation; if we bear in mind that our Lord's whole ministry was one continued assertion of His own divinity, of His equality with the Father, and of His coming again in supreme power, and that He must have been indeed the Son of God, unless we accept the alternative that the holiest and purest and most graceful and gracious of beings was a deceiver and a blasphemer;—if we bring into consideration all these things, we shall find how immensely strengthened is the apostles' attestation of the fact of His resurrection. The doctrine comes in aid of the facts. The harmony of the alleged fact with all else that we know of the character and person of our Lord enables us to receive the testimony of those who saw Him risen from the dead, and renders their evidence indubitable. Had the alleged fact of this resurrection stood alone, had we known nothing of Christ but this one circumstance, not even the statement of the twelve might have been sufficient entirely to dispel every misgiving as to its reality. But supported as that statement is by the whole character and life and teaching of the Son of Man, every misgiving as to the fact of the resurrection is obviated, and the risen Christ, like the risen sun, is seen by the light which flows from Himself.

The same reasoning will apply to the miracles of the New

Testament generally. We are in possession of outward historical evidence in abundance of the actual occurrence of most of these miracles. The evidence is, to say the least, as strong and as conclusive as any which history can produce in support of its narrations, and on the strength of which the accounts of Alexander and of Hannibal and of Socrates have received universal credence. At the same time we cannot but feel that the extraordinary character of the alleged facts demands an extraordinary completeness of evidence;—the more so, since men are confessedly liable to excitement when in the presence of what they deem to be supernatural agencies. This does not amount to saying, with Hume, that it is impossible to establish a miracle by testimony:—far from it. All that we are here concerned to show is that, as a matter of fact, we are not required to credit the miracles of the New Testament *solely* on the strength of what may be called the outward historical evidence; but that there are other matters to be taken into consideration which immensely strengthen the evidence of the eye-witnesses, and render that evidence perfectly credible, notwithstanding the astounding character of the facts which they relate.

For example: each miracle related in the four Gospels must be viewed in its connexion with Christ. We cannot be allowed to select any particular miracle, and judge of it by the outward evidence as an isolated phenomenon. Before disproving the truth of any of these miracles, we must dispose of the whole question of the appearance of Christ. For let the fact that Christ was the Divine Son once be admitted, and there can be no longer the slightest difficulty in regard to any of them. And until you have effectually set aside that great fact, with all its marvellously complicated yet harmonious evidence, it is of no use nibbling at the historic evidence or at the intrinsic improbability of this or that particular miracle. Each eye-witness who furnishes his attestation of the mighty works of our Lord, instead of having to submit to a disrespectful cross-examination on the ground that his statement is *primâ facie* incredible, comes forward in reality backed by a prepossession in his favour, founded upon the whole character and manifestation of Christ. You are in no theoretical perplexity what to do with these miracles considered as a class of events. With exquisite aptness they fit into their place in the plan of Christ's manifestation; and so far from being improbable or monstrous, they are so exactly in keeping with the whole manifestation of Him whose works they are, that it becomes difficult to decide whether it is the Saviour who more conclusively attests the

miracles, or whether it is the miracles which more conclusively attest the Saviour.

The credibility of these miracles is further increased by a consideration of their character. It will not be denied that the fact of a miraculous interposition—or, as we should prefer to put it, the fact of the manifestation of the Divine Son—being once admitted, the character of the miracles attributed to Christ is perfectly in accordance with such a manifestation. Their benevolent, gentle, and merciful character is familiar to all. The variety of power which they display is equally remarkable. There is power over the human frame, power over the mind, power over beasts and plants and fishes, power over winds and seas, power of absolute creation, power over the tenants of the unseen world. The moral and spiritual teaching of these miracles is not less wonderfully varied. Each of them is an acted parable, and a treasury of instruction; and many of them are manifestly and singularly symbolic and prophetic. The miracles viewed collectively present new features which are not to be discerned in them when viewed individually. All this comes in support of the merely external evidence.

It will thus be seen how defective and one-sided are the notions of those who imagine that the evidence of eye-witnesses and of contemporaries is the only prop which the Christian fabric has to lean upon. It will be seen how irrelevant it is to attempt to invalidate that evidence on speculative and metaphysical grounds. And, what is more to our immediate purpose, it will be seen how the supernatural events recorded in the Scriptures rest on a variety and wealth of evidence which is altogether without parallel. Our belief in the reality of these supernatural events does not rest upon outward testimony alone; but that testimony, in itself intrinsically good and trustworthy, is confirmed to an extent which language can but feebly express, by other considerations entirely independent of the actual witnesses. Nor need a believer in the supernatural events recorded in the Scriptures fear the taunt of inconsistency, if he hesitates to give credit to all the marvels of Spiritualism, although those marvels appear to be attested by witnesses as numerous, and individually (let it be assumed for the sake of argument) as trustworthy, as those who have attested to us the miracles of Christ. The admission of the one does not logically follow from the admission of the other. For even granting the external evidence to be equally good in both cases, there is so marked a difference in the amount and force of that kind of evidence which, in matters beyond the

ordinary range of our observation and of our reason, is at least as important as the evidence of the senses, that the force of demonstration may fairly be considered doubtful in the one case, while in the other case it is complete. As the era of the establishment of Christianity recedes further and further into the past, it becomes more and more important to show that our faith in it does not depend *wholly* upon the evidence of the senses of those who witnessed its attendant miracles.

The case is widely different with modern Spiritualism. The witnesses of the wonders of mediumship cannot in support of their statements rest upon the intrinsic excellence of the new revelation. Mr. Howitt, indeed, labours hard throughout his work to represent the recent communications with the invisible world with which, according to him, 'thousands of sober and intelligent persons' have been favoured, as constituting a new evidence of Christianity. He imagines that the historic evidence of our faith, unlike the shoes of the Israelites in the desert, wears away with the lapse of ages, and needs new patches to prevent its falling to pieces. Thousands of people, according to Mr. Howitt, have been reclaimed from deism or atheism, and have become so convinced of the reality of a future life as to exhibit a visible change in their conduct, solely through the impressions made upon their minds after intercourse with spirits! As there exists in every country a numerous class of persons who are more ready to be impressed by visions than to be guided by reasoning, we see no improbability in this statement. We have heard of persons being converted under sermons preached on texts grossly misunderstood: but no one would argue from this that ignorance is better in a minister of religion than correct acquaintance with the meaning of Scripture. In the same way the thousands of converts spoken of by Mr. Howitt, and the 'results in the highest style of sanctitude' anticipated by the preface-writer in Mr. Home's volume, must go for nothing unless their system as a whole can be otherwise established.

Nothing can be more damaging to the claims of Spiritualism than the character of its revelations. Indeed, it is difficult to treat this subject with gravity. Here are tens of thousands of people professing to hold intercourse with the inhabitants of another world. They possess the faculty of summoning the spirits of departed men of ancient as well as of modern times, and the highest class mediums can converse with these spirits, and convey their utterances to the public. It is no more than reasonable to expect that with such a facility of intercourse as has thus been opened up, we should by this time have

learned something respecting the other world; or at least, assuming that such communications may be forbidden,—that the spirits may not be permitted, like the ghost in Hamlet, to unfold the secrets of their prison-house,—we should have expected to receive some sentiments worthy of the reputation of the illustrious men who have been of late so frequently deprived of their celestial repose. The utter absence of dignity, of novelty, of consistency, in the ten thousand answers which have been rapped out from the spirits is, to say the least, not calculated to enhance the credit of the witnesses. The internal evidence is all against them. There is only one point in which the spirits generally agree, namely, that the other world closely resembles our own; yet even this statement is not supported by the character of the communications received, which exhibit an amount of imbecility, bad grammar, and inanity, very different from the vigorous, common-sense talk of the average of people in their daily life. How is it that the three million mediums in the Northern States have not been able to get a scrap of information from the spirits respecting the plans of the Confederate commanders? How is it that not one of them discovered the whereabouts of General Lee, or of Stonewall Jackson, and prevented their pouncing on the Northerners unawares? How is it that not a single secret crime has been brought to light, or offender brought to justice? How is it that the spirits are so destitute of moral courage as invariably to coincide with the religious and political opinions of the parties who seek their intercourse; so that when a Universalist inquires as to the condition of the departed, he receives for answer that all are happy, and that 'the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, exists only in the traditions of men, and in the fitful wanderings of a distracted brain;' while Calvinist mediums 'receive much injury to their health from the infernal stenches and effluvia,' and are 'sickened and disgusted by a detestable taste of mixed sulphur, soot, and salt, and felt continual burning as from poisoned arrows and the stings of scorpions?' How is it that the spirits, when attempting physical feats, can do nothing better than raise a table to an angle of 45°, or cause chairs to fall over, or lift up Mr. Home's coat-tails as he floats near the ceiling, or make the joints of arm-chairs crack at their masters, or execute a half illegible scrawl upon a piece of paper? Can any noble or elevated feature be pointed out which tends to relieve these ghostly confabulations of their inherent incredibility, or to show that the internal evidence is not hopelessly against them?

It is astonishing how little respect Spiritualists have for spirits. Mr. Howitt believes that the improvisatori of Italy are all mediums; 'they are but the flutes and trumpets through which spiritual poets pour the music and eloquence of other spheres for the occasion.' If so, the only conclusion to which we can come is that the terrestrial poets are beyond comparison better than the spiritual, and that any decently educated musician can beat the flutists and trumpeters of the unseen spheres at extempore melody. Indeed, in whatever department their powers are tried, their inferiority to us corporeal beings becomes evident. As Mr. Howitt refers to this objection again and again, he cannot be supposed to be indifferent to it; and in truth he ill conceals a little vexation at his friends the spirits for not behaving with more dignity. He assures us, however, that they could do a great deal better if they would, and that the reason why their communications are not more worthy of themselves is that the present age is not in a condition to profit by anything higher. 'Men sunk in their spiritual condition to the earth, must have manifestations of the earth first, to awake them. For this reason the much-despised and ridiculed physical manifestations have come first, as the *only* ones' [the italics are Mr. Howitt's] 'adapted to the degraded physical status of men, many of them imagining themselves peculiarly enlightened and refined.' This degraded type of mankind, we are elsewhere informed, is represented by such petrified men as Faraday and Brewster, who have no more faith than a stone, and whose scientific atheism clings to them like a death pall, and renders them 'as utterly disqualified for psychological research as a blind man for physical research.' The reason, then, why the revelations of Spiritualism up to the present time have not taken a higher type than the climbing of tables on to ottomans is not because the spirits are incapable of anything loftier, but because such babes as the Faradays and Murchisons of our age can at present only have milk administered to them. This explanation is offered in all seriousness and good faith on the part of our author. He does not appear to have reflected how different is such conduct from that of the Divine founder of Christianity, with whom he is most anxious to ally the cause of Spiritualism; who, appearing to a generation equally debased, we may presume, with our own, did not think fit to convince them by tricks and empty truisms, but uttered doctrines which as far outshone the wisdom of existing paganism as His miracles outshone the feats of ancient or modern necromancy.

And here it may be proper to allow the believer in these

spiritual manifestations to interpose a question. 'Do you mean,' he will ask, 'upon such theoretical grounds absolutely to deny the truth of what Mr. Home, for example, has asserted? deliberately to affirm the principle that a supposed *primâ facie* incredibility is sufficient to neutralize the assertion not of one only, but of scores and hundreds of capable and credible witnesses? Is not this to set up theory in place of fact, to forsake the inductive method, and to follow darkness rather than light? And would not the adoption of such a principle lead to inextricable doubt and confusion? If the communication of departed spirits with this world cannot be demonstrated to be impossible, which no one, not even Sir David Brewster himself, can maintain, although he has declared that he will "do anything rather than give in to spirits," why should not this theory have the advantage which in these days of inquiry is freely accorded to every other, and be able to avail itself fairly of the evidence which thousands of people who would be credited on any ordinary matter are ready to tender in its behalf?'

An ingenious writer in a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* has taken a very bold position in relation to this subject. He declares that, notwithstanding all the evidence which has been offered of unseen hands and spirit-writing and tables rising and mediums floating in the air, he does not believe a single word of it; that if he saw such things himself, his hope would be that the sharpness of the first impression would gradually wear away, and that he would finally be able to conclude that in some way or other his senses had deceived him; and that such a position may be fairly held without in the slightest degree calling in question the general veracity and personal honour of those who have attested these phenomena. But this is an extraordinary stretch of credulity. A man who has brought himself to believe in the possibility of optical illusion, and of subjective impressions being mistaken for actual physical realities, on so wide a scale and with so wonderful a continuity and consistency of deception as this notion necessarily implies, is prepared to believe anything; and is not unlikely hereafter to be found in the most advanced school of Spiritualism. Nothing is more familiar than this revulsion from the extreme of scepticism to the extreme of credulity, so that it would occasion little surprise if the next *brochure* of this clever writer should be in defence of the exact verisimilitude of the spirit photographs which, we are informed, are to be bought at Pitman's in Paternoster Row. We may reject the conclusions of the Spiritualists, we may find their doctrine of spiritual agency to be 'not proven' by the facts

which they adduce, without stultifying ourselves by denying all the facts themselves. And, after a liberal allowance has been made for deception, and imposture, and all the charlatanry which is certain to ally itself with an inquiry of this nature, it cannot be rationally doubted that in connexion with some of the mediums there exists an unknown force by which solid bodies are affected in a way which ordinary science fails to explain; while, in connexion with others, there appears to be a perception of objects and events out of the range of ordinary vision, and in some few instances a faculty of second sight. We may admit the facts without being able to account for them. We are not obliged to deny everything which we cannot explain. We may be utterly unconvinced that these rappings and furniture-hoistings are caused by the action of our departed fathers and sisters, without being driven into the unscientific and altogether untenable position of denying the alleged facts *in toto*.

It cannot be reasonably doubted, for instance, that strange noises have accompanied Mr. Home from his childhood; that he is surrounded with singular influences which came to him unsought, and over which he declares he has not the slightest power, 'either to bring them on, or to send them away, to increase or to lessen them;' that he is sometimes thrown into a trance state, for instance, as an effect of the performance of sacred music, in which, like Oberlin, he conceives himself to be in companionship with his spirit friends in as perfect and palpable a manner as in his ordinary external state he is with his friends of this world; that, during his frequent attacks of illness, his head had been slowly lifted and his pillow turned, by some force; that when first he rose from the ground he was greatly alarmed, but that his fears ceased when the phenomenon came to be frequently repeated; that strange forces play about him at certain seasons, but not always; and that what are the peculiar laws under which these forces may have become developed in his person, or in what manner the effects are produced, he knows no more than others. There need be no question as to the facts in this particular instance. Mr. Home's explanation of them,—that they are caused by spirits, with whom he is frequently able to hold intercourse, and from whom he receives communications,—is quite a distinct thing, and is as fairly open to discussion as any hypothesis in physical science.

It may be worth while to remark in passing, that it is no novelty in the history of scientific inquiry, to find that when new and strange phenomena or effects have come under obser-

vation, spiritual beings have been supposed to be the authors of them. It was popularly believed, for instance, when the use of the magnetic needle was first known in Europe, that its constant tending to the pole was due to the action of spirits, for which reason mariners were very cautious in taking it on board ship. In a French treatise written about 1620, the author, after stating that the magnetic needle might be highly useful at sea, observes that no master-mariner dared to use it lest he fall under the suspicion of being a magician; nor would the sailors ever venture out to sea under the command of a man who took with him an instrument which carried so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit. A similar superstition has attended the early period of other discoveries and inventions. The spirits to whom was attributed the production of such novelties were generally believed to be evil spirits. Indeed, the Spiritualism of the present day differs from that of former ages chiefly in this, that whereas it was formerly the devil and the evil spirits to whom almost all mysterious and novel effects were ascribed, the tendency in our own day is to attribute them rather to good guardian angels, or to happy human spirits. This change in the form of the opinion is characteristic of the popular theology and general belief of our own day, in which, whether truly or falsely we do not now inquire, the devil occupies a place immeasurably less prominent than in that of former days,—indeed, is all but excluded. Now this modification in the form of the opinion coinciding so exactly with the altered character of the popular religious belief, amounts in itself to a presumption that in both cases the opinion may be equally subjective and imaginary. We know, it is true, but little of the other world; but we can scarcely conceive that it has altered so completely within the last century or two as a comparison between the accounts of mediæval and of modern Spiritualists would lead us to conclude. In the days of the Popish ascendency, the Church encouraged a belief in the apparitions of devils, since it gave the priests great power and profit as exorcists. Hence the prevalence of *diablerie*, not merely previous to the Reformation, but for some ages afterwards; and the popular belief on this subject being not uncongenial to the Genevan theology, it remained after the priestly influence which fostered it had passed away. Accordingly, the mediums of those days were conscious of the presence of an infinity of devils; whereas the mediums of our own times, when *diablerie* is no longer in vogue, never happen to meet with a devil. Formerly the spiritually perceptive per-

sons saw hideous demons drop from the trees, or leap fearfully from bough to bough, howling as they gyrated through the air: at present an ugly customer of this kind never by any chance intrudes himself; but delicate feminine hands appear, with long and exquisitely-shaped nails,—or, if unseen, they gently press the medium's forehead, stroke back his hair, and rap with infinite alacrity in approbation of a pretty sentiment. It is a suggestive fact that spiritual mediums have found the unseen sphere to correspond with the prevalent conception of it in their own age or party; although, upon points on which popular opinion has not pronounced, they have contradicted each other flatly; as, for example, with regard to the origin of angels, concerning whom Swedenborg (revered by Mr. Howitt as one of the greatest mediums that ever appeared) declares that he had been amongst them frequently, and had conversed with them with perfect familiarity, and found that they were all originally men, or beings incarnate, in some world or other; whereas Jacob Böhme, who was equally gifted, says that God created the holy angels at once, not out of matter, but out of Himself. The unvarying agreement of the mediums with the general stream of prevalent opinion, and their mutual contradictions in matters with which popular opinion does not interfere, seem equally to point to the conclusion that the spiritual world to which they find themselves introduced is a creation of their own brain, and that we must look to some other cause than the supposed agency of spirits for the explanation of the singular physical phenomena which attend them.

This does not amount to saying that it is impossible for departed spirits to hold communication with our earth. On this subject more will be said presently. All that is here contended for is that there is no sufficient ground for ascribing the phenomena of mediumship to their agency.

To what agency then are they to be ascribed? It is not inconceivable that the physical effects, such as the moving of solid bodies, and percussion of such bodies producing sound, may be due to vital magnetism, operating in a way which has not hitherto been distinctly traced. *A priori*, it is no more incredible that a magnetic force proceeding from a living organism should lift a table, than that a magnet should lift a bar of iron. And that the influence, whatever it may be, is usually found in close proximity to the person of the medium, is a consideration which tells in favour of this conjecture. If, for example, it is in reality spirits who lift the table at Mr. Home's *séances*, how is it that the spirits never operate except within a yard or two of his body? Why do they not operate

in a distant part of the house, or, which would be more satisfactory still, in some place at a considerable distance to which the medium might then and there send them? There could not possibly be any difficulty in this if the spiritual doctrine were the true one; whereas the effects are always produced near to the medium's body. So with regard to the playing without hands of guitars and accordions; it is observable that they do not usually play any known compositions, but unknown strains are produced which the spirits inform the medium are 'the Song of the Sea,' or 'the Song of the Battle,' or the like, and (which is the point to be observed) the instruments are always within a short distance;—so much so, that on one occasion when a guitar moved and emitted sounds at a distance of eleven feet from Mr. Home, it was regarded as a very extraordinary case. But why, on the supposition that it was spirits who touched the guitar, should a distance of eleven feet, or eleven furlongs, add to the marvel of the phenomenon? Whereas, on the supposition that there is a magnetic or other influence which emanates from the body of the operator, it is to be expected that distance might, as in the case of radiating heat, diminish its force.

There is one class of cases which may seem to invalidate this argument, but it is only in appearance. They are thus described by Mr. Howitt:—

'Nothing is more common now-a-days than for this influence to attach itself to those who visit mediums or join in *séances*. A gentleman assured me that, after having been present at some extraordinary manifestations at Knebworth, the knocking followed him home, and continued on his walls, doors, and bed for a long time. The same influence has been left in our house for weeks after a remarkable medium has spent some days with us. Parties who have attempted to ridicule *séances* in disbelief, have suddenly found themselves, like the conjuror's apprentice, to have evoked a power which they could not readily lay again. I could name some very well-known instances.'—Vol. i., p. 330.

Much of this may be accounted for by the impression which had been made on the senses continuing after the cause of it had passed away. Thus, after being tossed for many hours at sea, when we come on shore and retire to bed, the sensation still remains of heaving and pitching as when on board; or after looking too long at the sun, we see for some minutes an imaginary sun whichever way we turn our eyes; or after a singularly vivid dream, the impression on the senses cannot be got rid of till we have been a considerable time awake. And even if it should appear that these lingering noises have been

heard by persons who did not hear the sounds as originally produced, it is not inconceivable that some measure of the magnetic force—we here use the word *magnetic* much in the same way as we use the *x* in algebra, to denote an unknown quantity—may have been transferred from the medium to persons of susceptible frame who have been in his company, just as passing a magnet backwards and forwards upon a bar of common iron imparts to it a certain amount of attracting force.

It is an indication pointing the same way, that this kind of mediumship is found in connexion with a disordered or a feeble condition of the physical health. In certain rare instances persons are found in an abnormal physical or zoo-physical condition; the unknown force may possibly be magnetic, which emanates from them, and by which solid bodies in proximity to them can be moved, or apparently struck so as to produce a sound. In all this there is nothing supernatural; all that can be said is that the phenomena have hitherto been of too rare occurrence to admit of their being fully investigated; and that from their peculiar nature they have hitherto been encompassed with too much imposture on the one hand, and too much excited imagination and readiness to be duped on the other, to admit of the careful scientific investigation which they would otherwise have received.

We have already alluded to another class of phenomena, which are less directly connected with the physical, and which were known and observed long before the modern spiritualists attempted to appropriate them as their exclusive property. Can the belief be decisively rejected that patients in certain conditions are able to see otherwise than with their eyes, to see and describe objects at a great distance, to see at the pit of the stomach, to exercise a peculiar and most singular faculty of looking into the interior of the human body, whether their own or that of others, and in some few cases to anticipate coming events with a certainty of prescience beyond what is ordinary? We venture no dogmatic assertion in regard to this most difficult and interesting subject; but it is altogether impossible, in the compass of a paragraph or two, to enable the reader, to whom this may be a new path of inquiry, to form a just conception of the variety and abundance of evidence which exists in attestation of the marvels of zoo-magnetism; marvels, that is to say, in precisely the same sense as the electric telegraph is a marvel; a thing which on its first appearance so contradicted all our conceptions of probability as to be viewed not only with incredulity, but with a feeling approaching to

awe, yet which is now employed with as little emotion as we employ a cab-horse. Among the many inquirers into these singular appearances few have been more patient, and none more capable, than Coleridge. As he was no professed magnetist, and never wrote directly on the subject, but only alluded to it here and there in his writings, it is not surprising that his remarks should not have been quoted by Mr. Howitt, although he has industriously ransacked almost every corner of ancient and modern literature in search of the Supernatural. It may be worth while to quote a sentence or two from Coleridge.

'Nine years has the subject of zoo-magnetism been before me. I have traced it historically,—collected a mass of documents in French, German, Italian, and the Latinists of the sixteenth century,—have never neglected an opportunity of questioning eye-witnesses, (*e. g.*, Tieck, Treviranus, De Prati, Meyer, and others of literary or medical celebrity,) and I remain where I was, and where the first perusal of King's work had left me, without having advanced an inch backward or forward. Treviranus the famous botanist's reply to me, when he was in London, is worth recording. "I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on *your* telling; and in all reason therefore I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on mine."'

So much for the strangeness and difficulty of the subject itself. As to the quality of the evidence, Coleridge characterizes it as 'too strong and consentaneous for a candid mind to be satisfied of its falsehood, or its solvibility on the supposition of imposture, or casual coincidence,—too fugacious and infixable to support any theory' which should suppose these peculiar susceptibilities to be inherent in us all. As to the power to which we have referred, he further remarks,—and this was written before the word 'medium' was ever heard of in the sense in which Spiritualists now employ it,—that

'this sense, or appearance of a sense, of the distant, both in time and space, is common to almost all the magnetic patients in Denmark, Germany, France, and North Italy. Many have been recorded at the same time in different countries by men who had never heard of each other's names, and where the simultaneity of publication proves the independence of the testimony; and among the magnetizers and attesters are to be found the names of men whose competence in respect of integrity and incapability of intentional falsehood is equal to Wesley's, and their competence in respect of physic and psychological insight and attainments incomparably greater.'

It does not form part of the design of this paper to enter

further into the question of the magnetic sight. Enough has perhaps been said to accomplish the two objects at which we aim. These are, first, to rescue the phenomena themselves from utter disbelief. After allowing fully for trickery and mercenary imposture, there remains a residuum of fact, which, so far from being regarded with contempt, may possibly hereafter furnish a basis for the most profoundly and scientifically interesting of all inquiries, touching as it must upon the questions of the nature of vision, the relation of magnetism to light, and perhaps the nature of life itself. The speculation of Humboldt upon these phenomena is worth bearing in mind, that they are disjointed indications and fragments of some higher law which at present eludes us, but which when discovered will probably unravel some of the hidden mysteries of our being.—And, secondly, to point out that because these phenomena have displayed themselves in the case of so-called spiritual mediums, we are not therefore to accept the solution offered by the mediums,—that their powers and performances are the direct consequence of the intervention of spirits. The magnetic state, whether in the form of clairvoyance, of ecstasy, or any other, may be, though uncommon, as truly natural as the ordinary state. Neither Mr. Home nor any other medium can claim it as an evidence of the intervention of unseen beings, nor can Mr. Howitt claim it to swell the bulk of his supernatural catalogue, unless by the term 'supernatural' is merely intended the unknown. At one point, indeed, this magnetic state may for a moment appear to infringe on what believers in the Bible hold to be supernatural. It has been sought to bring it into relation with the ecstasy or exaltation of the inspired prophets; and to find in it a psychological basis for the gift or faculty of prophecy. But this is an inquiry which would demand a separate essay.

It is thus that the facts of Spiritualism, so far as they are really facts, may probably be reduced within the limits of the operation of those laws by which our world is governed, and deprived of that superhuman character which is claimed for them. But Spiritualism, in its modern form of mediumship, constitutes only one out of several classes of real or professed facts which, it is held, can only be viewed as supernatural. Magic, for example, and witchcraft, apparitions and mysterious cures,—each of these subjects possesses a library of literature peculiar to itself; and if, during the ascendancy of Protestantism, and the still more potent ascendancy of physical science and of enlarging commerce, these subjects have passed into a temporary oblivion, it is by no means certain that the con-

sideration of them will not be revived. Indeed, signs are not wanting of a reaction from the exclusively material type and tendency of modern thought. There are men who begin to feel wearied and ashamed of having so long 'grubbed this earthly hole' in the search for old bones or for new metals; to revolt from what appears to them the utterly terrene and unspiritual aspect of modern physical science; and to long for other companionship than that of Lord Bacon with his eyes bent downward, like Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise, toward this hard, uninviting earth, to dig and till which was their curse and doom. The oscillations of human thought in the course of successive ages constitute a humiliating proof of our weakness and of the limitation of our faculties; and it is not impossible that the pendulum may have already reached the extreme limit of its arc in the direction of the physical and the material, and be about to swing back to the opposite extreme, when physical studies shall be as generally disregarded as metaphysical and spiritual studies have recently been. The tendency of modern science and speculation has been to place the universe under the dominion of absolute impersonal law, rather than under the dominion of a personal Father and Ruler; to deify abstract order and force, rather than to acknowledge the perpetual presence of Him who is the ultimate origin of all force, and author of order; to inhabit the laboratory with Faraday rather than the spheres with Plato; and to refuse attention to whatever cannot be calculated by geometry, or made in some way obvious to the sense.

There is a sense, then, in which we are proud to avow ourselves Spiritualists. So far from shutting our eyes to the Supernatural, we are as firmly convinced as Mr. Howitt or the most devout believer in mediums can be, that there exist among us and around us spiritual agencies whose presence cannot be ascertained by any material tests, and whose operation cannot be determined by any physical laws. And further, it is to be feared that there is a great deficiency of living faith among Christian people in regard to these subjects. This can scarcely excite surprise when we consider how the whole tendency of modern scientific education has been to exalt mathematical demonstration, and to dwarf and cripple faith; to rest upon evidence which appeals only to the reasoning intellect, and to disregard equally the intuitions of the soul and the external revelation of the Scriptures. How, for example, is the Scripture doctrine concerning the devil and his angels quietly ignored, both in preaching and in writing! How coolly and quietly it is assumed that all that a man needs

to guard against is himself and his own erring tendencies, in direct opposition to the plainest teaching not only of St. Paul but of the Lord Himself! And yet what can be more rational than the scriptural belief? How utterly improbable it is, considering the varied links in the chain of physical existence, that man should be alone as an intelligent being! And if there are other kinds of intelligent beings, does not our own case too plainly establish the probability that there may be amongst them evil as well as good? And if they have access to our spirits, is there anything absurd in the supposition that they may delight in tempting us to evil, seeing that every day shows us how men tempt each other? And in view of the order and subordination which are found to be necessary to the very existence of human society, is there the slightest improbability in supposing that these evil spirits may be of various ranks and grades, assigned to distinct occupations, and marshalled under the orders of the ablest amongst them? The same or similar remarks will apply to other departments of the Scripture teaching with respect to the invisible world, and our relations to it. Nor, in justice to physical science, would we attribute to it the whole of the unbelief, or want of belief, which prevails on these subjects. Other causes combine powerfully with it, and none more so than the absorbing character of modern commerce. One needs only to spend an hour or two in Cheapside, or at the Liverpool docks, to understand how the constant presence of the hurrying and whirling phantoms of the external world must unfit the soul for contemplation of the real and the invisible.

It is to these causes that the acknowledged apathy with respect to these subjects must be assigned, rather than to that which Mr. Howitt regards as the chief source of the evil. We are not aware whether, like another Friend or two whom we could name, our amiable author has crossed the gulf by which the drab society of George Fox is separated from the scarlet-robed church of the seven hills, and exchanged the star-twinkling of the inward light for the full-orbed moonshine of Church infallibility. Certainly the thoroughness and heartiness of his inveterate enmity to Protestantism, as displayed everywhere in the industriously compiled volumes before us, would favour the conjecture that he has done so. 'The English Church and English Dissent,' we are told, 'now stand rent from the ancient Anglican and the primitive Church, in the faith in the Supernatural; and it is not the Spiritualists who are the heretics, but the clerical and the scientific classes of to-day.' In another page we read that 'the clerical and

scientific mind of the present day is in a debauched, degraded, materialised, and crippled condition, derived from educational bias, and from a recent age of sceptical philosophy, in harmony with no age from the foundation of the world.' Elsewhere we are told that 'Protestantism alone has fallen from the faith which all other branches of Christianity still retain. Canon Stanley in his volume on the Eastern Churches has spoken of 'the frantic excitement of the old Oriental religions' still lingering in their modern representatives, as may be seen in what he calls 'the mad gambols of the Syrian pilgrims;' and probably those of our readers who may remember the account published in the *Times* of the observances at Jerusalem at the last Greek Easter, will not deem his language too severe. But according to Mr. Howitt these extravagancies only show that 'there are more life and active faith in these religions than in modern Protestantism.' *Active* faith it certainly is; for the agile and acrobatic feats of the devotees are really something wonderful. Indeed, it appears that Protestantism is the parent of a frightful abortion of humanity:—

'It is true that in all lands and ages there has been a small section of the race defective in the spiritual vision and the spiritual ear, as there have been others defective in the corresponding outer organs. There have been the blind and the deaf, physically and spiritually. But blindness and deafness, whether psychical or organic, have been the condition, not of the race, but of the deficient of the race; in the language of the common people, it has been "not all right with them." Whether these unfortunates have borne the name of Sadducees, Pyrrhonists, sceptics, atheists, or Rationalists, they have always been few till our time, when Protestantism, which Goethe has represented under the character of Mephistophiles, the principle of denial, has produced these deaf, dumb, and paralytic progeny in an alarming brood.'—Vol. i., p. 368.

After this, let us drag our palsied and crippled forms towards the feet of our instructor, and, blind as we are, let us humbly listen to the explanations which he, gifted as he is with sight, may think fit to give us concerning some of those points wherein, as Protestants, we have been so egregiously ignorant, or deluded. First, then, it appears (i. 276) that before the fall Adam was a clairvoyant, and possessed a constant sympathy with the spirit-world, but that subsequently these faculties in man began to decline, (though a considerable measure of this 'original knowledge and power of human nature of the primal period' lingered in old Egypt, and displayed itself in the priesthood;) and that when Adam 'heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden,' it was not, as is com-

monly supposed, in consequence of a special manifestation of the Divine Angel-presence, but simply that Adam had constantly the faculty of hearing the voice of God, as of any other spirit, after the manner of the most perfect mediums of the present day. So with regard to Moses, we are to understand not that he was a specially endowed and inspired prophet, but, (i. 133,) 'in modern phrase, a fully developed medium, and the spiritual voice of God was as audible to him as any human voice, or more so.' It is a fair inference from this that the phrase 'a fully developed medium' is deemed equivalent to 'an inspired prophet;' and indeed any generic speciality of inspiration in the biblical prophet, as distinguished from the modern medium, seems impossible on the theory before us; a theory which, while professing loudly to be a resuscitation of the genuine faith that Protestantism has all but destroyed, is in reality as certain an engine as could be devised to break down altogether the distinction between 'the true sayings of God,' as recorded in holy writ, and the dreams of any rhapsodist or delirious girl who may pretend to Divine illumination. Indeed, we are plainly told that every great religious innovator is a spiritual medium, and that the difference between the prophets and founders of the several religions which have ruled the world is not so much a difference in kind as a difference in degree; the force and the comparative purity of the spirit-manifestation may vary in the several instances, but they all agree and all are to be reverenced in respect of one thing, namely, that they are channels through which the light and power of the unseen world are conveyed to this. The citation of one brief passage will show that even the Redeemer Himself, though His Divinity is acknowledged, is not regarded as an exception from this general rule:—

'To say that a man is a great religious innovator is simply to say that he is a great medium of spirit-power, the relative purity of which is immediately seen in the system produced. Whether it be Christ, the highest and purest of all promulgators of religion, God Himself assuming this office, to place man in the possession of the eternal and undivided truth, or Zoroaster, Confucius, Buddha, Mahomet, or Joe Smith, each wrapping some portion of the primal truth in the clay and mud, the rags and finery of earthism and devilism, nothing but a spiritual energy, acting from the spiritual world, can give life and force to such apostleship.'—Vol. i., p. 264.

It is a peculiar privilege of the modern Spiritualist, that he can at once discern all these spirits, and pronounce both upon their force and also upon the comparative purity of any 'religious innovator,' or 'medium,' whether of ancient or modern

times. As an example of the exercise of this new kind of infallibility, our author pronounces of Zoroaster, in a business-like tone which is really inimitable, that he 'was a medium of the first class as to power, and much superior as to quality to everything then about him!' In the same way, of course, the relative quality of all these heaven-sent messengers of different grades, and of every age, may be satisfactorily settled! We have no wish to call in question the personal sincerity of Mr. Howitt, in his repeated and even vehement protestations that his aim is to re-invigorate the faith of Christendom, and particularly of Protestantism. These asseverations are likely to influence a certain class of minds, timorous with regard to the safety of the ark of God in the rough roads whereon it is at present travelling, and too ready to accept the proffered aid even of an unknown hand to steady it. But a little reflection will show that all this Spiritualism tends, not to the increase of faith, but to infidelity, in the peculiar form which infidelity in the present day assumes. That all religions are substantially alike, differing only in the degree of purity or otherwise in which the truth they contain is presented; that Zoroaster was inspired as truly, though not perhaps as clearly, as Isaiah; that the illumination of to-day is as trustworthy a guide as the revelation by Christ's apostles; that even in the basest of human superstitions there is a something of the Divine, which is to be reverenced;—this is the 'faith' which is preached as the peculiar Gospel of the advanced nineteenth century, whose proudest boast is to have destroyed the ancient beacons of the Church, and to have vindicated the right of anybody and everybody to offer his services as pilot in the navigation of that channel which leads up to the port of eternal truth and repose. Extremes meet; and if this be the 'universal faith' to which Spiritualism tends, it is much the same thing as universal scepticism; for a man who believes in all religions is in a position not very different from that of him who believes in none. According to our conception of the matter, that sort of vision which views all religions in a dim and misty light, and, conceiving them all to be generically related, pronounces that they are all Divine, although some of them may exhibit the Divine less conspicuously than others, is a condition analogous to that of him who saw 'men as trees walking,' and who required a further touch before he was able properly to distinguish the objects before him, and to see 'every man clearly.'

It is in this view of the subject chiefly that any serious importance is to be attached to it. So long as these exhibi-

tions merely assume the character of oddities or of marvels, they may well be left to those who have the time and the curiosity to investigate them. So far as they develop new and singular phenomena, whether physical or psychical, they constitute a fair case for scientific inquiry. Sir Henry Holland, twenty years ago, affected to account for the strange appearances connected with mesmerism, by saying, in rounded phrase, that it was nothing more than 'a gigantic experiment upon the strength of the imagination;' forgetting apparently that this was in reality no solution of the difficulty, and that the faculty conveniently termed 'imagination' remains as much an unsolved problem as before; indeed, is the very thing to be investigated, only under another name. The inquiries of medical men and psychologists into these difficult subjects may hereafter lead to more satisfactory explanations than any which our limited knowledge of psychological science has at present yielded. But when these rappings and these fancied communications with the spirits of the departed are seriously adduced as a kind of new revelation, calculated to revivify the torpid faith of the Church, when they are elevated to an equal importance with inspired prophecy and Scripture miracle, and when they are held up, apparently in all good faith, as an argument sufficiently potent to convince those whom reason and Scripture had failed to convince of the realities of an unseen state, it is time to disavow such companionship, and to state that this so-called auxiliary to faith is in reality an auxiliary to unbelief in one of its most dangerous and subtle forms.

There is one view of the case, indeed, in which it is far from impossible that the exhibitions in question may have some real connexion with the spirit-world. It is not inconceivable that the prince of impostures, he who was a liar from the beginning, may have some unknown connexion with them; nor, if the conjecture were hazarded that some of the more inexplicable phenomena may be due to the action of demons, could such a conjecture be at once dismissed as visionary. Certainly the reply that many of these supposed spirits testify to the truth, would not be conclusive as against such a conjecture. The young damsel at Philippi who followed Paul and his friends day after day through the streets, declared nothing but the truth when she pointed them out as servants of the most high God, who were showing the way of salvation; yet it appeared that it was an evil spirit which prompted that utterance; and St. Paul, after bearing with her with much patience, felt that commendation from such a quarter, she

being a known and professed medium, was not to be borne in silence, and a word from him spoken in the power of mighty faith was sufficient to expel the demon. So also in Judea in the times of our Lord, many persons of this class were ready to declare that He was the Christ; yet He refused to accept confession from this source, and compelled the spirits to silence.

In being cautious of receiving testimony from such a quarter,—or, let us rather say, in resolutely refusing to accept it under any pretence whatever,—the Church will be obeying the intimations of the Old Testament equally with those of the New. In the days of Judaism there were not only prophets and dreamers who employed enchantments and incantations avowedly in the name of the Evil One, or at least in avowed hostility to the God of Israel; there were also those who claimed to be witnesses for Him, 'prophets of the deceit of their own heart,' as they are aptly called in Jeremiah, who were to be shunned, notwithstanding that they claimed to be defenders of the truth. (Jer. xxiii. 25–32.) Indeed, the occurrence of the mention of lying prophets is too frequent in the historical and prophetic books to need specific quotation. Equally familiar are the rigid prohibitions of witchcraft and sorcery. A witch was not to be suffered to live. A wizard was to be put to death. People professing to have 'familiar spirits,' by which is apparently intended a faculty similar to that claimed by our Spiritualists, of conversing with the spirits of the departed, are classed with 'wizards that peep and that mutter,' in the same catalogue of abominations. As a matter of fact, this class of persons was usually found ranged on the side of polytheism; but whether or not, the very fact of their pretending to occult powers was a sufficient intimation to every Israelite that his duty was to avoid them. The agreement between the Old and New Testaments upon this point is so marked as to furnish a not obscure rule of duty. Persons who wish to regulate their conduct by the Scriptures will do well to inquire, before communicating with mediums, whether it is not a thing forbidden; and the pretension that these revelations confirm 'a universal faith,' instead of throwing us off our guard, ought rather to increase our suspicion.

As to the existence of a universal faith in an unseen world,—a belief found amongst men of every age, of every race, of every climate, and of every degree of ignorance or of civilisation, that the whole of man perishes not at death, but that the spirit survives its separation from the body,—we presume that this is no new discovery; nor were the marvels of Spiritualism

needed to prove a point upon which no one ever entertained the slightest doubt.

With regard to occasional and unexpected communications from the unseen state, such, for example, as the apparition to their friends of persons recently departed, the case is altogether different. It would be equally foolish to credit all the stories of this kind which an industrious collector may easily collect, or to deny the possibility of an apparition altogether. This latter kind of folly has been of late years a prevalent fashion. How can the fact be accounted for, it is demanded, that in proportion to the spread of knowledge and civilisation the stories of apparitions become proportionately fewer? However their comparative rarity may be accounted for,—though even at the present day they are not perhaps such rarities as unbelievers may suppose,—it is certain that, with the exception of the sophists of the atheistical sects in Greece and Rome, and the Sadducees amongst the Jews, it is in modern times only that this species of scepticism has appeared. As Richard Watson has remarked, 'the unbelief so common among free thinkers and half-thinkers on these subjects places them in opposition to the belief of the learned in every age and every nation. It does more: it places itself in opposition to the Scriptures, from which all the criticism, bold, subtle, profane, or absurd, which has been resorted to, can never expunge either apparitions, possessions, or witchcrafts.' The *à priori* arguments as to the 'absurdity' and 'impossibility' of such things must certainly go for nothing with those who believe the statements of Scripture that such facts have occurred, and may therefore by possibility occur again.

There is scarcely a medical man of twenty years' practice anywhere in this country who has not met with instances of peculiar appearances or sounds in connexion with death. Such phenomena are by no means infrequent. Take the following case: A lady in London was awoke in the night by what seemed a sharp and violent knocking at the street door; she felt also a greater tremor than such a circumstance would have been likely to occasion; she sat up in bed for some time in this state, and, nothing further occurring, looked at her watch, and lay down to endeavour to sleep. The next day news arrived that her mother, fifty miles distant, died suddenly in bed at the precise moment at which this alarm had occurred. Or this: An aunt of the lady just mentioned had an old servant, who was lying ill at a cottage not far off. One day, in broad daylight, as she was sitting in her room, she heard three distinct taps at the door, and, finding no one there,

said immediately to herself, 'Ann is dead.' She put on her bonnet at once, and on reaching the cottage found that the old servant had just expired. These cases, both of which occurred in the family of the writer of this paper, are of a kind that may easily be paralleled, in hundreds of instances in the domestic records of our country. A member of the University of Cambridge, now living, has collected more than two thousand of such cases. The following is more definite and more remarkable, and is given on the authority of a well-known author, Mrs. Crowe, who says that she received the narration from the lips of a member of the family concerned.

'Miss L. lived in the country with her three brothers, to whom she was much attached. These young men were in the habit of coming to her apartments most days before dinner, and conversing with her till they were summoned to the dining-room. One day, when two of them had joined her as usual, and they were chatting over the fire, the door opened, and the third came in, crossed the room, entered an adjoining one, took off his boots, and then, instead of sitting down beside them as usual, passed again through the room, and went out, leaving the door open, and they saw him ascend the stairs towards his own chamber, whither they concluded he was gone to change his dress. These proceedings had been observed by the whole party: they saw him enter, saw him take off his boots, saw him ascend the stairs, continuing the conversation without the slightest suspicion of anything extraordinary. Presently afterwards dinner was announced; and as the young man did not make his appearance, the servant was desired to let him know they were waiting for him. The servant answered that he had not come in yet; but being told that he would find him in his bed-room, he went upstairs to call him. He was, however, not there, nor in the house; nor were his boots to be found where he had been seen to take them off. Whilst they were yet wondering what could have become of him, a neighbour arrived to break the news to the family, that their brother had been killed whilst hunting, and that the only wish he expressed was, that he could live to see his sister once more.'

In this instance there was no voice. In the instances before mentioned there was a sound and nothing more. A singular story is that related in one of the old Methodist Magazines, of two preachers riding together on horseback, as was the fashion in those days, on the way from the annual Conference to their circuits in Scotland. As they were moving quietly along, it appeared as if a two-leaved gate opened to let them through, and a voice pronounced the words distinctly, speaking to one of them, 'You may go to your circuit; but you shall never return to England.' And so it was, for he died shortly before the next Conference. The following case is said to have occurred

in 1816 in Germany, and the publicity of the details before courts of justice and otherwise offered peculiar facilities for the detection of fraud or imposture, had they been practised. We take the account from Mrs. Crowe's *Night-Side of Nature.*

'The late Mr. L. S. quitted this world with an excellent reputation, being at the time superintendent of an institution for the relief of the poor in B——. His old housekeeper was retained in his son's service. Not long after her master's death she was awakened in the night, she knew not how, and saw a tall haggard-looking man in her room, who was rendered visible to her by a light that seemed to issue from himself. This apparition appeared to her repeatedly, and she wished to resign her situation. Her master, however, promised to sleep in the adjoining apartment, in order that she might call him whenever this terror seized her, and advised her to inquire the motive of its visits. This she did; whereupon it beckoned her to follow, which after some struggles she summoned resolution to do. It then led the way down some steps to a passage, where it pointed out to her a concealed closet, which it signified to her, by signs, she should open. She represented that she had no key, whereupon it described to her, in sufficiently articulate words, where she would find one. She procured the key; and, on opening the closet, found a small parcel, which the spirit desired her to remit to the governor of the institution for the poor at B——, with the injunction that the contents should be applied to the benefit of the inmates,—this restitution being the only means whereby he could obtain rest and peace in the other world. Having mentioned these circumstances to her master, who bade her do what she had been desired, she took the parcel to the governor, and delivered it without communicating by what means it had come into her hands. Her name was entered in their books, and she was dismissed: but after she was gone, they discovered, to their surprise, that the packet contained an order for thirty thousand florins, of which the late Mr. S—— had defrauded the institution, and converted to his own use.

'Mr. S——, junior, was now called upon to pay the money, which he refusing to do, the affair was at length referred to the authorities; and the housekeeper being arrested, he and she were confronted in the court, where she detailed the circumstances by which the parcel had come into her possession. Mr. S—— denied the possibility of the thing; declaring the whole must be, for some purpose or other, an invention of her own. Suddenly, whilst making this defence, he felt a blow on his shoulder, which caused him to start and look around, and, at the same time, the housekeeper exclaimed, "See! there he stands now! There is the ghost!" None perceived the figure except the woman herself and Mr. S——; but everybody present, the minister included, heard the following words: "My son, repair the injustice that I have committed, that I may be at peace!" The money was paid; and Mr. S—— was so much affected by this painful event, that he was seized with a severe illness, from which he

with difficulty recovered. Dr. Kerner says that these circumstances occurred in the year 1816, and created a considerable sensation at the time.'

In a case of this kind, it is perfectly fair to scrutinize the evidence as closely as possible, and each person must judge for himself how far it is sufficient. All that we wish to convey is, that whatever judgment may be arrived at as to the adequate attestation of this or that apparition-story, narratives such as those above related ought scarcely to be swept *en masse* into the same lumber-chamber with the alleged communications of mediums with the spirits of Socrates and Julius Cæsar, of Benjamin Franklin and Stonewall Jackson.* Where the alleged apparition occurs in connexion with a death which could not possibly have been known at the time; where it is seen by a person not of debilitated nerves, but in sound health; where there appears to be some worthy object in view, and not merely the gratification of curiosity; and, above all, where the manifestation occurs, not at a *séance* in the dim moonlight, where sitters have their curiosity and expectation artfully strained to the utmost, and every nerve quivers with suppressed emotion, but unexpectedly, and under no coincidence of stimulating circumstances;—such an account may be fairly admitted to examination, as not being *primâ facie* incredible. In our profound ignorance of the nature of the relationships which may exist between the invisible world and this, to assume that communication under any circumstances whatever is impossible, is barefaced empiricism; not to urge how such an assumption is contradicted by a number of apparently well-defined facts. To those who are content to receive implicitly the statements of the Scripture writers, the accounts of the appearance of Samuel to Saul, and of the appearance of Moses and Elijah to the three disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, are conclusive proofs of at least the possibility of an apparition.

A similar line of argument may be taken in regard to witchcraft. In witchcraft men seek avowedly to evil spirits for evil purposes. Allusion has already been made to the total antagonism between the belief of the Church generally with regard to this subject two or three centuries ago, and the prevalent disbelief of to-day. That ancient belief was doubtless absurdly credulous. It tended not only to magnify, but actually to create, the marvels which it received as indubitable. Fear, no less than faith, is a mighty force; and fear, in those days,

* Concerning whom, by the way, the New York mediums have just ascertained, that, since his removal to the other world, he has turned abolitionist, and has joined John Brown's phalanx of philanthropists!

gave to the witches and wizards a real power which they could not have possessed in a more enlightened state of public opinion. Who shall say what spectres and phantoms might not be conjured up, what bodily ailments, the effect of imagination and nervous fear, might not be induced, in connexion with those rites of studied horror and those diabolical incantations with which the practice of witchcraft was invariably connected?

There was another way in which fear contributed to the prevalence of witchcraft. It led to the severest measures against the reputed witches and wizards. The most horrible acts of injustice and cruelty were perpetrated in the name of law. A poor unoffending old woman who had the misfortune to be suspected would be thrown into a pond: if she swam, it was concluded that she was a witch, and she was put to death; if she sank or was drowned, it was a proof of her innocence! Such persecution, carried on by wholesale, tended to make the magicians believe more firmly in witchcraft and in themselves. However conscious of being deceivers, they could scarcely persuade themselves that there was nothing in their art itself, when they saw such unequivocal proofs that every one believed in it. He who cannot believe cannot will, and the scepticism of the intellect disarms the magician. But when there is faith on both sides,—when the magician thoroughly believes in his art, and the patient thoroughly believes in the magician,—the power both of deceiving and of being deceived becomes such as will naturally produce effects which, in a different state of society, would be impossible: as we see in the case of modern Spiritualism.

It is thus that a belief in the existence of witchcraft may be entertained without deciding the question whether or not the necromancers were actually in league with evil spirits. It is absurd to suppose that all the statutes of various lawgivers and princes, from Moses to the English House of Brunswick, were directed against a crime that never existed. But it is not necessary to believe that all the pretensions of the sorcerers were true. It is not necessary to believe that they could actually raise the devil and perform other like feats at their will. In the law of Moses it is just the profession or pretence of using such arts which constitutes the crime, without deciding the question whether there is a reality corresponding to profession. What was required to be proved was, not that the accused was actually *in possession of* demoniacal powers or arts, but that he *professed* to be so. If this could be proved, the offender was adjudged to death. And this was perfectly in keeping with the spirit of the theocracy; for it is clear that the profession of witchcraft could not be carried on without blasphemy.

It is remarked by Dr. Ennemoser, in his *History of Magic*, that the force of will has no relation to the strength or weakness of the body: witness the extraordinary feats occasionally performed by persons under excitement. While we are writing, a medical friend relates to us the case of a patient of his, in an extremely weak condition of body, who suddenly sprang from his chair to a height of eight or nine feet, came down unhurt, and repeated the feat twice afterwards within a few minutes. And although the witches and wizards were frequently weak, decrepit people, they either believed in their own arts, or they had a friend and coadjutor in the devil, who was able and willing to aid them. They therefore did not doubt their own power; they had one great requisite,—faith. 'Faith,' says Coleridge, 'is as real as life; as actual as force; as effectual as volition; it is the physics of the moral being.' *Croyez et veuillez* was the explanation given by the Marquis de Puységur of the cures he is said to have performed. '*Believe and will*,' as Ennemoser observes, 'unconsciously becomes the recipe of all such men as Greatrakes of Ireland, the shepherd of Dresden, and other wonderworkers. Hence we see why it is usually the humble, the simple, and the child-like, the solitary, the recluse, nay, the ignorant, who exhibit traces of these occult faculties; and hence we see also wherefore in certain parts of the world and in certain periods of its history these powers and practices have prevailed. They were believed in because they existed, and they existed because they were believed in. There was a continued interaction of cause and effect,—faith and works.'

Thus far, then, the practice of witchcraft, and many at least of the marvels connected with it, may be brought within the limit of the known and natural operation of cause and effect. How far such practices may in particular cases have been attended with supernatural powers is a difficult inquiry. Is it credible that men could so ally themselves with the devil, or with evil spirits, as thereby to acquire powers which under ordinary circumstances they could never have possessed?

It is obvious that evil spirits cannot impart to men any power which they do not themselves possess. Whatever may be the limits of their own action upon physical nature, these limits cannot be exceeded by men who may be in league with them. And in proportion as we are convinced that evil spirits have usually no power to invert the established order of physical nature, we shall be disposed to deny any such power to the magician. Now it is well known to every theologian that this very question, whether Satan has power to disturb the order of physical nature, has been keenly debated in the controversy respecting

miracles. Not to mention works of minor reputation, the volume of Farmer on Miracles was written expressly to maintain the negative in this question. In doing this he finds his most troublesome difficulties to arise, as might be expected, from two distinct quarters,—from the feats of the Egyptian magicians as recorded in Exodus, and from the cases of demoniacal possession in the times of our Lord. This absolute denial to Satan of all power to disturb the order of nature was no doubt a reaction from the excessive credulity of previous ages, which had attributed to the devil powers verging on omnipotence; and the negative doctrine laid down by Farmer a century ago has been pretty generally received to this day. But there seems no sufficient warrant for absolute and sweeping assertion in regard to this matter. It is quite conceivable that evil spirits may *usually* be restricted from interfering with physical nature, while yet on special occasions they may be permitted to do so. An illustration may be borrowed from the growth of corn. The time of growth and development of the corn plant is a time of non-interference. Soil and heat and moisture exert their accustomed influences, and everything proceeds in undisturbed order. But the time of planting and the time of reaping are times of interference with the established order. The planting of the seed is a special interference, so to speak, with the previous state of vacuity, and it introduces an entirely new series of sequences, which proceed regularly till, at the reaping time, another special interference takes place. So, in the moral world, there may be long centuries of orderly sequence, in which nothing unusual occurs, and there may also be periods of special interference, of planting and reaping, when the usual order is disturbed. And it is worth remarking that such disturbances of nature's order have occurred chiefly at special crises in the history of man. The miracles during the long history of established Judaism are exceeding few; but the life of Moses, its lawgiver, is a succession of miracles. The miracles during the growth of Christianity have been but few; but the lives of the Lord and of His apostles, who planted Christianity, are a blaze of miracles. Nor is there anything in Scripture to prevent the supposition that at some future reaping-day the order of nature, which now proceeds with such unvarying regularity, may again be suspended or disturbed. And in connexion with all this it may be observed that the chief examples of apparently supernatural power in connexion with evil, or in opposition to God's messengers, have occurred precisely at the same periods wherein mighty works have been done in attestation of the truth. The greatest feats of the evil

powers took place in the days of Moses and of Christ. It would seem as if, in those special times when the powers of the world to come have been brought to bear upon the order of nature, and have temporarily disturbed it, evil powers have been permitted, as well as good, to exceed the usual limits of their action; and that the devil, at such periods, knowing that his time was short, has come down among men with great fury,—for instance, in the numerous cases of possession at the Christian era. And as good men, messengers of God, have been endowed at such times with supernatural powers in attestation of their doctrine and mission, it is not inconceivable that wicked men may have been permitted to ally themselves with the powers of evil, and that feats like those of the magicians of Egypt may have been accomplished through infernal help. Such a belief, while it appears consonant with Scripture, is not inconsistent with the belief that in general the marvels of witchcraft may be accounted for on natural principles.

The results of this inquiry may be summed up in two or three short paragraphs.

There is no reason to doubt the existence of unseen beings, whether human or other. That spiritual beings do exist,—that they may hold intercourse with our world,—that they may have access to our minds,—that they may be able to influence the physical frame to some extent, not perhaps directly, but mediately *through the mind*, just as various material substances, opium or stramonium, for instance, are capable of affecting the mind through the body,—is a belief equally consonant with Scripture, with reason, and with the general teaching of the Church. Nor is it incredible that the separated spirit may hold communication in some instances at the time of death with persons yet living; or that evil spirits may so act upon the minds of men who yield up themselves deliberately to their influence, as to produce prodigies of different kinds which, in our profound ignorance upon these subjects, we find it difficult to account for.

But such a belief in the Supernatural as is thus indicated does by no means involve, as a fair and necessary consequence, a belief in the doctrine of modern Spiritualism. There is not the slightest inconsistency in receiving the former, and in rejecting the latter. The doctrine that certain persons are naturally gifted with the faculty, denied to the generality of mankind, of holding direct communication with departed spirits,—that the spirits come at their call, hover about them, and manifest their presence, among other ways, by sundry feats and tricks of a physical nature,—does not necessarily

follow from admitting the reality of the alleged manifestations in some cases. There are other methods of accounting for these manifestations which, either separately or combined, appear to be not inadequate. At all events they will prevent the necessity of embracing the spirit-doctrine until a great many questions have been disposed of. We can only mention three, two of which have already been adverted to. There is, first, that mysterious force which we will here designate vital magnetism; in connexion with which, as has been hinted, wonders not inferior to the selectest marvels of Mr. Home have been familiar to the initiated both in England and on the Continent for three or four centuries past. Then there is the influence of imagination, in itself a life-study. As we pen these concluding lines, we meet with a notable instance in the daily papers of the effect of imagination. The account is copied from a Polynesian journal just received.

'PRAYED TO DEATH.

'A young woman at Lahania, who was baptized in February, and who had just recovered from a slight illness, became alarmingly worse, and died on Easter Tuesday, at noon, with all the horror of one impressed with the belief that she was doomed to die at that hour. It was a dreadful scene. With no tangible disease, sheer terror at the conviction that she was being prayed to death, absolutely annihilated all her vital powers. Young, strong, healthy otherwise, she died. Her grown up sisters and brothers, singularly attached to her, horror-stricken at the dreadful death, with the old heartbroken father, as they pressed around the body and literally rent the air with their cries, presented a spectacle of misery such as one seldom meets. The fact is, the people are utterly indifferent about religion, and quickly accept the new God, or say they do, to save trouble; but in the face of death all pretence is laid aside, and the firm belief in the power of another to pray them to death crushes the spirit. Pele and the Shark god are invoked to overpower the prayer of the other to avert premature death; but if no evident token is found that these deities are neutralising the praying to death, then absolute deadness takes possession of the whole being, and, despite youth, health, care, and medical aid, death inevitably results. A system of indirect assassination is annihilating the people. A affronts B, B goes to C, gives him ten dollars to pray A to death, tells A so, and A dies. Of course, A's father hears it, goes to D, pays him fifteen dollars to pray B and C to death; tells B and C, who also die. What nation could stand it?'

It thus appears that a whole population may be decimated through the sheer force of imagination upon the bodily functions. And this suggests a third point, which would require

an article to itself,—the existence of mental epidemics. Although mental pathology is not as yet sufficiently advanced to admit of these being reduced under a regular classification, still less of their being traced to their causes, the fact cannot be questioned that epidemic mental affections have appeared and disappeared, in a way singularly analogous to epidemic bodily diseases. A further inquiry into this obscure yet interesting subject might not be without result, in furnishing whole classes of facts with which the facts of modern Spiritualism might advantageously be compared. Such a comparison would probably show that, viewing the rapid spread of this strange and singular belief in its aspect as a mental phenomenon, it is not altogether exceptional and unparalleled. Mental affections equally romantic, accompanied by outward phenomena equally puzzling, have appeared at different times in various parts of Europe, and, after prevailing a longer or a shorter time, have vanished, leaving behind them no permanent trace of their existence, except in books. And if Spiritualism has prevailed to a wider extent than any of these, it is only fair to remember that in our day the conductors of infection are multiplied, to an extent more than sufficient to account for this difference, in the facilities of communication and in the extension of the cheap press; especially in America, where every village has its daily paper, to fill up the gaping columns of which nothing could come more acceptably than a thrilling ghost-story. In such matters the combined influence of sympathy and of imagination, each acting and re-acting upon the other, may produce effects beyond calculation strange. And if to these influences we add on the one hand the liability to mental epidemic just referred to, and on the other hand the force, both within and beyond the body of the subject, of that mysterious magnetism to which allusion has been made, we shall be furnished, at all events, with hypothetical solutions of the puzzle of Spiritualism, which will be found more than sufficient to prevent our hastily believing either in the ghosts of Mr. Home and Mr. Howitt, or in the spiritual apes and pigs which, according to Mr. Isaac Taylor, amused themselves with frightening the inmates of Epworth parsonage.

ART. III.—*Poland: the Treaty of Vienna, and the Question of Races.*

1. *La Pologne depuis le Partage. Revue des Deux Mondes,* May 1st, 1861.
2. *La Russie Rouge.* Par LE PRINCE TROUBETZKOI. Paris. 1860.
3. *Une Nationalité contestée.* Par M. V. POROCHINE. Paris. 1862.
4. LELEWEL: *History of Lithuania and Ruthenia.* (French Translation, 1861.)

THE Treaty of Vienna is in everybody's mouth just now. We have been told over and over again that it is the only possible basis for diplomatic action of any kind; and on this very ground both parties have been urging the uselessness of 'the joint proposals,' because (say both) the Poles want something very different from what the Treaty contemplated for them. What does the Treaty of Vienna lay down, which makes it such a convenient engine in the hands of statesmen, anxious on the one hand to do nothing which may 'endanger the peace of Europe,' and on the other to satisfy our natural impatience at the piecemeal destruction of a gallant nation? This question we shall briefly answer, and then say a few words upon the 'situation,' as affected by considerations of race and early history.

And, first, the Treaty recognised in the fullest manner both the *kingdom* of Poland and the *provinces*, and it made different provisions in regard to these respectively. The kingdom was the last annexation: Poland was gradually stripped, the kingdom, or, as it used to be called, the grand duchy of Warsaw, not having been finally appropriated till 1795, after the unfortunate rising under Kosciusko and the storming of Warsaw by Suwaroff.

It would seem that in 1815 the great powers were struck with sudden remorse in respect to Poland and her wrongs. At the very moment that they were solemnly delivering over her provinces to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, they multiplied protective guarantees, and actually strove to maintain a national bond between the divers parts of the divided nation.

In the Austrian portion, Cracow was to be a free city, its independence and neutrality being guaranteed in perpetuity. The grand duchy of Warsaw was thenceforth to be styled the '*kingdom of Poland* under the Russian crown;' so that the national name still lives, so to speak, *diplomatically*, ready

whenever the time comes for reconstituting the whole. The Prussian part took the name of the 'grand duchy of Posen,' so as to keep it distinct from the rest of the Prussian dominions; nay, the frontier line is traced on the Prussian just as clearly as on the Russian side. Further, the new kingdom of Poland, which the Emperor Alexander I. would fain have made co-extensive with all the Russo-Polish provinces,—he is said to have been hindered from doing so by Lord Castlereagh,—this, the old grand duchy, was to have a distinct existence, national institutions, and a representative government, the whole guaranteed by all the powers who took a part in the Congress of Vienna. The 'preservation of their nationality' was also especially secured to the Poles under Austria and Prussia; and, as if to make amends for their final separation, the whole of the provinces were united in a sort of *Zollverein*, establishing free traffic transit and navigation through every part of *old Poland;* and the privileges of this commercial treaty extended to the old frontiers which existed in 1772, before the first partition. In fact, strangely enough, the conquerors, the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians, are spoken of in these arrangements as *strangers*. The words of the Emperor Alexander I., when he proclaimed the constitution of May, 1815, are the best comment on all this:—

'Your restoration is assured by solemn treaties, which give Poland henceforth an honourable place among European nations. Your language will be used in all public records; all state appointments will be filled by Poles only; you have unshackled commerce, and free intercommunication with those portions of old Poland which are under other powers; you have your national army, your national institutions; and all this you will transmit as an heritage to your posterity; for it is all guaranteed to you by solemn treaty; *I have compelled the States* of Europe to ratify the acknowledgment of your existence.'

As we have said, Alexander I. wished to annex Lithuania, Volhynia, the Ukraine, in fact the earlier spoils of Poland, to his new kingdom. He was dissuaded from so doing, and replied to Lord Castlereagh:—

'Well: if the time for establishing Poland in its entirety is not yet come, there will be nothing (now this *nucleus* is formed) to hinder its being done at any time when Europe wishes it.'

Why did Lord Castlereagh oppose the embodiment of all the Polish provinces in a kingdom of Poland? Was it that he dreaded French influence on the united Poles? Or did he doubt the sincerity of the Russian emperor, and think that he wished

to attach the Poles to Russia in order to employ them as trustworthy allies in his attempts to push his frontier westward? Anyhow, little as the Treaty of Vienna did for Poland, it guaranteed three things:—to the kingdom a constitution and independent government under a Russian viceroy; to the provinces, whether Russian, Austrian, or Prussian, national institutions; to the whole country within the limits of the Poland of 1772, entire freedom of commercial intercourse. This is what it gave to Poland in return for placing under general European sanction the partitions, which, we must remember, were until then unsanctioned by any powers save the three who had divided the spoil.

The main point to be kept before our eyes is, that when the Congress of Vienna confirmed their Polish possessions to the three robber-states, it did so only on condition that the terms which it secured for the Poles were adhered to. Let us see how Russia has fulfilled her engagements since 1815. Three years later Alexander I. opened the first Polish Diet at Warsaw, with words as encouraging as those which he had spoken in May, 1815; but in spite of his liberal professions (at which the Austrian Francis laughed, and, when asked to join with his brother emperor, said, 'I'm not such a humbug,') Alexander steadily pursued the work of *entire assimilation*. He kept, however, to the letter of the Constitution and of the Treaty: it was reserved for his successor Nicholas to ridicule all pledges and guarantees. To *denationalise* Poland was the declared aim of Nicholas's life. His illegal attempts produced the revolt of 1831. When this was crushed, the 'kingdom' was incorporated with Russia. The ceremony of crowning the king at Warsaw was abolished; the native army was disbanded, and the infamous Russian recruiting system was introduced; Poles were replaced by Russians in the offices of state; and the Houses of Representatives ceased to meet. Worse than this, every child was bound to attend the government schools, where Russian was taught, but next to no Polish; the latter being learnt one hour a week, as if it were a foreign language. The university, the museum, and the mint were transferred to St. Petersburg; large numbers of the lesser nobility were forced to migrate to the Russian crown lands; and the influx of German emigrants was in every way encouraged, land being actually bought by government, and sold to them at a loss. In short, all means were taken to kill anything like national feeling or independent existence. Even the national colours were prohibited, and the Russian brown was sold under cost price at government clothing stores opened

in every village. In carrying out all these measures the Czar was seconded by the able and unscrupulous Muchanoff, his chief *employé* at Warsaw.

Since the suppression of the movement in 1831, the chief signs of life exhibited by the Poles have been in the way of social and material development. The Agricultural Society of Warsaw has been mainly instrumental in sustaining the national feeling. It has aimed at various objects, all tending to promote the prosperity of the country; objects purely agricultural, as well as the establishment of a proper credit system, the improving the navigation of the Vistula, and the foundation of *temperance societies*. These last have met with most determined opposition from the Russian government. The excise duties form a very large item in the revenue; and thus even in Russia itself temperance societies have been discountenanced; while in Poland every effort has been made to represent them as meddling with politics, and so to have an excuse for crushing them. One other matter which the Society took in hand was the emancipation of the serfs. There has been a curious amount of misrepresentation in regard to this matter: we have been told, so often and so positively that we have begun to believe it, that the old Polish system was shocking, that Russian influence has been uniformly exercised for the amelioration of the serfs, while the chronic state of rebellion has been kept up by a privileged caste, holding on like grim death to their exclusive feudal distinctions. This is the reason why there has been till lately so little general sympathy here with the Polish cause; why, in fact, the nation at large would rather have favoured the cause of Russia as being that of 'law and order,' had Russia been able to keep herself within due bounds, to suppress revolt in an *European* manner, to abstain from Tartar barbarities while enforcing submission. She has not done so: she has used the knout too freely for English notions; she has made Siberia a dolorous place of hellish torture; witness the death of poor Levitor, who burnt himself with the straw of his cell, because, having twice stood firm against 'the question' which sought to wrench from him the names of those who had aided his attempt to escape, he feared his strength would be unequal to a third trial. And so the English have felt, 'These Poles may be right, or they may be wrong; but Russia cannot be right in so maltreating them; Mouravieff cannot be right in knouting women; their officers cannot be right in encouraging all kinds of horrible outrages.' But we may claim far higher ground for sympathy with the Poles: it is they who first in eastern Europe took in

hand the question of serf-emancipation. We must not forget that in the Middle Ages serfage was universal; we know that in France and Germany many of its oppressive enactments lingered till beyond the time of the French Revolution. The Hessian elector who sold his men to George III. was behaving at least as arbitrarily as any Polish or Russian noble would ever have thought of doing.

Now, for all the east of Europe, the 'Middle Ages' lasted on quite into modern times. Not until 1481 did Russia begin to resist the *Golden Horde:* not until quite the end of the sixteenth century was the overthrow of the Mongols completed by the subjection of Kasan and Astrakhan. Meanwhile, the Turks were almost always keeping south-eastern Europe in a ferment. From long before the first siege of Vienna in 1529, down to that from which John Sobieski relieved it in 1683, and for many years after, Poland had plenty of outdoor work to excuse her want of attention to matters at home. During all this time she continued true to the cause of Europe: her countenance enabled Russia first to rise and afterwards to conquer; and then she constituted the link between Austria and Russia in the almost ceaseless joint crusade which did not terminate till Russia, strong enough to act by herself, left Austria to take the hard fighting on the Danube, and turning the Turks' position pushed on to the southward and cut the Sultan off from Tartary and the Crimea. We must never forget that it was by the help of Poland, his ally, that Peter the Great conquered the city and port of Azoff, (1699,) and so was enabled to equip his first fleet.

Then came religious troubles, fomented by Russia; but it must be remembered, that though the country was far from being so advanced in civilisation as France was at the time of the wars of the League, there were in Poland no religious wars, no shameful massacres, (like that of Toulouse,) nothing but cabals terminating in the exclusion from the Diets of the dissident nobles. Russia, from this time forth, gave Poland scant leisure for internal improvement. It was just as if at the time of our own revolution England had been floated over to the coast of Belgium. Certainly, in that case, we should not have managed matters so peaceably as we did. Louis XIV. might probably have fancied that the Thames formed the natural boundary, and have claimed our southern counties. In fact, instead of a peaceable change of dynasty, we might have had something like a partition of England. But we had the sea for our protection, Poland had not; nay, she had scarcely any well-marked frontier. Besides, with all his unscrupulous-

ness, Louis XIV. had more chivalry, more humanity, than Peter the Great and his successors.

And so at last Catherine II. came, and Poland's doom was sealed. But just at the very last, too late, unhappily, to effect any good, the Poles made a move in the way of freedom, and that at the exact time when Russia was actually *spreading* serfdom on the east and south of the Ural. In May, 1791, was proclaimed the new Polish Constitution of Stanislaus Augustus, which abolished the much-abused *Liberum Veto*, whereby foreign powers had had such constant opportunities of interfering, and *placed the peasantry under the immediate protection of the laws*, sanctioning the endeavours of the landed proprietors gradually to better the condition of their tenantry. These efforts for internal improvement were actually made the ground of the new partition of 1793. The Poles were accused of 'revolutionary tendencies,' and, basely deserted by Prussia, which had promised them her support, they had to submit to the infamous treaty of Grodno, the terms of which so rankled in the minds of the unhappy people, that (hoping for help from Austria and Sweden) they rose two years later under Kosciusko, with what result we all too well know.

Thus was the Polish abolition of serfdom nipped in the bud; all that remained to the peasant was equality in the eyes of the law. This he has still; he is in Poland a person, not a chattel. And hence the plan of Alexander II. to force upon the Polish landowners his scheme for emancipating Russian serfs was most unfair, because serfdom in Poland is so different from serfdom in Russia, that the measures for relief which are good in the one case cannot, without gross injustice, be applied in the other. No doubt the attitude of the peasantry is one of the weak points in the Polish cause. How is it that they are so little capable of sympathizing, as a whole, with the efforts for independence? One answer has been given above; the country was still in a transition state when further progress was checked by foreign tyranny; a tyranny which, while striving to crush out all national life and quench all national spirit, has not interfered with the comforts of the peasant. Another answer is, that the reformation failed in Poland; as, indeed, it did in France; but then France had the old Revolution to heave her up from the depths of bigotry and despotism, and fling her by a desperate effort on the road of progress, that road along which England had, thanks to the change of religion, been moving steadily forward for centuries.

The Reformation began well in Poland. Sigismund Augustus supported it, and many of the nobles professed the new

opinions. But with Sigismund the house of Jagellon became extinct, the crown was made elective, and Jesuit intrigues were soon added to the conflicts of parties. 'Liberty is very good, but the Catholic faith is better:' with such a doctrine as that there was no chance for united national feeling to thrive. The Protestants became (like the French Huguenots) a political party looking to Sweden; the Greek Church, of course, trusted to Russian help; the Romanists were ready to join with any power which would secure them liberty to persecute, and monopoly of the education of the country. Meanwhile, the peasantry were neglected; the darkness of the Middle Ages still rested upon them, without the smallest effort being made to clear it away. The reckless, turbulent noble who rode up armed to the Diet at Warsaw cared very little except about the figure he should make there, and the power of gratifying his vanity and consulting his private interests which the *Liberum Veto* gave him. The priest who urged him on and directed his vote cared for nothing except the cause of the Church; and that cause we know its adherents have constantly endeavoured to maintain by acts of crooked policy, and at the sacrifice of the real good of the nation which they have professed to serve. Well may Poland curse the day on which Archbishop Hosius, he who could write of the massacre of St. Bartholomew as having given him 'exceeding comfort and joy,' brought in the Jesuits. But for their systematic and too successful efforts, Poland might long ago have had a peasantry enlightened, educated, capable of really appreciating freedom and national independence, and therefore ready to join vigorously in the struggle to gain them.

We have referred to the Agricultural Society of Warsaw. It was founded by Count Andrew Zamoyski, who in 1831 was the national emissary to Vienna, where it was hoped that something might be done to induce Prince Metternich to interfere. When all was over, he did not (as many others did) quit Poland, but devoted himself to quiet measures of internal improvement. He started in 1840 an *Agricultural Magazine*, keeping himself steadily in the background, and carefully eschewing all reference to politics. In this way farming was ameliorated, the breed of cattle and horses improved, steamboats set up on the Vistula, and, above all, the people were kept quiet: an outlet had been found for their energy in a direction in which Russia could not complain of its being exercised. 'Speak of us as little as possible,' said one of these patriots of the new school to a traveller who remarked on the visible progress of the country: 'if you speak at all,

speak of our miseries, but not a word about the signs of life which you may notice; you will kill us if you mention them.' The Poles wished to be forgotten for a while; Muchanoff and Wielopolski would not leave them alone. The system of *denationalisation* was pursued so steadily, that at last there was nothing for it but either to renounce all dreams of separate existence, to give up even what the Congress of Vienna had stipulated for, and to drift into the ocean of Russian nationality; or else to make a move in some way or other. The Poles determined to move: the remarkable thing is the way in which they moved. No outbreak, no attempt at violence; addresses to the emperor claiming in the calmest language what the treaties of 1815 had *secured*: and then funeral services, commemorating the chief Polish poets, the chief Polish battles. From one of these, the mass for those who fell in the three days' fight of Grochow, the new epoch may be dated. It was on the 25th of February, 1861, that the whole population turned out into the streets, marching with wax tapers and other religious insignia, and singing their litany: 'From plague, famine, and war, good Lord, deliver us. *Give us a country*, good Lord.' It was as much as to say, 'You are prohibiting our language, you are abolishing our laws; but you will not succeed in making us forget our nationality.' All these demonstrations were perfectly unarmed: voluntary special constables watched to check all disorder. When, in April, 1861, the troops had fired on the groups of praying men and women, the emperor asked how many soldiers had been killed, and how many stand of arms had been taken from the rebels. He was startled to hear of *no casualties* in the army and no arms captured. The religious element in the revolt is also very remarkable: it is not, as it is so often represented here, a mere question of rival Churches, though the advocacy of the Polish cause by such men as Mr. Pope Hennessy scares many a good Protestant. The religious sentiment of Krasinski and the other popular poets is rather *mystical* than Romanist. What they have striven to enforce is calm endurance, and that resignation which does not *give up*, but which looks to become perfect *through suffering*. So matters stood up to the time of the new conscription edict. This was the work of the Marquis Wielopolski. If ever one man was chargeable with the misery of a whole people, then surely at Wielopolski's door we may lay all the wretchedness caused by this present struggle. He it was who sedulously kept the emperor up to the extreme of *repression*; he it was who so framed the conscription act as to rob the nation of those on

whom the life of its patriotism depended, and thus to destroy gradually the very feeling of patriotism itself.

Wielopolski started in life with a man whose career has been very different, the Count Zamoyski, of whom we spoke above. At first he took the popular side; but, offended at some of the proceedings of 1831, became the very incarnation of anti-patriotism. Doubtless he thought all along that he was doing the best for Poland; but he did it just in the way which most of all went contrary to the wishes of the Poles. Remonstrance and entreaty seem only to have strengthened his stubborn determination to make Poland a mere Russian province, rich and prosperous if possible, but without any of those little marks of distinct independence which are dearer to the Poles than any amount of material wealth. His motto might have been, (like that of our own Strafford,) '*Thorough*.' He was obstinate; but the people were no less so: firing on unarmed crowds did not stop the prayings and processions; and therefore he framed the conscription act, aiming such a blow at the heart of the nation as should either make it cease to beat, or force on the outbreak which patriots of all parties wished to delay.

Now the Russians have not been slow to put forward the case of Ireland as parallel with that of Poland. 'How should you like,' they ask, 'to have the people of Cork or Dublin celebrating the anniversary of the Boyne, or the death of Thomas Emmett, with hymns and wax tapers and general weeping? Why, it would be even more embarrassing than your Orange processions: you would be obliged to use repressive measures.' It is a sufficient answer to this to say that Ireland is part and parcel of the United Kingdom, that its nationality is merged in the collective empire; it is not at all in those strangely abnormal circumstances in which the Congress of Vienna decided that Poland should remain,—a dependency, still preserving its own laws and institutions. There is the difficulty: it is as if the diplomatists of 1815 had purposely left Poland in the most anomalous position in which a country could be placed: they neither dared to declare it a subject province, nor to give it a distinct place amongst the nations. If we decide that the 'Treaty of Vienna' shall be ignored, if we say it has been broken again and again by almost every power in Europe, then the Polish question must stand on its own merits; and, in deciding it, the main question will surely be, Which is the best course to set forward the progress of Europe? It is weak to talk incessantly about Russian aggression, though it is wise never to forget that her traditional

policy is aggressive, and that at the present moment, if Sweden and other states had their own, 'Russia in Europe' would be but a small state. As it is, her strength is certainly not increased by the addition of Poland: Poland is to Russia a continual burden, hindering her efforts in what she so much needs,—internal development and material progress. A happy Polish nation, such as that of which Alexander I. dreamed when he spoke of uniting the kingdom to the provinces, and placing the whole under the czar as head of all the Slavic peoples,—such a Poland would strengthen the hands of Russia as Scotland strengthens the hands of England; but such a Poland the policy of the last thirty years prevents us from hoping for. As things are, Russia would be the gainer could she without loss of honour throw Poland off altogether.

So much for the bearing on the question of the much-quoted Treaty of Vienna. Now for a few words about these *provinces*, of which we have already spoken as mentioned in the Treaty and in the Constitutions of 1815, but without *definite* guarantee as to their future:—it was for the grand duchy alone that the Congress of Vienna established a distinct position.

Now, Russia claims these provinces as *re-conquests*: is she correct in doing so? Had Alexander I. any right to dream about Panslavism, (as it has since been termed,) and to wish the czar placed at the head of a federation of Slavic peoples? In a word, are the actual Russians Slaves at all? If we go back to the early part of the ninth century, we find the vast country now called Russia in Europe unequally divided between two great races, the Slavic and the Finnish. The Slaves (of whom Nestor, the chronicler of Kiew, following Jornandes and others, says that the Wallachs drove them from the Danube) were along the Vistula under the names of Pomeranians, Mazovians, Loutitches, (Lithuanians,) and Polanians (Poles, from *pola*, 'a level plain'); about Lake Ilmen and the Western Novgorod they kept the name of Slaves; along the Dnieper they were Drevlians (*drévo*, 'forest'); and Polanians again down through the Ukraine. Posen, Gnesna, and Cracow were already founded; the native Piast dynasty is recorded as commencing in 842. East and north of these Slavic tribes, the vast country watered by the Volga and its tributaries was inhabited by people whom the Slaves knew as *Tschudi* ('strangers'—just as the Germans called Italians Britons, and all western people *Welsh*). Modern ethnologists term these Tschudi Finnish and Uralian tribes, and recognise a thorough distinction between them and the Slaves, who belong to the Indo-Germanic race. These tribes were being continually over-run

by and mixed up with fresh hordes of Tartars and Mongols, who, though they continually pushed on into the Slavic country, left very little trace there amongst an entirely alien population; while on the other hand they kept making the Finns more and more Tartar. Such was the state of things in 862: west of the thirty-seventh meridian, a Slavic population, tolerably homogeneous, gravitating towards union under the Piast princes, and forming at any rate a far more effectual barrier against Tartar inroad, than Europe had on the side of Hungary; east of the same line a series of tribes of kindred origin with the Tartars, courting rather than resisting each fresh invasion, and often joining with the invaders in their inroads westward. In 862, Ruric and his brothers appear on the scene. They conquer in all directions: Novgorod, or New Holmgard, (mark the Norse form of the name,) becomes one of their capitals, Kiew another; Smolensk and other towns are wrested from the Slaves; while Tvor, Souzdal, Mourom, and other towns are occupied or founded in the Finnish land. Thus we have Norsemen—Warangers, as history calls them—doing in the valleys of the Dnieper and Volga just what they did in our island. We find them here, fixing themselves as the aristocracy of the country, not in England only, but through a large part of Wales, more widely than we suspect in Scotland, and generally through the centre and south of Ireland. In England various circumstances kept them pretty true to their suzerain; but in Eastern Europe there was no check either to the spirit of insubordination which they always brought with them, or to their old rule of subdividing inheritances which in Normandy (and therefore in England) had yielded to the Frankish law of primogeniture. Thus there were two Norse conquests, that of which the subject population was Slave, and which corresponds to the Ruthenia of later times, (comprehending Red and White Russia, &c.,) and that whose subject people was Finnish or Tartar, and which answers pretty well to the later Muscovy, the cradle of the present Russian governing race. Of these the most aggressive was the Eastern or Finnish settlement; the Western portion contained large and important towns, and a peaceable population; the Eastern tribes were readily united under any enterprising chieftain, and hurried off either against the Greek empire, (as, for instance, by Igor son of Ruric, who attacked Constantinople itself,) or against the Western cities, of which Kiew fell, and Novgorod was nearly conquered by Andrew Bogoloubski in 1169. Now what we contend for is that these fighting Warangers, who (we have seen) belong

alike to Muscovy and to what are called the Polish provinces, (*i. e.*, in general language, to Wolhynia, Podolia, the Ukraine,) were the true Russians. To come then to history: 'Russi quos alio nomine Northmannos vocamus,' says Luitprand. The author of the *Annals of St. Bertin*, (*circ.* 838,) the first who uses the word *Rhos* or 'Russians,' assigns Sweden as their country. To this day the Swedes are called in Finnland and Esthland *Rootsi*. So it seems that your Pole in the eastern provinces, in fact in almost all Poland except the 'kingdom' and the Prussian portions, has just as fair a title to the name of Russian as the inhabitant of Moscow. In the former case the Waranger (*i. e.* Russian) governments ended with the conquest of Kiew by the Lithuanians in 1320; in the latter the line of Ruric became extinct in 1598, at the death of Fedor Ivanowich. The modern Russian ought to be called a Muscovite; he is not properly a member of the European family at all. 'Skin him, and,' according to the true old proverb, 'you will find a Tartar underneath.'

So much for the question of race: the fact that the Waranger princes of Souzdal and Moscow (a Finnish hamlet chosen in 1147 by Jouri or George Dolgorouki as the seat of his government) were constantly bringing the eastern hordes against the Warangers of Ruthenia, is paralleled by the Anglo-Normans turning southward and overrunning France: it was just as if the Geraldines and other Norman Irish had headed the wild tribes of Connaught and Munster, and conquering the Pale, had crossed to attack the cities of England.

This, then, is the Polish theory as to the 'provinces,' and it seems to bear on it the stamp of historic truth. The 'provinces,' the seizure of which by Russia in 1772 the Russians now affect to call a *re-conquest*, are not Muscovite, but Slave. True, they were severed from the great Slave populations of Poland and Lithuania, and governed by Norse rulers from 900 till 1320; but then they became united, not to the Norse-Muscovite empire which was gradually forming under Tartar protection at Moscow, but to the Lithuanians under Gedimin, and to the Poles under Uladislaus IV. and Casimir the Great. Few governments (as the Polish Lelewel remarks) can show an older title to their present possessions than Poland can to the 'provinces,' even if we go back no further than 1320, and throw overboard the question of consanguinity altogether. There remains the difficulty that the present Russian, or rather the principal of the thirty different languages which are spoken in Russia, is in the main a Slavonic language. It is the *Rouski* dialect, which as late as

Peter the Great's time supplanted the old *Slavinski*. The explanation seems to be, that the influence of Christianity, which alone saved the Muscovites from total absorption into the Tartar hordes, was strongly and constantly exerted to separate the people as much as possible from their still heathen conquerors to the north and east. This, combined with the fact that both came under the Norse rule, drew Ruthenia and Muscovy together; and thus, gradually, a new Slave dialect, largely adulterated with Finnish and Tartar, was introduced. It is very much like the case of Ireland. Norman rule and Protestantism brought the English tongue; just so Norse rule and Christianity brought the Slave tongue: not the Norse; for (as we see in Normandy and other instances) the conquering Norsemen constantly adopted the language of the conquered. Add to this the great facility (noted by Strabo, and exemplified in various branches of the Turkish and Mongol families)* with which these Uralian races adopt a new language; and we have enough to account for the phenomenon that your Muscovite of to-day speaks Slave and not Finnish; enough to answer the common objection: 'O, after all, in the re-conquered Russias, which Poland now claims, you have only a fifth or so of the population really Polish; the rest are Little Russians, Great Russians, White Russians, and Lithuanians.'† We have answered this by showing that almost all these 'Russians' were Slaves who became subject to Waranger chiefs, and eventually gravitated to Lithuania when the Muscovite Warangers fell under the Tartar horde;‡ while Lithuania itself, united to Poland in 1386, when Hedwig married the Grand Duke Jagello, grew gradually more and more closely bound to it, until the nobles of the two countries took the same armorial bearings, ('ut sub umbrâ caritatis quiescamus,' as the joint Diet has it;) and the king came to be crowned at Cracow without any distinctive sign of his being Grand Duke of Lithuania as well. It is absurd to say that

* Perhaps Japan, where the language and writing of China is used by the natives to supplement their own, is a case in point. Sir Charles Lyell (*Antiquity of Man*, chap. xxiii.) has some valuable remarks on the fact that *language* is far less persistent than race.

† See a work recently published, *Bevölkerung des Russischen Kaiserreichs*. (Gotha: Perthes.) Once for all we may remark that as any French treatise on the subject is sure to be written in the Polish interest, so the Germans (disliking the Poles intensely) are almost sure to misrepresent matters in favour of Russia.

‡ Some of our readers may not know that Red Russia is the district about Lemberg (now Austrian); White Russia that of which Vitebsk is the chief town; Little Russia around Kiew; Great Russia about Smolensk; Black Russia about Novogrodek. The only Slave cities remaining to Muscovy in 1480 were Pskov, Novgorod, (the western,) and Jaroslav.

Lithuanians and men of the 'provinces' are not to all intents and purposes Poles: the Czartoryskis and Radziewills are Lithuanian families, and such names as Sobieski, Ostrogski, Zaleski, Mickiewicz, and many more,—all from different parts of Ruthenia, *none* from the 'kingdom,'—prove to us that the 'provinces' are even more Polish than the district about Warsaw.

If any evidence were wanting, it is abundantly furnished by the conduct of the two Mouravieffs in part of the district in question. They are exiling the landowners wholesale, and ravaging their estates; a sufficient proof of what are the feelings of the intelligent class in what Russia chooses to style 'her ancient provinces recovered from the grasp of Poland.' This, then, is the question at issue: Which is to be the capital of the Slavic race? The Emperor Alexander wished to put himself at the head of this Panslavic movement, which has long been leavening the whole of these doubtful districts more or less; the Poles, on the contrary, will have nothing to do with the house of Romanoff; they would relegate Muscovy back to the Finnish outer darkness, and make Warsaw the rallying-point for all Slaves to gather round. The course of events in the 'provinces' seems to show that the Poles are in the main supported in their claim. It is only by the sternest repression, and by exerting to the utmost the power which the possessor always has, that Russia has been able as yet to hold her own in districts like the government of Wilna. What will be the result, it is not easy even to prophesy. The great development given to the Baltic and Finland provinces since Peter the Great's time makes them more than a match, in this war of races, for the Slaves, divided as these latter have been for centuries, and *kept back* in the career of progress both by the feeling that they had no national existence, and also by their almost unceasing struggles to regain that existence. We cannot expect Russia to give up these provinces without a fearful struggle: if the Poles get any more effectual help than what diplomatists can give them, some portions, more or less, of old Ruthenia and Lithuania will be reunited to the 'kingdom.' Whatever is the result, the fact remains: these districts in question are not Muscovite at all, they are Slavic.

It is impossible in writing about Poland to wholly ignore the morality of the case. And, first, though it is an old story, it is not a whit the less true, that Poland sacrificed herself for the good of Europe. The terrible nature of the Mongol invasions may be imagined from the fact that in one inroad (*circ.* 1250) they led away over twenty thousand women into

captivity. The Muscovites were wise in their generation in bowing before such a storm. The Turkish wars were not less desolating. In 1498 the Turks are said to have carried off one hundred thousand prisoners. Yet these wars were necessary: the evil is that the nation which bore the brunt of them found little sympathy or help from those whom she helped to protect. We know how scurvily the Austrian emperor treated Sobieski in 1680: when, by and bye, Sobieski was forced to seek Muscovite help against the Turks, he had to buy it by signing the treaty of Moscow, (1686,) by which he gave up Little Russia and the Zaporog Cossacks.* This was the first step in the downward course, the first fruit of the terrible mistake which (when the race of Jagello ended in 1572) had made the crown elective. Thence came perpetual troubles at home, and distrust and interference abroad. A foreign prince, elected to the Polish throne, was almost sure to be tempted to employ his warlike subjects in an attempt to seize the crown of his own country. Thus Sigismund II., of the house of Vasa, tried to become king of Sweden, and some time after the Swedes in revenge reduced Poland to the very verge of ruin. And so in several instances the strength was wasted on absurd and injurious efforts abroad, which should have been husbanded for seasons of need at home. Still, though the despoiling of Poland dates at least from Sobieski's time, though her having no 'natural boundaries' facilitated the work, there was no talk until Catharine II.'s day of 'provinces *re-incorporated* with Russia.' True, Ivan III., in 1492, calls himself *Czar of all the Russias;* but even when Catharine adopts the same title, she takes care to say that she does so without prejudice to Poland or to the grand duchy of Lithuania, not meaning to claim for 'herself or her successors any right over those countries which, though bearing the Russian name, belong to Poland or to Lithuania.' Indeed, from 1795, when the last partition was made, till after Alexander I.'s day, the 'provinces' were constantly spoken of as *conquered;* Alexander himself in 1811 uses the very word. The theory that they were *Muscovite* of old, and have merely become so again, was brought forward in order to aid the efforts of Nicholas at their *denationalisation.*

As to the Muscovite origin of the Russians in general, (as we ordinarily use the word,) it became necessary that this should

* The Treaty says, that the Cossacks of the Ukraine are given to Muscovy '*in favorem Christianitatis,*' to give help against the Ottoman. The Cossacks found they had changed for the worse, and were so dissatisfied that the Russians by and bye, fearing they would come back to the Poles, transported most of them to the river Kuban.

be *proved* when the partition of Poland began to be foreseen. The German Müller had been commissioned to write a history about the origin and early times of the Russian people; but his work was found too little in accordance with the *required* theory, viz., that Muscovy was the cradle of the *Russian* race, instead of being the chief centre of those *Finnish-Tartar* peoples who (though they had, in common with the various Slaves who got to be called Russians of all colours and sizes, been subject to Waranger, *i.e.*, to Ruzski princes) did not rise to permanent greatness till Ruric's dynasty had come to an end. Müller did not make out the case strongly enough in favour of Moscow; and his work was suppressed by the Empress Elizabeth in 1749. At the same time the official account of the matter was put forth by authority, and, in Mirabeau's words, 'la question de l'origine des Russes fut tranchée en vertu d'une définition déclaratoire de leur souveraine.'

Nothing can be more odious than the worse than oriental perfidy of Russia throughout this eighteenth century. Only eight years before the first partition, Catharine writes, 'So far from claiming the Polish provinces, known as "*the Russias*," ' (to which her claim was about as good as that of France would be to England and Scotland, because they are called Great Britain, and France has a province named Brittany,) 'her Majesty recognises in full the ownership of Poland, and will help her in maintaining her rights against all comers.' Thus, though the question respecting the provinces is a question of *fact*, it also decidedly affects the morality of the case. Perfidy is even more unbearable than oppression; and when the two have long gone hand-in-hand, we need not wonder at the distrust and aversion which the Poles have felt for their conquerors. It was bad enough to take away the provinces; it is even less bearable to try to prove that they were, of right, never Polish at all.

'But,' say the Russians, 'England can say nothing; for, not to speak of India, she holds Ireland; we have no abuse in Poland half so indefensible as the Established Church of Ireland.' We have said already that that unfortunate Treaty of Vienna, proving (as it does) too little or too much, destroys all parallel between these two cases. A part of Poland at least has *quasi* national rights guaranteed to it. It is just as if Louis XIV. and all the other princes of the time had been parties to the Treaty of Limerick. The other answer is, that in the case of Russia and Poland we have a lower civilisation crushing a higher; in England's dealings with Ireland we have a higher civilisation, wisely or unwisely, endeavouring to regulate a

lower. Let us always hold firmly to this. However dark a picture pro-Russian writers may draw of the state of feudal Poland, let us never forget that Russia was at the time immeasurably worse. Purely Russian historians are forced to confess how thoroughly the Tartar nature got ingrained into the Muscovites, how corporal punishment became universal, and was not considered *disgraceful;* while men like Haxthausen have shown the oriental influence in the more compact, more centralised organization, and in the village system which puts the Muscovite serf on a different footing from him of the 'provinces,' where Western ideas about property have always prevailed. This is just why Poland refuses to cease to be, because the struggle is always harder when the conqueror is really in all but brute force inferior to the conquered.

Let us remember, then, when we are told about the disorders of old Poland, what sort of a man Peter the Great was, and what kind of people they were whom he took in hand to govern; let us remember, too, what the Russian princes have generally been, men of whom Ivan the Terrible is an example, madmen, or, at best, oriental despots with a thin varnish of 'civilisation.' Their own Karamsine says of them, 'Après avoir rampé dans la horde, nos princes, devenus aussi Tartares eux-mêmes, s'en retournaient chez eux comme des maîtres terribles.' Their first act when, pushing westward, they conquered a Slavo-Russian town, was to destroy the liberties which had outlasted the Norse invasions. The big town-bells which used to summon the people to their popular assemblies, their town-diets, were taken down and carried off. Let us remember, again, when we speak of serfdom, that it has been extended by Russia into provinces where it was previously unknown; that it has by Russia been until just lately perpetuated, and perpetuated in its worst form, in spite of several attempts made by the Poles to mitigate it.

From the earliest, the Russo-Muscovite dominion has been a steady tyranny, at times encroaching stealthily, at times violent in its attacks. Like rulers, like people. Take any honest account of the state of the great mass of the Russians, and we shall not wonder at the invincible dislike which even the poor Podolian and Volhynian peasant still entertains for the *Moskales*, as he calls them. He is low enough in the scale; but he is many degrees above the wretch whose habits are in several districts more degraded than those of the lower animals.* While the Polish and Slavo-Russian peasants cannot forget

* Vide passim *Les Paysans Russes*, par Achille Lestrelin, (Paris: Dentu. 1861,) especially the account of the Snokhary sect, p. 208.

that their countrymen kept for centuries the frontier against Turk and Tartar, the Muscovite has nothing to remember but a long period of grovelling subjection to the Mongols, followed by a national life which has been one long conspiracy against the independence of neighbouring states. It is as if the flood of Eastern invasion, stemmed to the southward, had burst through the Ural passes, and carried further and further west that aggressiveness in the government and stagnation in the people which are the rule in Asiatic countries. The Polish historians (at the head of whom we may mention Mickiewicz, who in 1845 lectured at the Collège de France) tell us that their government as well as their institutions have been systematically depreciated, till at last Europe has grown to take them at the valuation of their enemies. They point to the readiness with which Lithuanians, Livonians, and others used to put themselves under Polish rule. They show that their monarchy was the easy old feudal suzerainty, unhappily made elective after 1572; that it continued to the last without being affected by that universal tendency to despotism which was brought about in Western Europe by the evils of unsettled government and the oppressions of the nobles. We in free England took this epidemic of despotism, in a mild form, under the Tudors; and it needed the troubles of Cromwell's time to enable us to shake off institutions which most of Europe quietly accepted up to the time of the French Revolution. The epidemic never spread into Poland; had it done so, it would have given cohesion to the parts of the nation. But (say the Polish writers) the king had little time to think of attacking the liberties of the country, for he was almost always wanted on the frontier; and the nobles were kept on the alert by seeing how uncompromisingly the czar dealt with his nobles.

One thing the Poles have managed to preserve in far larger measure than most conquered peoples,—their self-respect. You find your educated Irishman ashamed of 'the Irish,' your Greek giving his countrymen a bad name; but a Pole is never ashamed of Poland. The wonderful working of that National Committee which for some time has been mysteriously directing the movements of the insurgents speaks greatly in their favour. Prisoners are knouted to death to force them to tell the names of members; they die and are silent. A man can hardly live in Naples without almost thinking it was scarcely worth while to free such a set from Bourbon rule; but few have ever visited Poland without sympathising with the people more deeply than before. Since 1831 they have been on their trial before Europe, and have

shown forth a noble example of calm and dignified suffering; and however the revolt forced on them by that savage conscription may end, their conduct since it began will not have weakened their title to our respect. It is a sad struggle. We read, 'So-and-so defeated the Russian advanced guard.....300 Russians fell, the Poles lost 170;' or again: 'So-and-so's corps was dispersed by the Russians near ——: 70 Poles were taken prisoners.' We do not think what that means. On the one side you have the stolid brutal soldier, whose miserable *inhuman* military life is just a shade better than would have been his existence as a peasant; on the other the Pole, mostly very young, often highly educated and delicately organized, fighting without discipline, often almost without arms, because by his death alone can he prove that there is life still left in Poland. Surely the contest is unequal, surely it is mockery to count the dead on each side, when the two classes of combatants are so distinct. The Poles have a terrible alternative before them; they must either fight and perish in detail unless help comes, or they must submit to see their national name and national characteristics die out.

And now as to the morality of the question. We have said enough to remind our readers that the insurgents make out a very strong case in favour of a Panslavism which, embracing the Russo-Slaves, shall have its centre at Warsaw.* We have shown further how the Treaty of Vienna left Poland and Russia in the most difficult of positions, a position such that any move was sure to be to the disadvantage of the weaker party. Russia has utterly disregarded the Treaty; Siberia and the Caucasus frontier have been filled with exiles; the popular Polish song,—'Mother, use thy son betimes to instruments of woe: let chain and rope and gibbet be his toys, even as the cross was our Saviour's plaything at Nazareth. For his battle will not be like that of the old knights who used to carry the cross to Jerusalem, nor like that of the soldiers who now-a-days plough the fields of liberty and water them with their blood. He will be egged on to conflict by a spy in the dark; he will have to wrestle with a forsworn judge; his battle-field a dungeon; his monument a gallows; and no death-song but the stifled sobs of women and the whispers of his brethren,'—contains a true picture of the Russian system of repression; the natural result of which is the contest which diplomatists are endeavouring to bring to an end. It does not appear, from

* The recent proclamations of the National Committee call on all Lithuanians and *Reussen* to help. The 'Russians' have given up the idea of race, and substituted that of religion. Theirs is the '*holy empire of Russia*,' with the czar for God's vicegerent on earth.

Prince Gortschakoff's answer, that diplomacy will be able to do much. France is restless; the pamphlet just published by Dentu, *L'Empire, la Pologne et l'Europe*, if it be (as the press says it is) semi-official, undoubtedly promises a great deal; but its promises are conditional. In any case it is a matter which might, not right, must decide. We may prove to everybody's satisfaction that the true *Russians* of the provinces are Slaves like the Poles, and kindred to the Lithuanians, whilst the mass of the so-called Russians (*i.e.*, Muscovites) is Finnish-Tartar, with a nobility of foreign origin; we may prove this beyond question: but still, if these Muscovites can hold the spoils of 1772 and of 1795, England will not say them nay, nor gainsay their ruler's title to be called Czar of all the Russias. We may show clearly enough that Russian influence on Poland and the provinces has not been for good, that it is a case of the lower race lording it over the higher; but if the lower is the stronger, it will, we may be sure, be suffered to maintain its hold. Historical right and abstract morality have very little to do with such questions. The Poles have been for some time quietly appealing to the collective conscience of Europe; but collective consciences are always weak. What is done must be done by the strong arm. If France helps the Poles, our faith in their cause will, in spite of ourselves, be weakened. It is worth while, then, in any case, whilst this final struggle is going on, to put the matter, as history and ethnology determine it, before Englishmen; that so we may know at least what value to set on those pro-Russian doctrines which have been abundantly put forth with the express purpose of leading public opinion astray.

Art. IV.—1. *Memorials of Thomas Hood; collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter; with a Preface and Notes by his Son.* Two Vols. London: Moxon. 1860.

2. *The Works of Thomas Hood, Comic and Serious, in Prose and Verse. Edited, with Notes, by his Son.* Seven Vols. London: Moxon. 1862–3.

3. *Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year: being former Runnings of his Comic Vein, with an Infusion of new Blood for general Circulation.* London: Moxon. 1846.

4. *Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year; being a further Collection of his Wit and Humour, with a Preface by his Son.* Second Series. London: Moxon. 1861.

Thomas Hood will bear comparison with the renowned wits of any age or country. As merry as Rabelais,—as humorous

as Cervantes,—as lightsome as Le Sage,—as musical as Béranger, with his ample store of jingles and *refrains*,—as quaintly hudibrastic as Butler himself,—and at times as comically sententious as his rival, old Fuller,—he confined himself to no one branch of his art, but proved himself an adept in each and all. Equal in genius to any foreign wits, classical or modern, Hood is superior to them in this,—that the pleasure of perusing his pages is never marred by those improprieties which detract from the merits of most of those lively authors, from Aristophanes down to Béranger.

There are two ways in which we may look at Hood's genius. We may regard him as the greatest comic writer of our time, the prince of punsters, the healthiest as well as merriest of wits, the most genial and hearty of good companions. Or we may suppose him to have been a man of solemn aspect and tragical tendencies, capable of writing sublime epics, but forced by circumstances into the false position of a jester, and therein retained by the tyranny of a world that prefers punning to prosing. And, as Hood certainly was a man of grave and quiet countenance, and could write in any style, something might be said in favour of taking the latter point of view,—though we cannot but think that the critics who have adopted it have done so rather from a desire to seem more knowing than the rest of mankind, and more ready to appreciate the true metal of genius,—rather, too, from unwillingness to throw away any opportunity for dilating on the haplessness of professional penmen,—than from any real conviction that their hypothesis is a sound one. To us, indeed, the notion appears exquisitely absurd, contradicted as it is by every line of his private letters, and falsified by that love of practical jokes which manifested itself in all his ways. For, though Hood felt that there were nobler and more serious tasks before him, if his brief life had been lengthened by a score of years,—tasks which we know he would have executed as scarcely any other man could,—and though he was enabled in sad earnest to plead the cause of the poor with much more telling effect from the usual sportiveness of his writings, yet all the evidence of his life and works goes to show that he was essentially what he was popularly understood to be—a *comic* writer; that the sparkling wit which danced from his pen, and was dashed in laughable cuts from his pencil, was part and parcel of his nature; was, in fact, the wine of life with which Heaven had deigned to cheer and vitalize a man whose days, few as they were, were one long fight against disease.

Nor can we allow that Hood is in any way degraded by this

view of his character and genius. We are assured by the wisest of men in the best of books, that there is 'a time to laugh,' as well as 'a time to weep;' and he is no small benefactor to our race who makes the smile mantle on the sweaty brow, or smooths the wrinkles of the careworn cheek. We yield, indeed, to none in our estimate of Hood's great powers. The trite motto, *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, may well be brought forth once more, and honoured by its application to him. As we proceed, we shall be able to show in how many things he excelled, and to form a guess as to what further he could and would have accomplished. But that he himself, when forty years old,—an age at which a man generally knows the bent of his own genius,—laboured under no such delusion as the theory mentioned above, the following extract from a letter to an intimate friend sufficiently proves: 'For the fun of the thing I must tell you that there has been a short memoir of me published. You will judge *how well* the author knows me when he says, "We believe his mind to be more serious than comic. We have never known him laugh heartily either in company or in rhyme;"'*—the fact being simply that, as his son tells us, Hood was 'quiet at large parties,' but at his own 'little modest dinners gave full rein to his fun.' Indeed, if he had lived to a riper age, we question much whether he would not have chosen to devote himself rather to spinning yarns of quiet domestic humour,—such as *Our Family*,—than to the weaving of lofty epics. Not that he would have thrown aside his lyre. As occasion urged his philanthropic spirit, he would no doubt have composed some lyrics as striking as *The Story of the Shirt*, or *The Bridge of Sighs*. For writing poetry was to him as easy and natural as punning; and the rhymes which hamper so sadly the youth who is striving to subdue his sweetheart's soul by sonnets *à la Pétrarque*, flowed copiously from his pen, each serving but to raise a host more of dainty conceits and ludicrous associations.

The *Memorials of Thomas Hood* which his children have given to the world are exceedingly meagre in their details with respect to the first thirty years of the poet's life. This defect is to be attributed mainly to the fact, that both Mr. and Mrs. Hood died many years before the *Memorials* were published, and while Mrs. Broderip and her brother—the poet's namesake and worthy successor in the republic of letters—were very young. We are sorry that the task was not immediately under-

* *Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 13.

taken by one of Hood's intimate friends,—Dilke or Elliott, —who might have given us fuller and more exact information respecting his early life, thirty years of which are dispatched in just so many pages. Surprisingly little use, too, is made of Hood's own *Literary Reminiscences*, which contain some admirable sketches of his older friends,—especially of Charles Lamb, a cognate humourist,—and were certainly founded on actual experience, although his son throws discredit on one of his father's statements, 'as most probably a "mischievous invention" for committing puns.' (A warning this for all wits who are not particular in drawing the line between what they mean for earnest and what for jest.) We should like a thorough search to have been made, by some competent person, for all those little traits which go to the formation of a perfect picture. As it is, we have to deduce Hood's favourite studies from his works, and from his later letters, which are so charming as to make us regret that their date only goes back through one third of his short career.

Hood was born in the very heart of London—the Poultry —in May, 1799; being the second son, and namesake, of Mr. Thomas Hood, author and publisher. Of his birthplace he was no whit ashamed, holding it to be quite as great an honour to be a native of the capital 'as of Stoke Pogis or Little Pedlington.' 'Next,' says he, 'to being a citizen of the world, it must be the best thing to be born a citizen of the world's greatest city. To a lover of his kind it should be a welcome dispensation that cast his nativity amidst the greatest congregation of the species; but a literary man should exult rather than otherwise that he first saw the light—or perhaps the fog —in the same metropolis as Milton, Gray, De Foe, Pope, Byron, Lamb, and other townborn authors, whose fame has nevertheless triumphed over the Bills of Mortality. In such a goodly company I cheerfully take up my livery; and especially as Cockneyism, properly so called, appears to be confined to no particular locality or station in life.' A passion for literature seems to have run in his blood: for his father was a tolerably successful writer; and we would fain trace up his ancestry, if we could, to old Thomas Hood, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, enlightened the world as to certain celestial phenomena; accounting for the undue length of the Great Bear's tail in the following ingenious and true Hoodian manner:—

'*Scholar.* I marvell why, seeing she hath the forme of a beare, her taile should be so long.

'*Master.* Imagine that Jupiter, fearing to come too nigh unto her teeth, laide holde on her taile, and thereby drewe her up into the heaven; so that shee of herself being very weightie, and the distance from the earth to the heavens very great, there was great likelihood that her taile must stretch.'*

To his schooldays Hood looked back with no great amount of pleasure; and he took care in his riper years to flagellate well—in print—the pedagogues, to whom he owed so little of happiness and of knowledge. The last of them—an old Scotchman—was the best; and under his care Hood became well grounded in Latin and French. His knowledge of the latter language he turned to account in his first literary effort, earning a few guineas by revising a new edition of *Paul et Virginie* for the press. In disposition and demeanour, the boy was 'father to the man;' for he was singularly quiet and gentle, yet desperately fond of fun, practical and experimental.

His first employment—that of an engraver—proved too trying for his weak constitution: but the short time he spent at it no doubt was afterwards of service to him, as enabling him the better to design and draw on wood his own comical conceptions. After acting for a season as clerk in a merchant's office, and spending two years in Scotland, an opening presented itself which enabled him to adopt literature as his profession; making his *début* as sub-editor of the *London Magazine*, then in high fame and good circulation. And here we might pause and speculate whether it would not have been much better for him if he had chosen some humdrum occupation,—like that of his friend Charles Lamb at the India House,—and made literature the pastime of his leisure hours, instead of the drudgery by which he was to earn the necessaries of life. It is, in fact, a very easy matter to give advice when a man's career is over,—so pleasant to point out self-complacently how he should have acted, and what his friends ought to have done for him. But in many cases the step which ushers a man for life into a particular pursuit, is almost inevitable: he is, as it were, 'shut up' to it. And so we may wish that Hood had filled some easy office under government, devoting at pleasure his evenings to penning his merry thoughts: but who was to induct him? We may fancy that his friends could have done this or that for him: but friends are usually very cautious in their assistance,—however bountiful with their good counsels,—till a man's work is nearly

* See *Leisure Hour* for 1861, p. 533.

ended, and there is little prospect of his living long enough to be a burden to anybody. We may urge that Hood's pension should not have been deferred till he was dying: but the wonder is, that, deserving it so well, he got it at all. His struggle with poverty conveys a stern warning to the young author, tempted to throw aside all other means of support, and to strike out, like a strong swimmer, into the sea of letters. If Hood, with his marvellous versatility of talent, fostered by the early appreciation which he met with, could barely fence off want from his door, what has the young writer to expect now, with the times adverse and the market overcrowded?

Amongst the contributors to the *London Magazine* was a young man of great ability, and of kindred genius and disposition to Hood's,—Mr. J. H. Reynolds, who wrote under the pseudonym of 'Edward Herbert;' and with whom Hood formed an intimate friendship, ultimately marrying his sister. How happy this union was, how tenderly the poet loved his wife, and how faithfully she helped him, acting as amanuensis and critical adviser as well as loving nurse and doctor, the *Memorials* show most affectingly. There are few lines more touching than those *On seeing my Wife and two Children sleeping in the same Chamber:*—

> 'And has the earth lost its so spacious round,
> The sky its blue circumference above,
> That in this little chamber there is found
> Both earth and heaven,—my universe of love!—
> All that my God can give me or remove,
> Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death?
> Sweet that in this small compass I behove
> To live their living and to breathe their breath!
> Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,
> We might resign all mundane care and strife,
> And seek together that transcendent sky,
> Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,
> Together pant in everlasting life!'

The following *Sonnet*, too, addressed to his wife by the poet, and written only for her eyes, expressed the true and constant feeling of his heart, and was no mere poetic effusion:—

> 'Think, sweetest, if my lids are not now wet,
> The tenderest tears lie ready at the brim,
> To see thine own dear eyes—so pale and dim,—
> Touching my soul with full and fond regret;
> For on thy ease my heart's whole care is set;

Seeing I love thee in no passionate whim,
Whose summer dates but with the rose's trim,
Which one hot June can perish and beget.
Ah, no! I chose thee for affection's pet,
For unworn love, and constant cherishing,—
To smile but to thy smile,—or else to fret
When thou art fretted,—rather than to sing
Elsewhere. Alas! I ought to soothe and kiss
Thy dear pale cheek while I assure thee this.'

After his marriage Hood, in conjunction with Reynolds, issued anonymously the facetious *Odes and Addresses to Great People;* which had a large sale, excited much curiosity as to their authorship, and were attributed by Coleridge, in an amusing letter, to his friend Charles Lamb, as the only person besides himself who 'could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed.' In 1826 Hood published the First Series of *Whims and Oddities*, which, being successful, was followed by a Second in 1827; in which year also appeared the poem by which he himself set most store,—*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, but of which he afterwards bought up the remaining copies, 'to save it from the butter-shops.' Then came two volumes of *National Tales*, which were received but coldly by the public, as too melancholy in their tone to proceed from a pen so prolific in entertainment of a gayer sort. *The Dream of Eugene Aram* was first given to the world in 1829, in the pages of *The Gem*, of which annual Hood was then editor. In that year he left London for Winchmore Hill, where he passed some pleasant days, before sickness had stricken him with its continual blight. At Christmas, 1830, appeared the first *Comic Annual*, a presentation copy of which brought about Hood's introduction to the Duke of Devonshire, who proved his steadfast and life-long friend. Late in 1832, the poet removed to Lake House, Wanstead; a locality which furnished him with much of the scenery of his novel, *Tylney Hall*, which he wrote while residing there.

So far Hood's life had passed away without any very striking events. The world had been swift to appreciate his wit, and to acknowledge the originality of his genius. And though already disease had marked him for its own, and had tinged with a not unpleasing sadness the bright gaiety of his disposition, his career had been unusually prosperous for a poet. Late in 1834, however, by the failure of a firm with which he had extensive dealings, he became involved in difficulties; and henceforward his life and energies were devoted to the up-hill task of endeavouring to repay in full all who had lost anything

by his misfortune, and at the same time to provide for the little family which was so precious to him. His feelings and conduct at this crisis are best told in his own words:—

'For some months he strove with his embarrassments; but the first heavy sea being followed up by other adversities, all hope of righting the vessel was abandoned. In this extremity, had he listened to the majority of his advisers, he would at once have absolved himself of his obligations by one or other of those sharp but sure remedies, which the legislature has provided for all such evils. But a sense of honour forbade such a course; and, emulating the illustrious example of Sir Walter Scott, he determined to try whether he could not score off his debts as effectually, and more creditably, with his pen, than with the legal whitewash or a wet sponge. He had aforetime realised in one year a sum equal to the amount in arrear; and there was consequently fair reason to expect that by redoubled diligence, economizing, and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his affairs. With these views, leaving every shilling behind him, derived from the sale of his effects, the means he carried with him being an advance upon his future labours, he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his native land good night.'—*Memorials*, vol. i., pp. 49, 50.

These were the resolves of a noble spirit, housed in a frail body. Leaving behind him his wife, just recovering from a dangerous illness, and his two little children, Hood started, early in 1835, for Rotterdam, and went up the Rhine in search of some suitable settlement, where he might harbour his family and practise a close economy. The voyage from England was a very stormy one; and Hood, though a good sailor and well used to the sea, suffered severely both in body and mind; his weakly constitution receiving a wound which was never afterwards to be healed. Coblenz was the town on which he fixed for his abode; where he was soon joined by his family, without the solace of whose society his life seemed very dreary. We must stay to quote, from the letter in which he gives his wife travelling directions, a few sentences illustrative of the strength of his home affections:—

'How my thoughts and wishes fly over the vine-covered hills to meet yours! My love sets towards you like the mighty current of the great Rhine itself, and will brook no impediments....I grudge the commonplace I have been obliged to write. Every sentence should claim you as my own dear wife, the pride of my youth, the joy of my manhood, the hope of all my after days. Twice has the shadow of death come between us; but our hearts are preserved to throb against each other. I am content for your sake to wait the good time when you may safely undertake the voyage; and do not

let your heart run away with your head. Be strong before you attempt it.....I forgot to say, at Coblenz the men frequent the casinos, and the women make evening parties of their own; but I do not mean to give up my old domestic habits. We shall set an example of fireside felicity—if that can be said of a stove; for we have no grates here; the more 's the pity. God bless you ever!'—*Memorials*, vol. i., pp. 56, 57.

Perhaps the only good result of Hood's self-expatriation was, that we have in consequence a delightful series of letters from abroad, brim-full of fun, and entering into those details of actual life which are unfortunately wanting in the earlier part of the *Memorials*, and which prove that his *Up the Rhine* was a but slightly exaggerated transcript of his own experience. He soon, not without good reason, became heartily tired of Rhenish Prussia. Disposed at first to view with charity all deviations from our island manners, and delighted, instead of dismayed, at the perplexity in domestic matters occasioned by ignorance of the language, he gradually arrived at the conclusion, that in want of principle and in pertinacious pugnacity the phlegmatic German, be he shopkeeper, landlord, or government official, is almost unparalleled,—a decision backed by most Englishmen who have had the misfortune to mingle much with those classes on the banks of the Rhine. In fact, he found the place to resemble the plums which can be purchased so cheaply in that neighbourhood,—beautiful to the eye, but with a maggot at the heart. In 1837, wearied of Coblenz and its pettifogging townspeople, its draughty houses, and its scanty bill of fare, Hood removed to Ostend, the famous *habitat* of bathers, bankrupts, and 'bunnies.' An odd enough choice, it is true; but the charm of the change was chiefly that it brought him close to the sea, and nearer to the shores of old England, of both which he was passionately fond. After a while, a dispute with a publisher necessitated a visit to this country, and resulted in Hood's final return to the soil which he should never have left. His going abroad had been a false step for his own health and comfort, though taken with the best intentions. A sojourn of a few years at his favourite Hastings—then comparatively unknown and little frequented—would have answered far better the purpose for which he left England, and would probably have prolonged his life by many years.

We now approach the most remarkable portion of Hood's career. There are few spectacles more touching than to watch the brave spirit which kept him up during the few years that remained for him to live and labour. Tantalized by unending disputes and law-suits, shattered and fast failing in body,

wearied of the long and painful struggle for breath and for bread, this heroic man still battled with the world, spending every atom of his remaining energies in the work of providing for those dear ones whom he saw he must soon leave, and in ever and anon saying a word—more and more emphatic as he neared the goal—for the poor and the oppressed. It is interesting to note how this feeling of sympathy for all that was hopeless and helpless grew gradually upon him, and ripened into nobler perfection a nature which, though never devoid of tenderness, was at first disposed to look chiefly at the laughing side of everything. Some of his earlier writings, by their excess of punning, and deficiency in sentiment, might seem dry and harsh; and were, no doubt, felt to be very hard in their hits by a few notable shams of that day. But by and bye there crept in among them lines, and at length whole poems, of the most genuine pathos; and at last the pieces, whether in prose or verse, which had no obvious practical lesson for humanity, were becoming the exceptions in the writings of one who had commenced authorship as a merry jester.

In September, 1841, he was made editor of the *New Monthly*, in the place of Theodore Hook, then recently deceased. The tremulous emotion with which Hood and his devoted wife rejoiced over this appointment, is affecting to observe. 'The prospect of a certainty,' she writes to an intimate friend, 'makes me feel passing rich. Poverty has come so very near of late, that, in the words of Moore's song, "Hope grew sick, as the witch drew nigh."' Hood was now brought once more into the circle of the popular writers of the day; and readily won their love, and enjoyed their company with perfect zest. It was at the end of 1843 that he wrote his immortal *Song of the Shirt*, which appeared anonymously in the Christmas number of *Punch*, and immediately excited universal attention,—to the great astonishment of its author, who was quite unconscious of having uttered anything more remarkable than ordinary; though his wife, with the quick, prophetic eye of love, had assured him, when wrapping up the 'copy' for the printer, that it was 'one of the best things' he ever did.* After ringing its clear notes all over England, to the dismay of many a slop-maker and clothier, it was translated into French,

* It is characteristic of the impudence of a certain class in the present age, that there were several audacious claimants for the honour of having written this popular *Song*; and Hood might possibly have been browbeaten out of his own verses, had the 'copy' not been traceable in its passage from its rightful author to the pages of *Punch*.

German, and Italian; its author meanwhile amusing himself with speculating how his foreign admirers would render,—

'Stitch, stitch, stitch!'
'Seam, and gusset, and band,' &c.

To this poem may be attributed the awakening of public feeling on behalf of the poor seamstresses, and the initiative of many movements for their help: and that the females whom Hood had thus sorrowed over and served, felt deeply his sympathy, and afterwards grieved at his early death, may be learnt from the fact, that some of them sang *The Song* about the streets at the time, and several contributed subsequently their mites towards a fitting monument for their friend and minstrel.

In January, 1844, Hood started a new periodical, *Hood's Magazine;* and devoted his fast decreasing strength to insuring its success. With a restlessness which was in good measure the result of disease, he had had dealings with nearly all the London publishers, and was disgusted with most of them. Probably he expected too much from them; and they perhaps were sometimes disappointed by his want of punctuality, in a business where there is risk enough when *every* precaution against failure is taken. Although the present race of booksellers may not much excel the Lintots and Tonsons in generosity, we think Hood had little cause for complaint either against them as a body, or against the general public: for certainly few authors of our day have fared so well in pecuniary matters,—a very slight amount of literary and artistic labour having supplied him for many years with competent resources. However, for some months he published the new Magazine at an office of its own; but afterwards found it best to go back to the ancient plan; and so it figured for a time amongst the physic books in Mr. Renshaw's window, while its poor editor stood in sore need of all the art of Æsculapius. His attacks of disease were gradually becoming more frequent and distressing: yet never, probably, did he work harder than in the intervals between the crises,—anxious to do what he might for his family and his fellow men.

Immediately on recovering from a dangerous relapse, and resuming the editorship of his Magazine, he gave to the world, in November, 1844, his *Lay of the Labourer*, accompanied with a letter to Sir James Graham, appealing to that statesman, in most urgent and affecting language, to interfere, as Home Secretary, in the case of Gifford White, a young farm

labourer, who, being convicted of sending a threatening letter to some Huntingdonshire farmers, had been sentenced by Lord Abinger to *transportation for life!* Fresh from a struggle with death, and more in earnest than ever, Hood felt acutely the case of this unfortunate youth, and, in words of thrilling force, rendered more pungent by the spice of humour which pervaded them, laid siege to the cold heart of the politician. We quote a few paragraphs:—

'Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of females, who work, work, work, for wages almost nominal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low deep there is, it seems, a lower still,—below that gloomy gulf a darker region of human misery,—beneath that purgatory a hell,—resounding with more doleful wailings and a sharper outcry, —the voice of famishing wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work!—imploring as a blessing, what was laid upon man as a curse, —the labour that wrings sweat from the brow, and bread from the soil!

'As a matter of conscience, that wail touches me not. As my works testify, I am of the working class myself, and in my humble sphere furnish employment for many hands, including paper-makers, draughtsmen, engravers, compositors, pressmen, binders, folders, and stitchers—and critics—all receiving a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. My gains consequently are limited—not nearly so enormous as have been realised upon shirts, slops, shawls, &c.—curiously illustrating how a man or woman might be "clothed with curses as with a garment." My fortune may be expressed without a long row of those ciphers—those O's, at once significant of hundreds of thousands of pounds, and as many ejaculations of pain and sorrow from dependent slaves. My wealth might all be hoarded, if I were miserly, in a gallipot or a tin snuff-box. My guineas, placed edge to edge, instead of extending from the Minories to Golden Square, would barely reach from home to Bread Street. My riches would hardly allow me a roll in them, even if turned into the new copper mites. But then, thank God! no reproach clings to my coin. No tears or blood clog the meshes, no hair, plucked in desperation, is knitted with the silk of my lean purse. No consumptive seamstress can point at me her bony forefinger, and say, "For thee, *sewing in formâ pauperis*, I am become this living skeleton!" or hold up to me her fatal needle, as one through the eye of which the scriptural camel must pass ere I may hope to enter heaven. No withered workwoman, shaking at me her dripping suicidal locks, can cry, in a piercing voice, "For thee, and for six poor pence, I embroidered eighty flowers on this veil"—literally a veil of tears. No famishing labourer, his joints racked with toil, holds out to me in the palm of his broad hand seven miserable shillings, and mutters, "For these, and a parish loaf, for six long days, from dawn to dusk, through hot

and cold, through wet and dry, I tilled thy land!" My short sleeps are peaceful; my dreams untroubled. No ghostly phantoms with reproachful faces, and silence more terrible than speech, haunt my quiet pillow. No victims of slow murder, ushered by the avenging fiends, beset my couch, and make awful appointments with me to meet at the Divine bar on the day of judgment. No deformed human creatures—men, women, children, smirched black as Negroes, transfigured suddenly, as demons of the pit, clutch at my heels to drag me down, down, down, an unfathomable shaft, into a gaping Tartarus. And if sometimes in waking visions I see throngs of little faces, with features preternaturally sharp, and wrinkled brows, and dull, seared orbs,—grouped with pitying clusters of the young-eyed cherubim,—not for me, thank Heaven! did those crippled children become prematurely old; and precociously evaporate, like so much steam power, the "dew of their youth."

'For me, then, that doleful cry from the starving unemployed has no extrinsic horror; no peculiar pang, beyond that sympathetic one which must affect the species in general. Nevertheless, amidst the dismal chorus, one complaining voice rings distinctly on my inward ear; one melancholy figure flits prominently before my mind's eye, —vague of feature indeed, and in form with only the common outlines of humanity,—but the *eidolon* of a real person, a living breathing man, with a known name:—one whom I have never seen in the flesh; never spoken with; yet whose very words a still small voice is even now whispering to me, I know not whence, like the wind from a cloud.

'For months past, that indistinct figure, associated, as in a dream, with other dim images, but all mournful—stranger faces, male and female, convulsed with grief—huge hard hands, and smaller and tenderer ones, wrung in speechless anguish, and everlasting farewells —involved with obscure ocean waves, and momentary glimpses of outlandish scenery—for months past, amidst trials of my own, in the intervals of acute pain, perchance even in my delirium, and through the variegated tissue of my own interests and affairs, that sorrowful vision has recurred to me, more or less vividly, with the intense sense of suffering, cruelty, and injustice, and the strong emotions of pity and indignation, which originated with its birth! .....

'Methinks I see him, poor phantom! an impertinent unit of a surplus population, humbly pleading for bread, and offered an acre of stones—to be cleared at five farthings a rood. Work and wages for the asking!—with the double alternative of the Union house, or a free passage,—the North-West one,—to the still undiscovered coast of Bohemia!—Is a rash youth, so wrought on, to be eternally exIsled from this sweet little one of our own, for only throwing a few intemperate "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" into an anonymous letter?—Let these things plead for a fellow-creature, goaded, perhaps, by the sense of wrong, as well as the physical pangs of hunger, and driven by the neglect of all milder applications to appeal to the selfish fears of men who will neither read the signs of

the times, nor heed warnings, unless written, like Belshazzar's, in letters of fire!.....

'It is in your power, Sir James Graham, to lay the ghost that is haunting me. But that is a trifle. By a due intercession with the earthly fountain of mercy, you may convert a melancholy shadow into a happier reality,—a righted man,—a much pleasanter image to mingle in our waking visions, as well as in those dreams which, as Hamlet conjectures, may soothe or disturb us in our coffins. Think, Sir, of poor Gifford White,—inquire into his hard case, and give it your humane consideration, as that of a fellow-man with an immortal soul,—a "possible angel"—to be met hereafter face to face.—To me, should this appeal meet with any success, it will be one of the dearest deeds of my pen. I shall not repent a wide deviation from my usual course; or begrudge the pain and trouble caused me by the providential visitings of an importunate phantom. In any case, my own responsibility is at an end. I have relieved my heart, appeased my conscience, and absolved my soul.'—*Works*, vol. vii., pp. 76–78, 85, 87.

But it was vain to expect to soften, even by such melting appeals as these, the hard nature of the English statesman who had but recently thought it no shame, at the request of a foreign government, to open Mazzini's private letters, in their transit through our Post Office, and so to furnish Austria with information which led to the execution of the Venetian brothers Bandiera. It says much for the improved tone of public feeling, that not the most popular man in England—not Lord Palmerston himself—would now dare to sanction such a breach of trust; which, however, was not at the time punished by anything more serious than a stormy debate and a severe reprimand from the late Thomas Duncombe,—a man of ready eloquence, liberal views, and great courage, but whose talents and influence were neutralised by his licentious life. Neither, we think, would any living statesman have satisfied himself with answering Hood's appeal in these few lines, which constitute all the reply that Sir James Graham ever vouchsafed to make:—

'Sir James Graham presents his compliments to Mr. Hood, and begs to acknowledge the Magazine accompanying his letter of the 30th inst.

'*Whitehall*, 31*st October*, 1844.'

In striking contrast to his colleague's coldness was the genial warmth with which Sir Robert Peel, in the following month, corresponded with the poet on the subject of a pension. Though of haughty and chilling deportment, the great party-leader was really of a generous soul, and was thoughtfully kind in all his

transactions with artists and authors. Hood's friends, urged by the serious nature of his disease, had interested themselves on his behalf with the government; and it was at last arranged that, as his own life was so precarious, a pension of £100 *per annum* should be settled on his wife. We give a sentence from one of Sir Robert's letters to Hood, which is creditable alike to the writer and the receiver:—

'You perhaps think that you are known to one with such multifarious occupations as myself merely by general reputation as an author; but I assure you there can be little, which you have written and acknowledged, which I have not read; and that there are few who can appreciate and admire more than myself the good sense and good feeling which have taught you to infuse so much fun and merriment into writings correcting folly, and exposing absurdities, and yet never trespassing beyond those limits, within which wit and facetiousness are not very often confined.'—*Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 242.

The poor poet might well be gratified by such kindly and discriminating recognition of his worth from the scholarly statesman. Had his disease been less deeply sunk, such sunshine would have done more to revive his spirit than all the appliances of medicine. As it was, he hastened to communicate the good news to his tried friend, Dr. Elliott; asking him, with a gleam of the humour which never forsook him, 'Now I have got the ear of the premier, what can I do for you? Should you like to be Physician to the Forces?'

Little remains to be chronicled of Hood's life; and that little is best told by his daughter in the *Memorials*. From Christmas, 1844, he sank rapidly, though he still, to the great distress of his family, wrote and dictated for his Magazine. In the February number appeared his last literary effort,—the following beautiful *Stanzas*:—

'Farewell, Life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill;
Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the Mould above the Rose.

'Welcome, Life! The spirit strives;
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn.

O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the Rose above the Mould.'

He lingered, in much suffering, till the beginning of May, when, after bestowing, fondly and tenderly, his last blessing on his children, he sank into deep slumber, and expired on May 3rd, 1845, without struggle or sigh. His last words were, 'Dying, dying!' But he had previously charged his wife with his final message of forgiveness: 'Remember, Jane, I forgive all, *all*, as I hope to be forgiven;' and, bending over him, she had heard him whisper faintly, 'O Lord! say, "Arise, take up thy cross, and follow Me."'

Before we pass to a consideration of Hood's writings, it will be as well for us to say a few words respecting his politics and religion. As to the former, it would be difficult to divine from his works to which side he belonged in those hot party days. Now giving a sly rap to Joseph Hume and Silk Buckingham, and then ridiculing the assumed 'agricultural distress' of rich farmers and landlords,—displaying no special reverence for the lord mayor and aldermen of his native city, yet anything but a worshipper of King Mob,—he certainly could be claimed as theirs by no faction in the state. But his letters show the breadth and liberality of his views. Few and scattered are the sentences which have any reference to politics; but they evince much sagacity and foresight, most of his unpretentious prophesyings having been justified by the event. His principles are well expressed in his own verses:—

'With the good of our country before us,
Why play the mere partisan's game?
Lo! the broad flag of England is o'er us,
And, behold, on both sides 'tis the same!

Not for this, not for that, not for any,
Not for these, not for those, but for all,—
To the last drop of blood,—the last penny,—
Together let 's stand, or let 's fall.

Tear down the vile signs of a fraction,
Be the national banner unfurl'd;
And if we must have any faction,
Be it, "Britain against all the world!"'

—*Works*, vol. iv., p. 306.

With regard to his religion, we must pause; for his son seems to imply that the world has no right to inquire into the

religious opinions of an author. We venture to differ from Thomas Hood the younger, feeling, at the same time, hearty respect for him, on account of his tender regard for his father's memory. He has, indeed, reason to be proud of his extraction: and we are sure a host of English and American readers join him in love and steady attachment to him who 'sang the Song of the Shirt.' But it is, nevertheless, both right and expedient to inquire into the religious opinions of any one who seeks to exercise, by voice or pen, lifelong influence on a large mass of people. Nor has Hood anything to fear from our examination. For though on many points we do not see exactly as he does, and though we cannot always adopt his phraseology, we have no reason to doubt that he was a sincere and steadfast Christian,—one whose life showed no want of accordance with God's word, and whose aspirations were to do his duty to his fellow-men, and to 'find his way to heaven.' Shocked by the Pharisaism of some prominent professors, nervously fearful of obtruding on the world, or even his bosom friends, the affairs of his own soul, he ran no little risk of being misunderstood by those who judge a man rather by the noise he makes about his religion than by the influence which it exerts on him, and the atmosphere which it breathes around him in the family circle and the daily routine of business. In the long night-vigils, which were so frequently his lot, he held 'communion sweet and high' with the Deity; but, unlike Dr. Young, he shrank from the thought of publishing what we may term his *Sacra Privata*. What he might have achieved, had he attempted to write devotional poetry, we can hardly guess; but certainly his Psalms would not at all have resembled those of Sternhold and Hopkins.

Hood's great defect in religious matters was a want of charity towards those who displayed a like lack towards himself. Knowing little of certain circles of the religious world, and of their modes of action,—often taking in offence what was kindly meant, though clumsily managed,—he was a bigot against bigotry, 'intolerant against intolerance,' as he somewhere expresses it. *His* bigotry, however, was more pardonable than that of his reprovers; for it was justified in some measure by their want of charity and perverse misconstruction of his works and conduct; whilst *theirs* had no substantial foundation. Let us hear the testimony of his daughter:—

'As a little child, my first prayer was learnt from my *father's* lips, and repeated at his knee; my first introduction to the Bible, which he honoured too much to make a task-book, was from spelling out the words of the first chapter of the Sermon on the Mount, as it lay

open on his study table; my earliest lessons of the love and beauty hid in every created thing were from the stores of his observant mind; and my deepest and holiest teachings, too sacred for more than a mere allusion, were given often in the dead of the night, when I was sitting up, sometimes alone, by my father's dying bed.' —*Memorials*, vol. ii., pp. 266, 267.

It was such a man as this that certain self-satisfied persons inundated with tracts, plying him, to his great annoyance and the vexation of his family, with letters of reproof and exhortation. It was on one of the purest of our poets that they lavished rebukes adapted rather for the author of *Don Juan*. However, it is to them that we owe the birth of the *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esq.*,—one of Hood's finest poems, from which we will quote a few lines, written many years before St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey were thrown open for the popular Sunday evening service:—

'O, simply open wide the temple door,
And let the solemn, swelling organ greet,
With *Voluntaries* meet,
The willing advent of the rich and poor!
And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,
With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—
From quiet shades that to the woods belong,
And brooks with music of their own,
Voices may come to swell the choral song
With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.'

This was not the only instance in which he anticipated or suggested some of the best movements of the present day. The drift of his *Friendly Epistle to Mrs. Fry* IN *Newgate* (one of his earliest writings) is chiefly this,—that it would be far better to attempt to educate and reclaim the wild Arabs of London *before* they got into Newgate, than to make such a fuss over them when there:—an idea which has since been carried into action in the Ragged Schools, with their Shoeblack and Rag-collecting Brigades, and in several admirable institutions for raising fallen women.

'Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for her schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for *entrance* to your *quarters?*
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread-and-waters!
O, though it cost you rent—(and rooms run high!)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

* * * * *

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail,—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 't was whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and through Newgate Street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

* * * * *

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together: meanwhile Newgate lours
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:—
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!'

We now turn to a consideration of Hood's principal works; which we should be inclined to divide into two classes,—the serious and the humorous,—but that such a distinction cannot be carried out, inasmuch as a great proportion of his writings partake equally of both elements. We shall, however, call attention first and principally to his strictly serious compositions, most of them being less known than his comic ones.

In Hood's earlier writings he seems often, like other young authors, to have attempted an imitation of the manner of the older poets, of whom he was a passionate admirer,—as well as travesties of more modern ones. But the resemblance seldom extends beyond the framework of his verse: his imitations are free from borrowing, being marked throughout by originality of thought and expression. Leaving out of consideration all his intentional parodies,—such as the *Ode to Mr. Graham*, which commences with a ludicrous variation of Cotton's 'Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,'—his *Odes and Addresses* remind us of Wolcot; his *Stag-eyed Lady*, of Byron; and *Lamia*, of Walter Savage Landor: the *Irish Schoolmaster* is evidently intended to recall Shenstone; the *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies* is in Spenser's strain; some of the songs and sonnets carry our thoughts to those of Shakspeare, and the griefs of *Hero and Leander* are strung on the same harp on which the great dramatist played the loves of Venus and Adonis. But in each of these instances, whatever the similarity of construction, or the imitative tricks of style, the thoughts are original, and are clothed in Hood's own rare and unconventional language. Indeed, many of the songs written in his early manhood, though lost sight of

by the public, have not been forgotten by some of our later poets, who have plucked from them a rose or two, which they probably thought so original a writer could well spare to adorn their own bare bushes.

From his shorter pieces we are tempted to make large quotations; and should like to give at full length his *Ode to Melancholy*, which reads well even when compared with Milton's treatment of the same theme. But, presuming our readers to be well acquainted with *I remember*, we must content ourselves by citing two small poems, in widely different styles of colouring.

'THE DEATH BED.

'We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.'

'RUTH.

'She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell.
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright;

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.'

Amongst his longer pieces is *Lycus the Centaur*,—a poem which deserves to be better known, displaying as it does a fine reach of imagination, and being thoroughly unique in conception. It is a comparatively easy thing for a man to lie down in a wood for a long summer's day, take notes of all sylvan sights and sounds, and string them into verses, linked together with the very slightest thread of human interests and passions. It is not a very difficult matter for a practised writer to collect all the common-places about the death of a friend: and then, with a few vague philosophizings interspersed in the melodious monotony, to compose a melancholy memorial. But such labours, even when well executed, are proofs rather of industry than of originality, demanding no exercise of the higher attributes of genius, though they may be accepted as evidences of correct taste, musical ear, and command of language. *Lycus*, however, though but a fragment, like an antique *torso*, is proof sufficient of the skill of its designer. With remarkable pathos it describes the sensations of the man when, by the foul arts of Circe, he is degraded into a semi-bestial form; and it gives apt expression to the thoughts which crowd on him in his distress. The entire absence of exaggeration and rant will strike the reader of this curious poem with admiring delight, and will dispose him to agree with Hartley Coleridge in the wish that Hood had written more of such poetry. The following lines are from near the close:—

'For the haunters of fields they all shunn'd me by flight,
The men in their horror, the women in fright;
None ever remain'd, save a child once that sported
Among the wild bluebells, and playfully courted
The breeze; and beside him a speckled snake lay
Tight strangled, because it had hiss'd him away
From the flower at his finger; he rose and drew near
Like a Son of Immortals, one born to no fear,
But with strength of black locks, and with eyes azure bright,
To grow to large manhood of merciful might.
He came, with his face of bold wonder, to feel
The hair of my side, and to lift up my heel,

And question'd my face with wide eyes; but when under
My lids he saw tears,—for I wept at his wonder,
He stroked me, and utter'd such kindliness then,
That the once love of women, the friendship of men
In past sorrow, no kindness e'er came like a kiss
On my heart in its desolate day such as this!
And I yearn'd at his cheeks in my love, and down bent,
And lifted him up in my arms with intent
To kiss him,—but he, cruel-kindly, alas!
Held up to my lips a pluck'd handful of grass!
Then I dropt him in horror, but felt as I fled
The stone he indignantly hurl'd at my head,
That dissever'd my ear,—but I felt not, whose fate
Was to meet more distress in his love than his hate!'

The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies is full of quiet beauty. Very picturesque and pathetic is the language in which the little elves plead their cause with stern old Saturn, who threatens them with extermination as quite out of date; whilst Shakspeare is skilfully introduced as their champion and preserver. We would direct special attention to this graceful poem, which is well entitled to the favour with which its author regarded it. There is a fine play of fancy in the speeches of the representatives of the different tiny clans; and the verses in which Titania incites her subjects to show their gratitude to the great bard for his effectual interposition, are such as Shakspeare himself would have relished heartily.

'Nod to him, Elves, and flutter round about him,
And quite enclose him with your pretty crowd,
And touch him lovingly, for that, without him,
The silk-worm now had spun our dreary shroud;—
But he hath all dispersed Death's tearful cloud,
And Time's dread effigy scared quite away:
Bow to him, then, as though to me ye bow'd,
And his dear wishes prosper and obey
Wherever love and wit can find a way!

'Noint him with fairy dews of magic savours,
Shaken from orient buds still pearly wet,
Roses and spicy pinks,—and, of all favours,
Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine,
And honeysuckles sweet,—nor yet forget
Some pastoral flowery chaplets to entwine
To vie the thoughts about his brow benign!

Let no wild things astonish him or fear him,
But tell them all how mild he is of heart,
Till e'en the timid hares go frankly near him,
And eke the dappled does, yet never start;
Nor shall their fawns into the thickets dart,
Nor wrens forsake their nests among the leaves,
Nor speckled thrushes flutter far apart;—
But bid the sacred swallow haunt his eaves,
To guard his roof from lightning and from thieves.

Or when he goes the nimble squirrel's visitor,
Let the brown hermit bring his hoarded nuts;
For, tell him, this is Nature's kind Inquisitor;—
Though man keeps cautious doors that conscience shuts,
For conscious wrong all curious quest rebuts;—
Nor yet shall bees uncase their jealous stings,
However he may watch their straw-built huts;—
So let him learn the crafts of all small things,
Which he will hint most aptly when he sings.'

Lamia is the title of a poetic 'romance' by Hood; the groundwork of which is the old Grecian tradition of the beguilement of a youth by a serpent disguised as a beautiful woman. It is an interesting fragment, and evinces considerable dramatic power: but it is far surpassed by the famous ***Dream of Eugene Aram***, which depicts the torture of the murderer's mind with intense force, and yet with that natural simplicity which characterizes Hood in all his serious writings. It is worthy of note that the vivid reality of its lines was due to a frightful dream, in which Hood underwent the fearful torment of a blood-guilty conscience. The opening of the poem is very beautiful.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.'

This remarkable composition first appeared in *The Gem* for 1829,—Hood being then editor of that Annual, now long defunct; and it was perhaps the first piece which made the world fully aware of the strength of imagination, beauty of diction, and aptness of illustration, which lay at the command of the laughing author of the *Whims and Oddities*. And here we would—following Hood's example of digression—say a word in favour of the old race of Annuals, *à propos* of this volume of *The Gem*, now lying before us. It is true its size is not imposing to eyes accustomed to the modern Christmas-book quarto: its binding has none of those splendid arabesques which adorn its successors: it is not set off with a hundred showy woodcuts, many of them variations of the same old elm and adjuncts. Still there was some new reading in these antiquated Annuals. They did not consist of favourite old poems—already on everybody's shelf—vamped up anew by a league of wood-engravers and publishers: but they drew out fresh talent. In this volume we have, besides *Eugene Aram*, four minor pieces by Hood, (one of them, *The Widow*, bearing in jest the name of Charles Lamb,)—*The Death of Keeldar* by Sir Walter Scott,—two village sketches by Miss Mitford,—a *Mansie Wauch* chapter by Moir,—new poetry by Lamb, Hartley Coleridge, the Howitts, Barry Cornwall, &c.; enough altogether to make us lament that these old friends, with all their faults, were superseded by the flaunting Christmas books, which in their turn are already yielding to fate.

Akin to *The Dream* in its vigorous style, but much superior in its practical tone, and its sympathy with human suffering, is the world-famous *Song of the Shirt*, to which we have previously adverted. As this lyric is known to all our readers, we shall merely pause to conjecture how Hood's blood would have been stirred by the melancholy death of the poor over-worked dressmaker, Mary Ann Walkley, a few months since; and to point out how in this, as in most of his writings, Hood makes great use of antithesis, producing some of his best effects by the juxtaposition of striking contrasts. Thus:—

> 'It is not linen you 're wearing out,
> But human creatures' lives;'
>
> 'Sewing at once, with a double thread,
> A shroud as well as a shirt;'
>
> 'O God! that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap!'

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this was Hood's only considerable attempt to befriend the lower classes

Besides numerous scattered lines and verses, he inserted, in the same number of *Punch* in which *The Song of the Shirt* appeared, a poem entitled *The Pauper's Christmas Carol;* the scope of which is evident from the first two verses:—

'Full of drink and full of meat,
On our Saviour's natal day,
Charity's perennial treat;
Thus I heard a pauper say:—
"Ought not I to dance and sing,
Thus supplied with famous cheer?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year.

"After labour's long turmoil,
Sorry fare and frequent fast,
Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,
Pudding-time has come at last!
But are raisins high or low,
Flour and suet cheap or dear?
Heigho!
I hardly know—
Christmas comes but once a year."'

With this should be joined *The Workhouse Clock,* which winds up with what was Hood's sincere desire:—

'Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labour's hours,
The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And go, for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!'

In the same earnest tone as the *Song,* and with the same yearning for help for the poor and needy, is the little known piece, *A Lady's Dream;* in which a harmless woman is taught by a vision in the night watches, that

'Evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart.'

But perhaps Hood's culminating effort in this philanthropic strain is *The Bridge of Sighs,*—at once a gem of poetry, and a monument of his passionately tender sympathy with human sorrow. The writing of this alone would have stamped him as a poet of the highest order: we shall therefore make no apology for quoting it entire.

'THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

'ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily—

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood in amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it;
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!'

On re-perusing this exquisite piece, we are led to ask, What is the proper function of the modern poet,—that is to say, of him whose sole object in writing verse is neither to earn his bread, nor to gratify his vanity? Is it simply to paint for us the lovely face of nature,—to present vividly to the mind's eye the dip of the hills, the winding of the stream, or the restless rolling expanse of the sea,—to realise to us the tremulous light and shade of the forest, the golden wave of the corn-field, and the haunts and ways of all the denizens of field and grove? The man who does this well deserves much from us: and Hood was quite equal to the task: witness his *Haunted House*, *Plea for the Midsummer Fairies*, &c. But far higher is the work of that poet who, stirred by the wailing of ill-paid seamstress and workless labourer, strings his lyre with the settled purpose to make his song ring in the ears of all those who can help the forlorn, and to repeat the strain till the echo sweeps along the crowded streets of the city, stirs the thatch of the squalid village hovel, and tingles in the ear of every slop-seller, Jew or Gentile, and of every grasping squire and grinding overseer. This was what Hood did,—what, more and more, as life fast ebbed away, he felt to be his high vocation. The results are seen, not merely in many an excellent association, but also in an improved tone of feeling throughout the land.

One of the most striking of Hood's poems is that entitled *Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg. A Golden Legend* it certainly is, though perfectly distinct, in theme and treatment, from Longfellow's beautiful piece. A grim humour runs through the whole; whilst it reads a terrible warning against the greed of gold, and contains a fearful diatribe against the notion that abundance of wealth insures happiness. The greater part of it appears to have been written in one of Hood's best and most fertile moods. The affluence of detail and illustration, the rapid rhythm and odd ringing rhymes, the many witty phrases

and drily humorous axioms intermingled with nice touches of pathos, mark this composition as one to be treasured and read again and again. Though the lesson is a sternly true one, it is starred and spangled with much brilliant word-play; and the several stages in the life of the great heiress are dwelt on in the most racy manner; the closing catastrophe—of her being brained by her worthless husband with her own golden leg—being told with thrilling effect. Here are a few stanzas from Her Christening and Childhood :—

'To paint the maternal Kilmansegg,
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,
And need an elaborate sonnet;
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,
And smiled to himself, and laughed aloud,
To think of his heiress and daughter:
And then in his pockets he made a grope,
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,
Seem'd washing his hands with inviaible soap
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood
By some occult projection:
And his cheeks, instead of a healthy hue,
As yellow as any guinea grew,
Making the common phrase seem true,
About a rich complexion.'

* * * *

'Our youth! our childhood! that spring of springs!
'T is surely one of the blessedest things
That nature ever invented!
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,
And all with their lots contented!

There 's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush,
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush,
With the selfsame empty pockets,
That tempted his daddy so often to cut
His throat, or jump into the water-butt—
But what cares Phelim? an empty nut
Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,
(That 's the Irish linen for shirt,)
And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,
(That 's Poverty's Irish butter,)
And what does he lack to make him blest?
Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,
A candle-end, and a gutter.'

In a different tone, and with some touch of melancholy, the poet sings the praises of sleep.

'Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head;
But a place that to name would be ill-bred,
To the head with a wakeful trouble—
'T is held by such a different lease!
To one, a place of comfort and peace,
All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,
To another with only the stubble!

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,
All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,
And soft as the fur of the cony—
To another, so restless for body and head,
That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed,
And the pillow from Stratford the Stony!

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,
To the land of Nod, or where you please;
But alas for the watchers and weepers,
Who turn, and turn, and turn again,
But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,
With an anxious brain, and thoughts in a train,
That does not run upon *sleepers!*

Wide awake as the mousing owl,
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—
But more profitless vigils keeping,—
Wide awake in the dark they stare,
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,
As if that Crook-back'd Tyrant Care
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh! when the blessed diurnal light
Is quench'd by the providential night,
To render our slumber more certain;
Pity, pity the wretches that weep;
For they must be wretched who cannot sleep
When God Himself draws the curtain!'

Passing by the *National Tales*, written on the model of Boccaccio,—which, though several of them are lugubrious, are

on the whole well told, and do not deserve the oblivion they met with,—we come to Hood's longest work, *Tylney Hall*,—a novel which disappointed some of its earlier readers because it was not sufficiently comic; whilst others decided that it was not sentimental enough, the humorous vein of the writer often cropping out most inopportunely. The great fault of the story is the unnecessary development of minor incidents, and the minute portrayal of unimportant characters, for the sake of not missing the occasion for a series of jokes or antitheses. Still it is a work that will bear careful reading. The plot, though startling enough for a 'sensation' novel of the present day, is well woven, and its threads are not continually obtruded on the reader. The incidents, if strange, are not beyond the verge of probability; and some of the actors are sketched very gracefully; while the 'originals' are drawn *con amore*. As in some other romances, the occurrences which seem the most unreal, because too ludicrous, are just those which are really 'founded on fact.' Thus the absurd mishap of the Twigg family on the Thames islet actually took place; the parties concerned being members of the family of a then well-known London citizen. It is amusing to observe how Hood embodies in this work much of his own experience in doctoring, or rather being doctored; and we can easily imagine what genuine pleasure he would feel in concocting such a misadventure as the following:—

'"If you please, ma'am," said the dwarf, fumbling out a small box from his basket—"if you please, ma'am, I've brought the sick gentleman's pills."

'The wrath of Mrs. Hanway was at its climax. Second only to the mortal sin which so horrified John Bunyan, she reckoned the inexpiable crime of letting a sick gentleman go to heaven without his physic. With indignant hand she seized a fleshy appendage which, like a Corinthian volute, curled downward from the brim of the culprit's hat, and a caper instantly followed that strikingly proved how much the style in dancing depends on the ear of the performer. The step in this case was of a May-day character, consisting of alternate hops on each foot, pain and fright in the meantime compelling the dancer to let go his basket, which fell with a hideous crash, followed by the powerful aromas of squills and camphor, æther and assafœtida, while a flood of mingled hue meandered along the floor, the acids and alkalies hissing at each other like enraged serpents.

'"In the name of mercy, woman," cried Jonas from the bar, "what 's the meaning of the uproar?—what 's the matter?"

'"It 's life and death 's the matter," replied Mrs. Hanway, finishing off her discipline with a smart cuff on the ear, which made this real Pill-garlic conclude his *pas seul* with a *pirouette*.

'"She harn't no right to ill-use me, that she harn't," he bellowed: "she an't my mother."

'"Let the poor fellow alone," cried Jonas; "if so be he runs restive, his own master can lay the whip into him a pretty deal smarter nor you can."

'"A little villain!" retorted Mrs. Hanway; "is the people to go into the other world without their pills—and all through such a little rascal as him?"

'"The gentleman 's dead and gone," returned Jonas, "and what signifies the pills?—horse-balls wouldn't a' saved him."

'"And let me tell ye, Mr. Hanway," retorted his spouse very sharply, "pills signifies a good deal when human lives is hanging like spiders upon threads."

'"That 's true, anyhow," said the unruffled Jonas; "and I'm thinking how many human beings 'll be cantering their last stages for want o' the draughts and mixtures you'r been upsetting of."

'"I 've been the upsetter of nothin' that can't be made good again, thank God! nobody's deaths can be laid at my door,—and I wish every other little wicked vagabond could say as much; there 's other folks understands the *matera medicus* as well as Old Formality."

'"The *matera medicus* will be all stopped out o' my wages," blubbered the boy, "and may be my head pestled and mortared into the bargain. I should like to know who 's to find me any character when I 'm turned out, neck and crop, from Dr. Bellamy's?"

'"To be sure it 's only fair and reasonable," said the considerate Jonas, "we should give the boy a trifle towards the physical damage."

'"I shall give no such fiddlesticks," said Mrs. Hanway, very tartly; "the sick patients is all I looks to." So saying, she stooped down, and carefully gathered up the labels from the medicinal wreck, the directions on which she carefully copied and appended to as many fresh phials, that she filled up with various draughts and mixtures of her own compounding, to the infinite relief of the dwarf, who thus saw an infallible remedy for what had appeared a complication of incurable disasters. Promising faithfully to keep the secret, he set out cheerfully to deliver the nostrums at their respective destinations; and although one invalid had to take pennyroyal three times a day, instead of sarsaparilla, and another had a draught of peppermint in lieu of bark, while a third swallowed camomile tea in place of syrup of squills,—yet to the credit of Mrs. Hanway's practice the patients did neither better nor worse than if they had swallowed the identical medicines originally prescribed.'—*Works*, vol. iii., pp. 79–81.

One reason, as we have hinted above, why *Tylney Hall* did not meet the expectations of all its readers was, that its author studiously abstained from sentimentality. He held, indeed, that true love was too refined and holy a passion to be analysed in the pages of a novel; and leaving the imaginative to work out the details of courtship, he contented himself with drawing

the culminating scenes in the life of his favourite couple. Hood certainly was not the inventor of the climax so popular with some of our female writers,—Miss Craik and Miss Mulock, for instance,—in which the heroine, on the last page but at the first fair opportunity, rushes into the arms of her somewhat sulky adorer. Nor did he, like the ingenious author of *Mary Powell*, reward his amiable young ladies by making them marry clergymen, as the *summum bonum* of this life. Neither did he, after the pattern of Misses Wetherell and Yonge, indulge in twaddling records of the commonest acts and words of some very ordinary mortals. Hood could not have competed with these ladies. He had too high an opinion of womankind to make them the courtiers instead of the courted; and his own wooing had been too happy and sincere for him to vulgarise it by dragging it unveiled before the public. He contrasted, too, very strikingly with certain male novelists of his day and ours; whose writings would lead one to suppose them to be the most chivalrous of men,—the most considerate in their behaviour to the weaker sex,—in short, model husbands and fathers. But while their kindness and charity to woman, especially to the very women whom they were bound to protect and cherish, has expended itself on paper, and miserably failed in actual life, Hood, who was not at all so tender with his public pen, was really the true and ardent lover, the manly mate, the affectionate father, till death ended the struggle which nothing but his strong unfading love had enabled him to maintain so long.

Another of his more considerable prose works is *Up the Rhine*;—a series of letters from an imaginary family of travellers, which depict with great accuracy the features of the Rhine country, and the peculiarities of its inhabitants. The epistles from the educated members of the party are models of style for ease and quiet humour; while those from their attendant, Martha Penny, are capital realisations of a servant's modes of thought and spelling, before schools were doing so much to amend these. We give a short extract from one of her caligraphic attempts:—

'And now, Becky, it must never go furder, but be kep a religus secret betwixt our two selves, but ever sinse Colon Cathedrul I have been dredful unsettled in my mind with spirituous pints. It seemed as if I had a call to turn into a Roman. Besides the voice in my hone inward parts, I've been prodigusly urged and advised by the Party you don't know, to becum a prostelyte, and decant all my errors, and throw meself into the buzzum of Rome. Cander compels to say, its a very cumfittable religun, and then such splendid

Churchis and alters and grand cerimonis, and such a bewtiful musicle service, and so many mirakles and wunderful relicts besides, plain Church of England going, particklyin the country parts, do look pore and mean and pokey after it, that's the truth. To be sure theres transmigration; but even that I might get over in time, for we can beleave anything if we really wish to. Its a grate temptation, and provided I felt quite certin of bettering meself, I would convert meself at once. But praps its all the work of Satan at bottom awanting me to deny my Catkism and throw off the Minester I've set under so menny years. Oh, Becky, its terribel hard wurk to argufy yureself out of yure own persuasion! You may supose with such contrary scrupples and inward feelings pulling two ways at once, what trubbles and tribbleation I go thro! The wust is, my low fits and cryings cant be hid from Missis, who have questioned me very closely, but if she once thoght I was agoing to turn and alter my religun, it wood soon be, Martha, sute yureself, witch to be throne out of place in a forrin land would be very awkwurd; and as such praps would be most advizablo to put off my beleaving in anything at all, till our return to Kent. Besides, Becky, you may feel inclind, on propper talking to, to give up yure own convixions too, and in that case we can both embrace the Pope at the same time. As yet no sole suspex xcept Mr. Frank, who ketched me crossing meself by way of practis before the glass. Goodness nose what he ment, but ho, ho, Martha, says he, so you've got into the clutchis of the Proper Gander.....

'P.S. The fair sects have a hard place in Garmany. I forgot to say in our incursion we saw plenty of wimmin, a toilin and moilin at mens labers in the roads and fields. But thats not the wust, theyre made beasts of. Wat do you think, Becky, of a grate hulkin feller, a lolluping and smoking in his boat on the Rind, with his pore Wife a pullyhawling him along by a rope, like a towin horse on the banks of the Tems!'

We must not forget the five letters on *Copyright and Copywrong* which Hood addressed to the *Athenæum*, and which are well worthy of perusal, abounding as they do with humour and common sense, and pleading as earnestly for the rights, standing, and character of literary men, as his poetic *Plea* had done for the Fairies.

A great portion of Hood's middle and later writings, though intended to provoke mirth, are imbued with a healthy spirit of reproof and instruction. Thus, in his *Ode to Dr. Hahnemann*, after asking the homœopathist many bantering questions, as,—

> 'Tell me, thou German Cousin,
> And tell me honestly without a diddle,
> Does an attenuated dose of rosin
> Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle?*'—

he breaks the chain of facetious queries with these beautiful lines:—

> 'Doctor, forgive me if I dare prescribe
> A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
> Inserting a few serious words by stealth:
> *Above all price of wealth*
> *The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,*
> *Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—*
> *Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health:*
> *A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!*
> *To be approach'd and touch'd with serious fear,*
> *By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,*
> *Even as the Priesthood of the ONE Divine!'*

In many other pieces, both in prose and verse, there is a remarkable amount of pathos interlaced with ludicrous adventures; for the author had equal power over his readers' smiles and tears. With evident liking for Sterne's best, least affected style, Hood had, in his last tale, *Our Family*, attained to the very perfection of story-telling; enchaining the attention by the quiet fun of the narrative, and yet exciting sympathy for the misfortunes of a worthy household. Had it been completed, this capital story might have taken its place by the side of Goldsmith's masterpiece. *The Friend in Need* is of an altogether different complexion, being an amusing account of the sayings and doings of a delirious Quaker; who, when relieved of his fever by plentiful bleeding, droops to so low an ebb that his only chance for life is by *transfusion*. He is accordingly inoculated with half a pint or so of some one else's ichor, which replenishes his system, but betrays its origin in certain unpeaceable impulses, which reach their climax when Friend Jasper spies his benefactor engaged—to his detriment—in a prize-fight, and, rushing within the ring, gives the finishing stroke to his adversary. This piece certainly is not over-burdened with pathos, but is full of mischievous humour, abounding also in tantalizing but very laughable digressions. One of these we commend to our scientific readers.

'Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him testy enough. Scores of ancient authorities he has exploded, like Rupert's Drops, by a blow upon their tales; but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous Bouncers into what the French call "accomplished facts." Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones. The headstrong fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere "Allegory on the banks of the

Nile," is now the Iguanodon! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true!

'Suppose it a fine morning, *Anno Domini* 2,000, and the royal geologists—with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, Trappists, greywachers, Carbonari, feld-sparrers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well, to work they go, hammer and tongs, mallets and three-man beetles, banging, picking, splitting, digging, shovelling; sighing like paviours, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows, hot as his forge, dusty as millers, muddy as eels, what with sandstone, and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth; now unsextonising a petrified bachelor's-button; now a stone tom-tit, now a marble gooseberry-bush, now a hap'orth of Barcelona nuts geologised into two-penn'orth of marbles, now a couple of Kentish cherries—all stone—turned into Scotch pebbles—and a fossil red-herring, with a hard roe of flint. But these are geological bagatelles. They want the organic remains of one of Og's bulls, or Gog's hogs (that 's the Mastodon), or Magog's pet lizard (that 's the Iguanodon), or Polyphemus's elephant (that 's the Megatherium). So in they go again, with a crash like that of Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and a greater Bony Part to exhume! "Huzza!" shouts Feldsparrer, who will spar with anyone—and give him a stone. "Hold on," cries one; "Let go," shouts another; "Here he comes," said a third; "No, he don't," says a fourth. "Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—here's his caudal!"

'"What a fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There—there now, easy does it! Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more. Zounds! pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they 're very friable."—"Never you fear, Zur; if he be friable I'll eat 'un."—"Bravo! there's his cranium. Is that brain, I wonder, or mud? Now for the cervical vertebræ. Stop. Somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then dig, boys; dig into his ribs. Work away, lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail!—Huzza! here's his femur! I wish I could shout from here to London! There's his tarsus! Work away, my good fellows, never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first what-d'ye-call-it that has been discovered in the world!"

'"Here, lend me a spade and I'll help! So,—I'll tell you what, we 're all Columbuses, every man-jack of us; but—I can't dig. It breaks my back. Never mind; here he is, and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! What terrible spines at his back! what claws! It 's a Hylæosaurus!—but no—that scapula 's a wing—by Saint George, it 's a Dragon!" "Huzza!" shouts Boniface, who has the monster on his own sign.—"Huzza!" echoes every Knight of the Garter.—"Huzza!" cries every schoolboy who has read the *Seven Champions*.—"Huzza!" roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Kampf mit*

dem Drachen!—"Huzza! huzza! huzza!" chorus the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall.—"The legends are true, then?"—"Not a bit of it," says a stony-hearted Professor of Fossil Osteology. "Look at the teeth—all molar. That Dragon ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor tough pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys. He lived on"—

'"What?—what?—what?"—"Why, on undressed salads."'—*Works*, vol. v., pp. 271–3.

Our extracts have been taken chiefly from Hood's more serious writings; and have been selected, partly to show his great ability in the higher branches of his craft, and partly to induce our readers to peruse his best works for themselves. Still the great body of his compositions, and those by which he is most generally known, are of the purely comic order. In the two volumes of *Hood's Own*, for instance, we have above eleven hundred pages of *facetiæ*, besides the large number embodied in his *Works*. Time and space would fail us, were we to attempt to give an adequate idea of the variety of these compositions. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the few instances in which the author repeats himself. His stream of wit and humour never dried up, nor even grew shallow and muddy. And the fertility of his invention is equally remarkable in the thousand and one woodcuts which he designed, and which display much artistic skill, as well as unending drollery; abounding with illustrations of Watts and Shakspeare,—the misfortunes of blind beggars,—oddities of German life,—domestic disasters,—and a host of other matters. In the compositions amid which these cuts—many of them perfect puns—are imbedded, we find batches of humorous letters, like the *Pugsley Papers*, and the *Carnaby Correspondence*;—a few literary Reminiscences, and a multitude of Sketches on the Road, descriptive of travellers' troubles before the age of railways;—with several piscatory dialogues; for Hood was fond of the gentle craft, and loved to imitate the quaint colloquies of Izaak Walton. We cannot here catalogue or classify the numerous comical verses, in all sorts of metres,—including some with triple rhymes at the close of every line. Many have a kind of chorus to each verse, as,—

'What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?'

Several are pretended *pathetic* ballads,—very solemn in tone throughout, if the reader keeps to their literal meaning; but very ludicrous, if he has eye and ear for the puns with which they are crammed. Take for example the two lines at the end of *Faithless Sally Brown*:—

'They went and *told* the Sexton,
And the Sexton *toll'd* the bell.'

Or this from the *Storm at Hastings*:—

'Quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim;
That sect delighting in the sea's *broad brim*.'

In some of these pieces he makes good use of his accurate knowledge of the odd street nomenclature of old London,—Pudding Lane, Pye Corner, Milk Street, Grub Street, &c.; and in more than one instance he coins a verb out of them; as when the two Aldermen go to visit the live turtles:—

'The Aldermen too plainly wish'd them dead
And *Aldermanbury'd!*'

But we might cite such ingenuities by hundreds; and might also give ample illustration of Hood's mode of heaping up small details of manners and scenery into one ludicrous mass,—as in *The Lost Heir* and *Our Village*,—perfect photographs of St. Giles and 'Bullock Smithy,'—and in that laughably accurate account of *A Public Dinner*, where—

'The Chairman reads letter,
The Duke 's a regretter
A promise to break it,
But chair he can't take it;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,
A cheque in the letter.
"Hear, hear!" and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.'

The like process is observable in his amusing pieces on *Albums* and *Autographs*; the latter of which we should have liked to quote entire, as a perfect example of comic *sorites*. But we have hinted at enough to indicate Hood's wonderful resources in this vein of writing.

We feel that, in these remarks, we have done imperfect justice to the most Shakspearean man since Shakspeare. Till his son collected all his works, even his old friends and admirers were but half aware of the extent and variety of Hood's powers. Had the taste of this age resembled more closely that of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, he would no doubt have concentrated his energies on dramatic writing, and would have

been second to but one in that walk of art. But a feeling that the bias of the times was adverse, and that the critic's office was now performed with a superabundant zeal which left narrow scope for tragedy or comedy of any worth, deterred him from venturing something considerable in a class of composition for which—as his *Lamia* and *National Tales* prove—he was so well fitted. He had both the fertility of invention, and the mastery of dialogue, necessary for success; and, above all his contemporaries, he was endowed with that nice attempering of the pathetic and the humorous which gives Shakspeare his pre-eminence.

Of few men has England more reason to be proud than of Thomas Hood. His bright and wide genius, lavish wit, abundant charity, righteous life, and, above all, his earnest pleadings on behalf of the wretched, shed undying lustre on his name. What seem to us his errors serve but to endear him to us, as showing us that this great soul was still but one of ourselves,—fallible like the rest of us,—and claim from us that generous allowance which he was so ready to extend to all his fellows. If Hood sometimes endorsed doubtful opinions, let all smaller men—unduly quick to apply the microscope to every atom of the larger growth of humanity—learn modesty from him, and hesitate before they pass their sweeping sentences of condemnation.

If our critique has taken the form of a panegyric, let it be attributed first to the fact that there is so much to admire, so little to take exception to, in Hood's life and writings; and then to the circumstance that we have been passing in review the labours of one who, alas! is dead and lost to us; and that therefore one of the objects of criticism could not be fulfilled in his case, since we cannot urge him to amend, in future efforts, any trifling faults of speech or sentiment which might strike us in the perusal of these his collected Works.

Art. V.—*A Critical History of Free Thought in Reference to the Christian Religion.* Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1862, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By Adam Storey Farrar, M.A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. London: John Murray. 1862.

There can be no field of historical inquiry more profoundly interesting or more important than that which Mr. Farrar has

treated in his Bampton Lectures delivered last year. To trace the course of critical and especially of sceptical thought in reference to the Christian Revelation; to exhibit the relations of such thought in every age to the general intellectual condition and character of that age; to show how each successive shape or phase of unbelief which passes across the field of vision is only the projection cast from some form of philosophical speculation, at that time standing prominently forth to view; to classify the manifold varieties of sceptical error, and to trace the substantial identity which in every age, amidst all changes of form and aspect, characterizes the various fundamental *genera* of unbelief; to discriminate between the permanent moral causes which predispose to error in its various kinds, and the intellectual conditions which determine the shape and dialect of the different forms of error;—thus by a critical survey and analysis to define the cycles in which error and heresy have revolved and reappeared, and to show the progress really made, even in this recurrence and repetition;—to make it apparent, that as the wheel of speculation revolves on its axis, the body of thought is at the same time sweeping onward in its path,—that the new errors which reproduce the old include also something more, something deeper or subtler than the old, and that on each renewal of the conflict the fresh answer on behalf of truth which refutes the ancient and ever-recurring error includes an ampler induction and develops a profounder insight and research: in this manner to demonstrate, by a grand historical argument, that by degrees error is being exhausted, while truth and certainty are ever winning their way more clearly and fully into all the folds and recesses, the windings and subtleties, of that vast and voluminous whole of human doubt, and misgiving, and speculation, which has gathered through the ages, and which rests in heavy masses upon the faith and intelligence of the Christian world:—to do all this is one of the noblest undertakings to which a Christian thinker could devote himself. Here is the very epic of intellectual conflict and controversy. What forces have been arrayed on either side! what leaders of thought, what champions of faith or of doubt, have left behind them undying names! On this broad field how often have faith and hope seemed to be cast down, and yet again with greater might than ever have risen to victory! The issues of this grand epic are to determine whether the progress of the world is through clouds and conflicts into clear light and final faith and peace, or into universal and impenetrable darkness,—into everlasting confusion and unrest.

Such is the work which Mr. Farrar has been bold enough to essay. With exemplary diligence he has availed himself of the unrivalled facilities for research which are at the command of an Oxford Fellow and Tutor; he has approached his task in an admirable spirit of candour towards all thinkers, and of religious reverence towards the Christian Revelation; and the result is a very learned, orthodox, and useful book. But we cannot say that he has produced an entirely satisfactory work. There is a lack of power to use with easy grace or with conclusive effect the immense mass of materials which his industry has accumulated. His work hardly leaves the reader with the impression that the writer is fully at home among the subjects which pass under review; it is scarcely possible to resist the conclusion that much of the learning has been industriously but hastily got up for the occasion. The style is often obscure, and oftener still the composition is slovenly, while the suggestive hints and felicitous touches which reveal the highly trained master in philosophy are too seldom apparent. The contrast is remarkable in these respects between Mr. Farrar's volume and Professor Mansel's famous Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought.

Nevertheless, as an outline of a grand history these Lectures will be highly appreciated by scholars, especially by theologians. They are indeed, in some respects, the most elaborate series of lectures delivered as yet at Oxford 'on the foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton.' No attempt is made to retain the form of a sermon, except in prefixing a text of Scripture to each Lecture as a sort of motto. Each Lecture is, in fact, a closely-written chapter of history, without anything like an address to a body of hearers, with the exception of a few pages at the close of the last Lecture. Including the Preface and the Notes, here are upwards of seven hundred large pages of compact historical matter. All the schools and all the leaders of sceptical thought in regard to religion are here passed in review. The book supplies a *desideratum;* as a trustworthy summary and index it is invaluable: no theological student can afford to be without it.

The lecturer discerns four great 'crises of the Christian faith in Europe,' viz., (1) the struggle with heathen philosophy from about A.D. 160 to 360; (2) the struggle against the sceptical tendencies of scholasticism in the Middle Ages (1100–1400); (3) the conflict in Italy between the Christian faith and the literary or classical infidelity of the Renaissance (1400–1625); and (4) the controversy of Christianity with modern unbelieving

philosophy in three forms, viz., English Deism, French Infidelity, and German Rationalism. The history of heresies is excluded from this view. The history with which the Lecturer is concerned is not that of doctrinal variations and aberrations, but that of the successive revolts of human reason against Divine revelation under any objective and authoritative form.

In his first Lecture, which is more carefully written than some of the rest, after defining the four crises indicated in the last paragraph, he proceeds to illustrate the nature of the causes which have led the human mind to revolt against the authority of Divine revelation. Of these causes he recognises two classes. The first and most deeply seated is the class of moral causes, which, through the strong bias of the moral judgment or the heart, predispose and determine the understanding to unbelief. Sometimes the truth is presented with such an admixture of repulsive superstitions, or religion is so discredited by the character of its professed representatives and champions, that honest and virtuous minds recoil from all association with that which comes to them in such evil company, and in such an unfavourable disguise.

'Who can doubt, that the corrupt lives of Christians in the later centuries of the Middle Ages, the avarice of the Avignon popes, the selfishness shown in the great schism, the simony and nepotism of the Roman court in the fifteenth century, excited disgust and hatred towards Christianity in the hearts of the literary men of the Renaissance, which disqualified them for the reception of the Christian evidences; or that the social disaffection in the last century in France incensed the mind against the Church that supported alleged public abuses, until it blinded a Voltaire from seeing any goodness in Christianity; or that the religious intolerance shown within the present century by the ecclesiastical power in Italy drove a Leopardi and a Bini into doubt; or that the sense of supposed personal wrong and social isolation deepened the unbelief of Shelley and of Heinrich Heine? Whatever other motives may have operated in these respective cases, the prejudices which arose from the causes just named doubtless created an antecedent impression against religion, which impeded the lending an unbiassed ear to its evidence.'—Pp. 22, 23.

Such instances as these excite, and ought to excite, more or less of compassion for those who have been placed in circumstances so unfavourable to the reception of Divine truth. But there is another and a more common class of cases in which the repugnance to submit to the teachings of Divine revelation results originally and chiefly, if not only, from the unhappy and evil moral state of the unbeliever himself, from inherent arrogance of character, assuming the form of intellectual pride,

from dominant selfishness, or from impurity. 'Though we must not rashly judge our neighbour, nor attempt to measure in any particular mind the precise amount of doubt which is due to moral causes, yet it is evident that where a freethinker is a man of immoral or unspiritual life, whose interests incline him to disbelieve in the reality of Christianity, his arguments may reasonably be suspected to be suggested by sins of character, and by dislike to the moral standard of the Christian religion.' (P. 19.)

Such causes of unbelief as have now been indicated Mr. Farrar defines as 'emotional causes,' in contradistinction from 'intellectual causes,' of which he speaks afterwards. To us the epithet 'emotional' seems here to be ill-applied. Two or three times the lecturer uses the word 'moral' instead of 'emotional.' That is undoubtedly the right word; but surely the two adjectives are very far from being equivalent. 'A brief analysis,' says the lecturer, 'must here be given of the mode in which the moral is united with the intellectual in the formation of opinions. This is the more necessary, lest we should seem to commit the mistake of ignoring the existence or importance of the emotional element, if the restriction of our point of view to the intellectual should hereafter prevent frequent references to it.' (P. 18.) And again, on the next page: 'The influence of the moral causes in generating doubt, though sometimes exaggerated, is nevertheless real. Psychological analysis shows that the emotions operate immediately on the will, and the will on the intellect. Consequently, the emotion of dislike is able through the will to prejudice the judgment, and cause disbelief of a doctrine against which it is directed.' (P. 19.) 'The emotion of dislike' is, we apprehend, a somewhat novel and hardly an accurate combination of words. The word 'dislike' is so vague and generic in its meaning as to include several emotions. Fear, hate, jealousy, envy, contempt, are all, we suppose, 'emotions of dislike;' so that, while it might be allowable to speak of '*an* emotion of dislike,' it is altogether incompatible with distinctness or exactness of style to speak of '*the* emotion of dislike,' as if this were a separate force or feeling in the breast. But, apart from and beyond this inexactness, we conceive that to speak characteristically and almost throughout of the *moral* causes which prejudice the mind against the reception of Christianity as 'the *emotional* causes,' is, by an unfortunate choice of terms, to lower the moral importance of the subject. The word 'emotional' in itself suggests no more thought of moral responsibility than the word 'intellectual,' as every student of Bishop Butler's sermons will at once admit.

Conscience and moral quality have no more necessary connexion with the one than the other, although indirectly a moral element may enter largely into both. Mr. Farrar intends to distinguish between moral and intellectual causes of unbelief. By 'emotional causes,' he means causes which arise out of the moral state of the heart, or which derive their force from moral judgments, upon which mistaken inferences are founded. We submit to Mr. Farrar, that the word 'emotional' does not describe such causes. In a critical history of free thought respecting matters of religion, in an elaborate work by a Master and Fellow of Oxford, chosen by that great University as Bampton Lecturer, such inaccuracies as these should not occur.

The object of the lecturer, however, is not to deal with the moral, but with the intellectual, causes of unbelief. The former, as he justly explains, cannot be separated from the latter by an actual analysis; whereas, the latter can be distinctly traced in their influence and their history. The moral cause amalgamates itself with the intellectual; the influence of the moral cause is latent, however powerful; whatever may be the subtle spirit of evil which inspires the objection against revelation, that objection itself, in its actual body and form, presents itself as an argument to the intellect.

The following is Mr. Farrar's explanation of the sense in which he uses the word 'cause' in the investigation which he has undertaken, and of the problem which he seeks to solve:—

'But we intend by "cause" two things; either the sources of knowledge which have from age to age thrown their materials into the stream of thought, and compelled reason to re-investigate religion and try to harmonize the new knowledge with the old beliefs; or else the ultimate intellectual grounds or tests of truth on which the decision in such cases has been based, the most general types of thought into which the forms of doubt can be analysed. The problem is this:—Given, these two terms: on the one hand the series of opinions known as the history of free thought in religion; on the other the uniformity of mode in which reason has operated. Interpolate two steps to connect them together, which will show respectively the materials of knowledge which reason at successive moments brought to bear on religion, and the ultimate standards of truth which it adopted in applying this material to it. It is the attempt to supply the answer to this problem that will give organic unity to these Lectures.'—Pp. 28, 29.

In the former part of this extract there is a somewhat perplexing confusion of thought and expression. It would seem as if the 'tests of truth' were 'forms of doubt' and 'types of thought.'

But apart from this confusion, from which it is not worth while to stay to extricate Mr. Farrar and our readers, by showing in what relation 'tests of truth' stand to 'forms of doubt,' and to their respective 'types of thought,' the object of these Lectures is clearly and well defined in this extract. It is a merit to have so distinctly conceived what is perhaps the greatest and most important problem for the investigation of a philosophical theologian which this age or the history of Christianity has presented.

The 'materials of knowledge' on which 'free thought' has operated in connexion with religion are, as Mr. Farrar explains, chiefly those supplied by literary criticism and science. The ultimate tests of truth referred to are those furnished, or supposed to be furnished, by sense,—'the sensational consciousness revealing to us the world of matter,' by the intuitive reason,—'revealing the world of mind,' and by 'feeling,' revealing 'that of emotion.' 'The sensationalist' makes his appeal to the first of these; 'the idealist' to the second; 'the mystic' to the third. Mr. Farrar points out the characteristic dangers to which, in applying their respective tests to matters of religion, the sensationalist, the idealist, and the mystic are exposed. The tendency of sensationalism is 'to obliterate mystery by empirical rationalism, and to reduce piety to morality, morality to expedience, the Church to a political institution, religion to a ritual system, and its evidence to external historic testimony.' (P. 37.) The danger on the side of the intuitional philosophy is, that if 'the intuitive faculty be regarded as giving a noble grasp over the fact of God as an infinite Spirit, (*sic*,) it may cause the mind to relax its hold on the idea of the Divine personality, and fall into Pantheism, and identify God with the universe, not by degrading spirit to matter, but by elevating matter to spirit.' (P. 42.) Or 'it may attempt to develope a religion wholly *à priori*, and assert its right to create as well as to verify.' Its general tendency will be to 'render religion subjective in its character, uncertain in its doctrines, individual in its constitution.' (P. 42.)

Similar, also, will be the tendency of that mysticism which constitutes the feelings the test of truth in matters of religion. Mr. Farrar, indeed, hardly distinguishes between the tendencies of 'intuitional theology' and of mysticism. Nor do we think they are easily to be discriminated. The egoistic idealist, if he be also an earnest Christian, can hardly fail to be a mystic. What, from his point of view, are the feelings on which the mystic relies as his assurance of truth, but intuitions, moral or emotional intuitions? Have not the mystics of all ages, if they have aspired to be in any sense philoso-

phers, been adherents of the realistic, the intuitional, philosophy? What was the philosophy which underlay the mysticism of the pseudo-Dionysius, so far as he had a philosophy, but a pantheistic idealism? Was not Eckhart the very prototype of Hegel? Was not the theology of Tauler and Ruysbroëk almost identical, in its main features, with that of Schleiermacher and Coleridge in these later days? Are not the school of Maurice and Kingsley, in our own time, intuitionalists in philosophy and mystical in their theology? We do not say that all mystics are adherents of the high intuitional philosophy; but we do conceive that the intuitional philosophy *par excellence*, transcendental idealism in its various kinds, when applied to Christian theology, can only produce mysticism.

Mr. Farrar guards himself from saying or being supposed to imply, that the use of the tests of truth which he has thus indicated leads of necessity to any of those forms of theological error which he has specified; he speaks only of their tendency. Neither does he undertake to arbitrate between these different tests of truth, in order to decide which is a true test, or how far each may be true if rightly applied. He intimates, however, that truth is probably to be found in a selection from them all. For our own part, we apprehend that truth is to be found in their combination, and in their just respective application. Professor Mansel, long ago, in his *Prolegomena Logica*, illustrated the manner in which this might be done; and Dr. M'Cosh, in his *Intuitions of the Mind*, has contributed many valuable and suggestive hints towards the construction of a comprehensive and complete philosophy of this subject.

The lecturer, as preliminary to this part of his discussion, and in illustration of the manner in which the current philosophy of each age affects the received standard by which truth is tested, had set forth the instances of three great poets in widely different ages, Milton, Pope, and Tennyson. He concludes and sums up his illustration thus:—'In Milton the appeal is made to the revelation of God in the book; in Pope to the revelation in nature; in the living poet, to the revelation in man's soul, the type of the infinite Spirit and interpreter of God's universe and God's book.' (P. 32.) Two of these instances are distinctly apposite to the lecturer's purpose. Pope is a legitimate representative of the sensationalist and materialistic tendency; Tennyson of the spirit of the modified intuitional philosophy which in this country represents the idealism of the present age; German transcendentalism not having as yet been naturalised in England, but dwindling and degenerating when transplanted so as not to transcend, at

least in regard to common matters, our stubborn English common-sense. But Milton represents neither the philosophy of the sensational school, nor idealism, nor the philosophy of feeling. He represents no independent or proper school of philosophy whatever. To quote Mr. Farrar's own words, 'His philosophy is Hebrew: he hesitates not to interpret the Divine counsels; but it is by the supposed light of revelation. Doubt is unknown to him.' (P. 31.) His case stands in contrast, therefore, with that of any and every writer who presumes in any way to bring revelation to the test of philosophy. Doubtless he had reasons for his faith; but he hardly seems to have conceived, any more than the multitudes of simple Christians still to be found, thank God, even in this age of philosophies, that those reasons must repose upon or form a part of some primary philosophy, itself resting upon foundations independent of revelation. The philosophy of Milton, in fact, was deduced from the Scriptures, instead of the Scriptures being brought to the touchstone of his philosophy. He had a philosophy, an elaborate philosophy,—in some parts, moreover, most curiously and picturesquely materialistic,—but he found the main principles of this philosophy in his Bible. What besides he included in it was nothing more than the system of crude speculations which were made to sustain the empirical science of his day.

This instance of Milton, therefore, suggests to us a principle, which is fully illustrated in Mr. Farrar's volume. The ages in which there has been little or no unbelief were those in which philosophy was deductive, not, properly speaking, speculative, and in which the Bible was one of the great sources—wherever its authority could be made to apply, the paramount source—of all philosophical illumination and determination. This was the case generally throughout the Middle Ages. Literary criticism, of which something had been known in the ages in which Celsus assailed and Origen defended the Revelation, in which Chrysostom composed his Homilies and Jerome his Commentaries, had perished in the overthrow of imperial civilisation and culture; and superstitious legends of the most grotesque and monstrous character were received equally by priests and people, by gentle and simple, with the same faith as the great facts of holy writ. Science was as yet unknown; and therefore no contradiction could be alleged or thought of between its discoveries and any of the statements contained in Scripture. There was a sort of philosophy, a philosophy, indeed, distinguished by not a little profound thought, and developed in the works of a series of reasoners, whose logical subtlety and skill have perhaps never been surpassed; but this

philosophy was purely deductive. The sources from which all conclusions and solutions, as to all possible questions, were derived, were the doctrines of the Church and the principles of the Aristotelian philosophy, as that was then misapprehended: for in truth the middle-age Aristotelianism was a modified Platonism, expounded and applied according to the rules of the Aristotelian logic, and was altogether second-hand, having come to the middle-age doctors partly through such Latin writers as Boëthius, and partly through translations of Arabic translations of Aristotle. These two sources of authority furnished the axioms, from which all philosophy (so called) was deduced. Aristotle and the Scripture could not disagree—*i. e.*, they were not allowed to disagree. Somehow a harmony was always established and maintained between these two authorities; and then all else flowed from these. There was no controversy with sense; there was no appeal to consciousness, whether under the name of experience, or intuition, or in any other form. There was therefore no unbelief. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that there was not concealed, or at least stifled and suppressed, unbelief in such a pantheistic logician as John Scotus Erigena, and in such a metaphysical genius and dialectician as Abelard; but at least all was made to sound fair, a plausible *double entendre* was kept up, the authority of holy Scripture was not assailed, the doctrines of the Church were orthodoxly professed in phrase and formulary; or if at any time a doctor, such as Abelard, was convicted of having been led by his logic or philosophy into heterodoxy or the confines of damnable heresy, on such conviction he made his confession of penitence, recanted, and was restored. Such were 'the ages of faith.' There was no such thing as an independent philosophy, no such thing as philosophy at all, in a true sense; there was only logic. Aristotle misinterpreted, and the Bible as expounded by 'the Church,'—these were the two pillars which sustained all speculation. There could be no unbelief. There was boundless superstition. There was little pure or genuine faith. With the middle-age world in view, we can understand how true may be the words of the poet,—

> 'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.'

The Reformation substituted the Bible for the Church, the Bible for the decrees of popes and the determinations of councils, as the foundation of faith and the fountain of doctrine. It also broke the yoke of scholasticism, at least of the Aristotelian and middle-age scholasticism. No doubt also it was the great medium through which the law of progress in

human thought, and the impulse of liberty, made themselves felt throughout the breadth of Europe, especially of Protestant Europe. Still the Reformation brought with it no seeds of philosophy, as any portion of its dower. It did indeed bring immediately in its train the spirit of biblical criticism and the principle of intellectual liberty. But philosophy was an afterbirth of the ages. The Reformation exalted the Bible; the glory of that Divine book was its great discovery; a discovery great enough to fill the hearts of men for two centuries to come. These two centuries were pre-eminently theological ages. Men were busy working the mine which the Reformation had opened, bringing forth its treasures, and arranging them into systems of faith and doctrine. Biblical study and theological discussion and speculation were everything. All scholars were learned theologians, though they might be pedants as base and graceless as the monarch to whom our authorised translation is dedicated. It was natural that in such a period philosophy should be altogether dependent on theology. All speculation was still, as in the Middle Ages, conducted on the method of the deductive logic. The Bible, for the most part, sufficed as the source of metaphysical principles; natural science was merely empirical, and all ancient authorities and modern guesses were jumbled together as the sources from which solutions of problems should be deduced or discoveries be—we may fairly say—'invented.' We have already seen that the philosophy of Milton was Hebrew; such was the character of the Puritan philosophy in general; such also of the continental philosophy during the same period. As yet men had no idea whatever of the very nature of true philosophical speculation. They had not learned to question their senses, or to note and study their intuitions. Consciousness was to them no revelation; they had but dim apprehensions of any relation between their faith in the Divine counsels and the deep feelings or insatiate yearnings of their souls. They hardly took cognisance of such feelings and yearnings; the world to them was only an objective world; the dim under-world of the subjective, as containing the reflection of the eternal upper-world, was a thought which had scarcely entered their minds. Hence in the two centuries following the Reformation there are still rare traces of unbelief.

It is true, indeed, that there was a strong subjective element in the religious mysticism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. This, however, did not affect the sincerely professed orthodoxy of the mystics, not even probably in so extreme a case of transcendental mysticism as that of Eckhart

Nor did they seek for a philosophical revelation in their own subjective consciousness. They revelled in moods and contemplations, in trances and ecstasies; but theirs was a passive mysticism; the subjective melted away in the grand and divine objective. Theirs was, to use the distinctive epithets of Mr. Vaughan, in his *Hours with the Mystics*, rather the theopathetic than the theosophistic mysticism. It contemplated Divine truth, beauty, and holiness; it dissolved in the bliss of the Divine presence; but it did not deduce from its supposed consciousness of the Divine any system of philosophy. This middle-age mysticism was, in truth, the natural reaction, in the days when the grand and simple teachings of a vernacular Bible were not known, from a formal and ceremonial religion of show, mummery, and task-work. But it was not an infidel reaction; it 'sought to find a heart in things and a ground of truth,' by spiritual asceticism of the higher kind, by lofty abstraction, and by religious contemplations. But it adhered, strictly for the most part, with sincere profession perhaps in all cases, to the doctrines and determinations of 'the Church.' It is true that these mystics honoured the pseudo-Dionysius, rank pantheist that he was, as a *saint*, and dubbed the paganish Boëthius a 'Doctor;' but this they did in the ignorance and simplicity of their hearts.

These remarks will serve to explain the reason why the history of unbelieving speculation must be distributed into the epochs which are successively presented to our view in Mr. Farrar's history. First there was the rising faith of Christ and the highly-wrought struggle between the philosophy and the manifold cults of the old pagan world. This came to an end with the downfall of heathenism—to an utter end when all the philosophy and criticism of the old world were overwhelmed in the ruins of the Roman empire. This period is treated by Mr. Farrar in his second lecture. The third deals with the struggles, such as they were, of 'free thought during the middle ages,' with the epoch of the Renaissance, and with 'the rise of free thought in modern times.'

'We have studied,' thus Mr. Farrar opens his third lecture, 'the history of unbelief down to the fall of heathenism. A period of more than seven hundred years elapses before a second crisis of doubt occurs in Church history. The interval was a time of social dissolution and reconstruction; and when the traces of the free criticism of religion reappear, the world in which they manifest themselves is new. Fresh races have been introduced, institutions unknown to the ancient civilisation have mingled with or have replaced the old; and the ancient language of the Roman empire has dissolved into

the Romance tongues. But Christianity has lived through the deluge, and been the ark of refuge in the storm; and its claims are now tested by the young world which emerged into being when the waters of confusion had retired. The silence of reason in this interval was not the result of the abundance of piety, but of the prevalence of ignorance; a sign of the absence of inquiry, not of the presence of moral and mental satisfaction. Even when speculation revived, and reason re-examined religion, the literary monuments in which expression is given to doubt are so few, that it will be possible in the present lecture not only to include the account of the second and third crises which mark the course of free thought in Church history, but even to pass beyond them, to watch the dawn of unbelieving criticism caused by the rise of the modern philosophy which ushers in the fourth of the great crises named in a previous lecture.' —Pp. 104, 105.

What the lecturer regards as the second crisis of free thought we do not regard as a crisis at all, much less as a 'great crisis.' There was no *crisis* of free thought in the twelfth century; if there were such a crisis, what came of it, what was the course of the movement, what its issue and result? The *Sic et Non* of Abelard will hardly suffice alone to constitute a movement or mark a great crisis. It may have been a premonition; Abelard himself may be regarded as a forerunner of the movement of modern criticism and scepticism. But Abelard founded no school, and initiated no great and cumulative movement; neither did he bring any earlier movement to a consummation or a crisis. Mr. Farrar, indeed, leaves it somewhat uncertain whether Abelard is or is not to be regarded as a religious sceptic, while it is certain, as we have already noted, that he was professedly orthodox. The other indications of a sceptical crisis in the later middle-ages (1100–1400) adduced by the lecturer are yet more trifling. The idea of progress in religion was set forth a century after Abelard in the Franciscan book entitled *The Everlasting Gospel.* But Mr. Farrar himself says of this production, 'It is doubtful whether the book was really intended to be sceptical,—more probably it was mystical.' (P. 121.) Moreover, the daring and irreligious Emperor Frederick II. was reported to have 'spoken of Moses, Christ, and Mahomet, as the three great impostors who had respectively deceived the Jews, the Christians, and the Arabs.' (P. 123.) This, if true, may tend to show that there was impiety and unbelief to be found in high places, and especially among the opponents of papal usurpation, in the thirteenth century; but it goes no way towards proving that there was any 'movement' or 'crisis of free thought.' The same idea as was thus attributed to Frederick was supposed

at one time to be expounded in a book entitled *De Tribus Impostoribus*. It appears, however, that 'the existence of the book is legendary; no one ever saw it; and the two distinct works which now bear the title can be shown to have been composed respectively in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.' (P. 124.) Finally, the influence of the Mahometan philosophy of Averroes is said to have had some effect in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in creating a pantheistic disbelief of immortality. 'The doctrine of Averroes was attacked by Aquinas; and though the amount of its influence can hardly be estimated, we have the means of tracing the growth of dislike to its author in Christian lands, which is an incidental probability (*sic*) of the increasing danger to Christianity arising from it.' (P. 125.) There is evidently not much in this last instance of free thought. Moreover, Averroes stands in no way connected, so far as appears, with Abelard, or any movement which Abelard can be supposed to have initiated. Nor, indeed, if the utmost is made of all the foregoing instances taken together, do they go any way towards proving that there was a struggle or crisis of free thought in the twelfth and two following centuries. Where there is a crisis, there must be a rise, and growth, and consummation. Here there is nothing of the kind. There is no pretence of continuity or unity, of progress or consummation, in connexion with the sporadic and individual cases of free-thinking, real or alleged, which have been noted,—and which are all that Mr. Farrar brings forward. In all this there is no 'movement' or 'crisis of free thought.'

It was otherwise with the unbelief of the Renaissance: here there was a definite cause, a distinct and definable movement, a crisis and consummation, and finally an end of the movement, partly through the distracting and counteractive forces of the Reformation, partly by the exhaustion of the original motive energy,—the power of revived classic lore,—partly through the absorption into the general literary and philosophic life of Europe, of the elements developed in the movement. The ages of mediæval darkness and superstition were fast drawing to a close. The mind of Europe was beginning to put forth the faculties and forces of adolescence; the recovery of Greek literature, through the opening to the western world of the treasures long sealed up in the Byzantine capital, brought the lights and culture of the classic and Alexandrian paganism to inform and impregnate the opening intellect and virgin energies of middle-age Europe, the slowness of whose unfolding was only in proportion to the grand and

manifold capabilities which belonged to its vast collective life. What was to be expected, under such circumstances, and especially in an age when the word of God was bound and imprisoned, and when the seat and home dominions of the Church were rotting away under a foul and stagnant deluge of impiety and corruption, but that the neophyte scholarship of Europe, and above all of Italy, should be intoxicated by the fresh draughts of classical literature and philosophy, and that the Renaissance should witness a revulsion on the part of many scholars from the superstitions of a corrupt and heathenish Christianity to the philosophic refinements and subtleties by which Grecian and Alexandrian sages had endeavoured to reconcile cultured minds to a pantheistic heathenism?

The lecturer, whose treatment of the Renaissance period is clear and able, traces two principal movements of unbelief in this period, 'the one caused by literature, a return to a spirit of heathenism' analogous to that exemplified a thousand years earlier in the case of Julian; 'the second caused by philosophy, a revival of pantheism,' perhaps also of atheism. The first of these movements 'had its seat for the most part in Tuscany and Rome;' and is illustrated in the pages of Ranke. To a circle of leisurely and luxurious scholars, who in Rome had never caught a glimpse of the 'beauty of holiness,' to whom Christianity appeared as little better than a collection of legends, who could have no reverence for monkish pretences to sanctity, or for the mock-divinity of an hierarchical system of religion over which such popes as the Borgias had but recently presided—the writings of the ancient classics came as a new love, whose charms and attractions were only the more suited to their taste, because they included so much that was sensual and unchaste. The pope himself, Leo X., set the fashion of enthusiastic devotion to the ancient heathen literature. The proscription was removed, which for centuries had been in force against plays; and comedies fashioned after the model of Plautus and Terence were performed in the presence of His Holiness. Art forsook Christianity, that she might portray the lust-stained fables of antiquity. The Ciceronians of Italy affected great contempt for the Bible because of its style. The Scriptures were translated in the phrase of Virgil and Horace, to render them presentable in good society. Cardinal Bembo, undoubtedly a master of style both in Latin and Italian, instead of *the Holy Spirit*, wrote *the breath of the Heavenly Zephyr*; instead of *to forgive sins—to bend the manes and the sovereign God*; and instead of *Christ the Son of God—Minerva sprung from the forehead of Jupiter*. More than one pope was

believed to be an atheist. It was reckoned at Rome a piece of good breeding to impugn Christianity. At the papal court the ordinances of the Church were treated with contempt, and texts of Scripture were scarcely quoted but with a sneer. Erasmus, on his visit to Rome, was confounded at the blasphemies which he heard, and the coarse and revolting infidelity which prevailed.* The poetry of Ariosto and his contemporaries reflects the current fashion of the age; it is not only impure, but profane and impious.

But besides the literary reaction in the direction of heathenism, there was a distinct philosophic movement. Plato and Plotinus were revered by one school, Aristotle by another, as the lawgivers of philosophy. The former school tended to pantheism, the latter to atheism. Florence was the chief seat of Platonism, and the Medicis were the patrons of this fashion in philosophy. Marsilio Ficino became a veritable worshipper of Plato, taking Plotinus for the most part as his expositor. Pico, or Picus, of Mirandola was another leader in the same Platonizing school. The sceptical tendency of this school was brought to a climax in the person of Giordano Bruno, who was burnt at Rome as a heretic and misbeliever, on the 17th of February, 1600. Mr. Farrar, indeed, speaks of Bruno as an Averroist; but this is certainly a mistake. The Averroists were Aristotelians, and were currently designated Peripatetics; whereas Bruno was an intensely bitter anti-Aristotelian and a professed adherent, in general, of the Neo-Platonist philosophy. The rival school, which followed the teaching of Averroes, the Arabian physician and philosopher, and professed the philosophy of Aristotle, was represented chiefly by the University of Padua. Its tendency was materialistic and atheistic. Its chief free-thinking representatives were Peter Pomponatius, in the early part of the period, and Vanini at its close. This last, like his contemporary Bruno of the other school, led an errant life of controversy, and perished in the flames of the Inquisition. He was burnt at Toulouse in 1619.

With these men ended the infidel propagandism which had arisen out of the Renaissance. The Jesuit organization and the Inquisition on the one hand, and the Reformation on the other, availed for the complete extinction of this secondary and obsolete philosophy. Neither was it a 'good seed,' nor, being such as it was in quality and kind, had it any 'root in itself.' It was no wonder therefore that it 'endured' only 'for a

* See Ranke's *Popes*, book i., chapter ii.; and D'Aubigné's *Reformation*, book i., chapter iii.

while,' and that in the time of tribulation and persecution it 'withered away.' It was altogether a reflexion from the lights of long bygone ages—from the splendid, though fallacious, speculations of a former world. It stood in no vital relationship either to the general wants and tendencies of the age in which it came forth, or to the middle-age philosophy which had preceded it. It was a modern antique, a sentiment, a fashion. It was unchristian, when not antichristian. It was a derivative heathenism; an untimely resuscitation of an obsolete and outworn past. Such a phenomenon could not last.

It is remarkable, as Mr. Farrar has not failed to note, that this revived paganism was restricted within the limits of the purely Romanistic regions, and chiefly of Italy. Wherever the Reformation prevailed, or had to any considerable extent leavened the thoughts and spirit of the people, men had something deeper and more earnest to do than to endeavour to resuscitate and deck out a long buried pagan philosophy. When the spiritual earnestness of the Reformation made itself felt, the controversy between Plato and Aristotle was forgotten, and pantheism and atheism exhaled. The question was between a living Christianity, and a corrupt, dying, Papacy; between liberty and bondage; the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God,' and a system of cunningly devised fables. In such an atmosphere as this, a second-hand unbelief could not live. In England alone among the countries of the Reformation do we find some slight trace of the influence of the Renaissance in producing unbelief—wonderfully exalted, however, and purified, as compared with the Italian type of 'free thought.' Platonism took some hold on the England of Queen Elizabeth—nearly a century later than the Platonism of the Italian Renaissance;—it produced a certain laxity of faith and breadth of speculation; somewhat later still, in the case, almost a solitary case, of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, it led to a form of unbelieving realism, a high-class type of deistic unbelief. But Lord Herbert stands, so far as we know, alone; he had neither teacher nor associate nor successor.

Where Popery was at once most corrupt and most absolute, and where at the same time polite culture was carried to the greatest height, just there it was to be expected that scepticism would flourish,—and yet that the scepticism itself would be rather superficial and *à la mode* than deep, or earnest, or enduring. Accordingly in Italy the scepticism of which we have been speaking took hold. Spain was too backward and

barbarous to be exposed to the same influences. France was to a very small extent infected. In part it was Protestantised; war and political strife, moreover, occupied the nation. And whereas Italy had many centres of intelligence and of speculation, in France Paris alone was the seat and centre of philosophic thought, and there the great subjects we have noted—Protestantism, Jesuitism, war, politics, the Gallican liberties—kept philosophic *dilettantism* aloof.

In connexion with this subject, Mr. Farrar makes a striking and valuable remark:—

'It is worthy of remark that such facts are a refutation of the attack which has frequently been made on Protestantism, as the cause of eclecticism and mischief. The two great crises in Church history, when faith almost entirely died out, and free thought developed into total disbelief of the supernatural, have been in Romish countries; viz., in Italy in this period, and in France during the eighteenth century. In both the experiment of the authoritative system of the Catholic religion had a fair trial, and was found wanting.'—P. 136.

While in Popish Europe the influence of the Renaissance was dying out, or being absorbed, and while the counter-Reformation of Jesuitism was growing into ascendancy and displacing the indifference and latitudinarianism which had prevailed at the opening of the sixteenth century, the Reformation in Northern and North Western Europe had initiated a period of hearty Christian faith and of orthodox theological study, which for a century and a half precluded any infidel movement of thought. There was accordingly throughout Europe a period of repose from unbelieving assault or speculation. Protestantism was building up its various orthodoxies, Lutheran, or Calvinistic, or Anglican; Jesuitism was diligently labouring, and with no little success, to win back the ground which Popery had lost, especially in central Europe. In the latter part of the seventeenth century, however, symptoms may be discerned betokening the approach of a period of sceptical criticism; and in the early part of the eighteenth century infidelity was fast becoming common and fashionable throughout Europe. In Lutheran Germany, an iron-bound dogmatism, a subtle theological scholasticism, and a merciless and restless intolerance, had grown up after the death of Melancthon, which for more than a century had at once provoked opposition and repressed the honest expression of free thought. The consequence was that men had learned to disguise unbelief as faith; and that, as Mosheim notes in his *History*, an infinite

variety of belief or unbelief was sheltered in universities and ecclesiastical preferments throughout Germany, under cover of orthodox professions, subscribed by theologians as a mere matter of form. In France the apostasy of Henri Quatre, the repression of Protestantism, the vices of the clergy, the tyranny of the privileged classes, the universal corruption of morals, the despotism of the crown, had combined to dissolve virtue and faith throughout all classes of the nation. In England, the reaction from Puritanism, the contagion of the profligate courts of the restored Stuart princes, High Church tyranny, and the influence of French literature, had so demoralised and debased the nation, as to leave it but little above the level of France. In Germany, accordingly, the way was prepared for intellectual and speculative infidelity; in France and England for infidelity among all classes, and especially for a superficial, fashionable, and profane infidelity.

Moreover, causes operating at a deeper level, and connected with the progressive development of thought and science, had begun to combine their influence in the same general direction. The philosophy of Bacon was beginning to be appreciated. Its tendency was to destroy the authority of all mere dogmatism, and to found all faith and philosophy—of course, also, ultimately all theology—on an appeal to judicially ascertained facts. The unbelief of Hobbes was a one-sided and distorted deduction from the principles of Bacon's philosophy. The system of Condillac, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, was a truncated philosophy, founded on an imperfect induction. The Modern Positivism, in like manner, is a specimen of imperfect and mutilated induction,—a false derivative from the principles of Bacon. Locke's philosophy, on the other hand, must be accepted, in the main, as a genuine application of the inductive method to metaphysical philosophy. The fact we are now illustrating is, that the Baconian philosophy initiated a spirit and method of critical investigation, which was opposed to all merely conventional forms of faith, to all factitious mysteries, and to all transcendentalism of whatever school. Here was a sceptical force, wholesome, needful, but capable of being rashly or mistakenly directed against the holiest things.

In the same age as Bacon appeared Descartes, who first enunciated the principle of the appeal to consciousness, which lies at the foundation of all true metaphysical science. This principle was developed by Spinoza into a system of mathematical pantheism. This principle, applied according to the spirit of the inductive method, led Locke to the discovery and

development of his system of psychology. Unfairly applied, it led Berkeley to his idealism. Ingeniously misapplied, it produced the sensational nihilism of Hume. What we would here specially note is, that as the Baconian philosophy introduced a new test of truth as to science in general, and especially natural science, so the principle of Descartes superadded a co-ordinate test of truth as related to the world of consciousness. The two tests of inductive demonstration and of conformity to the facts of consciousness are now the grand principles of evidence. On one or both of these all scientific certainty depends.

But, besides the philosophy of Bacon and the fruitful principle of Descartes, both of which began to give law to speculation and science in the early part of the eighteenth century, the same epoch witnessed the rise of the science of literary, and especially of biblical, criticism. The labours of Bengel had done not a little towards laying the foundations of New-Testament criticism. Mill and Wetstein carried forward, with admirable ability and erudition, the work which the pious commentator had so well begun. And from this time forth, the materials, the canons, the problems and solutions, which go to make up the science of biblical criticism, continued to accumulate. The ultimate tests of truth in the science of literary criticism, as in all science, are those of Bacon and Descartes. The way was now shown to apply these in the region of literature, to the determination of questions relating to the true text of the author, and to the genuineness of the productions alleged to be from his pen. Scripture was included, so far as these points at least are concerned, in the general scope of this science; and thus the questions of the genuineness and authenticity of the Sacred Writings came to be the subject of critical discussion, and it began to appear doubtful whether Scripture might not be seriously reduced in its contents, and the canon on which the faith of the Church rests be materially, perhaps irreparably, impaired. To what lengths criticism upon these subjects has been carried in modern times is well known. The point we are engaged in illustrating is that the development of the science of literary criticism, in which—with certain guards—biblical criticism must of necessity be included, could not but open questions as to the canon of Scripture and the text and contents of the holy books, which would suggest sceptical doubts, and would be likely in many minds to engender positive unbelief.

Besides the branch of strictly literary criticism, there grew up, we may here note, at a later date, and in the way of natural

sequence, the science of historical criticism, the subject of which is the contents of alleged histories, apart from the question of their textual integrity,—or rather on the assumption of that integrity. This branch has led to the discovery of anachronisms, incoherencies, impossibilities, in profane history, such as have rendered necessary the reconstruction of much of the earlier annals of the nations. It was of course to be expected that the tests employed by this criticism would be applied to the sacred writings. How they have been applied within the present century, with what irreverence, and with what destructive results, are matters sufficiently known. We note here that this branch of criticism was a direct and necessary consequence of the development of the science of literary criticism in the eighteenth and the beginning of the present century.

Finally, from the beginning of the eighteenth century natural science began rapidly and grandly to unfold its laws and harmonies, and to display its marvellous discoveries. These have seemed to reduce the sphere of the supernatural. They have tended so to absorb attention in the material and sensible and calculable as to efface the sense of the spiritual. They have also brought to view facts and systems of facts which were opposed to what, under other lights, had been accepted as the meaning of certain passages of Scripture; and which therefore appeared, for a time at least, to contradict the authority of Holy Writ.

From these different causes in combination there arose in the eighteenth century, and during a considerable part of the present century there continued to spread, deepen, and prevail, a tide of sceptical thought in regard to revelation, very far more mighty and formidable than any opposition to Divine truth which the world had previously known.

We have endeavoured in the foregoing view to supply a conspectus of the causes of modern unbelief, such as Mr. Farrar has not given, but which may be abundantly illustrated from the valuable and instructive pages (pp. 147–479) in which he has minutely traced the rise and progress of modern infidelity throughout the different countries of Germany and Western Europe. The three great movements have been English deism and French infidelity in the seventeenth century, (Lectures iv. and v.,) German rationalism and pantheistic unbelief from the days of Semler and Kant to the present time, (Lectures vi. and vii.,) modern French free thought, as exemplified chiefly in the cases of Renan, Scherer, and Reuss, (Lecture vii.,) and the modern English rationalism. (Lecture viii.)

There is a fact in connexion with the history of infidelity which Mr. Farrar appears not to have noted, but which we regard as significant and important. The age of deistic unbelief may be said to have passed away. The struggle is now and is to be henceforth between the Bible and pantheism. F. Newman tries hard to be a deistic infidel, but is carried, in spite of himself, and further than he is aware, towards a pantheistic view of Deity. Theodore Parker was a deist. But neither of these had fully entered into the intellectual requirements and necessities of the conflict. By the great German thinkers, the leaders of French thought, and the men among ourselves who have entered most profoundly into the meaning and the issues of the present controversy of thought, it is universally felt that deistic infidelity is obselete—that the question is between a personal God with the Bible and an impersonal divinity in all things. Men who do not see this have not studied the course of the world's intellectual discipline and progress, have not qualified themselves by the requisite ἄσκησις to enter as athletes into the arena of philosophic and theological controversy in the present day, or perhaps are altogether defective in the philosophic insight which is necessary to qualify a man to criticise philosophy. No one who has not so presented to himself all the conditions of the case—all that is involved in the conception of an Eternal Cause and an Infinite Power and Life—as to have felt, intellectually, what Archdeacon Hare spoke of as 'the fascination of pantheism,' can understand the real question at issue. M. Saisset, in his *Modern Pantheism*, has done this; and if there is any writer the study of whom can impart the insight of which we have spoken to one as yet a stranger to it, it is M. Saisset, although on several points—especially as to the eternity and infinity of creation—he is by no means a safe guide. Mr. Farrar, we suspect, has never as yet so posited himself at the centre of philosophy as to gain the insight of which we have spoken. If he had, he would not have spoken in his third Lecture (p. 140) as if there were no intermediate theory possible between the pantheism which asserts the eternity of matter and the impersonality of mind, and the theism which asserts the creation of matter 'in the beginning' by the free act of Deity. There have undoubtedly been theists who held the eternity of matter; and of theistic idealists we suspect there are not a few who hold the dependent eternity of creation. M. Saisset, indeed, whom Mr. Farrar often quotes, appears to hold this view. So, doubtless, do many German theists, more or less closely approximating to orthodoxy. So do

Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley. To us such a conception appears to be little less than contradictory; as also does M. Saisset's hypothesis as to the infinity of creation. Nevertheless, such views not only have been held, but at this moment are held by a large and probably increasing number of thinkers. That such a view should to any considerable extent prevail among professed adherents of the Christian faith; that it should be held by so acute and accomplished an opponent of pantheism as M. Saisset, is the strongest instance of 'the fascination of pantheism' with which we are acquainted. If Mr. Farrar's German studies had been more thorough,—if his matter had been less hastily got up for the occasion,—this is a point which he could hardly have failed to note.

The intellect has much to say for pantheism, much to say against the conception of a personal God. Nevertheless the intellect has so much more to say against pantheism; the conception, whilst presenting a seeming smooth surface of harmony, is found to enfold under the veil of its nebulous splendour so many utter contradictions, such inextricable confusion; that mere logic bids us back to accept the principle of a personal God, with all the stupendous mysteries and oppressive difficulties which this involves. The conception of a personal Deity is difficult, immeasurably difficult; but it is *not* contradictory, much less a heap and confusion of contradictions, as on analysis the pantheistic theory is seen to be. And then the heart and the conscience revolt from pantheism in indignation and affright, while they respond loyally and instinctively to the thought of a personal God and Father. But when once pantheism is conclusively rejected, and Theism fully and intelligently accepted, the Bible remains no longer a difficulty to our faith. If there be a personal God, miracles fall easily into place as a part of His manifestations, as in harmony with the highest law of His character and government. Revelation becomes a natural corollary from the fact of His existence; prophecy befits miracle and revelation; the mysteries and difficulties which surround His counsels and government are not greater, as Butler's immortal argument showed, if we accept the Bible than if we reject it, while they are alleviated and brightened by the discoveries of revelation, especially by the Gospel of Christ. And whatever, in the matter of the Revelation, might at first and on a superficial view appear strange, anomalous, perhaps even grotesque,—even this, to one who rises to an elevation from which he can survey mankind as a whole, from its early to its latest days, and in its different varieties of character and development, and from

which also he can take a comprehensive view of Providence, appears no longer anomalous, however remarkable, but, by its very strangeness, only marks out the more impressively some striking truth, some general law, it may be, of the Divine government. When once a personal Deity is heartily believed, we repeat it, revelation becomes probable, and the difficulties which appear on the surface in respect to the matter of such revelation, seem to the profound thinker to be small indeed. Hence it was a wise saying of Coleridge, that after having once been constrained, with all its mysteries, to accept the fact of a personal God, he found all further difficulties trivial in comparison.

The argument of Butler, indeed, may be said to have given the death-blow to mere deism, the shallow deism of the English freethinkers a century ago. The same argument, elaborated with wonderful skill and eloquence, applied with inimitable aptness, humour, and force, has been reproduced in our own day by the author of the *Eclipse of Faith*. That work has effectually disposed of the infidelity of Newman, Parker, and of the semi-German school. Mr. Farrar speaks in several places with some disparagement of Mr. Rogers' argument, because of his frequent use of the dilemma; and indeed condemns the dilemma, as not a persuasive or convincing form of argument. (Pp. 527, 528, 662.) Now the dilemma is but a combination of syllogisms; to cashier the dilemma is to condemn the syllogism. Mr. Farrar, therefore, to be consistent, must give up logic altogether. Indeterminate eclectic as he appears to be in his philosophy, he is yet hardly prepared, we imagine, to go that length. That would be to go farther even than Maurice himself, with all his antipathy to the forms of logic. No doubt there is great danger in the use of so cogent and constrictive an argument, lest the terms should not be rightly stated. Moreover, a dilemma is of comparatively little use except to silence an opponent, when it merely presents a choice of difficulties in respect to a subject altogether beyond the compass of human comprehension. So used, it presents no final conclusion in which the mind can rest. But when it clearly and undeniably presents a choice between difficulties on the one side, which yet are not impossibilities, and utter impossibilities on the other, its power as an argument to compel the acceptance of truth, notwithstanding what might otherwise have appeared very serious difficulties, renders it a conclusive and invaluable argument.

Deism is the profession of the unbeliever who is as yet a neophyte in the controversy between faith and unbelief. The

profound and disciplined sceptic cannot remain in the half-way house of deism; he must either go back to revelation, or onward to atheism or pantheism. It was inevitable that infidelity, on its rise in the eighteenth century, should be deistic. The faith in a personal God had saturated the consciousness of Christendom. No other idea of the Divine could easily enter men's minds. To dislike the holy law and precepts of the Bible was natural to a profligate age; to criticise the difficulties and revolt from the mysteries which lie on the surface of Scripture was natural to the intelligent classes, in an age which was distinguished not less by the shallow showiness of its general culture than by its prevailing profligacy. Hence the minds of the freethinking polite world, when once infidelity began to be a fashion, betook themselves to deism. But this could not last. In England the deists were fairly silenced and confounded by Butler and Paley. In France the deism of Voltaire and Rousseau worked on in a very few years to the atheism of Diderot and Laplace. In Germany various causes concurred, almost from the first, to give a pantheistic character to unbelief.

The distinction in tone and tendency between the deistic unbelief of England, the atheistic unbelief of France, and the pantheistic unbelief of Germany, is one well deserving of attention, and to which, so far as respects Germany, Mr. Farrar hardly appears to have given attention. England was saved from the downward road of infidelity, as Mr. Farrar has well noted, by Butler on the one hand, and by Wesley on the other, doubtless more by the latter than even the former. After the middle of the century, a tide of life set in upon the nation, bringing back faith with it. In France all classes were demoralised by causes to which we have already referred. Neither faith nor heart was left in the nation; no religious reverence, little family truth or affection. In such a nation it was to be expected that atheism would prevail. A dissolute, infidel Church, in the midst of a reckless, dissolute nation, implied atheism as the only creed of the country. But in the land of Luther, Melancthon, and Œcolampadius, the land of Arndt, Spener, Bengel, Francke, there was still faith and truth among the people at large; religious reverence and family affection had always been characteristic of the German nation. There was at the same time less of general and superficial culture among the different classes of the people. The learned few, the simple, hearty many, still imbued with the genial, jovial, but withal reverent, religiousness, which seems to be the natural growth of the Lutheran

fatherland,—these together made up the whole of the German heart and mind. Among such a people infidelity, when it did take root, would naturally be profounder in its intellectual character than among the French, would be more subtle and refined, would invest itself with a certain halo of pseudo-religiousness, would be distinguished by a certain clinging to the phrase and sentiment of reverence for the Divine; all which conditions are fulfilled in pantheistic unbelief, but are alien from naked atheism.

Nevertheless, pantheism is but veiled atheism. The French are less subtle, less comprehensive, possibly less profound, than the Germans; but they see more clearly what is the real fact of the case, and they say with inimitable distinctness what they mean. Strip pantheism of all German involutions of thought and of all mere investitures of language, and in its naked truth it stands forth as mere atheism. We have given some illustrations of the hold which certain pantheistic tendencies have on some of the philosophic professors of a theistic faith. Let us now remark, on the other side, that every form which pantheism takes, every disguise which it assumes, to hide from itself and from the world its real character, is a tribute extorted from atheism to the truth of Theism, a testimony borne by atheism to the necessity which all men feel for assuming the existence of Deity. What Robespierre is reported to have said in regard to political government and national well-being, that if there were not a God, it would be necessary to invent one, is felt to be true by pantheistic philosophers in regard to nature. So monstrous a conception is that of this universe without a governing mind; so clearly and directly do the infinite harmonies of the universe imply a designing and governing intelligence; so indubitably does the might and life of the universe, ever coming forth anew, ever springing up afresh, ever unfolding and advancing, imply a central living Power, one with the infinite governing intelligence; that pantheists, in order to seem to speak and write intelligibly, are compelled to invest Nature with the qualities which they deny to Deity, to attribute a spirit to the whole machine because they deny the existence of the Great Mechanist, to personify a harmony and unity which is but an abstraction, which, on their own theory, is itself but a grand accident, a result without a cause, because they refuse to believe in a personal God.

We shall not attempt to follow the lecturer in his painstaking and valuable history of the rise and progress to the present time of German unbelief. He has found himself unable to give this without, at the same time, giving a

history of the whole theological movement in Germany during the present century. Several years ago, in an article on the Religion of Germany,* we gave a slight sketch of this movement, with which, on the whole, the much more detailed view presented by the lecturer well agrees. We doubt, indeed, whether he has allowed its due force to the moral effect upon Germany, and especially upon Prussia, of the calamities inflicted by the wars with Bonaparte. These calamities quenched indifferentism in blood and agony; and German loyalists learned, from the abject heartlessness of their own unworthy countrymen, that even patriotism will die where faith in God and His word of truth have become extinct. We cannot doubt, also, that Mr. Farrar's estimate of Schleiermacher's Christianity, which he fears will be regarded by many as too low, is really too high. To us it is beyond question that Schleiermacher was a pantheist. He cherished a certain faith, no doubt, in historical Christianity and the mission of Jesus. No doubt, also, he initiated the movement towards a fuller and truer faith in Christ and Christianity, which was carried forward by his disciple Neander, and farther forward still by Olshausen, Tholuck, and others. But his God was 'an indefinite substance, not a personal spirit.' On the whole, however, there is no view of German theology, in its modern history and its actual condition, which has yet been given to the English public, comparable for fulness and accuracy to that presented by Mr. Farrar in the sixth and seventh lectures of this course. A very valuable conspectus of German theologians arranged according to schools and tendencies is given in note 42. We are surprised, however, at the place there assigned to Stier, who surely is not behind, but far in advance of, Gieseler in orthodoxy and reverence for the word of revelation, who moreover has but lately deceased, and surely should not be reckoned as having accomplished his theological course prior to 1835. He was but little the senior of Hengstenberg, who is placed between 1835 and 1862; but who began his theological course considerably earlier than the former year. On the whole, Mr. Farrar gathers good hope from his survey of German theology. On the side of free criticism he regards Ewald as very much nearer the truth than Eichhorn; while a host of believing critics and theologians, instructed and disciplined by the long controversy with the giants of unbelieving criticism, have arisen to expound and defend the Scriptures and the orthodox faith. The school of Strauss and Feuerbach are now regarded as outside the Chris-

* See No. xix. of this Review.

tian Church; parties are more truly defined; and even Hegelianism, in its right-hand school, has produced such a theologian as Dorner, who, if hardly in all respects orthodox, has yet rendered great service to Christian faith and doctrine. We, however, cannot forget that much of the German orthodoxy is of royal eliciting, and is directly connected with despotic theories of Church and State; and, on the whole, as respects Germany, we are not able to do more than 'rejoice with trembling.'

The latter part of the seventh lecture is occupied with the history of the more modern unbelief in France. The low ideology of France, the different forms of communism,—such as St. Simonianism, Fourierism, and the rest,—Cousin's eclecticism, Comte's positivism, and finally the semi-Hegelianism of such writers as Renan, Reuss, and Scherer, pass in review. On this we have only to remark that De Pressensé assuredly merits a much more decisive vindication from the calumnies of the ignorant ecclesiastical journalists who have classed him with the latitudinarian school than Mr. Farrar has ventured to offer. It is true that he is anti-Calvinist and anti-State-Church; it must be admitted also that his views respecting inspiration, though far in advance of the general continental standard, fall below the English standard. But the brilliant ecclesiastical historian of French Protestantism is, notwithstanding, one of the most orthodox, as he is one of the ablest, leaders of thought on the Continent. We would further note that to compare the position held by the late lamented Vinet, the well-known theologian, and the intimate friend of the late Dr. Charles Cook, for several years President of the Wesleyan Conference in France, with that held in Germany by Neander, or even by Tholuck, is to do that great and good man a grave injustice.

In the former part of his eighth lecture Mr. Farrar sketches slightly the recent history of free thought in England and America. A few pages sum up what the lecturer has to say respecting Carlyle and Emerson, Messrs. R. W. Mackay and Greg, and Miss Hennell. More space is given to Theodore Parker and Francis Newman. Mr. Farrar then comes to ground which has been effectually explored in the pages of this Review, the school of Coleridge,—including especially Maurice and Kingsley,—and the school of Jowett, with the respective distinctions between the two schools. We cannot altogether congratulate the lecturer on the manner in which he has treated this subject. Sometimes he has found distinctions where there are none, as when he gives expression to the singular judgment,—certainly incorrect and without foundation,—

that Mr. Kingsley's writings are more strongly tinctured with Neo-Platonism than Mr. Maurice's. (P. 468.) Sometimes he makes misstatements which betray a marvellous misunderstanding of the philosophic style, as when he makes Mr. Kingsley, in his *Hypatia*, expound Neo-Platonism as Monotheism. (P. 65.) Such an error as this Charles Kingsley is quite incapable of; and indeed throughout *Hypatia* the contrary view is taught. Still the view which he presents as to the general character of the two schools, and as to their mutual distinctions and relations, is generally correct.* A

* In a note upon page 466 Mr. Farrar refers to Mr. Rigg's *Modern Anglican Theology*. In this note there is one serious error, and several things which are fairly open to remark. As one half of Mr. Rigg's volume, including the chapters to which Mr. Farrar refers, was first published in the pages of this journal, we claim not only a special interest in the volume, but a special right to speak in reference to it. Mr. Farrar admits that Mr. Rigg's work 'gives the clue to the interpretation of many points which are usually felt to be obscure in the systems of the several writers described.' He, however, is of opinion that the author has not 'sufficiently distinguished between' the school of Maurice and Kingsley on the one hand, and that of Jowett on the other; and represents him as erroneously making Jowett to be 'a disciple of Coleridge.' It is marvellous how Mr. Farrar could stumble into so utter a mistake as this. What he alleges is precisely and completely the reverse of the truth. As this is a strong statement, especially when made in reference to a judgment pronounced by such a man as Mr. Farrar in regard to a contemporary work which he has studied and which must have been in his hands, we must prove our assertion by quotations.

In the very opening of Mr. Rigg's volume, on the third page of the first edition, on the tenth page of the second edition, will be found these plain words:—'Though Mr. Jowett's theology will be discussed in this volume, and though the influence of Coleridge upon him has not been small, yet *he cannot be called one of his disciples*. He sees through and despises the Neo-Platonist disguise which serves to veil from Messrs. Maurice and Kingsley the really inherent pantheism of the doctrines,' &c. So again at the close of chap. iii. (p. 40, second edition; p. 31, first edition) it is said, 'Jowett, though taking a tone and impulse from Coleridge, borrowing some views and many thoughts from him, *is of a more direct and intensely pantheistic school, and altogether an independent theologian*.' What makes Mr. Farrar's error the more extraordinary is, that Mr. Rigg has devoted a separate chapter to the consideration of 'Professor Jowett's Relations to the Coleridgean School'—chap. xii. of the first, and xiii. of the second, edition; and that in this chapter he has not only shown the points of resemblance, but of *opposition and controversy*, between the school of Maurice, Kingsley, and J. L. Davies, and the new school of Jowett. He strongly contrasts the philosophy and the general characteristics of the true Coleridgeans and of Mr. Jowett. He devotes several pages to this contrast; and he assigns as his reason for so doing that 'even well-informed journals have seemed to be totally in the dark both as to the common ground on which *these two varieties of heresy* rest, and as *to the specific and characteristic differences which distinguish the one from the other*.' (First edition, p. 277; second edition, p. 299.) These words were published, it must be remembered, originally in this journal, seven years ago, and at a time when the public indiscriminately classed together Maurice, Kingsley, Jowett, and all of the so-called 'Broad-Church' school. Let us be permitted to give one more extract from the same page as the last quotation. 'Neither will it do to class together Messrs. Maurice and Jowett as adepts of the same philosophy and upholders of the same theology. They know, and their respective followers know, that this is not the case. Already a controversy has commenced between the two schools.' For several pages farther does Mr. Rigg pursue this subject; and altogether

natural delicacy in dealing with the writings of living men, some of them contemporaries and acquaintances in his own University, has evidently greatly restrained, and in some instances impaired and enfeebled, Mr. Farrar's criticism of these two schools, especially, we think, of that which may be called the Oxford Rationalistic school. Altogether his sketch of English contemporary unbelief is somewhat slight and unsatisfactory. But the remainder of this his last lecture is characterized by high merits, both intellectual and moral. In fifty-five carefully written pages he sums up the results of his inquiry, and gathers into one view the lessons to be derived from the historical survey through which he has conducted his readers. He proves the utility of the investigation in which he has been engaged; he defends, needlessly, one would hope, the noble tone of candour and moderation which he has preserved throughout in speaking of unbelievers and their opinions; he reiterates some of the explanations which he had given in his first lecture respecting the connexion between moral and intellectual causes of unbelief. He then shows what has been 'the office of doubt in history.' He gives instances of its value in destroying Roman Catholic errors; he shows that in some cases free inquiry is forced upon men by the presentation of new knowledge, the relations of which to that which has been accepted as revelation required to be adjusted; and that in the hands of Providence the effect of doubt has been to elicit a fuller and deeper apprehension of truth. Perhaps, in this part of his summing up, Mr. Farrar would have done well to draw the distinction between doubt and unbelief, which he has elsewhere indicated, and especially between the doubts of one who desires earnestly to believe all the revelation of God, and who only departs with the deepest religious reluctance from the faith and doctrine in which he has been brought up, and the doubts of those who rejoice in their unbelief, and treat with hardy irreverence the whole subject of revelation. It is very possible for doubt, searching

devotes not less than a dozen pages in this one chapter to defining wherein Mr. Jowett differs radically in philosophy, and not unimportantly also in theology and theological tendency, from the school of Maurice and Kingsley. Mr. Jowett was shown to belong to the school of semi-Hegelian naturalists, in contradistinction from that of the Coleridgean Neo-Platonizing mystics.

After settling this point, we may spare ourselves the trouble of examining the remainder of the note, though there are one or two other points which tempt criticism. We will, however, say that we are at a loss to understand what the lecturer means by affirming that *Modern Anglican Theology* is written from a *Wesleyan point of view*. It is written from the point of view of an orthodox and evangelical Arminianism. That is all the Wesleyanism contained in the book, and it has been much more extensively read by non-Wesleyans than by Wesleyans.

and sceptical doubt, to be merely intellectual, the scrutiny of a mind which, whilst on general grounds it holds immovably fast to faith and revelation, is yet resolved to examine truth on every side and to its very foundations, and is especially resolved to understand the difficulties of the honest doubter. Thus to entertain doubt, thus to search and weigh all that can be fairly said on behalf of unbelief, can be the vocation of but few; and demands the deepest reverence and humility of heart on the part of the inquirer: but the man who is called and qualified to accomplish this work, although he is a profound doubter, is so far from being an unbeliever, that of all men he possesses the deepest, firmest, and noblest faith. And such men must be reckoned among the most devoted friends of truth, and the most gifted and honoured servants of the God of truth.

Others, doubtless, there are of whose heart doubt gets hold against their will. Of some of these, at a later point in this lecture, Mr. Farrar has drawn, probably from the life, an affecting picture:—

'Doubts like these, where they exist in a high-principled and delicate mind, are the saddest sight in nature. The spirit that feels them does not try to proselytise; they are his sorrow; he wishes not others to taste their bitterness.....Whoever has known the bitterness of the thought of a universe unguided by a God of justice, and without an eternity wherein the cry of an afflicted creation shall no longer remain unavenged, has known the first taste of the cup of sorrow which is mournfully drunk by spirits such as we are describing. And who that has known it would grudge the labour of a life, if, by example, by exhortation, by prayer, he might be the means of rescuing one such soul?'.....

'If, however, there is any field which requires the presence of a moral means, it is this; and we who believe in a God who careth so much for man that He spared not His own Son for our sakes, may well look upwards for help in such instances; in hope that the infinite Father, whose love overlooks not one single solitary case of sorrowing doubt, will condescend to reveal Himself to all such hearts which are groping after Him, if haply they may find Him. The soul of such doubters is like the clouded sky; the warming beams of the Sun of Righteousness can alone absorb the mist, and restore the unclouded brightness of a believing heart.'—Pp. 507, 508.

Such cases as these, however, are, as Mr. Farrar says, 'rare.' The unbeliever is too generally irreverent, and, as we must hold, deeply guilty. Yet, as Mr. Farrar has shown, the daring and defiant unbelief even of such is overruled for the promotion of the Divine truth and glory.

From the history of the past the lecturer endeavours to

show what are the doubts most likely to present themselves at the present time, and the best modes of meeting them. Like De Pressensé, of whose *History of the Three First Centuries of the Christian Church* he makes large use in his second lecture, relating chiefly to the same period, Mr. Farrar discerns in the present age a marked analogy to the declining period of Roman civilisation in regard to philosophic eclecticism, and the general tendency to pantheistic unbelief and to the disintegration of all existing faith. And he is of opinion that theologians at the present day would do well to imitate the Christian apologists of the early centuries in 'presenting the philosophical prior to the historical evidence, in order to create the sense of religious want before exhibiting Christianity as the Divine supply for it.' (P. 518; *Analysis*, p. lv.)

He gives reasons, as it appears to us good reasons, for the encouraging conclusion, 'that no new difficulties can be presented hereafter, distinct in kind from the present;' being at the same time of opinion that 'no kinds of evidence, at present unknown, can be presented on behalf of Christianity.' (P. 500; *Analysis*, p. liv.) Whence it would appear that this is 'the last time;' and that if the pantheistic Antichrist can now be thoroughly vanquished, the great controversies of the faith will have been fought out. May Heaven so grant!

He takes up last of all the question of the authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. His observations on this head, although some of his views hardly satisfy us, contain much persuasive wisdom, and the treatment, though necessarily brief, is remarkably comprehensive and suggestive. Altogether the eighth is an excellent lecture, worthy of the grandeur and importance of the investigation which it brings to a close, an impressive summary of the lessons to be learnt from the *History of Free Thought in Religion*.

The general excellence of the last lecture, not only in its matter, but its style, makes it the more wonderful that elsewhere, equally in the Preface, the Lectures generally, and the Notes, Mr. Farrar has offended so flagrantly in respect of all that belongs to good composition. His language is not only seldom elegant, it is often inexact, and not seldom positively ungrammatical. We feel bound before closing this article to present a few specimens out of the multitude which this volume affords of the extraordinary style through which Mr. Farrar often struggles to the expression of his meaning. Some such specimens will have struck the reader in the extracts which have been already given. Our lessening space will only permit us to give a reduced selection from the rest. In his

Preface he tells us that '*the size of the subject* has precluded,' &c., and the same choice phrase is repeated at p. 297. We are told that sometimes in the history of nations 'a Christian standard of feeling or of thought has been so far obliterated that *a state of public disbelief and philosophical attack similar to the ancient heathen* has re-appeared.' (P. 56.) 'The growingly critical character of Porphyry's statements,' is said to be 'a slight undesigned evidence *corroborative of the authoritative nature already attributed to the Scriptures in doctrine and truthfulness*;' (p. 81;) and a few lines further on Porphyry's purpose in writing against the Scriptures is said to have been 'to shake confidence in their *truth as an authority*.' Worse still comes two pages after, where we read that 'Porphyry hastily drew the conclusion, with something like the feeling of doubt which rash interpretations of prophecy are in danger of producing at this day, that no consistent sense can be put upon the Old Testament.' (P. 8.) We need hardly say that Mr. Farrar's meaning here is not by any means that Porphyry had any feeling of doubt as to the certainty of the conclusion which he drew. But we must not allow ourselves to be tempted by too many of the specimens which lie thickly about the first third of the volume. We must be choice in our selection. The second sentence in the following extract *is* choice. 'The religion of nature of which he (Tindal) speaks, is a logical idea, not an historic fact. The creation of it is analogous to the mention of the idea of compact as the basis of society, a generalization from its present state, not a part of its original history.' (P. 197.) The next page presents an equally extraordinary instance of confused and ungrammatical writing, which, however, we cannot quote. The following clumsy sentence is from the opening paragraph of the sixth lecture. 'It (Rationalism) was one aspect of the great outburst of mental activity in Germany, which within the last hundred years has created a literature, which not only vies with the most renowned of those which have added to the stock of human knowledge, but holds a foremost rank among those which are characterized by originality and depth.' (P. 297.) Of Semler we are told that, 'nurtured in pietism, he always retained signs of personal excellence,' than which manner of writing we can hardly imagine anything more unreal. (P. 311.) Of the Church in France, it is said that, 'beginning to revive under the fostering influence of Napoleon, who saw clearly the necessity of cultivating religion, *its moral usefulness was lessened by falling under the suspicion of opposing the public liberty, when patronised by the government, after the re-establishment of the*

monarchy.' (P. 410.) On p. 592 we find the following uneasy sentence:—'To complete the account it is only necessary to add, that it is made clear by Lectures vi. and vii., that if subsequent theological thought in Germany to the schools now described be called Rationalism for convenience by English writers, the term is there used in a different sense from that in which it is applied in speaking of the older forms.'

These are specimens culled from many more which we had marked in reading. Such abound in most parts of the book. We confess that, though pretty well acquainted with the looseness of style often found in University scholars, among whom English composition seems to be very generally neglected, we were not prepared for such writing as this in a student of Cicero, and a contemporary of Macaulay.

We regret that we have had occasion to point out so many defects in the present volume of Bampton Lectures. On many grounds it would have been a pleasure to us to do otherwise. We are among those who have for years past watched Mr. Farrar's course with bright anticipations. The publication of his volume of sermons a few years ago seriously disappointed Mr. Farrar's friends. The reputation of the preacher had been high; the sermons themselves were by no means, on the whole, of a superior order, showed little originality, and were disfigured, though in a less degree, by similar defects of style to those we have noted in the Lectures; moreover, there was a want of doctrinal clearness and firmness, not to say a certain amount of unsoundness, which awakened unpleasant doubts and fears. We looked accordingly with anxiety for the appearance of the present volume. In some respects it has relieved our fears, and more than satisfied our best expectations. We have already commended it as orthodox, reverent, learned, and carefully prepared, as respects its arrangement and general substance; and have expressed our judgment that it is, on the whole, an exceedingly valuable contribution to theological history and science. But, as we have also said, it sometimes lacks masterly grasp and power. With all Mr. Farrar's trained industry and high scholarly acquirements, it is not long enough since he entered upon the profound studies and researches which belong to such a work as these Lectures; while, as respects style and general power of engaging and impressive exposition, although there are not wanting many pages, and occasionally whole sections, which are well written, yet the work, as a whole, is painfully marred by such almost unexampled blunders and confusions in expression as we have lately indicated. Such, however, are Mr. Farrar's talents,

training, and application, and so great are the advantages for thorough scholarship which his position at Oxford affords him, that we yet expect to greet from his pen works which in form no less than in substance will be worthy to be crowned by the theological criticism of the age. Learned men should never forget that whether their works live or die depends not so much on the matter which they contain as on the form in which they make their presentment to the intelligence of their own age and to the research of ages to come.

ART. VI.—1. VICTOR HUGO *raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie, avec Œuvres inédites de* VICTOR HUGO, *entre autres un Drame en trois Actes—'Inez de Castro.'* 2 Vols. Bruxelles et Leipzig: Lacroix, Verboeckhoven, et Cie. 1863.

2. *Elisabeth et Henri IV.;* 1595–1598. Par M. PREVOST-PARADOL. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

3. *Le Mexique ancien et moderne.* Par MICHEL CHEVALIER, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1863.

4. *Madelon.* Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: L. Hachette et Cie. 1863.

5. *Antonia.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

6. *Lettres du* RÉVÉREND PÈRE LACORDAIRE *à des jeunes Gens.* Recueillies et publiées par MONS. L'ABBÉ PERREYVE. Paris: Douniol. 1863.

7. *Nouveaux Lundis.* Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE, de l'Académie Française. Tome I. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

8. *Histoire Parlementaire de France. Recueil complet des Discours prononcés dans les Chambres de* 1819 *à* 1848 *par* M. GUIZOT. 2 Vols. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

9. *Philosophie du Bonheur.* Par PAUL JANET, Professeur suppléant à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

10. *Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin.* Par J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ. 2 Vols. Paris: Michel Lévy, Frères. 1863.

11. *Fior d'Aliza* (*Mes Confidences*). Par A. DE LAMARTINE. Paris: E. Dentu. 1863.

12. *Trois Jours de la Vie d'un Père. Quelques Pages intimes.* Par FELIX BUNGENER. Paris et Genève: J. Cherbuliez. 1863.

England, France, and Germany are the only countries which can be said to possess a real, living literature. Other lands, such as Italy and Spain, are known in the world of thought and of letters rather for what they have been, than for what they are. They gave birth to some few men who succeeded in winning a wide-spread and durable reputation; and there was a time in their history when it seemed as if their literary activity would continue unabated. But, whether suddenly or gradually, the flame that had promised to burn so brightly went out; and now it is only in the three languages we have named that we look for works destined to be known beyond the immediate circle of those for whom they are written. Whether the impulse which recent political events have communicated to the national mind of Italy, will extend to her literature, and whether she will again take a foremost place among the literary nations, it is hard to predict. We can only hope that a country which has twice led the van of thought and civilisation will not consent to remain permanently in the rear.

Like all things remarkable for vigorous and healthy life, the literatures of England, France, and Germany defy any very strict classification. All three contain works by men so obstinately original, and so determined not to see things in the same light or to describe them in the same way as their fellow-countrymen, that it is impossible to give any such description of their several characteristics as shall not be liable to objection. We may, however, venture to say that the German literature is chiefly remarkable for ponderous learning, laborious thought, and a too habitual neglect of the practical for the ideal; the French, for clearness of arrangement and unbending rigour of logic; the English, for its eclectic strivings to combine the good, though occasionally contradictory, qualities of the other two, and for its general subjection to the homely dictates of common sense. Doubtless, these definitions are defied by many unruly exceptions; but, taken generally, they are true notwithstanding. This being the case, it is obvious that each country possesses something which the other has not, or has in a less degree, and consequently that all mutual intercourse must be a gain. That that gain involves a minor loss, is indisputable. Thus there is a too frequent taint of scepticism and infidelity in the works of both German and French authors, and of immorality in the lighter productions of the latter, which deducts largely from the good we should otherwise derive from their writings. But these drawbacks, though they are much to be regretted, do not neutralise the advantage which they afford us of examining questions not merely from our

own point of view, but as they appear to able men who have different habits of thought from our own.

We are not, therefore, inclined to lament the increasing influence of foreign literature. We think that if its spread be carefully watched, and its tendencies, when pernicious, be pointed out, more good than harm will accrue from it; and with this conviction we have prepared for our readers a short analysis of some of the most important French works which have appeared since the beginning of the present year, together with such critical remarks as they seem to call for.

No work has yet appeared on the other side of the channel having any fair claim to rank as *the* work of the season.* The French press has been as prolific as usual, and has issued several books of considerable interest; but there is none which has taken the literary world by storm, compelling all reviewers to review it, and all who pride themselves on keeping up an acquaintance with current literature to read it. In short, this year has produced no work occupying the position which the *Misérables* held last year. But, though it is scarcely ever given to an author to achieve such a success in two consecutive seasons, Victor Hugo has determined that the world shall not forget him. The first part of a history of his career has recently appeared, written by 'a witness of his life,' and report says by no less a person than Madame Hugo. Whether she be the authoress or not, certain it is that the writer has not only been a witness of the poet's life, but an assiduous student of his writings. Similarities of style occur frequently, and there are many passages where we recognise the master's own touch, as if he had put in a few of the high lights, and given the requisite degree of brilliancy and finish to the prominent points. Must not the influence of Victor Hugo have been strong on the person who, in relating his life, wanders into an irrelevant digression, seventy-five pages long, on the abolition of capital punishment? It must, however, in justice be remarked, that this is the only digression in the book; and those who remember how interminably the *Misérables* sinned in this respect, will feel grateful for such evidence of self-denial.

Victor Hugo's life has been one of extraordinary activity. He has during the last forty years been a principal actor in most of the literary, and not a few of the political, movements

* We omit M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, which will occupy a prominent place in our next number.

that have taken place in his native country. It would therefore be strange indeed if a person who has been constantly with him, seeing the people whom he saw, and enjoying the benefit of his reminiscences, had made the record of his life and labours an uninteresting book. It is full of information, and sparkling with anecdotes; for there were few of that wonderful generation of literary men and artists who flourished between the years 1825 and 1848, with whom Victor Hugo was not more or less acquainted.

Victor Hugo was born on the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon in the east of France. His father was an officer in what was soon to be the imperial army; his mother was a staunch royalist. Before he had reached his tenth year the child had travelled through the Neapolitan States and Spain, his father having followed King Joseph Bonaparte into both of these countries. Of his Italian travels he was too young to retain any but vague and sketchy remembrances; but the sojourn in Spain formed an epoch in his young life, and its incidents are described at some length, and in a very interesting style. So unsettled was the country, and so detested were the French occupants, that Madame Hugo and her three sons were obliged to travel as they do in the deserts of Arabia, in company with a large caravan, and escorted by a powerful guard. They were, however, only once attacked by the guerillas. But these were not the only signs of the hatred which the foreigners inspired. They were met at every town with all the marks of dislike and aversion. On reaching Madrid, Victor's elder brother was appointed page to King Joseph; Victor himself was sent, with his second brother, to a Spanish school, of which his recollections are not of a pleasant character. They did not remain there long; for, at the beginning of the year 1812, matters began to wear so serious an aspect in the Peninsula, that General Hugo thought it prudent to send his wife and two younger children back to France. The elder brother, Abel, remained behind, and followed the fortunes of the king his master. The following anecdote will show that the French did not leave Spain in a very prosperous condition:—

'From that point the retreat was effected in good order. Victuals did not abound; the king himself was reduced more than once to dine off roasted acorns. When kings dine badly, their pages are obliged to pinch. Abel, who had not left the king, and whose father had been much pleased with his conduct at Arapyles and Vittoria, was at an age when it is easier to stand fire than to bear hunger. He used to go on voyages of discovery, hoping always

for a dinner which he never ate. At last, I have forgotten at what point in the Pyrenees, he perceived a cabin, and hastened towards it with all the speed his horse could muster. He found an old peasant and his old wife, whose faces, for Spaniards, were not too sullen. He drew out a piece of gold, and asked them what they had to eat.—"Nothing."—This was quite Spanish. Seeing conversation was useless, he put the piece of gold on the table, and searched the cupboard. It contained six eggs. This was an omelette; but butter was required. There was none; but he unearthed a pot of hog's-lard, and then a slice of bacon. The result of all these godsends, and of a fire which he lighted himself, was a tempting yellow omelette, on which Abel was just going to feast, when Joseph entered. His first look was for the omelette. It was a hungry and a royal look. Abel grew pale, but he felt that it was necessary to sacrifice himself. "Will your Majesty," said he with a sigh, "do me the honour of tasting my omelette?" "Rather!" said the king. And he began to eat it. Abel hoped that at least he should have his share; but the omelette was so good that Joseph did not leave him even a mouthful. The unfortunate page returned with a little more appetite and a little less money, thinking that he had paid rather dear for another person's omelette.'

Meanwhile Victor and his second brother were receiving a free and unfettered education from their mother, devouring books of a kind not generally given to children, and which do not do their seniors much good.

One of the things which we lack in this book is a true character of Victor's mother. We are told, indeed, that she was a royalist in politics and a Voltairean in religion; but this is not enough. It is scarcely worthy of being called a sketch—it is certainly not a portrait. And this is the more to be regretted, because, in the absence of her husband, she had the chief management of the education of her sons, and exercised a very strong influence over their unfolding intelligence. The 'witness' might with advantage have been more communicative, also, as to the various stages through which Victor Hugo's opinions have passed, and the causes which have led to the changes in his views. He was in the earlier portion of his life a staunch royalist, and he is now an equally staunch republican and democrat. Some additional light on this radical change would have been interesting.

But, if there are some points on which the book is not sufficiently explicit, there are others against which we cannot make a similar charge. For instance, Victor Hugo's early efforts and successes, and his school-boy effusions, are described at a length which would be tedious were it not that the splendour of the fruit makes us curious concerning the opening

of the blossom. All the *Œuvres inédites* promised in the title were written in his boyhood, and some in his very early boyhood, when he was only thirteen. They consist of several hundred lines of poetry, and a prose drama in three acts,—all very clever, if we consider their author's age. Another subject on which the 'witness' is certainly not an unwilling one is the great dramatic war which Victor Hugo waged against the so-called classical school. All its incidents and episodes, all its successes and defeats, are related with great zest and power. Nor are the young combatants who rallied round him in defence of the new literature forgotten:—that wonderful band of young men so wild in garb and eccentric in thought and demeanour, of whom so many afterwards earned literary and artistic fame. We have descriptions of their collecting at the doors of the theatres, hours before the performance began, for the purpose of applauding the new plays, and carrying them through, against an opposition which was very determined. We are told how they came so early that they dined in the pit to beguile the time, and sang songs which the liberal journals described as obscene and royalist papers as impious. All this is perhaps worth preserving as the record of a state of things long gone by.

We have said that Victor Hugo was on more or less intimate terms with most of the literary men of the time; and several anecdotes concerning them might be culled from these volumes. We have, however, only space for one more extract, which relates to Chateaubriand. He was then in the height of his fame; and having spoken very highly of one of Victor Hugo's odes, and termed him an *enfant sublime*, the latter thought it incumbent to call and thank him. The following is a description of their interview:—

'Madame de Chateaubriand was seated on a sofa, and did not stir. M. de Chateaubriand was leaning against the chimney-piece, and without disturbing himself said to Victor: "Monsieur Hugo, I am delighted to see you. I have read your lines, those that you have written on the Vendée, and those that you have just written on the death of the Duke de Berry. There are, especially in the latter, things which no poet now living could have written. My years and my experience unfortunately give me a right to be frank, and I tell you sincerely that there are passages I like less; but what is fine in your odes is very fine." There was no want of praise; but there was nevertheless something so regal in the attitude, in the inflection of the voice, and in this method of apportioning ranks, that Victor felt himself rather diminished than exalted. He stammered out an embarrassed answer, and longed to go away.....

'M. de Chateaubriand affected a military demeanour; the man of

letters reminded one of the man of the sword; his neck was made stiff with a black stock that hid the collar of his shirt. A black coat, buttoned to the top, straightened his little bent body. What was fine about him was his head, out of proportion, it is true, with his stature, but noble and severe. The line of the nose was firm and imperious; his eye was proud, and the smile was charming; but it only came like a lightning flash, and the mouth soon resumed its haughty and stern expression.

'The night came on, but no lights were brought. The master of the house allowed the conversation to drop. Victor, who had at first been embarrassed by his speeches, was now embarrassed by the silence. He was delighted when M. Agier (who had introduced him) rose to go. M. de Chateaubriand, seeing them rise, invited Victor to return, and told him he should find him at home every day from seven to nine in the morning. Victor walked through the ante-room and court without stopping; when he was in the street he breathed aloud. "Well," said M. Agier, "I hope you are pleased." "Yes, to be outside." "What!" cried the deputy, "M. de Chateaubriand has been most gracious to you. He has spoken very much. You don't know him, he is often four or five hours without saying a word. He makes a real exception in your favour in granting you so soon freedom of access to him. If you are not satisfied, you must be very hard to please." Victor nevertheless was not satisfied. He liked the author of the *Martyrs* better in his books than in his drawing-room.'

Nevertheless, out of deference to his mother's wishes, he returned to the great man's house, and had the pleasure of assisting at his ablutions, and hearing him read one of his own tragedies. Soon after, Victor, having heard with a secret joy that Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador at Berlin, went to congratulate him, and bid him good bye.

'"How good bye?" said the ambassador. "But you are going with me." Victor opened his eyes very wide. "Yes," answered the ambassador, "I have had you attached to the embassy without asking your permission, and I intend to take you away with me." Victor thanked him cordially for his good intention, but said he could not leave his mother. "Is it only your mother?" asked M. de Chateaubriand, with a smile; "well, you are free. But I am sorry it cannot be; it would have been honourable for both of us."

'Madame de Chateaubriand entered her husband's room. She had never spoken to Victor, and had never seemed to know him. He was therefore much surprised when she came to him with a smile on her lips. "M. Hugo," said she, "you must help me to do a good action. I have an infirmary for poor and aged priests. It costs me more money than I possess; so I have a manufactory of chocolate. I sell it rather dear, but it is excellent. Will you take a pound?" "Madame," said Victor, on whose soul the grand airs

of Madame de Chateaubriand had weighed, and who felt a desire to dazzle her, "Madame, I will take three pounds." Madame de Chateaubriand was dazzled, but Victor was temporarily ruined.'

There are many more points in Victor Hugo's life on which we should like to linger, as, for instance, his early struggles, and marriage; but we have already devoted to the book quite as much space as we can spare. These two volumes only bring his life down to about 1841; so that we may expect a further instalment.

M. Guizot's *Histoire Parlementaire de France* is a book that travels over about the same period as the first two volumes of Victor Hugo's Life which we have just noticed. But it treats of that period under a very different aspect. The latter is a pleasant and amusing account of literary people and events; the former is a full report of all M. Guizot's speeches in the French Chambers from the year 1819 to 1836. From this it will be seen what a very incorrect, and indeed arrogant, title the great historian and orator has given to the book. That his power as a speaker and debater was unrivalled, even among the brilliant orators who flourished during the reign of parliamentary government in France, few will dispute; but still not even he has a right to call his own collected speeches a 'Parliamentary History of France.' We may grant that he was one of the brightest, if not the brightest star in the constellation; but he was not the whole constellation. The most valuable portion of the two volumes for the general reader, who can scarcely be expected to wade through nine hundred pages (with more to follow) of speeches on occasionally very unimportant subjects, is a long and interesting preliminary essay on the three political generations of 1789, 1814, and 1848, which have successively ruled in France. This essay, we are glad to see, has been reprinted as a separate volume.

M. Guizot is so thoroughly English in his ideas, and his judgments on the political events of his native country are so entirely those which a sensible Englishman would endorse, that it is rather hard for us to understand the little practical influence which his opinions exercise in France. We are so accustomed to value entire liberty of speech and action, and to love a constitution which has grown organically out of the past, that we find it difficult to place ourselves in the position of those who do not object to have all their doings interfered with by government, who have no respect for what has stood the test of time, and who solace themselves in all their misfortunes by hugging a vain phantom of equality to their bosoms. In all these things M. Guizot entirely agrees with us. He is

a Conservative in his hatred of anarchy and disorder, his respect for history and tradition, and his love of law; he is a Liberal in his passion for liberty, and in his admiration for a rationally popular government. His whole life has been a struggle to curb and subdue that restless spirit of Revolution which is as inimical to real freedom as the despotism to which it generally leads. In this attempt it is needless to say that he has signally failed; as he himself says,—

'The friends of political liberty are sad, and reasons are not wanting for their sadness.....Many of them are discouraged, and would not willingly recommence strifes and efforts from which they can no longer hope for victory. Others have placed their hopes on the imperial government, and expect to obtain from it those liberal guarantees and satisfactions which they deem necessary or possible. The public regards with a sceptical indifference the languishing regrets of the one party, and the far distant hopes of the other, and remains absorbed in the interests of civil life, and in the enjoyment of calm and quiet after so many storms.'

It is touching and at the same time encouraging to see, that notwithstanding all the reasons, both personal and public, which this veteran statesman has for despairing of the future of his country, he still in his extreme old age finds words of hope and of trust:—

'God does not deceive the human race. Nations are not constantly led astray in their destined course. Fifteen centuries of ascent and progress do not lead to a precipice. Certainly the march of French civilisation has not been unhindered by deviations, temporary stoppages, adjournments, and mistakes; none the less has it continued its course, now under ground, now in the open day, towards progress and conquest. And the more that civilisation has increased, the more has political liberty become necessary to it..... Political liberty has in our own day undergone many eclipses; it has always reappeared and resumed its place, as a right that has been overborne will raise itself again, and as a want that has been neglected will make itself felt. In 1814 it was proscribed; it was thought to be dead. I saw it take birth again and prosper. In 1848 it was seized by a violent attack of fever. Since then it has languished and pined away. I do not know what difficulties still await it, but I repeat what I said at the beginning: I have confidence in the future of my country, and of political liberty in my country; for, most certainly 1789 did not open an era of decay for France, and only in a free government can be found efficient guarantees for the general interests of society, for the personal rights of every man, and for the common rights of humanity.'

To all this we heartily respond. We hope and believe that

France will one day recover her lost liberty; though whether it will be through further revolutions, or through a gradual extension of such favours as she enjoys under the Imperial rule, time alone can show.

As we reserve the question of Mexico for more extended treatment, we shall not do much more than give a short analysis of M. Michel Chevalier's *Mexique ancien et moderne*. The work seems chiefly designed to give the French a comprehensive and accessible account of a subject which is naturally exciting considerable attention. Nothing so quickens one country's interest in the history and geography of another as the fact that it has an army stationed there. We all remember how eagerly every scrap of information relating to the Crimea was picked up during the Russian war. The book is divided into eight parts, the first two of which are entitled respectively 'The Mexican Civilisation before Cortez,' and 'The Conquest of Mexico by Cortez.' They are taken apparently in great part from Prescott's history, which has made the events they describe familiar to English readers. With Mr. Helps' *History of the Spanish Conquest of America* M. Chevalier does not seem to be acquainted; at least he does not anywhere refer to it. The third part is an account of 'Mexico under the Colonial System,' and discusses the senseless policy by which Spain alienated all her splendid dependencies. Never was there a country to which God's providence had apparently destined a grander mission of civilisation;—never was there a country whose incurable bigotry and narrow-mindedness so completely annihilated her power of doing good. It seems as if, at a certain point, she had entirely lost the faculty of rational government. Even now that she has for the last few years been making such wonderful strides towards political and commercial regeneration, the tone of her newspapers and of her public men in speaking of the partial pardon of Matamoros shows how far she is from having arrived at a proper conception of liberty. The curse of having trampled down the habit of free thought weighs heavily upon her. The fourth part of the book is a history of the war of independence by which Mexico, at the beginning of this century, threw off the imbecile yoke of the mother country. The fifth contains an account of the 'Government of independent Mexico,' if government that may be called which has been unable to make itself respected abroad or obeyed at home; which has allowed its outlying provinces to be absorbed by the grasping United States, or overrun by tribes of marauding Indians; and which has been powerless to prevent its roads from being infested with

brigands. Weak, corrupt, violent, unscrupulous, the various adventurers who have each struggled into a few brief years of power and office have succeeded in nothing but reducing the country to the most hideous state of anarchy and disorder. The sixth part is a glowing account of the natural wealth of the land. The seventh is entitled: 'The Motives that may exist for the Intervention of Europe, or of France alone, in the Affairs of Mexico, and the Chances of Success which it presents.' In this portion of his work M. Chevalier discusses, with great perspicuity, and from a very high point of view, the question whether it will be possible to educe order from the present chaos, and establish a settled government. His plan (which is the one that has since been followed) is to select a prince from the reigning families of Europe, and institute him as ruler in Mexico, giving him a French army to support his tottering authority until he has won the hearts of his people and can stand alone. The prince whom M. Chevalier designated as likely to have this difficult position intrusted to him, is the prince on whom Napoleon has since fixed, the Austrian arch-duke, Ferdinand Maximilian. If France feels inclined to incur the trouble and expense of such an arrangement, we shall have every reason to be grateful to her: anything is better than the present state of confusion. The eighth part is a very sensible and temperate essay on 'the Attempt to regenerate Mexico considered in its Relation to the present Attitude of the Court of Rome towards modern Civilisation.'

From this brief analysis it will be seen that those who want a short and comprehensive account of 'Mexico in all its aspects,' cannot do better than go to M. Chevalier's book.

It is a relief to turn from this unhappy country to a work which is devoted to an examination of all the causes of happiness. If any of our readers desire to study M. Paul Janet's *Philosophie du Bonheur*,—and we strongly recommend them to do so,—they need not be repelled by the title of '*philosophie*.' It is not a work of pure or abstract science, dealing with human life merely as a 'form of the conditioned,' but of practical philosophy. It is an inquiry, first, into the nature of happiness, and, secondly, into the causes, whether inherent in the mind itself, or springing from the circumstances in which we are placed, by which our happiness is affected. Thus he devotes separate chapters to the influence of imagination, the passions, the affections, and so on, and then other chapters to the influence of the society in which we mix, of the worldly goods we enjoy, and of the kind of employment we pursue. To treat such a subject adequately, and without

making one's own notion of happiness the measure of that of all other men, requires a very large mind, and very wide sympathies. And these M. Janet evidently possesses. His mind is remarkably well balanced. He loves the ideal without despising the practical; his admiration for what is high and unsensual is 'tinged with no ascetic gloom;' he unites in himself the good points of liberalism and conservatism; he can reverence and appreciate the past without shooting the arrows of his scorn at the present, and expressing querulous apprehensions for the future; he can feel the force and beauty of religious truth without delivering himself bound hand and foot into the arms of the Romish Church; and he can regard happiness as a laudable pursuit without ceasing to consider self-denial as necessary.

To the question, 'What is happiness?' M. Janet answers, 'The harmonious and durable development and exercise of all our faculties according to their order of excellence.' The merit of this definition is, that it does not place happiness in a passive state of resignation, but in an active state of mental improvement and usefulness. At the same time, it excludes sensuality, though it includes all the legitimate pleasures of the senses up to that point when they begin to interfere with faculties of a 'higher order of excellence.' This, as we conceive, is the point where it becomes wrong to indulge in them.

The book is full of valuable and sensible observations on all kinds of subjects, and abounds in noble, and at the same time practical, views of life and its duties. The English writer with whom M. Janet strikes us as having most affinity is A. K. H. B.; though he is not quite so 'common-place a philosopher' as that gentleman, nor is he equally addicted to interminable discursiveness. We are sorry that want of space prevents our giving a few extracts from the *Philosophie du Bonheur*, and thus justifying our praise.

In France, as in England, an innumerable swarm of novels appear every year; though, perhaps, as a rule, and taking one year with another, this country has the advantage, both as regards quantity and quality. Be that as it may, certain it is that in one respect our novels are better than the French, viz., that, however stupid they may be, they are generally decent; while theirs are often both dull and filthy. To occupy many pages with the review of this department of French literature would be as useless as it would be distasteful to our readers. But it cannot be altogether omitted; and we single out for a few remarks George Sand's *Antonia*, Edmond About's *Madelon*, and Lamartine's *Fior d'Aliza*.

It is astonishing that George Sand, writing so much, should write so well. She writes now with the same freshness and the same charm of style which distinguished her earlier works; and yet with every new month some new production drops from her pen. Authors whose earlier works have made them so known that anything they produce is sure to find eager readers, and who are consequently besieged by contending publishers, lie under a great temptation to go on writing for mere money, even though they know that they have nothing new to say. It is, perhaps, to this that we may attribute the falling off in some of our own leading novelists;—for instance, Thackeray and Dickens. This is, however, a danger which George Sand seems hitherto to have escaped. There is even one respect in which, we are glad to observe, her later novels are great improvements on their predecessors; that is, in their morality. Her readers are no longer shocked and disgusted, as they used so frequently to be, by pages which any one, and especially any woman, should have blushed to write. The standard of morality in *Antonia* is, indeed, for a French novel, unusually pure. It contains, it is true, several passages which an Englishwoman would not have written; but in no instance are these designedly bad; they are merely the result of a French education, and French habits of thought. Viewed in this aspect, there are many things in *Antonia* which are most instructive, especially as regards the relations of the sexes, and that prudery which in France so often tends to licence.

The events described in the story are supposed to occur during the four or five years preceding the French Revolution; but the reader need not start at the prospect of hearing anything more concerning that hackneyed theme. There are, of course, allusions to it here and there; but it is foreign to the main plot of the story, which is briefly this: A young lady, the Countess Julie d'Estrelle, has been left a widow at the early age of twenty. She had married, not for love,—such marriages being rare in respectable French life,—but for position. Her husband had left her little but debts, for which she was constantly tormented by his creditors. Close to her mansion lived a widow, Madame Thierry, and her son Julien, a model of every virtue. The latter lady had also been left in a state of poverty by her husband, and her son worked hard at his hereditary art of flower-painting for her support. Madame d'Estrelle, thinking that in all probability her neighbour had just come from the country, offered her the use of her garden, into which she might pass through a closed door from her own house; but hearing that Madame Thierry had a son, she made

it a condition that he should never enter her domain. The young painter, however, unknown to his mother, had watched the fair lady through a chink in the shutter of his work-room, and fallen in love with her. One day, the countess, having to communicate some news of importance to her neighbour, rushed in through the back entrance, and, meeting no one, chanced to hit upon the room in which the young painter was copying a beautiful exotic lily, 'the Antonia,' for his uncle. Here follows a model French love-crisis:—

'Julien expected the apparition so little, that he nearly fell down thunderstruck; all his blood flew to his heart, and his face grew whiter than M. Antoine's lily. He could neither speak nor bow, but remained standing where he was, palette in hand, his eye fixed, and in an attitude that seemed of stone.

'What analogous emotion made itself felt in the soul and in the senses of the beautiful countess? Certain it is, that at the sight of this young man, whose perfect beauty was of a type in which the nobleness of the lines was only excelled by the intelligence of the expression, she felt herself seized by a kind of instinctive respect. For he was not utterly unknown to her. She knew his honest and worthy life, his unwearied labours at once ardent and regular, his filial affection, his generous sentiments, and the love and esteem which he merited, and which no one who knew him could refuse to him. She had sometimes, perhaps, been curious to see him, and had doubtless forborne to yield to that desire, either because she had deemed it puerile, or because she had felt some secret presentiment of danger to herself. Let us not try to go deeper into the question. She was apparently prepared for the invasion of the sentiment which was to decide her whole life. A terrible excitement overpowered her. The emotion which paralysed Julien mastered her completely, and she remained for an instant as mute and as motionless as himself.....Meeting one another's glances in that ray of spring sunshine, sweet with the perfume of reviving life, each pronounced internally, as a cry of irresistible love, the names which fate had given them, as if they had been destined to have but one name for both: "Julien," "Julie."'

So far well; but the course of true love was as uneven as usual. Julien himself added to their difficulties by plucking the flower he was painting to present it to his new love. This flower, from which the book derives its name, belonged to Julien's uncle, a gnarled old curmudgeon, who had made a large fortune in trade, and whose ambition was to rear some magnificent exotic which should bear his name and immortalize him. Having been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Madame Thierry in his youth, he hated her and all that belonged to her; and the painting of this, his finest flower, was

the first order he had given his nephew, and that had not been obtained without the greatest difficulty. Naturally enough, the loss of the flower did not serve to mollify him. Moreover, soon afterwards,—for his covert admiration for rank was enormous,—the old gentleman proposed to the young countess, and was refused. This made him vow vengeance against the young people; he bought up all her debts, and by working on the fears of the one lover concerning the harm he could do to the other succeeded in separating them. This nearly brought them both to death's door; but at last a happy arrangement was brought about by the humiliation of Madame Thierry and the countess, the two women who had wounded the old man's pride, and he was induced to relent. All then 'goes happy as a marriage bell.'

The countess is a very womanly woman, and the difficulty she finds in breaking with the opinions of the circle in which she moves, and giving her love to a man beneath her in rank, is very well told. But George Sand's gift is not so much the dissection of character as the faculty of beautifully and lucidly telling a charming story. If this book will add but little to her previous reputation, it will certainly not detract from it. Since the publication of *Antonia* another novel has sprung from her fertile pen. It is entitled, *Mademoiselle de la Quintinie*, and is an attack upon the influence exercised by the Roman Catholic Church in the bosoms of families.

M. Edmond About's *Madelon* is, to a certain extent, another study of that *demi-monde* life which French novelists are so fond of delineating. We do not mean that the book contains any descriptions evidently written for the mere purpose of pandering to depraved tastes; but it treats of a subject which, we think, might be allowed to lie fallow for some time. Indeed, to continue the same image, it might be a question worth considering by French writers, whether this field has not been exhausted, and whether they might not try something in the way of a rotation of crops. After devoting their attention to vice for so long a time, let them describe virtue a little; and, perhaps by the time that is used up, some new phase of vice will demand their attention. Besides, it is a subject which has been thoroughly appropriated by one of the greatest novelists of modern times. Balzac has made that, as he did many other points of French life and character, a sphere in which he is absolute master.

The witty author of the *Question Romaine* is not a Balzac. He possesses some of the minor qualities of that writer; but all Balzac's larger powers—his insight into character and power

of analysis—are wanting. The personages in *Madelon* are well described, and we know them as we ordinarily know the persons we meet in the world: that is to say, we have a general and fairly accurate notion of their characters; but we do not see through and through them; we cannot watch all the workings of their minds. On the other hand, M. About's style is, perhaps, lighter than Balzac's: it has less to carry. He is delightfully easy and sprightly. Balzac often seemed to be afraid of giving his wit full rein. About is always ready with his: it is there at every moment, suddenly illuminating the reader's face with a smile at some grotesque simile or unexpected allusion. We must note one point of resemblance between them; that is, the low motives and intriguing habits which belong to most of their characters. In this respect, however, About offends less grievously than Balzac. There are several very noble characters in *Madelon*; as the philanthropic though pagan mayor, M. Honnoré, a fine young fellow called Charles Kiss, and his mother.

The standard of morality in *Madelon* is somewhat low; and, if it has any lesson whatever to teach, it is certainly not one favourable to honour or purity. The heroine is one of those disreputable ladies whom unfortunately we meet so often in French romance. By her prodigality and scheming she ruins every one she comes across; blights the prospects of a happy, rich, and respectable family by seducing the father, who had till then been an honourable and sensible country gentleman; drives a man whom she had inveigled into marrying her mad by her desertion, and indirectly ruins a whole town by her intrigues. How does she expiate all these crimes and misdemeanours? How does she expiate her life of alternate misery and luxury, and of the most constant and wearing vice? By reappearing in Paris, after an absence of a few years spent in travelling about from place to place, as rich, as wicked, as heartless, as vicious, and, *mirabile dictu*, at the age of forty, as beautiful as ever. Such a representation is a sin against art, as well as an offence against propriety. Women who live in this style are not generally as beautiful at that age as they were at twenty.

There is another slight improbability, as it seems to us, in the tale. This woman contrives to gain the affections of a miserable country miser, gets him to marry her under the impression that she is perfectly respectable, and belongs to a noble family. He takes her down to the country town in Alsatia where he lives, and which she soon revolutionises by her intrigues. She lives there for some two or three years, among

enemies who would willingly have done anything to degrade her; her previous career is known to several people in the town; it is known to all Paris, where her beauty, vices, and powers of fascination have made her notorious; and yet, during that time, nothing ever gets abroad which might have shown, either to her husband or to the townspeople generally, that she was not what she pretended to be. Surely some Parisian must have travelled that way who had no interest in holding his tongue.

M. About's description of the town of Frauenbourg in Alsatia, and of its people and customs, is very good, as also of the Guernays, the family who, until Madelon came, occupied the chief position in the place. Their manner of life, resembling in many respects that of an English country gentleman's family, is well given. It is, besides, a phase of French life which English readers have little opportunity of studying, so intent are French novelists on reproducing Parisian Bohemia, and nothing else.

Lamartine might possibly object to have his last work, *Fior d'Aliza*, classed among novels, inasmuch as he declares that the story was actually related to him as he relates it. As, however, a story, whether true or not, is still a story, and as moreover doubt has been expressed whether the narrative had not at least received some additional colouring from the noble poet's mind, it seems to us that this is the best place for noticing the book.

Fior d'Aliza consists of two perfectly distinct parts, for the juxtaposition of which there is no very apparent reason, except that the author, who has thought fit to add a note to each of his poems, explaining the circumstances and the mood of mind under which it was written, can scarcely resist the temptation of exhibiting some portion of himself to the public gaze. The first part is a discursive and not particularly interesting sketch of some of the events of his early life, and the causes which drew him into Italy; the second is a beautifully told and most graceful story, purporting to have been related to the author by the inhabitants of a mountain cottage. Like *Graziella*, the tale is one of humble life in Italy; but unlike *Graziella*, the author is fortunately not one of the chief actors in the story.

The outline of *Fior d'Aliza* is briefly this:—M. de Lamartine was rambling among the hills in the neighbourhood of Lucca, when he chanced to fall in with the most beautiful young woman he had ever seen, suckling her child by the side of a cabin, in the shadow of an enormous chestnut-tree. Being tired, he accepted her invitation to rest awhile, and entered

into the cabin. Its other inmates were her father, an old blind peasant, and an aged aunt. Various circumstances induced him to question them on their history, and they related it to him; each person taking up that portion of the narrative which he or she knew best. Their story was briefly as follows:—The beauty of Fior d'Aliza—for that was the young woman's name—had attracted the attention of a person of position and influence in Lucca, who determined to make her his wife. With the object of making his assistance indispensable, he succeeded, by certain underhand legal means, in obtaining possession of three-fourths of the family's little property. Ruin stared them in the face; but as the girl loved her cousin Hieronimo, who had been brought up with her, the town lover was as far from the realization of his wishes as ever. He did not, however, abandon the idea of forcing her to accept his proposals by starving out herself and her relations. One day her goats strayed into the field where they had been accustomed to browse. She sprang forward to bring them back, but it was too late,—six shots fired from the neighbouring thicket laid them dead at her feet, and two small shots wounded her in the arm. Her cousin, hearing the report, seized his gun, and rushed to the rescue. Seeing the blood stream from her white arm, he fired his gun at the assailants, and killed their sergeant; for they were policemen. For this crime Hieronimo was apprehended, and condemned to die. But Fior d'Aliza, disguising herself as a man, obtained the place of assistant-turnkey at the gaol where he was confined, and procured him the means of escape. They had in the mean time been married in the prison by a friendly priest. The plan of escape did not include her own deliverance. She dressed herself in her husband's clothes, and was taken to the place of execution. But he, finding that she did not follow him to the rendezvous she had given to deceive him, grew alarmed for her safety, returned to the town, discovered at what a sacrifice she had favoured his escape, and rushed to the spot in time to save her life. He was, of course, retaken; but interest being made for him with the duke, his sentence was commuted to two years' hard labour at the galleys. That sentence expired on the very day of M. de Lamartine's accidental visit, and he had the pleasure of knowing that those who had loved so well were re-united, though his delicacy would not allow him to be present at their meeting. The story, whether true or not, is told with exquisite grace and feeling.

Among the historical works which have appeared recently, we may mention the second edition of *Elisabeth et Henri IV.*,

by Prevost-Paradol. This gentleman belongs to the younger generation of literary Frenchmen who have made themselves a name since the advent of the Second Empire; but, unlike most of his contemporaries, he has disdained to salute the rising or risen sun, and openly sighs for a parliamentary government, such as the country enjoyed under Louis Philippe. With this wish it is needless to say that we entirely sympathize; and we should have been glad if he had been one of the successful candidates in the recent elections for the city of Paris. But M. Prevost-Paradol must be content, at any rate for a little time, to serve his country as a journalist instead of a legislator. It is chiefly as a brilliant political writer that he has earned his laurels, though this work shows that he has historical talents of no mean order.

The subject of the book, it is true, offers no scope for the display of great and extended knowledge. It is merely an episode of that great drama in which England, France, Spain, and the Netherlands played the principal parts. It is scarcely more than a ripple on that troubled portion of the stream of time, known as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Unquestionably the embassy of Hurault de Maisse, and his endeavours to secure a peace for the distracted nations of Europe, after the long wars excited and maintained by the bigotry of Philip II., had in their time some importance, and still possess some interest. But it is an interest which pales considerably before many of the other diplomatic and military events of the period. Abortive efforts to make the Queen and her counsellors understand that the state of France was such that it could not continue the war, are tame after the defeat of the Armada, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the sack of Antwerp. It is, however, but fair to add that M. Prevost-Paradol has not confined himself to a dry detail of the ambassador's doings, but has given an interesting sketch of the general state of affairs in 1597 and 1598, and of the condition of England and the English court.

The circumstances under which Hurault de Maisse was sent to this country, and the reasons which induced Henry IV. to send him, are thus described in the author's preface:—

'Having, after long struggles, obtained the undisputed mastery in France, and being desirous of obtaining peace abroad as well as at home, and yet engaged with England and the Low Countries in a league from which he could not disentangle himself without the consent of his allies, Henry IV. resolved, at the end of the year 1597, to make Queen Elizabeth understand that France required peace, and that he was determined that she should obtain it. For this

delicate mission he made choice of an able negociator, who had already been proved in Italy, full of experience and wisdom, moderate in all things, having, in truth, no other passion than a love of his country, and a devotion to a sovereign whose great destiny he understood, and whose character he admired. This negociator has written a detailed journal of his embassy, and that journal, together with his dispatches, is now in the Archives of Foreign Affairs. It was this manuscript which was the first motive of this sketch.'

If France desired peace, Philip II., now an old and infirm man, desired it quite as much. Even his obstinacy was beginning to bend beneath the weight of years and repeated calamities. But England and Holland were doubtful; the latter because she scarcely believed in the sincerity of Philip's proposals, the former because the war did her little harm and very considerable good. Such being the discordant views and interests of the several parties, it was scarcely to be expected that there would be any cordial co-operation between them; and Hurault de Maisse's endeavours proved so far fruitless, that the Dutch and English refused to abandon the war, and France was compelled to conclude a peace on her own account.

It has been objected to M. Prevost-Paradol's book, that he has not sufficiently allowed De Maisse to speak for himself; and we think the objection just. The ambassador was a very able man, possessing a thorough knowledge of the ways of the world, and accustomed to deal with men of thought and education. His own observations, couched in his own language, could not therefore have failed to be interesting, even when compared with M. Prevost-Paradol's account of them. We will give the description of Queen Elizabeth, such as she appeared on De Maisse's first interview with her, as it is, we doubt not, mainly drawn from De Maisse's narrative:—

'On one side of this room stood a great number of lords and ladies; at the other end sat Elizabeth on a very low seat; no one was near her. At the entrance of the ambassador she rose and made a few steps towards him; he stooped and kissed the bottom of her dress, while the queen, raising him up, excused herself on account of her indisposition, and of the simplicity of her costume.

'This costume itself was at that very moment the object of the attention and astonishment of the ambassador. Her white dress, embroidered with gold, had large open sleeves lined with red. Other little sleeves were attached thereto, which the queen did and undid ceaselessly in speaking. The collar of her dress rose behind her head to a great height, and was garnished with pearls and rubies. Her neck was hidden under a large collar, where again nothing

could be seen but rubies and pearls. She had on her head a large wig of light reddish hair, covered with spangles of gold and silver; several pearls were attached to it, and some hung over her forehead. On either side, two long curls of the wig fell, inside the collar of the dress, on to the queen's shoulders. The dress, open like a cloak, displayed the withered throat, (she was then sixty-four,) and a few relics of departed beauty which Elizabeth exposed without repugnance to the curious and astonished gaze of her visitor.

'But her face, on which genius, cares, and passions had left their traces, soon attracted his attention, and fixed his thoughts. He involuntarily compared the past with the present, and the reputation which had embellished the reality, and had survived it, with what was left by the inevitable ravages of time and the troubles of life. Her face had grown long and thin, her teeth were yellow and rare, especially on the right side, and to such an extent as occasionally to render unintelligible her speech, which was always quick and sudden. She had only retained two advantages; but these were such as occasionally to make one forget all that she had lost. They were, first, her stature, always noble and commanding, and which she increased by the thickness of her shoes; and secondly, an air of grandeur which was natural to her, and which, far from excluding, when she wished it, the grace and courtesy of her manners, gave them on the contrary an additional value.'

The ambassador had two or three other interviews with this strange woman, who united so much masculine force of understanding and energy of will with so much feminine coquetry; and he seems to have been greatly struck with the powers of her mind.

The mention of M. Prevost-Paradol naturally leads us to speak of a work in which his favourite opinions are freely discussed and condemned. M. Sainte-Beuve has devoted one of the essays in his *Nouveaux Lundis* to a defence of imperialism, and an attack on the parliamentary system of government which M. Prevost-Paradol admires. Into the merits of the attack or the defence we shall not go further than to say, that M. Sainte-Beuve's best, we had almost said only, argument is an attempt to prove to M. Prevost-Paradol, that personally he would not have been much better off under a parliamentary government than he is now. We doubt whether M. Sainte-Beuve in the more generous days of his youth, when he was a poet as well as a critic, would have made use of such an argument.

The title *Nouveaux Lundis* implies *old Lundis*, and the work now under review is in fact a continuation, under a different name, of the same author's *Causeries du Lundi*, of which there exist some fourteen volumes. The old series were, as their name

denotes, essays appearing on successive Mondays in the official French *Moniteur*. The essays in this first volume of the new series came out in the *Constitutionnel*, and bear the dates of every Monday from the 16th of September, 1861, to the 27th of January, 1862. They are written with great ability, in a beautiful and idiomatic style; and we can strongly recommend them to any one wanting a pleasant and instructive account of the works and character of authors of whom they treat.

M. Sainte-Beuve's great qualification for the office of a critic is his power of throwing himself out of his own individuality, and entering into the feelings and opinions of persons whose natures differ essentially from his own. Thus, in the present volume, besides the article on M. Prévost-Paradol already mentioned, we have essays on Lamennais, the priest and democratic prophet,—on M. Louis Veuillot, who has been wittily called the 'Dragoon of orthodoxy,' and who was the fierce editor of the *Univers*, until that paper became so ultra-Ultramontane that the government deemed it necessary to suppress it,—on Guizot, the philosophical conservative, and constant defender of the cause of constitutional monarchy in France,—on Béranger, the song-writer,—on Madame Swetchine, a Russian lady, converted from the Greek Church to Roman Catholicism, who had settled in Paris, and held a semi-religious, semi-political *salon*,—on M. de Laprade, a naturalistic poet,—on Madame de Sévigné, the letter-writer of the time of Louis XIV.,—on Perrault, the collector of the French fairy tales,—on Benjamin Constant, the journalist and author of the time of the Empire and Restoration,—and on Louvois, Louis XIV.'s war minister. This is not a complete list of the subjects discussed in this volume, but it will serve to show that M. Sainte-Beuve's range is a pretty wide one. And it is to be noted that his treatment is not merely the superficial delineation of a few salient points. He knows, and knows well, the lives and works of all the men of whom he speaks, and shows that he has thought about and understood them.

The *Lettres du Révérend Père Lacordaire à des jeunes Gens* is certainly not equal to its author's reputation, or to his real power. Whether it was that the great preacher required the excitement of an audience, not only for the exhibition, but even for the use of his fine talents, we cannot say. Certain it is that these letters are not worthy of the man who was long acknowledged to be the first religious orator in France,—whose every sermon at Notre Dame used to gather immense crowds of *men*, and make quite an event in Paris,—and whose eloquence, though displayed before an unbelieving race and

generation, won him a seat in the French Academy. The volume consists of a series of letters written at various times between the years 1837 and 1861, and chiefly addressed to persons who had been under his spiritual direction.

The editor, the Abbé Perreyve, in a rather grandiloquent and turgid preface, expresses his hope that these letters, originally written to young men, may have great influence over the modern youth of France, and bring them back into the fold of the Church. Let the following be taken as a sample of the kind of advice given by Lacordaire, and let the reader judge of the amount of power which such advice is likely to exercise over the mind of any youth gifted with common sense and independent judgment. The passage is extracted from a 'rule of life,' or directions for the proper way of spending time:—

'We should select some poor man to whom we should regularly give alms according to our means, and consider him as Jesus Christ Himself; we should go and see him, speak to him, and sometimes kiss his feet or his clothes, if we have sufficient courage to do so.' .....'I beseech you, my dear friend, not to allow yourself to be seduced by modern writings; they are nearly all infected with pride, sensuality, scepticism, and prophecies which have no value except as evidences of the rashness of the prophets who allow themselves to utter them.'

But this is an extreme case, and it would be unjust not to mention that the book contains better and manlier stuff than this, as for instance:—

'Therefore, my dear friend, all our efforts should tend in that direction, because *there* is our only hope. Our country is lost if it does not turn again towards religion. It will, no doubt, pass through various states of agitation; but that agitation will be barren and fruitless so long as she shall not have opened her eyes to the light which shines eternally through Jesus Christ and the Gospels. You are called, my child, to work for this regeneration, and that thought should comfort you in all things, or at least give you strength to bear all things. For me, I feel an unspeakable joy in witnessing to myself that for twenty-seven years, since the day of my first consecration to God, I have not said one word, nor written a sentence, which had not for its object to communicate to France the spirit of life, and to communicate it under forms which would be acceptable to her,—that is to say, with mildness, temperance, and patriotism. You will do the same one day. Prepare yourself for it by exercising a constant vigilance over yourself and your passions. If no great day should ever dawn for our country, at any rate God's light will shine in our souls; in your soul and mine, which God has united in

spite of the difference of our ages, because it is a privilege of the Divine love to be insensible to time.'

There is something exquisitely pathetic in the tender, almost paternal affection Lacordaire shows for the young men to whom he writes. Pathetic, because the expressions of that love—of which he seems to have lived in constant dread lest it should deduct anything from his love for God—prove that, had it not been for the radically false notions of his Church, he was a man for whom family ties and affections would have had a wonderful charm.

In one thing especially these letters disappoint us: we should have expected that the ecclesiastic who was known not only for his fervid eloquence, but for his liberalism, would have shown more of the man and of the citizen, and less of the priest. But this may be due to the editor, who very possibly selected these letters precisely for the reason that we object to them. They all bear too uniform a tint; we should like a little more variety of hue. We may observe, in passing, that no Protestant feeling will be shocked, in reading this book, by constant allusions to the saints and to the Virgin Mary. By far the most interesting portion of the volume is Lacordaire's short sketch of his own early life, which is the more valuable as that is a part of his career which Montalembert has scarcely touched in his life of the famous preacher. The latter work, having been out upwards of a year and a half, does not come strictly under the denomination of 'recent French literature.' We shall, therefore, only say, that, like everything else which comes from its author's pen, it is able and eloquent; it contains an interesting, though not exhaustive, account of a man who exercised great influence, and who in the measure of his lights—which are not ours—toiled with great single-heartedness and zeal for the cause of God.

French literature is comparatively poor in good Protestant books; or, rather, in good religious books of a lighter character than sermons and treatises of theology. Indeed, the want is so sorely felt, that it has been in part supplied by translations from English works, such as the novels of Miss Yonge, Miss Mulock, &c. But translations cannot exercise the same influence as native books, which will naturally be in fuller harmony with the thoughts and feelings of those for whom they were written. Great thanks are therefore due to those who, like Madame de Gasparin, or M. Bungener, have endeavoured to supply what was needed. The latter writer's *Sermons sous Louis XIV.*, and *Trois Sermons sous Louis XV.*, are certainly among

the ablest religious novels we know. They are not merely *good* books, but remarkable in a literary and historical point of view.

His last work, *Trois Jours de la Vie d'un Père*, is a description of what passed in his mind during the three days following the death of his infant daughter. He says, in the opening lines,—

'All is true in the following pages; the form only is imaginary. The author speaks as if he had written from hour to hour, while in fact it was not till after the three days had passed that the thought of writing occurred to him. But the days were of those whose every hour, nay, whose every moment leaves its mark upon the soul, and there is no fiction in describing them as present.'

The little book bears the stamp of truth. It is a faithful picture of a Christian's anguish, of his struggles not to be overwhelmed by sorrow, of his difficulty in realising with the heart the truths his intellect acknowledged, of his resignation, and of the faith which dissipated the clouds of his grief. It is full of beautiful thoughts. The following is his answer to a question very natural in such circumstances:—

'Shall I believe that God designedly strikes those heads that are the dearest, in order to remind us that our love is due to Him alone?—Let us not be so prompt to give the reason of things; even with submission it is rash to do so, and we might be making ourselves a god who is not the real one. I should look on myself as hard-hearted if I were to go and tell a mother or a father that their child had been taken away because they loved him overmuch. Must I be thus hard towards myself? I do not think God requires it of me; neither do I think it would be the right way to make me give to God that which was, perhaps, a too full measure of love for the child. Let us not make God pitiless; even when He seems to be so, let us seek any other explanation, or, better still, let us seek none at all.....Let us, then, leave the reasons to God; let us be content to know that He loves us. This is the great and the true reason, and that which we can confidently give to our brethren and to ourselves. When He gives, He loves; when He takes away, He loves still. More? No. The love is the same; the forms are different—better, doubtless, as He has recourse to them. "Whom God loveth He chasteneth," say the Scriptures. Does this mean that there are any whom God does not love? No, but only that trial is one of the forms of His love. I say again, let us stop there, and strive only not to doubt that that form, when it comes to us, is the right.'

The last book which we shall mention, though certainly not the least important, is Merle D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation at the Time of Calvin*. To those who are acquainted with his former eloquent history it will scarcely

be necessary to say more than that these two volumes are equally well written and full of life. They constitute the first instalment of what promises to be a large and very interesting work.

That a Genevese should be exceedingly proud of his native city, is but natural. Few towns, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants, have exercised so large an influence, and produced so many distinguished men. Though surrounded by powerful and ambitious neighbours, it has succeeded in preserving its independence, and bearing high the torch of its Protestant faith through many a storm and peril. It was a city of refuge for the persecuted Church of France during the long hopeless years of misery and oppression which all but trampled out the seeds of the Reformation in that country. The history of Geneva, therefore, possesses a deep interest for all who consider that the cause of Protestantism was and is the cause of truth. If, then, M. Merle D'Aubigné had started with the intention of giving us that history, we should have been all attention and all thankfulness. But it is rather disappointing to find in what professes to be an account of the Reformation at the time of Calvin, so large a space devoted to the noble struggles which this small city made to defend her political liberties against the constant attacks and encroachments of its covetous neighbours the dukes of Savoy. These struggles are described with great vividness and spirit; but that does not alter the fact, that they occurred before the Reformation had penetrated into Geneva, and long before Calvin's connexion with the place had begun. The subject of M. Merle D'Aubigné's book was already quite wide enough without his going into such unnecessary detail. A sketch of that earlier history was very desirable, but not upwards of seven hundred pages.

The two volumes are divided into three books, of which the first and last are devoted to the history of Geneva during the early part of the sixteenth century; and the second to an account of the religious and political state of France in the nine years from 1525 to 1534, during which the question was hanging in the balance, whether Francis I. should follow the example of his 'beloved brother' of England, and cast off his allegiance to the see of Rome. The final decision remained longer doubtful than might be supposed. At one time it seemed as if the king was determined to reform the Church in France, and place himself at the head of a Protestant league against Charles V. and the Papal party in Europe. Then he was startled by some act of the Protestants, or grew

fearful at the storm of opposition which such a measure would provoke among the fanatical portion of his subjects. And thus halting between two opinions, he imitated his friend and ally Henry VIII., in alternately punishing both parties. His sister, Margaret of Alençon, afterwards Queen of Navarre, was a truly noble and beautiful character, and exercised, as she deserved to exercise, a strong influence over him. This influence was always exerted in favour of the Reformation; for Margaret loved Christ, and hated the superstitions of the Roman Church. The scheme which she constantly advocated was a modified Reformation, such as was successfully effected in England. Indeed, the preface to the Prayer-book would probably have exactly suited her views. She wished to retain as much of what was old as possible, and only to alter what was plainly in opposition to the word of God. This, as far as he had any plan at all, was also the plan of Francis I.; and he even went to the extent of sending an ambassador to obtain from Bucer, Melanchthon, and Hedion a scheme for establishing a Church of France. Their scheme, slightly altered by the king and his counsellors, was proposed to the Sorbonne, and, naturally enough, threw the learned doctors into a state of terror, and roused their most earnest opposition. The final result of these transactions, and the causes which induced the king to abandon his project, are not related in these two volumes.

M. Merle D'Aubigné, as might be expected from the minister of a Presbyterian Church, does not speak with much approbation of the proposal. Whether it was feasible or not, is a very grave question; for though, on the one hand, it is true that the king's power was at least as great in France as in England; yet, on the other, it is also true that the attachment to the old faith and its superstitions was stronger in the former than the latter country. Still, on the whole, we are inclined to think, that if Francis had brought his determined will to bear, he might have done what Henry with such bad motives, (we beg Mr. Froude's pardon,) but such good results, accomplished in England. It is a curious, though, perhaps, profitless speculation, to imagine what the history of Europe would have been, and how much misery might have been spared, if France had embraced Protestantism at the time of the Reformation, and had formed itself into a national Church similar to the Church of England.

Of Calvin himself these volumes say comparatively little; he scarcely appears in them as more than a zealous and remarkably able, but still obscure young man. We are sorry

for this, as we gather from certain hints dropped here and there, that the author objects strongly to the character popularly ascribed to the great Reformer, and intends to give us the means of correcting our false notions. The following is his description of the work which Calvin came to do, and of the objects which he had at heart:—

'What characterises him is not, as is generally believed, the teaching of the doctrines to which his name has been given. His great thought was to unite all believers into one body, having one life, and acting under the direction of one Head. In his eyes, the Reformation is essentially a renovation of the individual, of the human mind, and of Christianity. To the Church of Rome, powerful as a government, but lifeless and enslaved, he wished to oppose a regenerated Church whose members should by faith have found the liberty that belongs to the children of God, and which, at the same time that it was the *pillar of truth*, should be a principle of moral purity for the whole of mankind. He conceived the bold design of forming in modern times a society in which the liberty and equality of the individuals should be combined with the adherence to a truth, immutable because it came from God, and to a holy and severe but freely accepted system of laws. An energetic striving towards moral perfection was one of the mottos inscribed on his standard. Nor did he merely conceive the great design to which we have just alluded; he also realised it. He gave both movement and life to that enlightened and sanctified society which had been the object of his noble desires. And now, wherever Churches are established on the double basis of truth and morality—even at the antipodes—it may be said that Calvin's sublime idea is being propagated and realised.'

M. Merle D'Aubigné will probably further develop these views in his succeeding volumes.

Like Mr. Motley, in his grand histories of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, and of the United Netherlands, M. Merle D'Aubigné has succeeded in giving, by means of well selected extracts, a wonderful air of reality to his descriptions. Both these authors adopt the judicious practice of giving the actual words of any contemporary narrative, whenever they can do so without destroying the symmetry of their writings. We wish that M. Prevost-Paradol had done the same.

We do not profess, in the preceding pages, to have furnished a complete account of recent French literature, for the simple reason that it would have been impossible to do so. The works that issue from the French press every year are almost countless. Many, it is true, have but little interest; but the remainder are still too numerous to admit of exhaustive review. It would have been easy to mention and

briefly touch upon a larger number of books; but we have contented ourselves with giving a fuller account of such works as seemed most important, either on account of their intrinsic interest, or the reputation of their authors, leaving the lesser ones to take care of themselves.

ART. VII.—*Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction in Colonial and in Voluntary Churches; as illustrated by the Appeal of the Rev. Mr. Long to the Privy Council against the Sentence of the Bishop of Cape Town.*

1. *The Case of the Rev. W. Long and the Bishop of Cape Town.* Reported in 'The New Reports,' Vol. II. London. 1863.

THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has recently been called upon to review the judgment of the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope, in a case which presents points of far wider than professional interest. The Bishop of Cape Town, Dr. Gray, has long been conspicuous among those colonial prelates who, deriving their ideas of episcopacy from the status of a full-blown English dignitary, have proposed to themselves to transplant the same official grandeur to the rude soil of the British dependencies, where, freed from the restraints of special legislation, they might wield the apostolic powers of a bishop of the so-called Church catholic. The manners of growing colonies, however, are not favourable to ecclesiastical pretension. The bulk of British emigrants do not much care whether the land of their new choice possess a Church or not; and those who are more used to accept religious ministrations at home are not generally well versed in ecclesiastical politics, or apt to desire, when they go abroad, anything more than regular services and a quiet life. The standard English Churchman lives under a paternal despotism, receives simply the benefit which his ancestors have graciously provided, and is only anxious to prevent controversies and maintain the *status quo*. His churchmanship is his birthright as a Briton, his constitutional privilege; and when he carries his liberties with him to the other side of the world, there, too, he expects to find the chaplain calmly filling the accustomed position of the rector; and, if more dependent upon the contributions of his flock, still the same easy-going, permanent, settled institution as at home. As, however, the colony rises in population, more and more of English civilisation is introduced; and those active sects, which have so largely developed the comparative

science of ecclesiastical government, rear their heads, and exercise a vast influence on public opinion. The Church also grows, and a few government chaplains can no longer occupy the land. Irregular ministers find their way out from the Missionary Societies at home, and acquire the care of large districts. Finally, a bishop comes to set the whole machine to rights. In place of the responsible sobriety of an English prelate, weighted with the party strife of a powerful and intelligent clergy, watched by the public press, and controlled by the law, he too often adds to the zeal of a missionary the elation of a *parvenu*, and the theories of an Anglican. If his social position does not rise to the dignity of an English see, he will at least be unfettered by the historical difficulties and legal cramps of the united Church as by law established. It will be his, on a fair field, to train a diligent, though ill-educated, clergy and people after the noble pattern of primitive Christianity. He finds a race of thorough-going democrats, whose policy is based on the maxim, 'As good as you.' He finds influential bodies of Christians, whose religious principles are as strongly imbued with that maxim as are their politics. He finds, perhaps, a legislature to the full as sternly determined to resent all encroachment upon equality as the most radical of its constituents. He finds a clergy long used to independence, of varying and hostile, but almost always narrow, Church principles, and often infected with their neighbours' dislike to all authority. Worse than all, he finds himself in a false position, wearing a title of ambiguous meaning and doubtful authority, shorn of the assistance of the old ecclesiastical law, and destitute of the power of creating a new one, without a settled jurisdiction, without an organized Church. It is no wonder that he gets into hot water with his clergy, and exasperates the colonists. It is no wonder that in despair he comes home, and stays helplessly in London, till the very name of a colonial bishop becomes a by-word. It is no wonder that secretaries, and governors, and ministers have been pestered with complaints; that letters, and despatches, and minutes, and memorials, and protests have been compiled into vast blue-books, that the Imperial Parliament itself has tried its hand in the case and failed; and that, after ransacking the resources of local judicature, the Privy Council has been invoked to determine this time the constitution of the Episcopal Church of the Cape of Good Hope.

The Cape Colony came to the British crown by cession from the Dutch, and the Roman-Dutch law is in force there; for although when English colonists settle in an unoccupied

country they are naturally supposed to carry with them so much of the common-law of England as is suitable to their wants, yet, when a ready-made province is conquered or given up to us, we take its law with its people, and, until it acquires a constitution, the crown, without Parliament, has the sole right of altering the native code. There was no pretence, therefore, for supposing that the English ecclesiastical law applied to the Cape of Good Hope, when, in 1847, the queen, by letters patent, appointed Dr. Gray the first Bishop of Cape Town. In fact, Church affairs had previously been at so low an ebb, that the same officer exercised the double function of governor of the colony and ordinary of the Church; and one of Dr. Gray's clerical witnesses spoke feelingly of the scanty spiritual consolation which flowed from their red-coated bishop, and of the military promptness with which he is said on one occasion to have ordered immediate attention to a lady who wanted to be churched at home, instead of attending the usual service. The authority conferred upon the new bishop was expressed in a form much less comprehensive, as we shall remark further on, than the models first devised for this purpose; and, while instructing him to exercise the proper office of a bishop, and to call his clergy before him and inquire concerning their morals and behaviour, seemed to culminate in the magical power of 'visitation.' But the exact force of this term, and the whole scope of the patent, lost much of their importance by the division of the original see of Cape Town, in 1853, into three dioceses; on which occasion Dr. Gray, for form's sake, resigned his preferment, and consented to a revocation of the patent, receiving in exchange a fresh appointment to the diminished see of Cape Town, together with the rank of metropolitan. He little knew what he was doing; for in the mean time a regular constitutional government had been established; and, whatever might have been the queen's former right to prescribe ecclesiastical order, every one, except the Bishop of Cape Town himself, thinks it clear that no mere command of the crown could, in the face of a representative legislature, make that law in the colony which was not law before. The bishop, however, does not seem at the time to have dreamed of any loss of authority; and he has argued the permanence of his original patent before the courts at great length.

From a very early period of his episcopate, Dr. Gray's earnest attention had of course been directed to the means of enforcing discipline upon his clergy. In the absence of regular ecclesiastical courts, and the doubtfulness of his own episcopal

authority, the most feasible as well as most canonical plan seemed to be the establishment of some sort of a synod, which might frame and administer a code of Church rules. This had already been attempted in several colonial dioceses; and in 1852 great efforts had been made by the authorities of the Church at home to obtain general parliamentary powers for synodical action abroad. The failure of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Bill threw Dr. Gray upon his patent and his natural claims; and, after canvassing the opinions of the parishes under his charge, he at length, towards the end of 1856, issued a lengthy pastoral on the inherent rights of the Church and episcopate, and summoned the clergy and delegates from the laity of his diocese, to meet in synod in the cathedral at Cape Town.

The step was not taken without great opposition. The idea of synodical action has always been distasteful to a large class of persons who dread disturbance, and therefore activity, in bodies composed of elements so discordant as are the branches of the Church of England; and it was especially obnoxious to the adherents of the Low Church creed, who, knowing the prevalence among the South African clergy of stricter opinions, naturally feared that the power of corporate jurisdiction would be so wielded as to give to Anglicanism an overwhelming predominance. Among the malcontents was found the Rev. William Long, incumbent of the parish of Mowbray; who, with the enthusiastic approval of his parishioners, refused to attend the synod, and formally protested that its acts would be unconstitutional, void, and likely to trespass upon the liberty of the Church. Mr. Long had been ordained a deacon in England, and, for some years before the foundation of the bishopric, had held a chaplaincy under the Governor of the Cape; but he had received priest's orders from Dr. Gray, had accepted from him, in conformity with the rest of the clergy, a licence to officiate—in form revocable at the bishop's discretion, and had been instituted by him to the benefice at Mowbray on the nomination of Mr. Hoets, the patron. The church itself was vested in the bishop and his successors, upon trust, to be used as the parish church of Mowbray. So far, therefore, as the relation of priest and bishop was concerned, Mr. Long may be said to have acknowledged, in a general way, the authority of his diocesan.

In spite of the recusancy of Mr. Long and several other clergymen, and of the violent feeling of a great portion of the colonists, the synod was held, and established itself by a code of 'Acts and Constitutions' founded upon the Bill which it

had been attempted to pass in England. The Church was practically defined by conferring an ecclesiastical franchise upon all adult males who either appeared on the roll of communicants, or would sign a declaration of *bonâ fide* membership. The clergy sat in person; the laity, in equal numbers, by a representative of each parish; and the presiding bishop completed the analogy of a civil legislature. The statutes of this assembly were to be enforced in an ecclesiastical court, in which the bishop, with the aid of at least three assessors, might pronounce spiritual censure, and, in proper cases, and not without the assistance of a legal adviser, proceed to deprivation. No particular vengeance visited Mr. Long's contumacy.

But, strengthened by success, Dr. Gray called another synod for the 17th of January, 1861, to which, in due course, he cited both Mr. Long and a lay delegate from Mowbray, for whose election formal instructions were given. The impracticable parson of course again declined either to come himself, or to call a parish meeting for the election: the bishop, resenting, this time, not only disobedience to his own orders, but a rejection of the authority of his pet system, insisted on compliance: and, after a long correspondence, strongly spiced with ordination vows on the one side and constitutional duties on the other, Mr. Long was at last cited to answer before the new consistorial court for his refusal to give notice of the parish meeting. There the bishop, with whom his quarrel lay, sat as judge, assisted by five clergymen, members of the synod whose lawfulness was impeached, and, in terms of vehement reproof, sentenced the culprit *for his long course of disobedience* to three months' suspension. Mr. Long had appeared under protest, and he effectually protested against the whole proceeding by continuing his ministry as usual; for which contempt, in the absence both of himself and of any legal answer, he was formally deprived of his charge, and another curate appointed to Mowbray.

It was high time to bring the whole question to an issue. Mr. Long applied for protection to the Supreme Court at the Cape; finding its opinion to be in favour of Dr. Gray, he finally appealed to the Privy Council. The bishop took the highest ground. His jurisdiction was ecclesiastical, and no secular court could review his judgments. His letters patent gave him plenary powers. If they did not, still he was a bishop,—a bishop of the universal Church; and it was the opinion of the most learned canonists that a bishop, even in England,—much more beyond the range of the puritanical statute of Charles I.,—had power to call a diocesan synod. Moreover,

Mr. Long was personally bound, by canonical vows and clear acts of recognition, to submit to his authority.

But these high-sounding principles failed to gain the approval of the English judges. The patent, they held, was revoked, and fell to the ground. The court did not know what the universal Church was. There exists no such thing as ecclesiastical jurisdiction at the Cape; and the only causes which a civil magistrate can take no cognisance of are spiritual matters, which lie in sentiment. The Episcopal Church at the Cape is no part of the Church of England, but a voluntary society, like any other sect. Its rules lie in a general understanding to carry on, as nearly as may be, the same sort of Church as is established in this country. And a diocesan synod is no organ of the English Church. The sentence of deprivation has therefore been declared void.

We have ventured to bring this case under the notice of our readers, not because a clerical squabble in South Africa has much claim on the attention of this busy country, but because it lays down with fresh force the legal position of non-established sects; and also because it bears on the status of the vast circle of colonial Churches, which avow sympathy and claim communion with the united Church of England and Ireland. Points of more theoretical interest might arise from comparing the changes wrought in our Established Church by the laws and habits of the outlying provinces of the empire; but our space will scarcely permit more than a few remarks on each of the two practical topics which we have indicated.

The members of a religious communion, not established, may by the law of the British empire adopt rules for enforcing discipline within their body which will be binding on those who expressly or by implication have assented to them. Further, where any religious or other lawful association has not only agreed on the terms of its union, but has also constituted a tribunal to determine whether the rules of the association have been violated by any of its members or not, and what shall be the consequence of such violation, then the decision of such tribunal will be binding when it has acted within the scope of its authority, has observed such forms as the rules require, if any forms be prescribed, and, if not, has proceeded in a manner consonant with the principles of justice. In such cases, the tribunals so constituted are not in any sense courts; they derive no authority from the crown; they have no power of their own to enforce their sentences; they must apply for that purpose to the courts established by law; and such courts

will give effect to their decision, as they give effect to the decisions of arbitrators, whose jurisdiction rests entirely upon the agreement of the parties.

Such is the view which the Privy Council, by the mouth of Lord Kingsdown, has confirmed, of the position of a voluntary Church. It is sustained by three leading precedents. The first we are almost ashamed to do more than refer to; for the struggle of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion with Dr. Warren is too familiar to a large number of our readers to bear quotation; but a whole generation has sprung up since that heroic time; and we may perhaps, without incurring the charge of tediousness, refer here, in its proper place, to a case which, to the glory of the Methodists, has proved to be the charter of all Federal Churches, and has, curiously enough, made *Grindrod's Compendium* a book of high legal authority.

Dr. Warren published a pamphlet reflecting strongly upon the character and conduct of several of his brethren; and the preachers of the Manchester District, not after trial, but upon his refusal to attend a trial, suspended him from his ministry until the next meeting of the Conference. The Court of Chancery had to consider whether the trustees of the Oldham Street and Oldham Road chapels rightly discharged their duty, in refusing to allow Dr. Warren to use those places of worship; and, as their duty was to allow the buildings to be used by the persons appointed by the Conference, and the Conference had from time to time made laws and set up courts for suspending its preachers, the whole matter was reduced to the question, whether the sentence of suspension pronounced against Dr. Warren by the District-Meeting was a valid recall of his original appointment. There could be no doubt that all forms of procedure required by the law and usage of the Wesleyan Connexion had been complied with; and the weight of the discussion, therefore, fell upon the other branch of inquiry: namely, whether the District-Meeting had acted within the scope of its authority. It was decided upon a somewhat difficult construction of a long series of Minutes of Conference, that, except in certain specified cases, the District-Meeting was the proper court for trial of a preacher, and had the power of suspending him.

But for what could they try him? What constituted an offence? What rendered him liable to suspension? The judges seem to have slightly differed in their mode of treating these questions. The Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, admitting that in a very gross case of fraud or tyranny the proceedings of a voluntary church court might be set aside, compared the

pamphlet complained of with the sort of conduct to be expected from a Methodist preacher, according to the rules of the Society; and came to the conclusion that the charges of unfair dealing which Dr. Warren had freely made against the District-Meeting were unfounded. He thought that an offence had been committed, calling for interference. Lord Lyndhurst declined to enter into any such matter. Neglecting, we suppose, the charge of malice, he thought that the law of 1791* which first established the District-Committee, gave authority to say whether any case brought before it was or was not a case of such emergency as to call for its action.

'It is said,' he continued, 'that the publication by Dr. Warren of his speech that he delivered in the Conference, with the observations affixed to it, was in reality not an offence,—not an offence entitling this body to exercise the jurisdiction, and that it did not support the charges that were preferred against him, copies of which were handed to me. The evidence did not appear to have been gone into. I presume that was because he was absent, and did not attend. Whether it did support those charges, or not, was a question for the District-Meeting. I have no jurisdiction with respect to it. A particular tribunal is established by the agreement of the parties to decide a question of this kind; I have therefore no authority to say whether, within the meaning of the rules of this Society, this pamphlet was or was not an offence; that was peculiarly for the decision of the District-Committee.'

While, therefore, the case of Dr. Warren is one of special importance for the particular Church in which it arose, it possesses also a deep interest for all voluntary Churches. The Wesleyan Methodists are fortunate in having a written constitution—the result not of theoretical speculation, but of practical necessities. It is framed in terms so general, and fortified by usage so strictly enforced, that the Church courts which it institutes possess the full power of a *bonâ fide* discretion. It has successfully initiated the real jurisdiction of a civil court. It has constructed a temple in which the Church of Christ can live with freedom and yet with purity. But even where religious communities are less favourably circumstanced, this case secures that their property shall be treated on broad and untechnical principles; that their customs and usages are to be taken amongst themselves for law; and that their courts

* 'The assistant [that is, *chief minister*, Mr. Wesley's 'assistant'] of a Circuit shall have authority to summon the preachers of his District, who are in full connexion, on any critical case, which, according to the best of his judgment, merits such an interference. And the said preachers.....shall form a Committee for the purpose of determining concerning the business on which they are called.'

are to be allowed, subject to that law, to regulate their own proceedings, so long as they do not act with flagrant disregard of all justice and fair dealing. It does not appear that any but a faint objection was raised to the power of the Court of Chancery to entertain the case; but the Vice-Chancellor expressly noticed, and overruled, the scruple.

This doctrine, however, of the inability of the civil magistrate to entertain cases of Church discipline forms the main staple of the contest which the Free Church of Scotland is waging before the Court of Session. The facts of the Cardross case have been so recently and so prominently before the public, that they need be only referred to here for the purpose of observing, that, supplementing Dr. Warren's case, they raised a point of procedure. Of the charges against Mr. M'Millan some were rejected by the Presbytery of Dumbarton, and others found proven. Against the sentence on the latter charges Mr. M'Millan appealed to the judgment of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, which went in his favour. The General Assembly on appeal from the Synod took up, not only the charges which were before the Synod, but also those originally dismissed by the Presbytery, and found them proven. Mr. M'Millan insisted that this was beyond their constitutional power, and he applied to the court for a 'reduction' of the sentence, and damages. For this appeal to Cæsar he was summarily, and without being heard in his defence, except to admit the fact by a simple 'Yes,' deposed from his ministry; —a proceeding which gave rise to a second appeal to the Court of Session. The questions to be treated, if ever the case should come to a discussion on its merits, will be, whether by the regular procedure of the Free Church the Assembly could entertain the whole case; whether the Assembly, as the supreme legislative judicial body, had absolute power to depart from the rules of procedure; and whether appeal to the secular court was an offence punishable with instant dismission. There may be a difference between the power to enforce and the power to break or to change the law; and it is perhaps the tendency of the judgment of the Privy Council which forms our text, to tie down these quasi-courts of discipline to the judicial practices actually in force; and not to suffer them, under the pretext of supremacy, to violate the substantial constitution of their Church.

But the merits of the Cardross case have been fenced round with pleas which, to the theological subtlety of the Scotch mind, have carried paramount importance. First it was said that the courts of the Free Church had a jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters which could brook no appeal. We have not

space or patience to discuss the political theories which attempt to abridge the responsibility of civil government; but the ecclesiastical views of the northern Presbyterians certainly smack rather of the old covenanting times, than of the modern days of the Christian Church. 'Jurisdiction,' properly so called, is the right to proceed *in invitos*, against persons who have not acknowledged or submitted to the authority. Such power may consistently be granted to the courts of an established Church, on the theory that all citizens belong to it, and that its rules are matter of public law. But as soon as several religious associations are formed and recognised on the same ground, it is impossible for the law to allot to each conflicting code of discipline its proper subjects, except according to their several submissions. It is the inevitable result of toleration to reduce the rules of voluntary Churches to the footing of contract.

There are, indeed, matters of opinion and of social conduct which the law cannot attempt to invade. It is no civil wrong, however unpleasant it may be, to be 'cut' by one's friends. If a man of authority and influence slander his neighbour, it is only the pecuniary injury to business, and not the ruin of happiness, which the law considers and measures by 'damages.' So if a member of a voluntary society, be it club or be it Church, is improperly excluded, his status in the society is irremediably gone. His share in the common property, his claim for a *solatium*, may remain; but his standing in the society, the pleasures and advantages of fellowship, are not to be recovered. Hence, every voluntary Church has at its command penalties, which it may inflict at discretion, regularly or irregularly; and in respect of which it might perhaps be said to wield a 'jurisdiction,' if only they could be enforced against any but its own members. They consist merely of a consolidation of social influences; they lie in the region of feeling, opinion, conscience; they are spiritual, and can be reached by no tolerant law. Whether Mr. Long was offending against the Christian Church in preaching without a licence,—whether Mr. M'Millan was 'deposed from the holy ministry,'—whether Dr. Warren was guilty of the sin of schism,—these are points into which the courts of law have declined to enter. But this is the limit of the proper and exclusive jurisdiction of a non-established Church. Beyond it lies the circle of civil rights, which are so closely connected with the Church as to be ecclesiastical. Property and character are possessions which every political society must watch over and defend. It is in properly linking these by judicious precision to the spiritual

authority, that the excellence of a Church constitution largely consists; but it is to be done, not by asserting for Church courts an independent jurisdiction in all ecclesiastical matters, but by binding every member of the Church, by form of clear law, to an implied contract, which leaves to the secular arm nothing more than to carry spiritual sentences into civil effect. The Free Church of Scotland will probably turn out to be as solidly framed in this respect as the system of Methodism; but the Privy Council has firmly declared, as the Court of Session declared, that trial in a Church court is an arbitration, constituted by a contract, which, like every other contract, must be administered by the law of the land.

A second defensive plea, in the Cardross case, insisted that 'reduction' of the Assembly's sentence by law would be a handling of spiritualities, and so an invasion of the rights of conscience. It was sufficient to reply, as the court explained, that by reduction the law only meant, and would only enforce, a declaration that the sentence was inoperative for all civil purposes. No one, so far as we know, ever seriously suggested that the Assembly should be compelled, on pain of fine and imprisonment, formally to eat its words; and it certainly is not obvious what effect could be produced upon spiritual things by any declaration whatever of the Court of Session.

The use of the Cardross case, then, is to bring out clearly the power which a non-established society has to establish an authority which practically amounts to jurisdiction; but, at the same time, to display the advantages of a clearly expressed constitution. The whole constitution of a Church may be invalidated by a single flaw. If Mr. M'Millan has not duly submitted himself to the final authority of the Church courts, the Free Church must be organized anew.

No doubt usage may supply the place of a code, but it is much more easily contested; and the usages of Churches do not always find sympathy with lawyers. Voluntary sects are prepared and compelled to sacrifice the individual member to the whole society, much more readily than is possible in the wide field of the world. Purity is their aim, and expulsion their only effective penalty; and, without losing sight of the regular forms of justice, they necessarily tend towards despotic power, whether it be lodged in the sentence of a District-Meeting, or General Assembly, or in the *plébiscite* of the whole congregation.

One more instance will show the consequences of adopting a constitution in which there exists no absolute power of expelling obnoxious members. In St. Martin's-le-Grand there is a

French Protestant Church, founded by Edward VI. for the use of refugees from Popish persecution. In those days of established Churches, it was thought necessary to guard the new society by a regular charter of incorporation; and the crown reserved a veto upon the appointment of ministers. A Pole, by name John à Lasco, was the first superintendent; and he compiled a Book of Discipline, which formed the basis of the law of the Church. Other Churches of foreign Protestants, however, arose in various parts of England; and the government of the whole body fell very much into the Presbyterian forms which had been adopted abroad. There were 'consistories,' or meetings of the minister, elders, and deacons of the congregation; conferences, or 'colloques,' attended by delegates from all the congregations of each nation, French Churches in one assembly, and German Churches in another; and, finally, synods of the whole communion. These various courts from time to time ordained rules of discipline; and the state of the law is,—or was until lately,—that the consistory, subject to appeals to the 'colloque' and synod, could try and depose a minister for *certain specified offences*. No doubt the catalogue was supposed to include every crime which could disqualify for the pastoral office; and, as the judicial power lay in the Church court, no one dreamed of any flaw in the system. Unfortunately, however, a few years ago the two pastors of the church quarreled, and their animosity rose to such a height that neither would sit down with the other at the Lord's table. The consistory met, and implored them to resign. M. Martin consented, but M. Daugars refused; and the consistory, declaring him guilty of disorderly and schismatic conduct, deposed him, and prevented him from officiating in the church. M. Daugars applied to the Master of the Rolls for assistance. Sir John Romilly found himself sitting on appeal from an ecclesiastical sentence. True, he could not touch the spiritual relation between pastor and people; but he must assign the pulpit and the salary to its rightful holder. M. Dangars was accused of certain acts. If those acts amounted to schism, according to the meaning of the Book of Discipline and 'Regulations of the Consistory,' then the sentence already pronounced was final. If they did not,—and the court thought they did not,—then the consistory had no power to depose M. Dangars, and he was still the legal pastor. Here was a Church so defectively constituted that the civil court was its supreme court of appeal; and nothing short of an abandonment of the Church property could preserve to the ecclesiastical tribunals the most important part of their functions,—the control over

the delicate relations of pastor and flock. It is satisfactory to know that the constitution of the French Church has, in consequence of this dispute, been amended, by requiring from each pastor, on his election, a distinct submission to the exclusive authority of the consistory.

It must not be imagined, because we have only referred to cases arising in Federal Churches, that the law which they illustrate does not include the system of Congregationalism. Only the simple arrangements of the Independents present less scope for law. Their ministers have no definite standing, and are subject to no discipline. Still, it may lie in the direction only of a properly constituted meeting to terminate the contract of service which binds a pastor to his chapel; and instances are not wanting in which the legality of such a dismissal has been tested in Chancery. But generally it is easier to found a new chapel than to fight for an old one; and schism affords a ready escape from the indignity of legal interference.

The position, then, of Nonconformist Churches in this country, and in every country where the principles of English liberty have taken root, is simple and clear. They have been built upon a definite historical basis; and, though some of them have little or no written law, yet the pattern of modern Christian Churches is so settled, the special forms which mark off each from the rest are so well known, and the fact of membership is so distinct, that there is neither difficulty nor injustice in assuming that every member has come in with an understanding, and therefore upon a binding understanding, of the rules to which his adhesion renders him subject. And when one of these Churches emigrates, and plants itself in the new ground of a colony, there the pattern of the system at home explains the similar discipline abroad; and both stand side by side, with equal rights, and under the same conditions.

It is far otherwise with the Church of England. Her discipline is interwoven with the peculiarities of English law, of which it actually forms a part. It is not an independent code, supported by legal sanctions. Apart from the law of England it does not exist. But the Church of England, nevertheless, has put forth branches which extend over the whole empire. Her members and her clergy went abroad and established the prime necessaries of Christian worship and sacraments. Pastors and flocks grew up in plenty. But so soon as they became numerous enough to look each other in the face and ask what were their relations to each other, to what Church they belonged, how they were to act in common, they found

themselves lost in questions which no one has been able to answer, and in practical difficulties which have as yet found no solution. Churches were built, and no one knew how to settle them. Ministers proved unworthy, and there was no power to remove them. Services were too long, and no authority could dispense with the rubric. Common funds were wanted, and no centre of action could be found. The clergy consisted of government chaplains and missionaries, and were at the mercy, not of a regular discipline, but of distant, varying, and even secular authorities.

This has not been the case with all the dependencies of the crown. The Indian establishment was constituted by Act of Parliament upon the model of the Church at home, and our ecclesiastical law exported to Calcutta. In the earlier days of colonies, the local governments of Jamaica and other West Indian islands supplied to their bishops full and constitutional power; but the later settlements steadily refused all establishment; and it was when the organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church within their territories came to be necessary, that the difficulties we speak of were brought to light. Troubles began in Van Diemen's Land, where the bishop, who supposed himself to possess, under the letters patent which appointed him, 'all manner of jurisdiction, power, and coercion ecclesiastical,' attempted to hold a court, and summon witnesses, for trying one of his clergy on a charge of immorality. The colonists protested; and the law officers of the crown gave it as their opinion, that the queen could not, by her prerogative, grant any such jurisdiction. From that time it became clear that no ecclesiastical law, properly so called, was to be had in the colonies. So when, in 1841, the great movement commenced which has filled the world with colonial bishops, all semblance of general legal power was withdrawn from the words of the episcopal patents, and they were cut down to the moderate expressions which we have quoted from the charter of Dr. Gray. Armed with these diminished powers, the new bishops went forth to reduce the outlying Churches into order; but the Tasmanian discovery only served to bring to light defects of a still graver kind, which ultimately resolved themselves under two heads.

First, the Church had no laws,—at least, no one could certainly say whether she had or not, or what they were. What between the queen's patents, the theory of Blackstone, —that English ecclesiastical law, being inappropriate where there is no Church establishment, had no force,—and the rights of local governments, Churchmen were bewildered. They

considered themselves members of the Church of England, which did not exist there. They all professed to belong to the same religious body, and body they had none. No one had a right to say who were members of the Church, and who were not. Those who were clearly members had never entered into any formal contract, nor even dreamed that any was necessary. They had no government, and did not agree as to what government they wanted. They had no order, no discipline, no law. Even where there existed a shadow of law, it was not the law they desired. The legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria had made the emoluments of every clergyman in those colonies dependent upon the arbitrary licence of their bishops. So far as the queen's patents were intelligible, they also gave irresponsible power.

But, secondly, all this would have mattered little, in any other community. A company of Wesleyan Methodists in Australia would create a Church government as naturally as Americans form a State wherever they are set down. But there is an ancient theory that the queen's supremacy runs in the colonies; and no one exactly knows what the queen's supremacy means, except that it has some mysterious relation to bishops, convocations, and *præmunire*. The colonial clergy deemed themselves clergy of the Church of England, and, whether legally or not, yet by their canonical vows, bound to submit to its royal head. Had they any right to meet, and, as if of their own authority, to make or adopt laws? Besides, in Henry the Eighth's time, a formidable statute was passed, forbidding the clergy to meet in synod without the king's consent; and, although, if the general ecclesiastical law of England did not travel abroad, its restrictions could not be binding, yet the point was not clear enough to escape the doubts of so distinguished a lawyer and Churchman as Sir William Page Wood.

This state of things naturally aroused the earnest attention of the Church, both at home and abroad; and on all sides it was resolved to attempt the revival of diocesan and provincial synods. The episcopal Churches in the colonies were clearly not established; let them ask for freedom to manage their own affairs. Why should the law interfere when it did not patronise? So, in 1850, the six Australian bishops met at Sydney, and drew the plan of a constitution. Unfortunately, they thought it necessary to put forth an exposition of their views on baptism, which gave great offence to many of their laity. In all other cases it has been deemed a fundamental canon to adopt the doctrines and ritual of the Anglican

Church without comment. The Canadian bishops held a similar provincial meeting, at Quebec, in 1851; and in almost every diocese in the colonies conferences of clergy and laity petitioned for leave to meet in regular synods. At this time the hope of the Church lay in imperial legislation. In 1852, Mr. Gladstone laid on the table of the House of Commons a simple Bill to remove the supposed obstructions of the royal supremacy, and the statute of Henry VIII. He failed to carry his measure. Besides the unreasoning protests of colonists, who, from a vague horror of bishops, dreaded all Church activity, and the practical fears of Evangelicals, who were tempted to prefer anarchy to *High-Churchism*, three parties combined their opposition. Sir John Pakington and his friends thought that separate diocesan conferences would lead to discrepancy and schism; and went for a complete constitutional act, which should preserve the unity of the Church of England throughout the world. Sir Richard Bethell headed a party who pooh-poohed the difficulty, and recommended a system founded on trust-deeds. Finally, the violent Dissenters were afraid lest in the permissive terms of the Bill there might lurk the recognition of a dominant Church.

On the failure of this attempt, the English bishops framed a new measure, which, in accordance with the views of Mr. Gladstone's principal opponents, provided a uniform constitution of diocesan synods, similar to the one held at Cape Town, of which we have spoken. But the new scheme only served to call forth new opposition; and the archbishop of Canterbury's Bill fell a victim to a well-known letter of Sir James Stephen to Lord Harrowby. Denying the application of the obnoxious statute to the colonies, Sir James earnestly deprecated all British legislation on the subject. His experience at the Colonial Office had taught him with what high temper the local parliaments would resent any imperial act which professed to deal with their ecclesiastical concerns. This practical view of the matter soon threw all other arguments into the shade; and the English Church and the British government abandoned all idea of so broad a treatment of the evil which both acknowledged and lamented.

In announcing this decision to the Canadian Church in 1856, the Duke of Newcastle pointed out the local governments as the proper quarter from whence assistance might be expected. No little was lost even in coming down thus far. With the hope of a single constitution, the distant societies lost their formal bond of unity. Not to speak of the divergence which their very separation must surely bring about, only the central

Parliament could give them that direct right of appeal which would secure a uniform standard of doctrine. No common contract, no provincial legislation, could make the archbishop of Canterbury their ecclesiastical superior, or bring their charges of heresy before the same judicial committee which has tried Mr. Heath and Dr. Williams. If ever their sentences came under English review, it would be in civil, not ecclesiastical, causes. But even the help of local legislation was not easy to get. The democratic temper of the colonies is more difficult to deal with than even the dissent and indifference of St. Stephen's. In the mean time, the debates in England had at least disabused men's minds of the bugbear of the unlawfulness of synods.

In two instances, however, the Colonial Church has been sheltered under the wing of the law. The bishop of Melbourne, who has been conspicuous for his activity, no less in this matter than in every other Christian work, obtained in 1854 from the Victorian Assembly what seems to us the only satisfactory synodical constitution which the Colonies can boast. It commences with the fundamental provision that the Acts of Synods to be held under its authority shall bind all members of the United Church of England and Ireland in Victoria in things which concern their ministry or membership, or the rights of patronage. Here is a basis upon which synodical action can safely proceed. Without it, all canons of Church assemblies seem to us to be destitute of force. It is of no use to leave the members of the Church to act for themselves. What is wanting is the power of the majority to bind the minority to some rule or other. This Act, so far as it extends, makes the decision of the majority the law of the land over all who acknowledge membership. True, no one need belong to the Episcopal Church against his will; but it is to the Anglican communion that the churches and endowments belong, and the Anglican communion is the body of persons who confess membership, and are thereby subjected to the Synod. In Victoria, therefore, the Church of England is fairly started. But, though it has a progressive power to which the Church at home is a stranger, there is no chance that progress may develop into revolution. The scope of future legislation is limited to such resolutions as do not infringe upon the rights of appeal to the queen, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the metropolitan, (if any such rights exist,) or alter the authorised standards of faith and doctrine or the oaths required of candidates for orders. One important matter appears to have escaped notice. The authority of the Church courts to inflict penalty or disability is restricted

to deprivation of an ecclesiastical office or benefice; and it seems as if the power of simple excommunication were withheld. Every adult male who signs a declaration of membership, and has not impugned the doctrines or discipline of the Church, can vote at the election of lay synodsmen, and his right would not, for all we can see, be affected by any sentence of expulsion which the ecclesiastical court might pronounce. For the rest, the diocesan assembly is framed after the usual pattern, and the provincial in the form of the English Convocation.

The Canadian Churches have preferred the scheme of Mr. Gladstone's Bill, and have passed through their House of Assembly a measure which simply permits the bishops, clergy, and laity, members of the United Church of England and Ireland, to meet and frame constitutions for the regulation of the Church in their several dioceses. Their rules are not to affect any but Church members; but who these are is left undefined. Provincial assemblies are also permitted. But no one is to be punished otherwise than by loss of office or exclusion from synod; nor can any rate be levied even upon Church members themselves. It may perhaps be held that this Act would bind the minority, if we knew how to define the body politic; but it is altogether deficient in placing the Church upon a settled orthodox basis; and the prohibition of taxes is an infringement of liberty which could only be expected from the hand of a democratic Colonial Parliament. In the mean time the North American dioceses are rapidly availing themselves of the power of organization, and have gone so far as to obtain from the crown the right of electing their own bishops.

Except in these instances, however, the Colonial Churches have trusted to their natural liberty, and held synods for what they are worth. At least, certain clergymen and laymen have met and drawn up rules, by which they are, no doubt, personally bound. Mr. Long has proved that the power of such meetings extends no further. But as the majority of clergy gladly accept a regular discipline, and the bishops employ their power over orders and licence to exact from new comers a formal submission, the defects of synodal authority over the clergy must soon die out. And as to the laity, though they are no doubt entitled to demand that the Church property should be applied to strictly Church of England uses, yet each complainant is met at the outset by the onus of showing that he is a member of that Church, and entitled to interfere. Still, there may be some difficulty in securing property already acquired to the synodical Church. The bishop of New Zealand proposes a model Deed; but of course that would only apply to

new buildings. If Mr. Long can hold his church as belonging to a society in which synods are unlawful, surely the parishioners of Mowbray will have the same right. Probably this difficulty may lead to much schism, and it is here that legislation would be most useful,—if indeed it would be right. But it may frequently happen that the founders of a Church are men who detest all forms of synodical action, and would dissent rather than submit to it; and it certainly appears to be the result of the opinion of the Privy Council, that the society owning allegiance to the Cape Town Synod is not the society which existed there before under the title of the Church of England. Perhaps the synod is, after all, in law, a secession.

In fact, however, there does now exist, in nearly every province of the British empire, a Church presided over by a bishop of the queen's appointing, governed by a mixed constitutional assembly of clergy and laity, and solemnly pledged to the principles of the Church of England. Save for the veto of the bishop, it might almost be called Presbyterian. Mr. Long's case only shows, after all, that many of the ordained clergy can dissent without loss of office or stipend. Before long all will have either conformed to the new system or rejected it. No one seems to doubt that the holding of synods is consistent with the letters-patent by which the bishops are appointed, and which are the basis of the Church constitution. And a few more cases of discipline, expensive though they be, will settle every doubt which still hangs over the law on these matters.

It is remarkable that another of these cases, and one which carries transcendent interest for the whole Christian world, should have arisen in the very same province of Southern Africa. When Dr. Gray surrendered his first patent and received the second, he became metropolitan over the newly formed diocese of Natal. That is to say, Dr. Gray and Dr. Colenso both accepted and have constantly acted under an arrangement which distinctly asserts that Dr. Gray is to exercise over Dr. Colenso visitatorial jurisdiction.* Accordingly, the celebrated heretic has been cited to appear before his superior on a charge of false teaching.

It has been much doubted whether the trial thus commenced can ever be prosecuted to a successful issue. We desire to

* Nothing can be more express than the words of the patent of 1853:—'And we do further will and ordain that in case any proceeding shall be instituted against any of the said bishops of Graham's Town and Natal, when placed under the said metropolitical see of Cape Town, such proceedings shall originate and be carried on before the said bishop of Cape Town, whom we hereby authorise and direct to take cognisance of the same.'

speak with diffidence upon a subject which is involved in so great difficulty; but we think that the Privy Council has shed considerable light on this matter. Apparently, the bishop of Natal is bound, by having accepted his patent, to submit to such an exercise of jurisdiction by the bishop of Cape Town as an English archbishop could hold over his suffragan bishops. Accepting this as the law of the case, some Broad-Church organs have gone so far as to rejoice in the hope that this jurisdiction will turn out to be *nil*. It is discreditable in any Christian, whatever his opinions may be, so to desire doctrinal libertinism at the cost of a similar licence of immorality. If Dr. Colenso may preach what he likes, he may also commit what crime he likes, with impunity. But we do not believe that the opinion is well founded. It proceeds upon the theory that the Church Discipline Act of 1840, which provides a new mode of trying the clergy, but says nothing about offending bishops, forbids all ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever except according to that mode. And this interpretation is said to have been confirmed by the judgment of Lord Denman in the dean of York's case in 1841. Neither of these views seems to us sustainable. The dean of York was not a bishop; and his case only proves that his ordinary could not deprive him of his deanery without holding a regular court of some sort. The Act of 1840 only prohibits criminal proceedings otherwise than according to its own provisions against *clerks in orders*. Now a bishop is not, strictly speaking, a *clericus;* and, even if he were, we do not think that an English court of law would construe the phrase as having in the prohibitive clause any wider meaning than that which it obviously carries in the earlier sections of the Act which fix a mode of correcting the clergy.

Apart from the Church Discipline Act, the course does not, at first sight, seem obscure. Although it is a long while since an English bishop has been displaced by his ecclesiastical superiors, yet there are distinct instances in the law-books of the infliction of such a penalty. The bishop of St. David's was so deprived in 1695, and the House of Lords sustained the jurisdiction of the archbishop who sentenced him. The difficulty of Dr. Colenso's case may probably lie further on. Although the episcopal patent which we have quoted gives a right of appeal from the bishop of Cape Town to the see of Canterbury, yet it may well be doubted whether any obligation is or could be laid upon the archbishop to entertain it.* His

* It is said that this view is supported by a case decided in the Supreme Court of Sydney between the bishop and a clergyman of the name of King, in which the judges declared the grant of a similar appeal to be beyond the power of the crown.

position would be that of a person to whom two disputants have agreed to refer their quarrel; and an arbitrator surely cannot be appointed against his will. If the intended tribunal should thus fail, perhaps the Privy Council will ultimately be called in to exercise the same jurisdiction which Mr. Long has successfully invoked. We can only hope that it may be with a very different result.

ART. VIII.—*Ninth Report of the Postmaster General, on the Post Office.* London. 1863.

WE need not offer any apology for the introduction of a paper of statistics. The Registrar General taught us long ago how much interest and even romance may underlie tables of uninviting figures. The returns of the Census are invested with the charm of a novel; and the nine reports on the Post Office, signed successively by Canning, Argyll, Elgin, and Stanley of Alderley, are scarcely less interesting. The idea of presenting an annual report on this department of government originated with the late Lord Canning, when Postmaster General. Departments do not ordinarily court the public scrutiny. It is too much the characteristic of governmental *bureaux* to affect secresy, and to discourage inspection. Honourable members who too often move for 'returns' are looked upon by the staff with suspicion and disgust. But the Post Office is an exception to this rule. It is a service which constantly expands and improves. Repudiating the narrow routine of other departments, it invites criticism or suggestion; and with enlightened policy positively offers rewards to persons in its employ who may devise plans for accelerating its business. The result is steady and continual progress. Each Report furnishes proof of the vigilance with which the officers of the department avail themselves of every hint for the better discharge of their functions. And while no department of government gives evidence of a more liberal policy, we cordially agree with Lord Canning that none supplies more striking proof of the prosperity and progress of the empire; 'whether as regards the increase of the general wealth, the growing importance of the several colonies, the improved education and intelligence of some classes, or the stirring industry and energy which is the national characteristic of all.'

The origin of the Postal service is buried in obscurity. The name, of course, is derived from the posts or stations at which

couriers might obtain refreshment and relays of horses. These couriers were first of all employed only by sovereigns, and mainly for military purposes. Xenophon mentions some such service as having been instituted by Cyrus, in his Scythian expedition. According to Herodotus, there were one hundred and eleven postal stages, a day's journey distant from one another, between Susa and the Ægean Sea. There are some traces of *statores* and *stationes* under the Roman republic; and Augustus instituted posts on all the trunk roads of the empire. The earliest date in modern history at which the postal service is mentioned is the year 807, when a somewhat efficient organization was planned by Charlemagne. Like many of the schemes of that great sovereign, this one fell through at his death; and we hear no more of the post on the continent until 1464, in which year Louis the Eleventh organized a body of two hundred and thirty couriers, for purposes of state.

In England the letters of public and private personages were sent originally by special messengers only. Records are extant, dating from the reign of John, and continuing through many subsequent reigns, of payments made to *nuncii* for carrying the king's letters. Such messengers, however, were not equal to the growing demands of public business; and about the time of the wars of the Roses, carriers began to ply regularly with their pack-horses. The records of the city of Bristol contain an account of the payment of one penny to a carrier for conveying a letter to London. The admirers of Sir Rowland Hill need not fear lest this record should shear him of the glory of having originated the penny postage; for the coin which was paid by the burgesses of Bristol was the representative of a very considerable sum of the present currency. The world must have had to wait long for its letters in those days. The worthy carrier was wont to travel the entire journey with the same horse. But things began to mend; for in the time of Edward II. private individuals kept horses for hire along the roads, so that messengers might travel by relays. In 1481, Edward IV., then at war with Scotland, established a system of relays of horses, the stations being twenty miles apart, so that despatches were conveyed two hundred miles in three days. The charge for post-horses was fixed by statute at one penny per mile in the year 1548.

In Camden's *Annals* there is mention of one Thomas Randolph as chief Postmaster of England in 1581. It is probable that this was not a government appointment; for special messengers were still employed to carry the state letters. To prevent these couriers from loitering, each postmaster was enjoined

to endorse on the despatch the hour of the courier's arrival at his posthouse. From an extant letter so endorsed, written by the mayor of Plymouth to Sir Edward Conway, in 1623, we find that the courier started from Plymouth at eleven A.M., June 17th, and arrived in London at eight P.M. on the 19th. James the First organized a Post Office for letters to foreign countries; and in the reign of Charles the First, a Post Office for inland letters was established. In the year 1635, the king issued a proclamation to the effect that 'a running post or two' should travel between London and Edinburgh, 'to go thither and come back again in six days.' Arrangements were made at the same time for certain bye-posts to be connected with the main line, as also for a postal service between Chester and Holyhead, and another between London, Exeter, and Plymouth. The postal rates were fixed at twopence per letter for any distance under eighty miles, fourpence under one hundred and forty miles, sixpence for any longer distance in England, and eightpence in Scotland. By a subsequent decree it was ordered that no other messengers than those appointed by the Postmaster General should be allowed to carry letters, unless to places which the king's posts did not reach. For some reason or other, the common carriers were exempted from the penalties of this injunction. Thomas Witherings was appointed Postmaster General; but in 1640 he was superseded for alleged abuses. In 1644 Mr. Edmund Prideaux, the chief Postmaster, established a weekly conveyance of letters to all parts of the kingdom. The Common Council of London, with that pugnaciousness which is their traditional distinction, set up a post in opposition. Their scheme was crushed by the Parliament, and ever since the Post Office has been in the hands of the government. During the Commonwealth, several material changes were introduced in the postal system. Cromwell and his Parliament, acting under a conviction that posts, duly organized and under government inspection, would be 'the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs against the Commonwealth,' published an ordinance for the settlement of the Post Office. This scheme of Cromwell's lay perhaps at the root of that disreputable system of letter-opening for political purposes which came to grief under the administration of Sir James Graham. Cromwell's ordinance was re-enacted in substance by the Parliament of Charles II.; and 'this Act being the first strictly legal authority for the establishment of the Post Office, has been called its charter.'

The revenues of the Post Office were at first appropriated by the chief Postmaster, in consideration of his bearing all the

risks and charges. But as the revenues increased, they became rather too good a thing to be allowed to slip from the hands of the government, and the office of Postmaster was farmed. In 1649 the revenue was £5,000. In 1663 it had increased to £21,000; and by the statute 15 Car. II., c. 14, it was settled on James, duke of York, and his heirs male in perpetuity. On the accession of James to the throne, the revenue, which then amounted to £65,000, was settled on the king.

In the year 1683, a Penny Post for the conveyance of letters and small parcels in London and its suburbs was set up by an upholsterer whose name was Murray. This institution was looked upon with the holiest horror by the ultra-Protestant party, who saw in it a deeply-laid scheme of the Jesuits, and declared that the postal bags were crammed with Popish plots. The government took little notice of it for some years. But when its great success began to offer temptation, it was seized by the authorities on the ground of its being an infringement of the rights of the crown. A pension of £200 a year was granted to the proprietor as compensation, and he was afterwards made Comptroller of the department. This was the commencement of the London District Post. An attempt made in 1708 to establish a Halfpenny Post in opposition to the official Penny Post was strangled by the strong hand of law.

By a statute of Queen Anne in the year 1710 a General Post Office for the three kingdoms and for the colonies was established under one head, who was to bear the style of 'Her Majesty's Postmaster General.' The Irish Parliament in 1784 severed the Irish from the British Post Office, and created an independent Postmaster for Ireland. In 1831 the offices were again united under the British Postmaster General. But while the general postal service was undertaken by the government, the cross posts were still farmed to private individuals. A gentleman named Allen obtained a lease of these cross posts in 1720, at an annual rental of £6,000. During the forty-four years of his office he contrived to clear some £12,000 per annum. On his decease the cross posts were put under the management of a Mr. Ward, who for a consideration of £300 a year handed over the profits, which amounted to about £20,000 a year, to the crown. He must have been a singularly disinterested man. In 1799 the functions of this Bye-Letter Office were transferred to the General Post Office.

The general accounts of the Post Office, from the year 1685 to the present time, are happily preserved in an unbroken series. These documents, of course, are full of interest, and

read strangely enough in the light of present postal achievements. For instance, in the agents' letter books between 1690 and 1720, during the period in which Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Frankland were the Postmasters General, there are frequent notices to this effect:—'Your business cannot be settled until Sir Thomas Frankland, who hath a fitte of the gout, shall be somewhat recovered.' The packet service, in times when war was raging and the seas were crowded with privateers, brought no small trouble to the Postmasters General. Their orders to the captains of packets, when chased by an enemy, were that they should run while they could, and fight when they could no longer run,—always being careful to throw the mails overboard when they were likely to fall into the hands of the foe. Many a hard knock was got in the postal service. A scale of allowances for wounds incurred by the servants of the Post Office on their sea passage is yet extant. The provision was not over liberal:—'Each arm or leg amputated above the elbow or knee is £8 per annum; below the knee is 20 nobles. Loss of the sight of one eye is £4; of the pupil of the eye, £5; of the sight of both eyes, £12; of the pupils of both eyes, £14,' &c., &c. Letters were not the only responsibility with which the agents of the Post Office were charged during the war. Consignments of goods and even persons were made to them, and for their safe transportation the agents were held accountable. The following items have been extracted by Mr. Scudamore, of the General Post Office, from a very few pages of the agents' letter book of the period:—'Fifteen couple of hounds going to the king of the Romans with a free pass:'—'some parcels of cloth for the clothing colonels in my Lord North's and my Lord Grey's regiments:'—'two servant maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen:'—'Doctor Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessaries:'—'three suits of cloaths for some nobleman's lady at the court of Portugal:'—'a box containing three pounds of tea, sent as a present by my Lady Arlington to the Queen Dowager of England at Lisbon:'—'a case of knives and forks for Mr. Stepney, Her Majesty's Envoy to the King of Holland:'—'one little parcel of lace, to be made use of in cloathing Duke Schomberg's regiment:'—'two bales of stockings for the use of the ambassador of the crown of Portugal:'—'a box of medicines for my Lord Galway in Portugal:'—'a deal case, with four flitches of bacon for Mr. Pennington, of Rotterdam:' &c., &c.

The year 1784 is the date of one of the most important postal reforms. Up to this time the mail bags had been

carried by post boys, mounted on wretched hacks, at an average speed of from three to four miles an hour, including stoppages. The post was then about the slowest and most unsafe conveyance in the country. Mr. Palmer, who was manager of the Bath theatre, having noticed that when the tradesmen of that city were desirous of having a letter conveyed with speed and safety, they were wont to wrap it in brown paper, and send it as a parcel by the coach, submitted a plan to the Government for the conveyance of the mail bags by the passenger coaches, in custody of armed and trusty guards. Mr. Pitt at once discerned the merits of this plan; and, though in the face of a most determined opposition on the part of the authorities, succeeded in passing a Bill through Parliament authorising the adoption of Mr. Palmer's proposition. Mr. Palmer was appointed Comptroller General of the Post Office, the speed of the mails was increased to more than six miles an hour, and subsequently accelerated, and many very important changes were introduced. Mr. Macadam's improved system of road-making brought about still greater changes. The speed of the mail coaches was increased in the year 1818 to ten miles an hour and even more,—the Devonport mail accomplishing the journey of two hundred and sixteen miles, including stoppages, in twenty-one hours and fourteen minutes.

In the year 1837 the world was startled by the appearance of Rowland Hill's pamphlet, with the title, *Post-Office Reform —its Importance and Practicability*. The disclosures made in this little work riveted the attention of the people to the question, and the result was the appointment of a Committee by the House of Commons to investigate the whole subject. This Committee sat during sixty-three days, and examined eighty-three witnesses. It was clearly seen that the reckless rates of postage, averaging 6½*d.* on every chargeable letter throughout the United Kingdom, had led not only to the limitation of correspondence, but to the establishment of a monstrous system of illicit traffic in letters, in which the proprietors of almost every kind of public conveyance were involved. It was stated on the best authority that five-sixths of the letters from Manchester to London were conveyed by contraband means. The proportion of smuggled letters as compared with those on which the regular rates of postage had been paid, in one mercantile house, was proved to have been sixty-seven to one. Evidence was given that during the years between 1815 and 1835, although the population of the country had increased thirty per cent.; although commerce and education had largely advanced; although the stage coach duty had been increased one

hundred and twenty-eight per cent.; although the postal revenues of other countries had been doubled, and in the case of the United States trebled; the revenues of the British Post Office had exhibited no increase at all. The three main points of Rowland Hill's plan contemplated diminution of postal rates, increase of speed, and greater frequency of despatch. The Committee presented a report to the House, unanimously approving the new scheme. A bill was introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which became law on the 17th of August, 1839. The uniform rate of postage was fixed at fourpence per letter weighing less than half an ounce. This, however, was but an introductory measure. On the 10th of January, 1840, a red-letter day in the calendar of civilisation, one penny per letter became the uniform charge throughout the United Kingdom. The immediate effect of this change was to increase the number of chargeable letters from 76,000,000 in 1839 to nearly 169,000,000 in 1840. In the year ending December 31st, 1862, the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was upwards of 600,000,000.

One item in the new system was the total abolition of franking. The members of both Houses of Parliament had enjoyed the privilege of receiving and sending letters through the post without payment, from a very early date,—probably from the first establishment of the Post Office by government authority. Any letter might be franked on the cover of which a member had written his name. This led to great abuse; the autographs of members were procured by their servants, and sold to the public. Forgery, too, was carried on to a fearful extent. In the year 1763 it was computed that if postage had been paid on all the letters which had been franked, the postal revenue would have been increased by £170,000. Restrictions were therefore put upon this privilege in 1764; and yet further limitations were made in 1784 and 1795. When the penny postage was established in 1840 the privilege was abolished, and the poor man's letter was no longer taxed for the rich man's benefit.

This rapid review of the history of the British postal service is not perhaps an inapposite introduction to the survey of the business done and the progress made during the year ending December 31st, 1862. From the Report laid before the Houses of Parliament, by Lord Stanley of Alderley, at the beginning of the present year, it appears that the whole number of public receptacles for letters was 14,776, as compared with 14,354 in 1861, and with 4,028 before the establishment of penny postage. Of these receptacles 808 were Head Offices, that is,

Offices which exchange bags with a Metropolitan Office. The Sub-Post Offices, or Receiving Offices, were 10,508, and in addition to these there were 3,460 Road or Pillar Letter-Boxes. The latter have proved of great advantage to the public, and, on this account, perhaps, they have not been so much abused as might have been expected. The temptation to lift the lid and contribute articles not contemplated in our postal scheme must naturally be strong in the eyes of our street Arabs. But they have so far heroically resisted, and only one instance of a violent attempt to damage a Pillar Letter-Box is recorded. A very singular accident befell one of these boxes last year in Montrose. The street gas-pipes had been opened for examination and repair. As is usually the case, a quantity of gas escaped, and, strange to say, found its way into the letter-box. One of the night watchmen, to solace himself in the lonely hours, prepared to light his pipe, and for this purpose struck a match on the top of the pillar-box. There was a violent explosion from within,—the door was blown off, and the box hopelessly damaged; but happily the watchman and the letters escaped without injury. The large increase in the number of receptacles for letters was mainly in London, and may readily be accounted for on the ground that during the year nearly twelve thousand new houses were built in the metropolis and its suburbs.

Many of our readers will be astonished to learn that in several districts of the United Kingdom letters are delivered only by private messengers, who claim a small gratuity in addition to the postal rate. But the number of these messengers is steadily decreasing. Ninety-four per cent. of all letters and postal packets are now conveyed without any extra charge, by the officers of the service, to the houses of the addressees. At nearly 700 places free deliveries were established last year, and at 190 other places such deliveries were extended or otherwise improved. In no branch of the postal service has greater progress been made than in this. In 1859, 1,560 new places were put upon the free delivery list; in 1860, nearly 700; and in 1861, 560.

The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom during the year 1862 was, as above stated, *six hundred and five millions*, or nearly eight times as many as were delivered in 1839 before the establishment of penny postage. The increase of 1862 was, however, but two per cent. over the number delivered in 1861, whereas the average increase of the six years preceding was at the rate of four and a half per cent. This falling off in the rate of increase is attributable to the depressed state of trade in

the cotton districts, and to the civil war in America. Since the breaking out of that war, the number of letters passing between the United Kingdom and America has fallen off by one third, or at the rate of a million and a quarter letters in the year. The fluctuation in England is traceable not so much to commercial reasons as to those of a social and domestic nature. There have been probably as many business letters as ever, but the operatives of Lancashire have been too unhappy or too poor to correspond with their friends. Yet, notwithstanding the many social and domestic drawbacks of the year, there was a considerable increase in the number of valentines. John Bull, it seems, will make love, however low his purse or scanty his cupboard. No fewer than 430,000 valentines passed through the London Office alone in 1862; and Lord Stanley of Alderley, somewhat anticipating his next Report, informs us that a yet larger number was distributed on the 14th of February last.

The average proportion of letters delivered during the year was twenty-one to each person. This average exhibits a slight increase,—the proportion to each person having been during the last six years 21, 20, 19, 18, 17¼, and 17 successively. The average varies considerably in different towns. In Liverpool and Birmingham the proportion is 30 letters to each person, in Bristol it is 35, in Manchester 38, in Dublin 39, in Edinburgh 41, and in London 49.

Nearly 73,000,000 newspapers, and 14,000,000 book packets, &c., passed through the hands of the officers of the service in 1862. The increase in the number of newspapers upon that of the previous year was about half a million; that of the book packets was nearly a million and three quarters. Forty-five millions of newspapers bore the impressed newspaper stamp; the remaining twenty-eight millions were paid for in postage stamps or money. No report is given of the present number of book-packets as compared with the number passing through the post before the establishment of the cheap book-post, one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the literary world. There was a great increase in the number of printed circulars, at the rate in the London Office alone of eleven per cent. Some forty thousand such circulars were posted during one day, respecting the Lambeth election. About half a million of letters passed through the temporary office provided for the accommodation of visitors to the International Exhibition.

It must not be supposed that the packet-post is confined exclusively to books and literary records. When the authorities notified that the public might forward packets of any

description through the post, provided they did not exceed sixteen ounces in weight, at progressive rates of postage, there was forthwith such a rush of most miscellaneous parcels that it was necessary to place heavy restrictions on the privilege. Sir Francis B. Head, who was permitted to peruse a most extraordinary ledger in which some of the more notable parcels were registered, has strung together a strange catalogue, in which appear, among other things, two canaries,—a pork-pie from Devonport to London,—a pair of piebald mice, which were kept at the office a month, and duly fed, till called for by their owner,—two rabbits,—some plum pudding,—leeches in bladders, 'several of which having burst, many of the poor creatures were found crawling over the correspondence of the country.' Further, there was a bottle of cream from Devonshire,—a pottle of strawberries,—a sample bottle of cider,—half a pound of soft soap wrapped in thin paper,—a roast duck, (cold, it is to be hoped,)—a pistol, loaded almost to the mouth with slugs and ball,—a live snake,—a paper of fish hooks,—fish innumerable,—and, last of all, a human heart and stomach! We have strong suspicions that many such things do even now pass through the post. Aquarium lovers receive newts and beetles and all kinds of fish with their morning delivery of letters; and it is not incredible that some of the neatly enveloped packets which pass to and fro contain choice bits of humanity itself, generously presented by one anatomist to another.

The distance traversed daily by mails within the United Kingdom, exclusive of the conveyance of mail-bags from one part of a town to another, is nearly *one hundred and sixty thousand* miles. Nearly fifty thousand of these miles are traversed by railways, at an average cost of 6¾*d.* per mile. The maximum cost of the conveyance of mails by railway is 4*s.* 1*d.* per mile,—the minimum is one farthing. The mail coaches, omnibuses, carts, and other postal conveyances, pass over more than thirty thousand miles daily, at an average cost of 2½*d.* per mile. Packets and boats plying between different places in the United Kingdom, and carrying mails, traverse 2,845 miles per day, at a charge of 4⅜*d.* per mile. The cheapest mode of conveyance is by the hands of the letter carriers, who walk 72,605 miles daily, at a cost to the public of but three halfpence a mile. The cost of conveyance by railway must strike every one as disproportionate. No doubt the railway companies do make a very good thing of their mail contracts; but it must be remembered, that the mail trains are put on at hours selected by the postal authorities, and not always convenient for passenger traffic, or for the general

interests of the companies. It is much more expensive to work a train at one part of the day, when the line is crowded with traffic, than at another hour when it is comparatively free. The frequent delay of trains waiting for the mails is another serious item in the cost of working. Taking these and other facts into consideration, the cost of conveying the mails by railway does not seem so disproportionate.

There has been much improvement lately in the multiplication and acceleration of mails. There are 530 towns in England and Wales, which have a head Post Office. No fewer than 331 of these have now a day mail to London, and 444 have a day mail from London, in addition to a night mail in each direction. Forty of these towns receive and fifty-seven despatch three London bags daily; five receive and twelve despatch four such bags; and three receive and five despatch five. More frequent postal communication between large towns has been arranged. There are eight mails in each direction daily between Manchester and Liverpool. From both of these towns there is also a mid-day mail, which arrives in London in time for delivery the same evening; so that a city merchant may forward by the night mails to the Continent orders founded upon information supplied in detail by his Manchester correspondent at noon of the same day! This contrasts strangely with a Manchester postal bill dated 1721, which informs the public that the post goes out to London on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at nine o'clock in the morning. 'It will be best,' says the postmaster, 'to bring the letters *the night before the going out of the post*, because the accounts and baggs are usually *made up over night!*' In these days, letters may be posted up to within *five* minutes of the despatch of a mail; and letters for America may be received up to within *ten* minutes of the sailing of the packet. The same bill announces that the post comes in from London at night, on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at nine, ten, eleven, twelve, or one o'clock; there being no certainty, it would appear, to half a dozen hours.

For a long time the subject of registered letters has occupied the attention of the postal authorities. Appeals have frequently been made, calling upon the public to register letters containing money or valuables of any kind, not only for the sake of the senders, but for that of the letter carriers, and others through whose hands the letters have to pass. The injustice of sending coin through the post must be obvious. Many a letter carrier has been seduced from the path of honesty, and has lost character and all, by a narrow and thoughtless

economy which has shirked the small cost of registering a letter, and so putting its contents beyond the reach of dishonest temptation. Considerations of this kind having had little weight, and the frequent appeals of the Postmaster General having proved vain, it was determined last year to make the registration of all letters containing coin, or articles of value, compulsory; and, further, to reduce the fee from sixpence to fourpence. In France, the postage of a letter containing money or valuables, without registration, is treated as a penal offence. Less stringent measures were thought sufficient for this country; and a beginning was therefore made in the month of August, 1862. The registration fee was reduced to fourpence for all inland letters, and it was required that all such letters, passing through the London office, containing coin, should be registered. In case of refusal on the part of the sender, it was ordered that a double fee should be charged on the letter on delivery,—such fee to be returned whenever it might be shown that the letter did not really contain coin. The result of these changes has been most satisfactory. The number of voluntarily registered letters passing through the London office presented during the year an increase of thirty-seven per cent.; whereas the increase in the corresponding period of 1861 was only four per cent. Compulsory registration was brought to bear on 58,000 letters during the same period; rather more than one in ten of the whole number of registered letters. It is cheering to find that concurrently with this enlarged registration there has been a great diminution in the number of applications for missing letters containing coin. At the London office alone this number has been reduced by one half. Yet more cheering is the fact, that while in the last quarter of the year 1861 four London letter-carriers were convicted of having stolen letters containing money, in the corresponding quarter of 1862 not one was even charged with such an offence. With such results before him, the Postmaster General will be justified in extending to other parts of the country the regulation which applies at present to the London office alone. The honesty of letter-carriers is not to be imperilled for the sake of a few grumblers, who would rather save their fourpence than help an honest man to retain his integrity.

The registration of letters does not bind the authorities of the Post Office to give absolute security for their delivery, with their contents untouched, even when their conveyance is confined within this country. But the authorities are, nevertheless, generous on this point; for if it should appear, after a close investigation, that the contents of a lost registered letter

were what they are said to have been, and if the person at fault should prove to be one of the department's own officers, and if, further, the sum said to have been lost should be of moderate amount, and the sufferer a person not in affluent circumstances, it is the custom of the Post Office to make good the loss. There is no doubt, however, of the great security afforded by registration. Every registered letter may be traced from posting to delivery. The records of all such examinations are preserved; and from these records it appears that, in the year 1861, the proportion of registered letters lost, inclusive of such as were sent abroad, the risk on which was relatively much greater than that of inland letters, was but one to ninety thousand. During the latter half of 1862, nine hundred thousand registered letters were posted in the United Kingdom. Only twelve of these were lost, seven of them being inland letters, and five foreign or colonial. The total amount of property said to have been contained in the twelve lost letters was scarcely more than £9. Some letters were said to have been opened *in transitu*; but the whole amount stated to have been contained in them was less than £200.

About two millions of letters are returned to their writers every year, owing to failure in the attempt to deliver them to the persons addressed. It is calculated that some ten thousand letters per annum are posted without any address at all, and more than a million and a half are improperly or imperfectly directed. This may be attributed partly to the fact that many streets are not numbered; many others are distinguished by the names Great, Little, Upper, Lower, New, Old, East, West, &c., all dreadfully puzzling to the carriers, especially as, if our friend lives in West —— Street, we are almost certain to address our letter to East —— Street. There are in London somewhere about fifty *King* and *Queen* Streets, sixty *John* Streets, sixty *William* Streets, and forty *New* Streets. The irregularities and eccentricities in the numbering of streets is a great difficulty. A postman was once astonished to see a brass plate with the number 95 between two houses numbered respectively 15 and 16. In answer to his inquiries, the old lady who tenanted the house said that the number had belonged to her former residence, and, thinking it a pity that it should be thrown away, she had transferred it to her new home, supposing that it would do as well as any other number! Nearly four thousand letters have sometimes arrived in one day at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with no other address than 'London,' most of them being intended for small shopkeepers whose advertisements have led country customers to understand that they must be so well known in the metropolis as to need no

fuller address. In most cases, however, the difficulty of delivering a letter arises solely from the carelessness of the writer; and we quite agree with the Postmaster General, that as the time of the department is the property of the country, the amount of pains expended over misdirected or imperfectly addressed letters ought not to be given without some additional charge. If the regular postal rate were levied on each additional attempt to deliver a letter of this kind, the number would be materially lessened.

The regulations for the treatment of obscurely and imperfectly directed letters, and of such as on other accounts cannot be delivered, are very ingenious, and rarely fail. Every letter is presented in the first instance at the place to which it is addressed. If wrongly directed, and the name be known to the letter-carrier, it is then offered to the person for whom it is supposed to be intended. If this should fail, and the cause for non-delivery should seem conclusive, an attempt to deliver it is made by another letter-carrier; the record of each stage in the history of the vagrant missive being endorsed on its cover. When the case is hopeless, the address of every undelivered letter, and the endorsements it bears, are carefully examined by a superior officer, who is held responsible for the discovery of any wrong treatment which it may have undergone, and for having recourse to any further means of finding the owner which may be available. If nothing can be done with it, it is forwarded to the returned letter branch, where it is at once examined by an experienced officer, who is instructed to see that it has been actually presented as addressed, and that the reasons assigned for its non-delivery are sufficient. If it should be found that there has been any oversight or neglect, the letter is immediately re-issued. When, however, it is ascertained that nothing further can be done to effect the delivery of a letter, it is forthwith conveyed to the writer, if his address can be discovered. It is the rule of the department never to open a letter if it can possibly be sent back to the writer without being opened. Some hundreds of letters are returned daily to their original senders, whose names are ascertained by seals, coats of arms, or other information supplied by the cover. When, on opening a letter, no writer's name or address appears, as is often the case, pains are taken to discover the writer by the names or addresses of persons mentioned in the letter. When all efforts fail, the orphan letter, if from abroad, is retained from one to two months, and then returned to the country from which it was received. If originated in this country, it is torn in pieces, and its fragments are consigned to the receptacle for waste paper, and subsequently sold. Under

the old postage the number of dead valentines that found their way to this receptacle was about one hundred and twenty thousand a year. The new postage has reduced this number by one half.

Many letters are posted daily, the addresses of which are illegible or incomplete. These are handed over to the '*Blind Officers*,'—so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle,—whose duty it is to decipher the writing, to correct any evident mistake, and to put the letter in course to reach its destination. These officers are supplied with all the principal guides, directories, &c., &c., by the help of which, though mainly by the aid of their wit and intelligence, they generally succeed in making out the destinations of the letters referred to them. Considering the extraordinary spelling, the no less wonderful geography, and the mystic writing by which many of these letters are distinguished, the work of the blind officer is no easy task. It is not every one that would be able to discover in the cabalistic legend 'Ratlivhivai,' which looks more like the name of a town in Madagascar than that of an English locality, the well-known *habitat* of sailors and old-clothesmen, 'Ratcliff Highway.' None but an excessively wide awake blind officer could have referred a letter addressed 'sromfredevi' to Sir Humphrey Davy. 'Ner the wises' requires the touch of the magician's wand, ere it becomes 'near Devizes.' The German who, ignorant of English, made a bold dash at a compromise, and directed his letter to a merchant 'Noher Londer Brutz Schibseed,' was only less clever than the officer who forwarded the missive to a house 'near London Bridge, Cheapside.' And we very much question whether the most enlightened *savant* in the lists of the British Association recently assembled in the town of Newcastle would have ventured to decipher the inscription 'Wharam Que ner Ne Wcasal Pin Tin.' To the eye of the blind officer this startling legend stood out as 'Wareham Quay, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne,' and the letter was delivered accordingly. These, of course, are extreme specimens; but those which are presented daily require the utmost skill and ingenuity. Yet it is a very rare thing for a 'blind officer' to have to confess that he is baffled.

Of the few letters that form a residuum, after passing through the hands of the 'blind officer' and the dead letter inspectors, some are found to contain coin and other valuables. According to a return moved for in 1847 by Mr. Duncombe, 4,658 letters containing property, and representing an accumulation of about two months, were consigned to the waste paper receptacle in the July of that year. In these letters

there were coins of the value of £310. 9*s.* 7*d.*; money-orders for £407. 12*s.*; and bank notes representing £1,010. In 1859 the amount of property found in letters which could neither be delivered, nor for want of an address in the inside be returned to the writers, was £260. In 1860 it was about £460. The whole amount of money which rests for any time in the Dead Letter Office may be estimated at £11,000 in the year. The greater part of this sum is ultimately restored to the owners,—little more than one per cent. of it finding its way into the Exchequer. The carelessness of the public in sending money through the post is almost incredible. Indeed, the postal records tell some sad tales as to the public carelessness in general. In the year 1860, no less than *fifty thousand* postage stamps which had been hurriedly affixed to letters were found loose in the post-bags and boxes. Two hundred letters, many of which contain notes and cheques, are posted daily in London, without any seal whatever. Half a million newspapers a year are never delivered because of imperfect addresses, and one newspaper in every five thousand escapes from its cover, because carelessly folded. Hence it is that many a country squire, eager for a dip into *Bell's Life* before starting for the hunt, is horrified to find the *Patriot* on his breakfast table; the rabid radical, longing to drink in the spicy articles of the *Weekly Despatch*, finds himself confronted with the *Standard;* and the orthodox rector, dreaming softly of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, rips open the envelope, and almost faints as out tumbles the *Saturday Review!*

We pass now to a far more important branch of the Postal system, the Money Order Office. This office was first established in connexion with the Post Office in the year 1792. The conduct of it was originally undertaken by the clerks on their own account, and at their own risk. In 1839 it became a recognised branch of the Postal service. The commission then charged for any sum not exceeding two pounds was *sixpence*, and for any sum above two pounds and not exceeding five it was *eighteenpence*. In that year the number of orders issued was 188,921, representing an amount of £313,124. The sixpenny scale was reduced to threepence, and the eighteenpenny scale to sixpence in 1840, when the number of orders rose to 587,797, representing the sum of £960,975. In 1856 the Money Order system was extended to some of the Colonies, and was found to work so well as to call for a yet further extension. In Canada, where the system has been longest at work, the sum passed through the Money Order Office last year was £30,135. There are offices in Western

and South Australia, Queensland, New Zealand, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Cape of Good Hope. It is most desirable that other Colonies should be included. Thousands of pounds are wasted annually by successful emigrants because of the difficulty of forwarding money to their friends at home. It is not every one that understands the mystery of bills of exchange, nor can such bills be obtained for small sums. If the simple system of Money Orders were introduced into all our colonies, aged parents separated by thousands of miles of sea from the younger and more vigorous members of their families would often receive small but welcome relief, and self-supporting emigration would be materially promoted.

On the 1st of January, 1862, the limit of the amount for which a Money Order might be drawn was extended from *five* to *ten* pounds. The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious. It is impossible to deter the public from sending whatever sums they choose. By making one order supply the place of two, the very expensive labour of the department is lessened, while its gross profits are not lowered. The immediate result of the change was an increase of orders, amounting to more than a million sterling. The present number of Money Order Offices in the United Kingdom in 2,879, one hundred and sixty-five of which have been opened during the past year. The number of orders issued during the year was 7,604,367,—representing the sum of £15,827,994. The commission on these orders amounted to £137,526. The proportion of orders issued to the population is about one to every four persons. More orders are issued on the 24th of December than on any other day in the year, to the great joy, doubtless, of many homes and hearts on the 25th. Her Majesty's Committee of Council on Education are about the best customers of the department,—orders to the amount of more than half a million having been taken out by them in the year 1861.

By simplifying the plan, and abolishing many useless checks, the staff of the Money Order Department has been reduced, and the working expenses considerably lessened. All Money Order accounts are kept at the General Office, and a duplicate advice of every order is forwarded by the provincial post-masters to London, that the transaction may be recorded and the accounts duly checked. More than 200 clerks used to attend to this business; but the new arrangements have reduced the number to a little over 100. The sum of £4. 10*s*. per thousand is gained by the sale of orders. Hence the department is very remunerative, the profits being more than £30,000 per annum. But this has not always been the case. In 1847

the department lost £10,000. In the following year the loss was nearly £6,000. A profit was realised in 1849, which has steadily increased at the rate of about £2,000 a year up to the present date.

This method of transmitting money is about as safe as it can be. Large as is the number of postmasters employed in conducting the Money Order business, a defalcation is a most rare occurrence. The whole sum lost in this way by the department during ten years between 1850 and 1860 was £267, and even this sum was made good out of the void order fund. A short time ago a book of blank money orders was stolen from one of the offices, and forged orders were used to obtain goods from tradesmen. But if the tradesmen had been possessed of common sense, they would have refused to part with their goods until the orders had been cashed, and thus the fraud would have been prevented. A simple observance of the regulations and cautions printed on the back of every form would utterly obviate the possibility of fraud in any case. It is not generally understood that by using a penny or twopenny postage stamp, as the case may be, any person may direct that his money order shall not be payable until ten days after date, so as to give time to obtain an acknowledgment before the order can be cashed.

Many orders are never claimed. It is somewhat characteristic, that there are twice as many orders unclaimed in Ireland as in England and Scotland, though the numbers issued in the two latter countries are so much in advance of those issued in Ireland. A curious instance of the pertinacity of a careless habit is quoted by the duke of Argyll in one of the earlier reports. Of the ordinary class of money orders, only 1 in 837 is allowed to lapse from neglect in presentation; yet, of those orders which, though being too late in the first instance, are renewed for a certain period, on the payment of a second commission, 1 in 39 is again overlooked, and allowed to lapse. His Grace does not inform us whether these cases occur in Ireland; but we may be sure that they are not to be charged to Scotland.

During the Crimean war, the money order system was extended to Constantinople, Scutari, and Balaclava, thereby affording a ready means to our soldiers and seamen of transmitting to their families at home sums of money, which, but for this arrangement, would probably have been squandered in dissipation. More than £71,000 was thus sent home by the soldiers and seamen, and £35,000 by the army work corps. In the same year, the sum of £22,000, in amounts averaging

£1. 1*s.* 4*d.*, was remitted by the soldiers in camp at Aldershot to their friends. From the gradual increase of orders sent from Ireland to England, and the decrease of such orders from England to Ireland, it may be inferred that the habit of seeking labour in England, and consequently of sending money from Irishmen in England to their friends at home, is on the wane, and that there is an increased command of money in Ireland. The English people will not be sorry to be relieved of the hordes of wild and unkempt Irishmen who for many years past have sought our shores at harvest-time.

The authorities at the Post Office have been urged from time to time to issue money orders when the sum is below £2, for a smaller commission than *threepence*, descending even to a *penny*. These applications have been always refused on the ground that the threepenny commission does not pay the cost of issue. Means, however, of sending small sums of money at a slight expense are afforded by the arrangement under which postage-stamps, forwarded in letters, can now be exchanged at many post offices for money, at a charge of 2½ per cent.; so that any person may send stamps to the value of 8*s.* 4*d.* for one penny, and to the value of 1*s.* 8*d.* for a halfpenny. A large amount of money is already paid in exchange for stamps. In the year 1860 it amounted, in London alone, to £25,000; in 1861 it reached the sum of £41,000; and last year the amount thus paid was nearly £60,000. The arrangement which now includes all Money Order Offices in England and Wales, and certain offices in Ireland and Scotland, will probably, at no distant time, be largely extended. The amounts of postage stamps most commonly tendered in exchange for money are between one and five shillings. It seems desirable that a smaller rate than 2½ per cent. should be charged. The minimum charge might remain at one halfpenny; but the maximum rate should not be more than a penny for any sum under ten shillings.

In the year 1806, the late Mr. Whitbread proposed a measure to Parliament for making the General Post Office available for the deposit of small savings, the Government being responsible for their due repayment. The matter proceeded no further at the time; but the question excited the attention of many financiers. On the 17th of May, 1861, the Post Office Savings' Bank Act, intituled 'An Act to grant additional facilities for depositing small savings at interest, with the security of the government for the due repayment thereof,' was passed. The new Act was put in operation on the 16th of September in the same year, on which day 301

Post Office Savings' Banks were opened in England and Wales. The scheme has proved most successful. In the year 1862, 255 additional Post Office Savings' Banks were opened in England, 300 in Ireland, and 299 in Scotland. At the end of the year, the whole number of such banks in the United Kingdom was 2,532. Only 76 of these had failed to obtain depositors. The number of depositors in the year was 592,582, and the amount of their deposits was £1,947,138. 15*s.* 6*d.* Since the beginning of the present year, and up to the date of the Report, the number of banks had risen to 2,864, and the gross amount of deposits, including interest up to the 1st of January, was £2,952,296.

On comparing the average amount of each separate deposit in the Post Office Savings' Banks with that of the deposits in the old Savings' Banks, we learn that throughout the kingdom the Post Office Banks have attracted a larger proportion of small depositors than was obtained by the old Banks, the average of deposits in the former being £3. 6*s.* 2*d.*, and in the latter £4. 6*s.* 5*d.* The reason of this lies, doubtless, in the greater facilities which the Post Office Banks afford; for they are open every day, and for several hours. The old Savings' Banks were generally located in large towns, whereas the Post Office Banks have been extended to smaller towns and villages, which hitherto have had no provision of this kind. One very important advantage of these banks is that they give any person the power of making a deposit, or taking out money, in any part of the country in which he may happen to be at the time, without reference to the place where his account was originally opened. This power is largely used. During the last year there were not fewer than 20,872 such deposits, and 15,342 withdrawals.

Much use has already been made of these banks by friendly, provident, and charitable societies, and by the managers of penny banks. With friendly societies 1,010 accounts have been opened, 642 with provident and charitable societies, and 82 with penny banks. Friendly societies duly enrolled are entitled to pay in the whole of their funds; charitable or provident societies may, with the approval of the Postmaster General, pay in £100 a year, or £300 in the whole. If, however, the last-mentioned societies can obtain the sanction of the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt, they may invest the whole of their funds. With similar sanction the managers of penny banks may pay in their entire funds.

The rules of these Post Office Banks are simple enough. Depositors may pay in any amount from one shilling upwards,

provided that such deposits do not in any year ending on the 31st of December exceed £30, and provided also that the total amounts standing in the depositors' name in the books of the Postmaster General do not exceed £150, exclusive of interest. When the principal and interest together, standing to the credit of any one depositor, amount to the sum of £200, all interest will cease, so long as the same funds continue to amount to the said sum of £200. Interest calculated yearly at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, is allowed on every complete pound deposited, and is computed from the first day of the calendar month next following the day on which a complete pound shall have been deposited, or on which deposits of a less amount shall have made up a complete pound, up to the first day of the calendar month in which moneys are withdrawn. The interest thus calculated will be at the rate of one halfpenny per month for every complete pound.

The depositors' book must be forwarded once in each year, on the anniversary of the day on which the first deposit was made, to the principal office of the Postmaster General, in a cover which may be obtained at any Post Office Savings' Bank, in order that the entries may be compared with the entries in the books of the Postmaster General, and that the interest due to the depositor may be inserted in it. No charge is made for the books when first supplied, or issued in continuation, nor for the transmission of the books to the Postmaster General; nor is any charge made for any application or necessary letter of inquiry respecting the sums deposited by them. A printed copy of forms of notice for withdrawal may be obtained at any of the banks.

In proof that the Post Office Savings' Banks are generally considered to have been efficiently conducted, and to have provided sufficient savings' bank accommodation in a satisfactory manner, it may be said that no less than thirty-six of the old Savings' Banks have been closed. This is a very desirable result, seeing that the trustees of these banks carried on their business only at a great cost of labour and responsibility. No less than £340,000 have been transferred from the old Savings' Banks to the Post Office Banks by means of transfer certificates. Sums equally large have doubtless been withdrawn and paid in in cash. Notwithstanding the vast amount of new business thrown upon their hands, the postmasters have entered into the work of the banks with great spirit and goodwill; and a close inspection of one hundred and fourteen thousand books has resulted in the discovery of but a few errors, and these of trifling importance. The total cost of the new

department from September 16th, 1861, to December 31st, 1862, was £20,591. 7*s*. 10*d*.

One of the most interesting items in the report of Lord Stanley is that of Foreign and Colonial Posts. Independently of the services to Ireland, the Channel Islands, Orkney, and Zetland, the voyages performed by the mail packets during the year were equal in the aggregate to more than three millions of miles. The average speed was rather more than ten statute miles per hour. The cost, including payments made by the colonies, was nearly a million sterling, or about 6*s*. 4*d*. a mile. The most distant point to which mails are conveyed by British packet is Auckland, which is fifteen thousand miles from Southampton. The nearest point is Calais, distant twenty-six miles from Dover. The largest contract entered into by the Postmaster General is for the conveyance of the mails to India, China, Australia, and Mauritius, for which the sum of £399,297 is paid annually to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company carries the mails to the West Indies, Mexico, Brazil, &c., for £269,243. The costliest mail is that to North America and the Bahamas, for which we pay at the rate of 9*s*. 2*d*. per mile. The least costly is the contract of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, to the west coast of South America,—3*s*. per mile. For the mail to New Zealand we pay 9*s*. per mile; and for that to Dover, Calais, and Ostend, 8*s*. 10*d*. The high rate of some of these mails is to be accounted for by the speed which they are under contract to maintain. The mean speed of the Dover, Calais, and Ostend line is thirteen and a half statute miles per hour.

Out of one hundred and thirty voyages, the packets of the North American and Bahamas line (Cunard, Burns, and Maciver) kept contract time 124 times; the Peninsular and Oriental Company kept time in 275 voyages out of 472; the Newfoundland and Bermuda line (Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart.) was behind time 36 voyages out of 56. The Union Steam Ship Company, which holds the contract for the Cape, was up to the mark in every voyage. Some very heavy penalties are exacted when contract time is not fulfilled. The contractors for Point de Galle and Sydney have to pay £200 for every 24 hours behind the contract time; but to make up for this they receive a premium of £50 for every 24 hours under time. Mr. Churchward, the contractor for Dover and Calais, has to pay £15 for every case in which the mails are too late for the mail train. The Holyhead and Kingstown contractors have to pay 34*s*. per minute, if the journeys between London and

Kingstown, and Crewe and Kingstown, exceed 11 hours and 7½ hours respectively, from the appointed time of departure. Happily for the contractors, these penalties are at present suspended, owing to the state of the harbour at Holyhead.

Several instances of remarkable punctuality during the past year, which are the more astonishing because such punctuality was dependent on packets arriving at a point of juncture by different routes, are recorded by the Postmaster General. Among them are the following:—

'1st. The arrival of the mails *viâ* Marseilles, despatched from Sydney, New South Wales, distant nearly 13,000 miles, on the 22nd of September; from Calcutta, distant 8,000 miles, on the 10th of October; from Shanghae, distant upwards of 11,000 miles, on the 19th; and from Hong Kong, distant upwards of 10,000 miles, on the 27th of September. These mails were all due in London on the 13th of November at midnight; and they arrived one hour and ten minutes before the time. 2nd. The mails for the West Indies and Central America despatched from Southampton on the 17th of September, were delivered at the Danish Island of St. Thomas, distant more than 4,000 miles, at the precise moment at which they were due, viz., at 6 A.M., on the 2nd of October. On the same voyage the mails from Jamaica and Demerara, conveyed in each case by a separate branch packet, were delivered within a few minutes of the time at which they were due; while the mails for parts of Central America and for the Pacific were delivered at Colon, on the eastern coast of the Isthmus of Panama, distant 5,400 miles, thirty minutes after time, the packet having been detained at sea that precise time by H.M.S. "Orlando;" and the mails for Chili, after having been conveyed with others across the Isthmus of Panama, were delivered at Valparaiso, distant nearly 9,000 miles from Southampton, two hours before the appointed time.'

Ninety-six steamers, with an aggregate of 140,000 tons, and 36,000 horse power, are employed on the postal service. The largest of these is the paddle-wheel steamer, 'Scotia,' of 3,871 tons, and 1,000 horse power, the property of Cunard, Burns, and Maciver. Mr. Churchward's little packet, the 'Vivid,' of 300 tons burden, and 128 horse power, is the smallest. These packets are manned by a force of more than 8,000 men. There are also 33 naval agents, all officers of the Royal Navy, who are maintained on board the packets by the Post Office, for the purpose of securing the correct delivery of the mails, guarding against unnecessary delay on the voyage, and reporting on nautical questions affecting the performance of the service. Officers of the Post Office are sometimes substituted for the naval agents, when it is thought expedient to sort the mails during the voyage.

A great saving is likely to be effected upon future contracts. The Cape of Good Hope service, always very creditably performed by the Union Steam Ship Company, has been let again to that Company at a much lower payment than before. The amount paid under the old contract last year was £37,000. The new contract starts at £25,000, and gradually diminishes to £15,000 per annum. The time of the voyage is also lessened from 42 days to 38. Concurrently with this arrangement the postage has been raised from 6*d.* the half-ounce to 1*s.* This will probably make the Cape of Good Hope service self-supporting. A similar arrangement has been made for Brazil. The new contract with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company will effect a saving of £70,000 per annum. An increased rate of postage will bring up this sum to £100,000. So great, however, has been the former loss on this service, that there will still be an annual deficit of £100,000. The colonies will bear part of this loss.

It has been proposed from time to time that a second monthly Australian service should be established by way of Panama. The Executive Council of Queensland has urged the establishment of a second service, *viâ* Torres Straits and Singapore. There are many grave objections to these propositions. The cost of the Australian service is already too heavy to allow of a bi-monthly mail. The Panama route would be not only too distant, (the distance from London to Melbourne, by way of Suez and Gibraltar, being 13,100 miles, by way of Marseilles 12,100 miles, and by way of Panama 15,300 miles,) but also too costly, inasmuch as the present route requires a branch only from Ceylon, while the Panama route would involve a new service across the whole Pacific. As little can be said in favour of the proposed route by Torres Straits and Singapore. The present route, *viâ* King George's Sound, is 1,670 miles nearer to Melbourne than by way of Singapore, and even to Sydney the distance by Singapore is greater by 466 miles. The expense of the proposed route would be very much heavier. A yet greater superiority may be claimed for the present route, if, on the completion of the railway from Paris to Ancona or Brindisi, one of these ports should be substituted for Marseilles, as the European port for the Mediterranean service. The completion of the projected railway by the line of the Euphrates, and its employment in the mail service, will render the superiority of the present route yet more apparent.

The cost of the packet service has always been enormously beyond the amount of sea-postage. The hope is expressed that

in course of time there will be an improvement in this respect, and that the service may even become self-supporting; but for many years to come there will be a deficiency. It is not likely that a reduction of the postal rates would so increase the correspondence as to improve the finances; for experience proves that the number of foreign and colonial letters is not materially affected by the rate of postage; regularity, frequency, and speed appear to have far greater influence. A reduction in colonial postage from one shilling to sixpence was made in 1859. The increase in the correspondence was comparatively small, amounting in the case of Canada to but one-fifth in two years. On the other hand, the establishment of a second mail to Australia was followed by an immediate increase of one-third; and when the Australian service was transferred to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, there was a large and sudden increase. The rates of postage cannot be raised; they are already high enough. There is but one remedy for the present deficiency,—and that is, to apply to all the colonies, except in special cases, the principle that has been applied to India and Australia, viz., that of requiring the colonies themselves to pay half the cost. One advantage of this plan would be, that it would give them an interest both in keeping down the expenditure, and establishing rates of postage high enough to be remunerative.

If the foreign and colonial letters were charged with the whole cost of the packets, and with that of foreign agencies, and other incidental expenses, not only would the entire amount of the sea-postage be absorbed, but those letters would show a loss on the year of £409,900. The total cost of the packet service for 1860 was £863,000; the total sea-postage was £453,700, leaving a deficiency as above. In proportion to the amount of correspondence and outlay, the greatest loss appears on the Cape of Good Hope line, where the outlay is £38,000, and the loss £28,700 per annum. The West India and Pacific lines, with an expense of £302,400, show a loss of £198,800. The West Coast of Africa costs £30,000, and sinks £25,500. On each letter conveyed between England and the Cape of Good Hope there is a dead loss of *ninepence;* every letter to the West Indies costs a *shilling* over and above the postage; letters to the West Coast of Africa cost us *one shilling and eightpence* each; while on the Galway line, according to the old contract, there was a loss per letter of *six shillings!* The only foreign service which pays its expenses is that between Dover and Calais and Dover and Ostend. The Post Office makes a very handsome sum yearly out of this contract.

The gross revenue of 1862 from all sources, (including the sum of £130,415 for impressed stamps on newspapers, which is collected by the commissioners of inland revenue,) was £3,774,304. The expenditure properly appertaining to the year was £2,540,363. The net revenue—that is the difference between the adjusted gross revenue and the adjusted expenditure—was £1,236,941; being an increase of £74,956 on the net revenue of 1861. If, however, the whole cost of the foreign and colonial service were placed to the debit of the Post Office, the net revenue would be reduced to £742,681. But as the packet service is used partly for political purposes, the deficiency is made up by the Admiralty. In the year 1838, the last complete year before the general reduction of postage, the net revenue was £1,659,510. But in that year the cost of management was only £686,768; whereas in 1862 it was £2,540,363. In 1840, early in which year the postage on all inland letters weighing less than half an ounce was reduced to a uniform charge of one penny, the net revenue fell to £500,789. Since then it has gradually risen, year by year, in spite of an accumulating expenditure; and there is every prospect of its reaching, in two or three years, the highest standard of the past.

Looking at the balance-sheet in detail, we find a sum of £1,129,500 set down for salaries and pensions; £61,898 for buildings and repairs; £676,908 for the inland mail service; and £470,000 for foreign mails (the Admiralty paying the remainder). The manufacture of postage stamps costs £28,393; stationery is rated at £25,821; and miscellaneous expenses, including the conveyance of mails through Egypt, clothing, official postage, rents, taxes, law costs, &c., run away with £145,895. At the end of 1862 the staff of officers comprised 1 Postmaster General, 5 secretaries and assistant secretaries, 20 other superior officers, 14 surveyors, 11,302 postmasters, 1,637 clerks, 168 mail guards and porters, 12,131 letter-carriers and messengers, and 7 marine mail officers. In the colonies there are 22 officers, and in foreign countries there are 73 agents, under the Postmaster General.

It is generally taken for granted that the servants of the Post Office are for the most part ill-paid. Statements to this effect have often appeared in newspapers and magazines. If there were any data for these conclusions, their publication would be wise and just; but it must ever be inexpedient to give utterance to such statements where they have no foundation. In this way the servants of the Office are fairly goaded into discontent. Writers for the press should be careful how

they rush into denunciation of a system, all the movements of which may be examined. Everything is above board at the Post Office. It is not a realm of red tape, but of honest and practical common sense. And when we look into the question of Post Office salaries, we shall find very little reason for sympathy with the popular view. At the London Offices the rate of wages for the lowest class of carriers ranges from 18*s.* to 25*s.* a week, each such officer beginning at 18*s.*, though necessarily under twenty-one years of age at the time of admission, and advancing one shilling per week per annum, provided he be diligent and well conducted, until he reaches 25*s.*; and as promotion depends now solely upon merit, every officer has the prospect of rising to the grade of sorters, or even to that of clerks, if he be qualified. In addition to this payment of money, which is subject to none of those contingencies of weather, and trade, and misfortune, which render the wages of a working man so precarious, every letter-carrier is supplied annually with two suits of clothes: he has also the privilege of gratuitous medical attendance and medicine when ill; a pension is secured to him in old age; and he receives assistance in insuring his life for the benefit of his family. The labour of a letter-carrier is limited to eight hours *per diem;* and if any one finds his work to occupy him more than that time, he is at full liberty to inquire for investigation and redress. Every letter-carrier is entitled to a fortnight's holiday annually, without any deduction from his pay. The item of Christmas boxes, though not regarded in the arrangements of the Post Office, ought not to be lost sight of in our estimate of the income of a postman. Both in town and country the postman has good reason to hail the return of boxing-day. Such are the emoluments of a letter-carrier; and how far they are appreciated may be learned from the fact that there is no difficulty in procuring honest, intelligent, and industrious young men at the present rate of wages. In case of dismissal, the most strenuous efforts are made to secure re-admission into the service.

Among the miscellaneous information furnished by the report of the Postmaster General, we find some interesting details respecting a Mutual Guarantee Fund which has been established, and by means of which many of the officers of the circulation departments of the Post Office have been relieved from the necessity of providing personal securities. In London every clerk who chooses to become a member of the Guarantee Fund deposits the sum of 10*s.*, and every letter-carrier 5*s.*

These deposits are invested, in the names of trustees appointed by the Postmaster General, in government securities. The Fund is responsible for the payment of all defaults; and each officer, on leaving the service, is entitled to receive back a sum bearing the same proportion to his deposit, as the whole of the Fund at the time may bear to the whole amount of deposits. The credit of originating this scheme belongs to Mr. Banning, the postmaster of Liverpool. Its advantages are great, not only as freeing the officers from the often difficult task of finding sureties, but as saving much time and expense to the department, by relieving it from the necessity of inquiring into the competency of such sureties. In the London Office there are 2,725 subscribers to this fund, 297 of whom are clerks, and the invested capital is nearly £900. It is most satisfactory to learn that there is so little defalcation on the part of the servants of the General Post Office, that there was no draught at all upon the fund last year, beyond repayments to subscribers on their quitting the service, whether as pensioners or otherwise.

There is also a scheme of Life Insurance connected with the Post Office which works very satisfactorily. An arrangement has recently been made for enabling the officers to effect this insurance by means of a small weekly or monthly deduction from their wages. As an inducement to a more general adoption of this scheme, the authorities propose to pay one-fifth of the premium in each case of insurance. This money, which amounts to more than £3,000 per annum, is paid in part from the proceeds of unclaimed money orders. The same system has been adopted by most of the Railway and Electric Telegraph Companies. It is an immense improvement on the old Funeral Society schemes.

The servants of the Post Office in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, are in charge of competent medical officers, whose duty it is to look after their health, and to attend them in sickness. The annual report of Dr. Waller Lewis, of the London chief office, appears as an appendix to the report of the Postmaster General. From it we learn that, during the year 1862, among 3,098 persons under his charge there were 2,460 cases of illness, most of which were of a slight character. The average absence of each clerk on the ground of sickness was 7¼ days; 13, however, of these were absent three months. The average absence of sorters and carriers was 7 days. This is an improved average, and is traceable, in Dr. Lewis's opinion, to two causes:—the discontinuance of the use of macintosh capes, and the obtain-

ing of a new supply of water in the place of that furnished by the time-honoured but unsavoury pump of the Goldsmiths' Company. The condemned capes fostered rheumatism, and the pump encouraged diarrhœa. The death rate on the entire establishment during the year, including the pensioners, of whom no less than twelve died, was about one per cent., a very low average when it is considered that the officers are not recruited from among the labouring classes.

The officers of the travelling branch of the mail department discharge their duties under circumstances of a peculiar character,—they are nearly always on the rail. Hence Dr. Lewis has thought it desirable to keep the medical statistics of this branch separate and distinct. He has paid special attention to a question of great interest at the present day,—the influence of railway travelling on health. His conclusions are worthy of quotation. They are these: '1. That independent of a certain liability to injury from collisions and other accidents, railway travelling has little, if any, injurious effect on healthy, strong, and well-built persons, if the amount be not excessive, and if they take moderate care of themselves. 2. Persons who take to habitual railway travelling after the age of twenty-five or thirty, are more easily affected than those who begin earlier. 3. The more advanced in age a traveller is, the more easily is he affected by this sort of locomotion. 4. Weak, tall, loosely-knit persons, and those suffering under various affections of the head, heart, and lungs, are very unsuited for habitual railway travelling.' As all candidates for the office of railway clerk, sorter, or mail guard, have to undergo a special medical examination, there is little if any difference between the ratio of the health and mortality of the railway postal officers, and those engaged in other branches of the service.

There are many other points of interest in this Report which we must be content to leave untouched. Our necessarily brief summary will suffice to show how much zeal and even genius are expended in the postal service, and how much reason we have to be satisfied with the management of the department. Were we disposed to look at the subject philosophically, we might find ample scope among these statistics, indicating as they do not only the advance of civilisation, but the rarely appreciated fact that all true progress depends less upon grand and comprehensive movements than upon a careful and persevering attention to the minor details of social life. These letters of ours, on the delivery of which so much care is expended, and by means of which space and time are growing less and less influential, are among the most powerful agencies in the work of civilising the world. A nation's rise may be

calculated less by the brilliant diplomacy of its statesmen than by the enlightened culture of its more domestic interests. The poet, too, ranging among these seemingly dry figures which Lord Stanley of Alderley has woven together with such rare ability, might find many a theme not only worthy of his song, but actually inspiring; for what issues of life and death, what anxieties and loves, what hopes and sorrows, are represented by these six hundred millions of letters! But if we regard this Report from a more practical point of view, as indicating not only the mighty resources of our empire, but more especially the wisdom and economy with which, in one department at least, these resources are expended, we find the most abundant reason to be proud of our Post Office. This is no small praise. There is scarcely another department of the public service with which the nation is satisfied. One can never mention the Horse Guards but with an apology. The Admiralty, with its costly experiments and notorious jobs, was for generations a proverb, and is still regarded with not a little suspicion. The bare mention of the Board of Works provokes a smile on the face of the most saturnine. Well-nigh every schoolmaster and school committee in the kingdom has a grudge against the Council on Education. The heads of all these departments are in perpetual hot water. But the nation believes in the Post Office. The Englishman never indulges his inalienable privilege of grumbling in this sphere of the public service. While shafts are flying everywhere, the Postmaster General leads a charmed life. And why? The answer is contained in one sentence, which all governing powers would do well to study: —The secret of the success and satisfaction which the Post Office secures lies in the fact that, instead of intrenching itself among the traditions of the past, it pursues a course of enlightened inquiry,—regulating its policy not by precedent, but by the public good.

ART. IX.—1. *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici Auspiciis Imperatoris Alexandri II. susceptæ.* Edidit Æ. F. C. TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1860.

2. *Bibliorum Codex Sinaiticus Petropolitanus.* Edidit CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Petropoli. 1862. Four Vols. Folio.

3. *Aus dem heiligen Lande.* Von C. TISCHENDORF. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1862.

4. *Novum Testamentum Sinaiticum, sive Novum Testamentum cum Epistola Barnabæ et Fragmentis Pastoris.* Ex Codice

Sinaitico Auspiciis Alexandri II. Omnium Russiarum Imperatoris ex Tenebris protracto Orbique Litterarum tradito accurate descripsit ÆNOTHEUS FRIDERICUS CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF. Lipsiæ: F. A. Brockhaus. 1863.

5. *Anfechtungen der Sinai-Bibel.* Von CONSTANTIN TISCHENDORF. Leipzig: C. F. Fleischer. 1863.

WITHIN little more than four years from the present time, a well-known foreign scholar and biblical antiquarian has discovered what is likely to prove the oldest extant manuscript of the Greek Scriptures; has published in three folio volumes, together with a companion volume of preface and other illustration, a superb and most exact facsimile of the said manuscript—such a facsimile as never manuscript before was fortunate enough to boast of; and, in honour of what he wisely judged to be the feeling of Christendom, and with the design of giving impulse to the cause of sacred letters, has prepared and sent forth in common type a comparatively cheap but very elaborate and accurate edition of the New Testament part of his larger work. It is a wonder in an age of wonders; and we scarcely know which feature of the case is the more surprising, whether the extraordinary manner in which Divine Providence put Dr. Tischendorf in possession of the Sinai manuscript of the Bible, or the rare combination of literary enthusiasm, critical subtlety, long-practised erudition, and unmeasured energy and perseverance, to which we are indebted for so speedy and yet so satisfactory a publication of it. Envy herself will hold her breath in presence of the prodigious labours, which the discoverer and editor of this priceless monument of the faith has brought to so triumphant a termination.

The story of the finding of the Sinai manuscript reads more like a romance than a narrative of sober facts. It was in the year 1841 that Dr. Tischendorf published his first critical edition of the New Testament. In connexion with this undertaking, and in further prosecution of his biblical researches, he spent most of the time between the autumn of 1840 and the spring of 1844 in visiting the public libraries of France, England, the Netherlands, and Italy, exploring their treasures, and gathering from them many precious contributions to the service of sacred criticism. While thus engaged, he conceived a strong desire to travel through those oriental countries, from which Western Europe has drawn so much manuscript wealth; and by the bounty of the late king of Saxony he was able to gratify this desire, and passed the greater part of the year 1844 in Egypt and in other regions of the Levant, where

the old monasteries and their unknown stores of books are crumbling into dust. The month of May saw him at the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai; and there, while turning over the contents of a waste-paper basket in the library, he lighted, to his great surprise and joy, upon several fragments of a very ancient manuscript of the Septuagint—a manuscript not less ancient, as it appeared to him, than the fourth century of our era.

The monks were accustomed to feed their oven out of the basket; and the basket, in its turn, was fed, as occasion required, out of the library. The fire had already put many of the compeers of Dr. Tischendorf's foundling beyond the reach of his criticism. He was successful, however, in rescuing and in obtaining possession of the biblical fragments which he had dug out of the basket. At the same time the brethren of the monastery showed him other and larger portions of the codex to which the fragments originally belonged. Among these were the whole of the prophecies of Isaiah, the last page of which Dr. Tischendorf transcribed, the first and fourth books of Maccabees, and some others. As may be supposed, our traveller was most anxious to become master of so unlooked-for and valuable a prize. The monks, however, could not be persuaded to part with it. To secure the safe keeping of the manuscript, their guest was compelled to give them some idea of its worth; and their newly acquired knowledge seems to have proved more than a match for the magic of his thalers. The basket-fragments Dr. Tischendorf took home with him to Germany; and full critical examination having certified him of the correctness of his first conjectures as to their age, he published them in facsimile at Leipsic in 1846, under a title suggested by the name of his royal patron, *Codex Friderico-Augustanus, sive Fragmenta Veteris Testamenti e Codice Græco, omnium facile antiquissimo.* Meanwhile, and for some years after, the editor maintained a prudent silence as to the spot in which he had met with his manuscript; the most he allowed to be generally known being that more might be possibly obtained, if the matter were kept secret.

In 1853 Dr. Tischendorf was again at Sinai; and now he made no doubt of being able either to purchase the manuscript which he had seen in 1844, or at least to make a copy of it for a second and enlarged edition of his Frederic-Augustus Codex. To his great astonishment and vexation, however, he neither saw the manuscript, nor could gain any information as to what had become of it. He concluded that it must have found its way into Europe through some unknown channel, and contented

himself by inserting the page of Isaiah above-mentioned in his *Monumenta Sacra*, published at Leipsic in 1855, and by announcing to the world and claiming as his own discovery the existence somewhere of other remains of the manuscript of which this fragment and the facsimile of two years before were parts.

The year following, with the consent of the king of Saxony, Dr. Tischendorf opened a communication with the emperor of Russia through his ambassador at Dresden, soliciting the imperial permission and authority to visit the East for the purpose of examining and purchasing ancient manuscripts, both Greek and Oriental, particularly such as were fitted to promote the advancement of biblical and ecclesiastical learning. In September, 1858, after various negotiations and preliminary arrangements, he received instructions from the emperor to carry out his proposition. It so happened that just at this time he was pushing through the press the latter part of his seventh edition of the New Testament, begun two years before. This caused some delay. With great difficulty he succeeded in finishing the Testament before the close of the year; and only a few days of January, 1859, had elapsed, when he was the third time bound for the East, with Egypt and Arabia in view as his first great field of observation and labour. On the 31st of January he found himself once more among his old friends of the convent on Mount Sinai. And now we stand on the edge of the great discovery. Dr. Tischendorf had put the world in possession of important portions of the text of a biblical manuscript, generally admitted to be fourteen or fifteen hundred years old. He had likewise advertised the fact of his having seen other and larger remains of the same manuscript, though they had disappeared, and their fate was unknown to him. His present visit to Sinai not only cleared up the mystery of the missing treasure, but opened to him and to Christendom an unimagined revelation of yet higher wealth. Dr. Tischendorf had been several days at the monastery. He had kept eyes and ears open continually—but in vain. He must leave. On the 4th of February he despatched a servant to fetch his Bedouins with the camels to carry him back to Cairo. That same day, later on, he took a walk with the steward of the convent, and talked with him on the subject nearest to his thoughts,—the Greek version of the Seventy. He had brought copies of his own edition of the Septuagint, as well as of his New Testament, with him as presents to the brethren; and these formed a convenient peg to hang the conversation on. On returning from their walk they went together into the steward's dormitory. Here the steward told him that he had a copy of the

Seventy, which he immediately fetched from a corner of the room and laid on the table. It was wrapped in a red cloth. Dr. Tischendorf opened the cloth, and saw—'*quod ultra omnem spem erat*'—not only his Isaiah and Maccabees, the lost brethren of his basket-child, but considerable portions of the Old Testament besides; and, what was far more important, the whole of the New Testament, so far as he could see without a single gap, together with the hitherto unknown Greek of the Epistle of Barnabas in full, and, as he afterwards ascertained, the former part, also previously extant but in a broken and uncertain text, of the Shepherd of Hermas. In a word, Dr. Tischendorf had discovered his Sinai manuscript of the Greek Bible, the manuscript which that in the Vatican alone can presume to rival in point of age, and in comparison with which even this choicest of the literary hoards of Rome must give place, as lacking the Pastoral Epistles, the Apocalypse, and other parts of the New Testament, all which appear in their integrity in the newly acquired Codex. We can very well excuse Dr. Tischendorf if his feelings ran away with his worldly discretion, as he gives us to understand they did, at the sight of a reality which outstripped his most dreamy hopes. He could not conceal from the monks (for several others were present as well as the steward) the satisfaction which the spectacle caused him. With the steward's permission, he carried his prize with him to his bedroom; and there, the value of the discovery he had made becoming more and more apparent as he examined the manuscript at leisure—to use his own words, he 'praised and gave God thanks for bestowing so great a favour upon the Church, upon literature, and upon himself.' He did not think of sleeping. It seemed a crime to sleep. He spent the night in copying the letter of Barnabas. The next day he begged the consent of the brethren to his having the use of the manuscript at Cairo for awhile, for the purpose of transcribing it; and they were willing to grant this, provided he could obtain the permission of their ecclesiastical superiors to have it sent thither. Accordingly on the 7th of February, the day which he had originally fixed for his departure, he left Sinai for the Nile, carrying with him an official letter from Cyril, the aged librarian of the convent, and his friend the steward, respecting the loan of the manuscript; and on the 13th he reached Cairo again. There his negotiations were so rapid and successful,—Agathangelus, the chief of the ecclesiastics with whom he had to deal, acting true in the business to his name of *Good Angel*,—that what with this and the marvellous expedition of the courier-sheikh sent on dromedary to Sinai for the manuscript, by the 21th of

February, only nine days after Dr. Tischendorf's return to Cairo, the Codex was in the city of the genii; and the day following, with a portion of it in his hands, our indefatigable scholar was girding himself to the work of transcription. This was no easy task. With the assistance, however, of two of his countrymen, one a physician, the other an apothecary, the whole was accomplished in the course of two months. To insure accuracy, Dr. Tischendorf compared the copy as it was made with the original letter by letter, whether the parts of it which were his own autograph, or those which were written by his helpers. Even this exactness did not content him. The great number of corrections of various dates scattered up and down the manuscript formed a tangle of readings in certain cases, which might bewilder the most wakeful transcriber; and on this account Dr. Tischendorf concluded that it would not be safe to attempt the publication of the text till it had undergone still further scrutiny and sifting. These it subsequently received, as the sequel will show.

To secure in the most effectual manner the object last named, if for no other reason, the manuscript thus strangely brought within the reach of learned Europe, must, if possible, become its permanent possession; and much of the time that the transcription of it was in progress Dr. Tischendorf was busily engaged in treating with the Sinai monks for the transfer of their precious heirloom to the czar, the acknowledged head of that orthodox Greek Church to which they belonged. Many difficulties, ecclesiastical and others, arose to perplex the course of these negotiations. In the end, however, they were successful; and on the 28th of September, 1859, Dr. Tischendorf had the satisfaction of having the Codex formally placed in his hands at Cairo, with the understanding that he should take it to St. Petersburg for the purpose of publication, and that it should remain in the keeping of the Russian emperor till such time as the official sanction of their archbishop, not then to be obtained, should constitute it his property for ever.

Meanwhile Dr. Tischendorf visited Jerusalem, Beyrut, Smyrna, Patmos, Constantinople, and other parts of Syria and Turkey, intent everywhere on fulfilling his mission as a collator and collector of manuscripts. In Patmos he had the good fortune to meet with a manuscript, apparently of the twelfth century, containing the most complete and important known text of the notes of Origen on the Book of Proverbs. These he spent four days in copying, and afterwards printed them with a critical commentary in his *Notitia*. At Smyrna again his eyes were unexpectedly gladdened with the sight of

an Uncial Codex of the Gospels of the ninth century, which after long and anxious suspense he was only too thankful to carry away with him. What is more pertinent to our topic, while staying at Constantinople, his host, Prince Lobanow, the Emperor Alexander's ambassador to the Porte, showed him a work in Russian, written by Porphyry, archimandrite of Uspenski, and published at St. Petersburg in 1856, from which it appeared that in 1845, the year after Dr. Tischendorf made his discovery of the basket-fragments at Sinai, the author had seen and examined there that larger part of the manuscript which his German predecessor had been obliged to leave behind him, and of which no traces could be found on his second visit to the monastery in 1853. Indeed, Porphyry describes the New Testament part of the manuscript as well as the Old; only his critical estimate of it was altogether at fault; and, according to Dr. Tregelles, Major Macdonald, an Englishman, would seem to have inspected the same precious document at Sinai soon after Porphyry saw it; for the major speaks of a very ancient Uncial manuscript of the New Testament, attributed to the fourth century, which was shown him by the monks. These facts subtract nothing from Dr. Tischendorf's merit as the discoverer of the manuscript. At the same time they are valuable historic stepping-stones between his disappointed hopes of 1844 and the unlooked-for consummation of fifteen years after.

In the middle of October, 1859, Dr. Tischendorf left Egypt, and on the nineteenth of the following month he had the honour of placing his Sinai Codex in the hands of the Czar Alexander at Zarsko Selo. The czar examined the manuscript with minute attention, and expressed his imperial pleasure that the public of St. Petersburg should have the opportunity of viewing both this and the other literary fruits of Dr. Tischendorf's journeyings. Accordingly they were exhibited for a fortnight in the Imperial Library, and attracted a multitude of curious and enlightened visitors. The emperor further directed that immediate steps should be taken for furnishing learned Christendom with printed facsimiles and other suitable representations of the important biblical text which had thus become the glory of Russia.

The history of the printing and publication of the manuscript is hardly less stirring than that of its discovery and transportation to Europe. Before proceeding to this, however, it will be worth while to describe the appearance and contents of the Codex itself.

When Dr. Tischendorf opened the red cloth in the monastery, he saw before him a pile of ancient parchment leaves, connected and numbered for the most part in uniform groups, but without

lid or wrapper of any kind, the leaves therefore, as might be expected, not always at home, and the whole written over with those charming Greek capitals which not even the most delicate typography of our times is able to surpass. The scholar's eye and hand soon righted all that was wrong in the mechanical condition of the manuscript; and in his *Notitia*, and still more fully in the *Prolegomena* to his printed editions of the text, he has given his readers precise information on all points of interest relating to the material of which the Codex consists, the disposition of its several parts, the character of the writing, the Scripture books or fractions of books comprised in it, and whatever else of the same sort is necessary to an intelligent estimate of its value. We cannot follow Dr. Tischendorf here as closely as we would; but we gladly avail ourselves of his guidance within the limits prescribed to us.

The Sinai manuscript is a large volume of quarto size, the width of the pages being somewhat greater than their vertical length. Originally it was larger than at present: for the upper and side margins have been trimmed, as the mutilated appearance of certain notes and letter numbers belonging to them shows. The material of which it is made is the dressed skins of animals, chiefly, as it would seem, of the kind of antelope so well known as abounding in the Arabian and African deserts, possibly also of asses and other animals. The size of the book must have made a heavy demand upon the benevolence of the creatures whose coats compose it. Every doubled leaf of the quarto required a separate skin. To prepare the hides for the pen, the best skill of the times appears to have been employed. Generally speaking, the vellum is as remarkable for the smoothness of its surface as for the fineness of its texture: though of course the leaves differ very much in these respects, some being coarse, like Cowper's farmers, and others, like his clergymen, 'so fine' as to have suffered not a little from the shocks and fretting of the centuries. With few exceptions the skins throughout the volume are disposed and arranged on a fixed plan. After being cut to the rectangular shape required, they were folded once into the quarto form under which they appear in the manuscript. They were then bound together in clusters of four skins apiece, and were so placed that at every opening of the volume the pages presenting themselves to the reader should be either two inside and comparatively smooth, or two outside and comparatively rough, halves of the skins which formed them. This mode of connecting the parchments explains the present aspect of the writing of the manuscript. At successive openings it is alternately well and ill preserved.

Where the inner part of the skin, or that next to the body of the animal, was written on, the letters are clear and legible; where the scribe wrote on the back or harder part of the vellum, they are indistinct and faded. As we now have the manuscript,—for, unhappily, either the monks' oven or some other destroyer has robbed us of much of it,—it consists of three hundred and forty-five skins and a half, of which a hundred and ninety-nine belong to the Old Testament part of it, and the remaining hundred and forty-seven and a half to the New. The quaternions, or groups of four skins, into which the whole body of them is distributed, are numbered consecutively from the beginning of the manuscript to the end; each quaternion containing, according to the modern mode of reckoning, eight leaves and sixteen pages. On every page four narrow and very regular columns of writing, about nine and a half inches long, and two and a quarter broad, exhibit themselves, containing forty-eight lines of text apiece. In respect to the number of its page-columns the Sinai Codex is unique. No other ancient manuscript has so large a number. The Vatican manuscript has three. So have a very few other extant Greek or Latin manuscripts. And the case is the same with two venerable copies of the Samaritan Pentateuch preserved at Nablus in Syria. The Sinai manuscript alone has four columns. From this statement respecting the ordering of the text, however, we must except the so-called poetical books of the Old Testament, which are written stichometrically, with two broad columns to the page, as in the Vatican Codex likewise. The parchment of the manuscript is rather light yellow than white in colour; and the ink, which is usually bright, is of many hues, now blackish or dusky, now brown or copper-tinted, now inclining to yellow or something akin to it. This variety Dr. Tischendorf thinks may be due as well to the diverse nature of the skins as to chemical differences in the composition of the ink. The original writing of the Codex is commonly brown, and so are the more ancient corrections. Here and there vermilion is used. The titles and numbering of the Psalms, the headings of the several parts into which the scribe has distributed the Canticles, a portion of the inscription of Ecclesiastes, the letters employed to indicate the so-called Ammonian sections and Eusebian canons, and the arabesques appended to certain books, the Psalter, for example, and the Gospel by St. Mark, are all red.

The Codex throughout is written in uncial or capital letters of the utmost purity and grace. No types can re-produce the mingled vigour and softness of their curves; and there is a quiet ease and dignity about the whole array of the writing,

on which the eye rests with unfailing pleasure. Initial letters are not used. Originally there seems either to have been no interpunction at all in the manuscript, or what there was occurred but seldom, and was of the simplest possible description. The stichometrically written books are altogether without stops. In the four-columned parts of the text a single point, or, as a rarity, a double one, is met with. Whole pages, however, are pointless. Sometimes, as for instance in the Books of Tobit and Judith, vacant spaces of various length are made to play the part of pause-signs. The circumstance that later hands have added to the pointing which the Codex at first contained, creates doubt in certain instances as to what the most ancient form of the text was. Usually the style and colour of the additions are such as to exclude uncertainty; but it is not always so: and hence the need of the caution in the matter of the punctuation, of which Dr. Tischendorf speaks, and which he is himself so careful to observe. The use of the apostrophe-mark after words is not infrequent; but its function is less determinate than in writings of modern times. A favourite diacritical sign in some parts of the manuscript is one which resembles a reaping-hook with the iron bent backward towards the handle. What the value of it is seems hard to say. It appears to be employed in many cases to connect the end of one verse with the beginning of another; but it has often no definable dignity beyond that of a space-filler or an ornament. Sometimes, as in the papyri from Herculaneum, a short line like our hyphen or dash is used to divide the text into verses or paragraphs. The double dot over the letters Iota and Upsilon, with which students of ancient manuscripts are so familiar, was much more commonly omitted than used by the original writer of the Sinai Codex. It has frequently been introduced, however, by the subsequent correctors; though it is impossible to refer the presence or absence of it to any fixed law.

Certain leading words occurring often, such as God, Lord, Christ, Jesus, Spirit, Man, Father, are found for the most part in contraction, with a horizontal line above to mark the peculiarity. For the sake of saving room, too, and in order to greater expedition in writing, compound characters are employed in certain cases. Thus Eta and Nu are run together, so that a single vertical stroke serves as the right-hand boundary of the one, and the left-hand boundary of the other. In the same way Mu, Nu, and Eta coming in succession are represented by an abbreviation which excludes two out of the six uprights belonging to the forms in full. Numerals are written sometimes with letters, sometimes with words. The latter method is followed in the eleventh of St. Matthew, where the feeding of the five

thousand is spoken of. In like manner the number of the beast in the Apocalypse is given at length. The famous monogram of Christ, a Rho with a straight line crossing its extended downstroke, about which there has been so much discussion, and which occurs twice in the Alexandrine manuscript and four times in the Vatican, appears in three instances in the Sinai Codex; namely, at the end of the prophecies of Jeremiah once, and twice at the end of Isaiah. The symbol is first found on gold coins of the Emperor Constantine struck at Antioch, and bearing the date A.D. 335; but according to Letronne, whom Dr. Tischendorf is disposed to follow, its origin is to be traced to the early Christianity of Egypt; and thus it came to be used especially in writings and other monuments of which that country was the parent. However this may be, the Egyptian associations of the sign are interesting, in connexion with the high probability, amounting almost to certainty, that the Sinai Codex was written on the banks of the Nile. With regard to the original penmanship of the manuscript, Dr. Tischendorf is quite satisfied that it was not executed by a single individual. The writing is singularly uniform throughout, in its air and build; yet there are diversities which reveal themselves to a practised eye; and, in the editor's judgment, it exhibits the handiwork of at least four scribes, whose respective portions he attempts, under correction of future scrutiny, to define. To scribe Number One he attributes nearly the whole of the New Testament, with the fragment of Chronicles, and the first book and latter part of the fourth book of Maccabees. Number Two, he thinks, wrote the Prophets and the Shepherd of Hermas. The books arranged on the stichometrical principle were penned by Number Three. The Fourth scribe is credited with Tobit and Judith, the beginning of the fourth of Maccabees, and parts of the first three Gospels, of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and possibly also of the Book of the Revelation.

We have already referred to the numerous corrections scattered through the manuscript. They are nearly sixteen thousand in number; and, what is very remarkable, with exceeding few exceptions they are written, like the Codex itself, in uncial characters. This is not due to the circumstance that the correctors were generally contemporary or nearly so with the writers of the manuscript. The first corrections appear to have been made, indeed, by one of the writers. On this point Dr. Tischendorf was long in doubt; but he is now satisfied that scribe Number Four, above mentioned, revised the labours of his associates, particularly the New Testament part of them, and introduced into the Codex certain various readings drawn

from a copy different from that which his brethren had transcribed. There are other corrections also, which seem to belong either to the age in which the manuscript was written, or to one not far removed from it. The great bulk, however, of the modifications and additions which the primitive text has received, must be referred to a much later date. Dr. Tischendorf is at great pains to distinguish the several correctors, and to determine the periods at which they lived. We cannot attempt to follow him through the mazes of this labyrinth. He does not himself profess to hold the clue to every turn of it. Nor is it likely that any who come after him will be more successful than he has been. It must often, in the nature of things, be impossible to settle minute questions of authorship and chronology, which hinge, as in the present instance, upon the colour of an ink, or the roughness or delicacy of the formation of a letter. Dr. Tischendorf's printed editions of his manuscript contain complete critical lists of the corrections that have been made upon its first text; and we must direct our readers to these wonderful monuments of his genius and industry for further illumination on a subject of so much interest and perplexity.

We have stated already that the Codex has suffered grievous mutilation. It opens with verse 27, chapter ix. of the first Book of Chronicles. After this comes the Book of Tobit, with most of Judith. The first and fourth Books of Maccabees follow. Next we have Isaiah at full, with a considerable fragment of Jeremiah. These are succeeded by nine of the minor prophets; namely, Joel, Obadiah, Jonah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi. The poetical books, happily complete, and arranged as Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song, Wisdom of Solomon, Wisdom of Sirach, Job, bring up the train of the Old Testament. The series of the New Testament books runs as follows:—first, the four Gospels in the usual order; secondly, the Epistles of Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Hebrews, Timothy, Titus, Philemon; after these the Acts; then the Epistle of James, the two Epistles of Peter, the three Epistles of John, the Epistle of Jude, and the Revelation of John; lastly, as an integral portion of the New Testament, the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd. The book of the Shepherd is imperfect. With this exception there is not a chasm in the text from Matthew onwards. It must be observed, however, that six leaves are wanting, as the numbering of the quaternions shows, between the end of the letter of Barnabas and the beginning of Hermas. There is a significance in this, to which we shall presently call attention.

When we parted from Dr. Tischendorf, the discoverer, not yet the editor, of our manuscript, some pages back, it was the autumn of 1859, and he was at St. Petersburg, about to enter on the execution of the imperial commands in the publication of the Codex. There were three objects which he was wishful to combine in carrying out these commands. The first was an adequate reproduction through the press of the entire contents of the manuscript. The next was the honour which it was fit the work should do his distinguished patron. The third was a speedy satisfaction of the desire which learned Europe felt to possess the new instrument of sacred criticism. Accordingly, he drew up a triple scheme of publication based upon these principles; and the czar having accepted the plan which most approved itself to our author, and which formed a medium between the two others, Dr. Tischendorf accoutred himself for his second great campaign in the service of his Sinai parchments.

Towards the close of December—not the most genial season for a Russian journey—he carried half of the manuscript from St. Petersburg to Leipsic with the view of having types for his facsimiles founded, and of making other preparations for his printing. The type-cutting was a serious affair. The most characteristic forms of the letters were to be selected from the Codex as the models to be followed. Then three sizes of letters were necessary: the largest for the general text; lesser ones for the correctors' notes, and for certain small letters used by the scribes at the end of the lines of text to preserve the symmetry of their columns; last of all, very minute forms, like homœopathic globules, also for a class of terminal characters such as those just named.

Besides, it was found that types of the usual breadth would fill more space than the demands of facsimile printing would allow; and it was necessary, in many cases, that two letters should be cut so as to occupy about the room of one, or that single letters should be made as lean as possible to enable them to fit the closer. While all this was proceeding, the good offices of Ferdinand Flinsch, a name famous in the Fatherland, were secured to furnish a strong and handsome paper suited to Dr. Tischendorf's purpose. At the same time a celebrated London manufacturer, '*cui nomen est Delarue*,' being understood to have invented a paper, which by dint of the legerdemain of modern chemistry bore the appearance of vellum, was desired to forward to Leipsic as much as would serve for twenty copies. Things being so far set in motion, our editor, late in March, 1860, made his way again 'through the snows of the north,' as he tells us, to St. Petersburg. Here his Leipsic arrangements received the approval of the emperor through his represents-

tives Kowalevsky and Kislovsky; and under the same high sanction directions were given to a competent artist to prepare photographs of certain parts of the manuscript, and to forward copies of these in lithograph to him at Leipsic. About the middle of May, he went back to Leipsic, taking the whole of the Codex with him, except twenty leaves, from which the facsimiles were to be made, and which he left behind him at St. Petersburg, under strict guard. Soon after his return, Messrs. Giesecke and Devrient, the well-known Leipsic printers, entered upon their task of transferring the contents of the manuscript to paper. In doing this, the most exemplary pains were taken to secure exactness. Nothing was placed in the hands of the compositor which Dr. Tischendorf and his professional associates had not themselves copied from the original, and carefully revised. A nephew of the editor, M. Clement Tischendorf, put the type together. Then certain 'learned friends,' particularly M. G. Mühlmann, corrected the proofs. Finally, Dr. Tischendorf himself compared what had passed through these ordeals with the text of the manuscript. As the work advanced, additional type was cut, representing more precisely the various forms of the letters, with other features of the writing; and, what proved o be a herculean labour, a vast number of short metal 'lines' were prepared and inserted in the type as the composition of it went forward, that the spaces between the letters of the manuscript might be duly preserved in the printed facsimile. More than a hundred thousand such lines were used in striking off the New Testament alone.

Meanwhile, Dr. Tischendorf had been preparing for the press the admirable advertisement of his work, which appeared near the end of 1860; namely, the *Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici*, named at the head of our article. The design of this was to gratify public curiosity as to the history and general character of the manuscript, and to pave the way for the favourable reception of the facsimile then in course of publishing. The work was well fitted to answer both these objects. The graphic account which it gave of the finding of the Codex, the sensible programme laid down for the publication of it, the argument, brief but forcible, by which the high antiquity of the manuscript was established, and the specimens of its readings furnished by Dr. Tischendorf, together with the extracts from the text, and the facsimile plate which formed part of the volume, were precisely what the circumstances of the case required, and claimed and received the warm thanks of Christian scholars in all parts of the world. The *Notitia* has not lost its value by the publication of the printed editions of the manuscript; for there are interesting portions of it which do not reappear in the

later Prolegomena; and, besides, it contains the *Scholia* of Origen on the Proverbs, after the Patmos Codex before mentioned, and a descriptive catalogue of manuscripts and other antiquities brought to St. Petersburg from the East, by Dr. Tischendorf, both which students of biblical and patristic literature will do well to examine.

Early in May, 1861, Dr. Tischendorf was a third time at St. Petersburg for the purpose of ascertaining what success had attended the labours of his photographers, and of those who were to copy after them in lithograph. To his disappointment he found that that success had been but partial. Ten of the plates were not amiss; and these, after many alterations and corrections, to which he subjected them at Leipsic, were used for his facsimiles. The execution of the remainder, however, was transferred to Germany; and they were mostly prepared at Dr. Tischendorf's own house, and under his personal inspection and management.

No great while after this Russian journey, the three magnificent volumes containing the text of the manuscript in facsimile were almost finished. Even now the editor was not willing that they should go forth without further scrutiny; and accordingly the whole was once more carefully compared with the original. This done, about the middle of July, 1861, Dr. Tischendorf considered his task so far ended. There still remained the colossal labour of preparing for the press his list of all the corrections made upon the text of the Codex, with full critical exposition of their character and value. The copious and elaborate Prolegomena, too, were to be completed and printed. And all must be done by September; for the publication of the great biblical manuscript was to form part of the celebration of the Millenary of the Russian empire, which would fall in that month. This last arrangement was subsequently set aside; yet not through any failure of Dr. Tischendorf's, for his fourth and last volume was issued before the day of the festival; and by the end of October more than three hundred bound copies of the entire book had been conveyed to St. Petersburg. Early in November the editor was admitted to an interview with the czar and czarina, and formally presented to them the fruit of their imperial liberality and of his learned toils. By command of the emperor, two hundred of the copies were reserved to be presented to the public libraries of Europe, or otherwise disposed of as he should direct. The remaining hundred, with a laudable generosity, were returned to Dr. Tischendorf to be sold for his personal advantage. We know not with what feelings our author found his way back to Leipsic a month after; but, if we do not misjudge, it must

have been a relief to him, rather than a burden, that he had still in prospect the preparation of that smaller and common-typed edition of the New Testament part of the manuscript, of which we spoke in the outset, and which he had all along designed should appear in its time as an appendix to his larger work.

While the facsimile was in progress, Dr. Tischendorf kept this further publication constantly in view; and now that it has appeared after the lapse of no more than some fourteen or fifteen months, it is not too much to say, that it fully justifies the high expectation with which it was looked for, and that the thanks of Christendom are due to Dr. Tischendorf for the judgment, the critical genius, and the scholarly accuracy with which he has edited it. It is a handsome quarto, less than a thirtieth of the price of the four folio volumes; and, deducting for the absence of the Old Testament text and of the splendid plates of the greater work, contains the pith and marrow of all that can be found in the facsimile. The forty pages of Prolegomena are much the same as in the parent work. The Critical Commentary on the New Testament portion of the manuscript, extending to as many pages more, is reprinted from its predecessor, with additions and improvements. A beautiful facsimile in lithograph of the last twenty-eight verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews, enables the reader to form a correct idea of the general appearance of the manuscript throughout. Last of all, the text, though not in uncials, appears in a bold clear Greek type of the ordinary description, and is so printed as to correspond as nearly as possible to the form of the manuscript and the facsimile edition of it. Thus every opening of the volume presents eight columns of text, four to a page, the lines of which exactly answer to those of the Codex. If a letter at the beginning of a line, as is often the case, lies a little beyond the vertical boundary of the column, this is exhibited. Iota and Upsilon are represented with or without dots as they stand in the original. The apostrophes are reproduced. Great pains have been taken to express the most ancient interpunction, even where vacant spaces were made to serve as signs of pause. The contractions are given as in the manuscript. The inscriptions and subscriptions of the several books, with the headings of the pages, are faithfully copied. The Ammonian Sections and Eusebian Canons all occupy their places, though it is doubtful whether they were inserted in the Codex when it was first written. The sign of connexion, of which we spoke awhile since, is uniformly marked; so also are any ornamental lines which appear to have been introduced by the first writers of the text. In short, the possessor of this cheap edition of the Sinai manu-

script of the New Testament falls very little behind the owner of the more splendid facsimile, for all the great purposes for which the study of ancient copies of the text is pursued by Christian scholars and divines. Considering the great cost of the facsimile on the one hand, and the exceeding excellence of this cheap edition of the New Testament on the other, we shall marvel, if Dr. Tischendorf does not find the later publication interfering with the sale of the earlier, and so is compelled to offer his folios at a considerably lower price. We shall not regret this; for the sum at present asked for them is unnatural, not to say extravagant. At the same time we trust the learned editor will be more than compensated by a very large sale of his smaller and invaluable edition of the New Testament.

What renders the discovery and publication of the Sinai manuscript matter of so great interest, is the vastness of its age. Dr. Tischendorf has been careful to draw out the proof of this at length in his Prolegomena; and it is so ample and cumulative as to leave no room for scepticism except with those who are resolved to doubt. It is true we know little of the external history of the Codex. The original writers of it have nothing to say on the subject. No traveller, so far as is ascertained, up to the year 1844 makes any mention of having seen it. The Sinai monks are wholly ignorant of its origin and of the circumstances under which it became the property of their convent. At the same time it is clear, that for ages it was in possession of the famous Arabian monastery, a monastery founded early in the sixth century under the auspices of the Emperor Justinian, and never since destroyed. The manuscript has several names upon it, Dionysius, Hilarion, Theophylact, written about the time of the twelfth century, which are pretty evidently those of dignitaries belonging to the Christian fraternity of Mount Sinai. Again, the Russian archimandrite Porphyry, already named, brought with him from the Sinai convent to St. Petersburg portions of Dr. Tischendorf's manuscript, which had been used—ages before, as it would seem—in the binding of certain other manuscripts of later date; the fragments so obtained being pieces of the Books of Genesis and Numbers. On this point, however, there can be no question. From time immemorial the Codex has lain hidden among the literary treasures, or buried in the literary rubbish, of the Sinai monastery. This outward and negative proof of its antiquity is transmuted into full demonstration, when we turn to the marks of age which the Codex carries in its internal make and composition.

The first great seal of antiquity borne by the manuscript, to say nothing of the texture and appearance of the vellum of

which it consists, is the character of the writing. It is written in Greek uncials or capitals. This carries us back at once over a long train of centuries. But the uncials are of a particular type. They are not such as are found in the later or even the middle period of uncial writing, as it appears on the parchments that have come down to us. They are of the oldest known description. They closely resemble the uncials of the Egyptian papyri, found at Herculaneum and elsewhere. In the twentieth plate appended to the facsimile edition of the manuscript, Dr. Tischendorf gives a specimen of the writing of a papyrus roll dug by the Bedouins out of the cemetery of Memphis; the letters of which, he says, might have served as a copy for the writers of his Sinai Codex. The same plate contains several other examples of uncial writing of the first four or five centuries, the correspondence of which with the writing of our manuscript is most marked and obvious. Judging from the forms and style of the uncials, a palæographer would say at once, that the Sinai manuscript belongs to the same cycle of ancient monuments with the Vatican and Alexandrian Codices of Scripture, the Ephraem Syrus palimpsest, the fragments of the Octateuch of Origen preserved at Paris, Leyden, &c., and a few other patriarchs of the same noble stock. They have a purity, a simplicity, a vigour, an ease, a neatness, a symmetry, such as even manuscripts of the sixth century, like the younger Vienna copy of Dioscorides, or the St. Petersburg palimpsest of the Book of Numbers, fail to exhibit. Dr. Tischendorf enters into particulars in support of these positions, and concludes—with abundant reason, as we think—that so far as the evidence of the uncials is concerned, his manuscript cannot be younger than the celebrated Vatican Codex, now commonly attributed to the middle of the fourth century.

The absence of initial letters is another feature of the manuscript which points to a remote date for the time of its transcription. Initials appear to have come into use in the fifth century. All the extant Greek and Latin manuscripts of that period have them. They are not found, however, in the papyri, nor do they appear in any one of the few parchments older than the fifth century which have reached our times. In this respect the Sinai Codex stands on the same footing with the remains of Origen's Octateuch and the Vatican Bible.

Again: the extreme simplicity of the original interpunction looks strongly in the same direction. We have seen already that subsequent corrections and additions somewhat complicate the argument derived from this source. They by no means invalidate it. The general facts remain, that the pointing of

the manuscript was at first as simple and scanty as can well be imagined, and that the remarkable similarity between the papyri, the Vatican Codex, and a few other writings of the highest antiquity, as distinguished from those of only a century or two later, obtains here also. Of this similarity we have further illustration in the unclassical character of the orthography and of the grammatical forms and constructions which the Sinai and Vatican manuscripts exhibit in common. There is reason to believe that, as time advanced, a purism, at once critical and unscientific, sought to shape the biblical texts after the approved models of Greek spelling and style. The very uncouthnesses and irregularities of the Sinai manuscript and its compeers are a badge of antiquity which true criticism, ever loyal to history, will recognise and honour. It may be mentioned, too, as an additional circumstance having the same chronological bearing, that even so late as the time of two of the oldest correctors of the manuscript, both living some centuries after it was penned, there is no use of accentual marks in the writing.

We have spoken elsewhere of the fact that the greater part of the Sinai Codex exhibits four columns of text to the page. We have seen, too, that while it is extremely rare to meet with a manuscript having so many as three columns, the Sinai Bible is alone in the employment of four. The argument for the great age of the Vatican manuscript, which Hug in 1810 drew from the triple-columned arrangement of its text, and which is applicable to a very few ancient writings besides, unknown to Hug, not only holds here in its full force, but furnishes one ground at least for putting the newly-discovered parchment at the head, in point of time, of all extant manuscripts of Greek Scripture. In support of this last conclusion we might also adduce the peculiar order in which our manuscript disposes the books of the New Testament, and the notable simplicity of the forms of inscription and subscription connected with them. In the Fathers, for instance, we sometimes find the fifth book of the canon styled 'Acts' without any further definition; but the title does not occur in any other Codex except that from the St. Catherine convent. In like manner the agreement between the Sinai manuscript and the oldest Syriac version in putting the Epistles of St Paul before the Acts of the Apostles, seems to connect both monuments chronologically with a period earlier than that in which the arrangement found in the Vatican, London, and Paris manuscripts was received and established.

With respect to the use in the Gospels of the numbers known among biblical scholars as the Ammonian Sections and Eusebius's Canons, no argument can be drawn from them

adverse to the theory which attributes the manuscript to the early middle of the fourth century. Even if it were certain that these numerical indexes of the first Christian harmonists were introduced into the Codex by the writers of it, we have evidence enough to show that this might have been very well done at the period in question. It is doubtful, however, whether the synoptical numbering was not added to the text of our manuscript at a date posterior to the original writing of it. Something may be said both for and against their contemporaneousness. On the whole, no great stress can at present be laid on the numbers in endeavouring to fix the precise age of the Codex. It is sufficient to urge that they show no cause why it may not have been written in the days of Eusebius and Constantine. One point belonging to the same general category of evidence is more certain. Of all the Uncial manuscripts of Scripture, with the single exception of the Beza Codex, the Vatican and Sinai alone are without the larger capitulary sections into which the Gospels were early distributed.

The fact that the Sinai manuscript includes the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas among the canonical books of the New Testament is a circumstance not to be overlooked in this connexion. It is well known that during the second and third centuries both these works were regarded by many as part of inspired Scripture. Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, and others abundantly attest this. It is also well known that about the year A.D. 325 Eusebius speaks of these writings, together with the Acts of Paul and the Revelation of Peter, as being of uncertain authority, some Christians maintaining, others denying, their inspiration. It is notorious, likewise, that the Council of Laodicea, held in 364, and that of Carthage, dating thirty-three years after, excluded both Hermas and Barnabas from the Canon. Now it is highly improbable that so important a copy of the Scriptures as the Sinai Codex would be from the very first, should have been written subsequently to the fourth century, and yet have formally recognised as canonical Scripture what that century had repudiated and condemned. This may have been the case. The example of the Alexandrine manuscript, which appends the Epistles of Clemens Romanus to the New Testament books, shows that it was possible for the fifth century to connect canonical and uncanonical writings in the same volume. Let it be noted, however, that here we have connexion simply; not, as in the case of the Sinai manuscript, amalgamation. The Alexandrine Codex does not by its treatment of the Letters of Clement make them part of its New Testament text. Dr. Tischendorf's manuscript does this. There is no intimation of difference. The numbering of the

quaternions and all else goes on through Barnabas and the Shepherd precisely as with the Gospels or the Epistles of St. John. We are in the sphere of the feeling and action of the first four centuries. Even if our Codex, as is not improbable, be one of the celebrated forty copies which the Emperor Constantine directed Eusebius to prepare for the use of the churches of Constantinople, it is quite intelligible how the bishop of Cæsarea might think it wise, in that age of controversy and compromise, to number among the books of the New Testament writings which were still regarded as sacred by many who doubted their proper inspiration. What renders this feature of the Sinai Codex still more observable is the correspondence which the part of it containing the Shepherd and Barnabas seems to have presented in the beginning with the very ancient list of the canonical books of Scripture found at the end of the famous Codex Claromontanus of the middle of the sixth century. That list, dating several centuries earlier, closes with 'The Epistle of Barnabas, the Revelation of John, the Acts of the Apostles, the Shepherd, the Acts of Paul, the Revelation of Peter.' Now between the Letter of Barnabas and the Shepherd, as they now stand in our Codex, several leaves were just now stated to be missing; and if, as calculation of the space which the Acts of Paul would occupy seems to render likely, this work originally held the intervening room, and if, moreover, as is also very possible, the Revelation of Peter followed the now mutilated Hermas, we have not only a verification of the testimony of Eusebius above mentioned, but a witness to the great age of our manuscript such as, side by side with more direct evidence, must be allowed to have value.

Dr. Tischendorf adduces other considerations besides those now enumerated in evidence of the patriarchal age of his Codex. What he rightly judges, however, to be his culminating proof,—*longe gravissimum summæ antiquitatis argumentum*, as he himself puts it,—and one that, viewed in conjunction with the rest of the evidence, must be held to be decisive, is the character of the text of the manuscript. This is a wide field, and we must be content to gather samples of the fruit of it under Dr. Tischendorf's guidance. It will be all that is required for our present purpose if we can show that the Sinai text, while it differs in certain marked instances from that of the bulk of the extant manuscripts, the oldest and best of them not excepted, is yet a text which the most ancient patristic and other authorities certify us was found in copies of the Greek Scriptures belonging to the first two or three Christian centuries.

The last chapter of the Gospel of St. Mark affords an example in point. As it stands in our modern Bibles, it

consists of twenty verses, and ends with the words, 'The Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.' And so it reads in the great manuscripts of the fifth and sixth centuries; that is to say, the Alexandrine, the Ephraem Syrus Rescriptus, and the Beza, together with the later Uncials and all the Cursives. Such too is the form of the section in seven manuscripts of the Old Latin Version and in all those of the Vulgate and Syriac. Moreover several of the early fathers, Irenæus, Hippolytus, and others, recognise the chapter as we commonly receive it. At the same time, Eusebius, writing in the former half of the fourth century, tells us most positively, that nearly all accurate copies of the Gospel in his day were without the last eleven verses; and Jerome, fifty years later, furnishes a like testimony. Now when, with these facts before us, we find that the Sinai and the Vatican manuscripts alone present us with the reading of which Eusebius speaks, the conclusion is inevitable, that in this extraordinary feature of their text we have an indication of antiquity which adds not a little to the other and various evidence by which the fact of this antiquity is established. The omission of the verses may or may not be demanded on a broad survey of the entire critical evidence of every class. This is not the question. We ourselves believe them to be genuine. On the one hand, we cannot understand how a passage containing so much that is startling and difficult should come to be appended to the Gospel at a date subsequent to its composition. On the other hand, we can very well understand how the puzzles involved in it should lead to its being dropped on occasion by ignorant and timorous copyists. Be this as it may, the absence of the passage from our manuscript, under all the circumstances of the case, undoubtedly stamps it with the signature of a rare antiquity.

The opening verse of the Epistle to the Ephesians supplies us with further material of argument. The great multitude of the authorities—manuscripts, ancient translators, fathers—exhibit the verse as it is given in our English New Testaments: 'Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus.' Yet in Origen's copies the words 'at Ephesus' were not found in the verse. They were unknown likewise to Marcion, as appears from the language of Tertullian. About the middle of the fourth century, Basil states that the early Christian teachers, as well as the old copies in use in his time, read the passage after the manner of Origen. After Basil we hear nothing further of the ancient omission. The whole stream of witnesses is in favour of our received reading. Here again it does not concern us to

inquire whether or not we have reason on the whole for believing that the words formed part of the apostolic autograph. We may affirm this question, or we may deny it. What we have now to do with is the remarkable fact, that the Vatican and Sinai manuscripts are once more alone in their agreement with Basil's early copies; and we know not on what principle to explain the phenomenon, coupled as it is with so many other signs of their common paramount antiquity, if it be not by supposing them to have been written at an epoch earlier than the date of most of the remaining authorities.

In the thirteenth of St. Matthew, again, the words, 'I will utter things kept secret from the foundation of the world,' are cited in our modern text of the Gospels as 'spoken by the prophet.' And this is the reading of all the Greek Uncials and of all the Ancient Versions. It was not the universal reading of the manuscripts in the third century. 'So ignorant was your Evangelist Matthew,' wrote Porphyry in that century, 'that he said that *Isaiah* was the prophet who used these words.' Evidently Porphyry found 'Isaiah the prophet' in the copies with which he was acquainted. Eusebius and Clemens Alexandrinus both attest the fact that such a reading obtained. Moreover, Jerome, in the latter half of the fourth century, while he informs us that in his day the passage stood as our English Bibles now have it, speculates as to how the term 'Isaiah' could have disappeared from the manuscripts, considering that it was present in Porphyry's time. It had not disappeared when the Sinai Codex was written. It stands there as an integral part of the original text of the Codex. Even the Vatican manuscript at this point forsakes its comrade, and goes with the multitude. The Sinai Uncial and—what will delight the heart of Mr. Scrivener in his polemic on behalf of the Cursive manuscripts of Scripture—a few of the Cursives are the only documentary witnesses we have for the reading 'Esaias the prophet' in the passage referred to. We confidently point to this as an additional corroboration of our argument for the age of the Sinai manuscript based upon the character of its text.

A few other examples of the same general description may be given more summarily. The addition of the term 'Bethany' to 'Bethphage'—'Bethphage *and Bethany*'—in the eleventh of St. Mark, though it appears in the received text, has very little manuscript authority. It is wanting in nearly all the Uncials. The Sinai and Beza Codices have it, however; and we know from Origen that it was found in copies of St. Mark which he used. Ambrosius tells us that, in very many Greek manuscripts, our Lord is represented by St. Luke

as saying that 'Wisdom is justified of all her *works*.' And the Sinai Codex has the reading 'works' in the passage alluded to. Yet it is absolutely alone in this respect. All the other extant manuscripts without variation give the term 'children,' and not 'works.' 'In Him *was* life' is the first clause of an early verse in St. John's Gospel, as our common text presents it; and so reads every Uncial manuscript except only the Sinai and the Cambridge Beza. 'In Him *is* life' these last have it; and they are thus the sole representatives of the text as Origen quotes it, and as it stood in the copies used by other very ancient expositors and translators of Scripture. Augustine has a remarkable note on John xii. 32. He observes, 'Christ did not say, He would draw *all men*, but *all things*, unto Him.' And 'all things' is the reading of the passage in the Sinai and Cambridge manuscripts, and in a single Cursive. Yet the whole five hundred of our extant Greek Codices besides are against these witnesses, and furnish the reading which Augustine rejected. The bearing of these examples—and they are but specimens gathered out of a multitude—must be sufficiently obvious. However they may affect the question of the authority of the Sinai Text, as a trustworthy copy of the sacred autographs of the New Testament, they unequivocally assist to swell the great mass of proof already adduced in favour of the fourth-century origin of our Codex.

Once more on this point, and we have done. The Sinai Codex is not unfrequently the sole existing witness of its class to certain readings of the biblical text which have wholly vanished from the manuscripts that have reached us, but which we know to have had a being in very ancient times from the reflection of them preserved in the Syriac, Egyptian, Latin, Ethiopic, and other primæval versions of Holy Writ. In these cases, considering what other and independent evidences we have of the antiquity of our manuscript, we cannot but confess that the strongest possible proof is afforded us, that it was written within the period when the readings in question were common in the Church, and had not yet given way before the face of the text—it may be, a better authenticated and preferable one—which has been transmitted through the long chain of our extant authorities. In the seventh of St. Matthew, for instance, the most ancient manuscripts of the Latin Version, with Clement and Origen, omit the term 'gate' in the sentence, 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.' So does the Sinai Codex alone among the manuscripts. In the eighteenth chapter of the same Gospel two Egyptian versions agree with Origen in reading 'many' instead of 'ten thousand' talents. Our manuscript stands by

itself in having the same reading. The English translation of the third verse of the seventh of St. Mark runs, 'For the Pharisees and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not.' The 'oft' here occurs in no Greek copy except Dr. Tischendorf's. Yet it is clear that it was present in the text at a very early period; for the Coptic, Gothic, and later Syriac versions all read it, as well as some Codices of the Latin. Where our Lord in the sixth of St. Luke commands His disciples, 'Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again,' the Sinai manuscript substitutes the terms 'no one' for 'nothing.' It is sustained in the reading by none of its fellows. The translators of the Syriac versions give it, however. They all read with our Codex. In the passage of St. John respecting him who has bathed needing not but to wash his hands, the words 'his hands' are found in all the manuscripts except the Sinai, which omits them; and that the omission was very ancient appears from the fact that it is mentioned by Origen, and that some Latin copies have the same readiug with the newly-discovered Codex. The oldest manuscripts of the Latin, the Sahidic-Egyptian Version, and the Jerusalem-Syriac read the words of John xix. 38, 'He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus,' as if the verbs of it were plural,—'They came,' &c. The Sinai New Testament has the passage in this form also; but its reading is unique; no other Greek copy contains it. We are not aware that either Dr. Tischendorf or any other of the modern critics has pointed out the remarkable reading of the Peshito-Syriac in 1 John ii. 20: 'Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know *every man*.' Evidently the governed adjective of the last clause was masculine, not neuter, in the Greek copies from which this version was made. We believe the Sinai Codex is the only manuscript witness in existence to the fact that such a reading ever stood in the passage. It changes the case of the adjective, it is true, from the accusative to the nominative—unless indeed this be due to the carelessness of the scribe; but it and it alone of the Greek Codices has the reading which is likely to have produced the Syriac 'every man.' We need go no further. Considering what we know of the history of the Sinai manuscript, and with all the links of the long chain of evidence, historical and logical, before us, by which Dr. Tischendorf has been led to his conclusion respecting its date, we give in our adhesion to the belief which he entertains, that the newly-acquired Codex—Codex Aleph, as he will have it called in the dialect of the critics—is a veritable monument of the fourth century of our era, certainly not younger and in all probability somewhat older than its venerable brother of the library of the Vatican. Even students of

ancient vellums and papyri are reported to have soared into the regions of romance; and it requires some bracing up of the reason to persuade ourselves that a writing such as Dr. Tischendorf's was really the product of the era which witnessed the condemnation of Arius and the victories of Julian: but truth is truth, though it touch the incredible; and in this case we should feel that we allowed the marvellousness of a fact to prejudice its reality, if we refused to countersign our author's finding.

Hitherto the Text of our manuscript has been under consideration chiefly as serving, in connexion with other arguments, to determine and substantiate the antiquity of the volume containing it. This is a very different question from a further one to which we must briefly address ourselves; namely, the general character and relations of the Text. Even in the fourth century it is conceivable that a manuscript may have been written, which, by design or accident, did not worthily represent the Scriptures then generally received in the Church. Does our Codex agree or disagree with the oldest and most trustworthy of the Greek Codices previously in our hands? And the other authorities,—Versions, Fathers, &c.,—what is its aspect towards them? It is undeniable that the Sinai manuscript is carelessly written. The scribes employed upon it, most probably Egyptian, were admirable penmen; but they knew little Greek. In particular, the writers of the New Testament part of the Codex, and of the prophetical books of the Old, appear to have been much in the dark as to the meaning of the words on which they exercised the cunning of their calligraphy. But, the faultiness of the writing apart, how far may we accept the New Testament Text of the Codex—for to this we shall confine ourselves—as true or otherwise, if not to the sacred autographs, at least to that near approximation to them, which, we may presume, the best copies of Scripture in that early age exhibited? With a view to meet this inquiry as broadly as possible, Dr. Tischendorf devotes some pages of his Prolegomena to three classes of readings presented by the manuscript:—first, those in which it agrees with the Vatican, Alexandrine, and other Uncial Codices of the highest age and authority; secondly, those in which it is sustained by strong testimony of the earliest Interpreters and Fathers, though its brother-manuscripts differ from it; thirdly, cases in which the voice of the Sinai Codex alone is heard, all other witnesses being silent.

The most superficial glance at the manuscript will show the correspondence of a multitude of its readings with those which distinguish the older Uncials. Several cases have already been

quoted in which it agrees with the Vatican, where the latter had before been unsupported by any other Codex. Examples of this kind might easily be multiplied. Like this manuscript, for instance, it reads 'God your Father,' instead of simply 'Your Father,' in Matthew vi. 8. In Mark ix. 29, with the Vatican alone, it omits the last two words in the expression 'prayer and fasting;' and again, under the same circumstances, excludes from Luke viii. 30 the explanation of the demoniac's name Legion: 'for many devils were entered into him.' So the Sinai and Vatican Codices, and no others, read 'the Spirit,' and not 'the Holy Spirit,' in Acts viii. 28. What is very extraordinary, moreover, these two manuscripts agree to differ from all the rest where it can hardly be doubted both are in the wrong. In Mark iv. 8 they violate the syntax by making one of the participles agreeing with 'fruit' singular, and the other plural. In the same book and chapter they ask whether a candle is not to be set *under* a candlestick? And the first clause of 2 Peter ii. 14, 'They shall receive the reward of unrighteousness,' is metamorphosed into a form which, if it have any meaning at all, is an undesigned burlesque upon the scope of the passage. Dr. Tischendorf produces as many as a hundred cases in which, chiefly in the way of omission as compared with the received text, the Sinai manuscript and the Vatican thus stand together and alone. In other examples given by our author the Sinai and Beza Codices are the sole witnesses to certain ancient readings, or else the Sinai, Vatican, and Beza all sustain one another in their disagreement from the rest. Several Uncials besides are also compared by Dr. Tischendorf with his newly-found manuscript in illustration of the same general fact. And no one who is convinced that the writing of Codex Aleph must be referred to the fourth century will be surprised to hear that, in common with all the great manuscript authorities, it shuts out from the Sacred Canon the passages which the highest modern criticism has marked as spurious or seriously doubtful. Thus the verse in the fifth of St. John respecting the yearly troubling of the waters of Bethesda by an angel is a blank in our manuscript. So, too, there is nothing in it answering to the first section of the ninth chapter of the fourth Gospel, relating to the woman taken in adultery. The famous verse in the eighth of the Acts, also, where the eunuch makes his confession of faith previous to his baptism, is altogether unrepresented in our Codex. Nor does it contain any trace, as will be supposed, of the much-controverted passage respecting the heavenly witnesses in St. John's First Epistle. The Sinai manuscript, too, is another weight in the scale against the

reading 'God' in the celebrated last verse of the third chapter of the First Epistle to Timothy.

Dr. Tischendorf's second class of illustrations embraces passages in which his Codex disagrees with all or most of the Uncials, but exhibits readings attested by the early versions and ecclesiastical writers. Thus, instead of 'your heavenly Father' in Matthew vi. 8, the Sinai manuscript, as just noticed, has 'your Father' simply, like some of the Syriac and other versions. The adjunct, 'sons of God,' in the opening verse of St. Mark, is wanting in our Codex, as in Irenæus and others of the Church Fathers. The Cureton Syriac omits the words 'belonging to the city called Bethesda' from Luke ix. 10. The same omission is found here. In John ix. 50 the Syriac just named has 'the word of Jesus' instead of 'the word which Jesus had spoken unto him;' and the shorter form of the clause is the one which Dr. Tischendorf's manuscript presents. 'If therefore thou shalt not watch,' is the reading of Rev. iii. 3, in our Bibles; and it is supported by a great weight of authority. 'If therefore thou shalt not repent,' is a patristic variation upon it, which is preserved by the Aleph Codex. Many other instances might be added to these. We have before quoted several striking examples of the same order. A very notable feature of our manuscript throughout is this identity of much of its text with Scripture quotations occurring in the older Greek and Latin Fathers, or with what we cannot doubt was the original after which the authors of the more ancient Versions constructed their renderings.

Last of all, though certainly not the least in importance for the present inquiry, we find a number of readings in our manuscript which are absolutely unique. We do not here repeat the examples which were given a while since when discussing the age of the Codex. Nor do we name cases, like the extraordinary omission of the last verse of St. John's Gospel, in which the new authority, though not quite unsupported, flies in the face of an overwhelming host of opposing witnesses. In many instances the Sinai manuscript has forms of the text which it shares with no partner. The 'Gadarenes' of the Vatican, and other manuscripts mentioned in Matt. viii. 8, appear also in the authorities, under several modifications of the additional names, as Gerasenes or Gergesenes. The Codex Aleph adds to the multitude, and calls them Gazarenes. In Matt. xi. 8 there is a transposition of words, of no practical moment; but our Codex alone exhibits it. No other authority but this omits the words 'out of the city' in Matt. xxi. 17. St. Mark, according to the text of most of the witnesses, says that when the Baptist's disciples heard of their Master's death, they 'took up

His corpse and laid *it* in a tomb.' Dr. Tischendorf's manuscript is alone in putting 'him' for 'it' in this place. A chapter or two after in the same Gospel we have the words, 'And He blessed and set them before them,' instead of the longer form of the received text, 'And He blessed, and commanded to set them also before them.' John i. 32 reads in our copy, as in none besides, 'I saw the Spirit, as a dove, descending from heaven and abiding on Him.' A few verses following, 'the elect of God' appears as an isolated variation on the well-supported 'Son of God' in the testimony of John, 'I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God.' The parenthesis, 'he that came to Jesus by night,' is excluded from John vii. 50 by the Sinai Codex only. Instead of 'the body of Jesus' or 'His body' in John xix. 38, Aleph stands by itself in using the simple pronoun, 'Him.' Every student of Scripture knows what a kaleidoscope the manuscripts form in their readings of the name of one of the idols referred to by St. Stephen in Acts vii. 43. It is Rephan, Raiphan, Repha, Raphan, Remphan, Rempham, Rompha; nor are these all its shiftings; and another still appears in the Sinai Codex, which calls it Romphan. We need not follow this line of quotations into the Epistles and Apocalypse, though they also furnish examples similar to those we have adduced. Enough has been done to show the kind of harvest which this tempting ground may be expected to yield to the sickle of criticism.

And now we must face the question we have reserved, and answer it without disguise. We do not hesitate to do so. We fully agree with Dr. Tischendorf that, errors of writing excepted, the Sinai manuscript forms as solid a basis for the construction of a sound text of Greek Scripture as any one Codex we possess. It is clear from the specimens of its unique readings, above given, that its text does not differ to any considerable extent from that with which the labours of our critics had previously made us acquainted. Where its peculiarities are not simply orthographical, they are usually of so trivial a character as only to come under the cognizance of a minute literary scholarship. They rarely fall within the domain of dogmatics or controversy. They belong to the grammarian and linguist. There is nothing within the whole circle of them either to rouse the anxiety of the unsophisticated student of his English Bible, or to throw into paroxysms of scientific frenzy that one-eyed generation of religious microscopists, who are for ever discovering how the world has been made the prey of fraud or error.

It is further manifest that the text which is furnished us by the Aleph manuscript is nearer that of the oldest Uncials and of the most venerable Versions, than is the text which came

into the hands of the Protestant Reformers through the channel of the later authorities; and that in so far as this is the case, its readings favour some of the principal modifications of that text, which have been demanded by the criticism of modern times. The Sinai text, in other words, is substantially the text current in the fourth century, as distinguished from that which was subsequently formed under the combined though often indeterminable influences of time, of critical collation, and of doctrinal and ecclesiastical polemics. The extraordinary number and importance of the instances in which the Sinai and Vatican manuscripts agree, while they furnish undeniable proof that the two Codices are built upon the same original, confer on each of them an authority, to which their unrivalled antiquity alone would not entitle them. At the same time the fact of such an identity of witness in documents of so great age and respectability is a strong guarantee to the modern student of the sacred volume, that its primitive text has not suffered material injury during the lapse of the centuries either from the force of accident on the one hand, or from the ignorance of its friends or the spite of its enemies on the other. The sympathy which the Græco-Latin manuscripts receive from the stranger Codex is a circumstance which cannot escape the eye of the critic; and it will tend to give these copies additional elevation on the scale of authority, and to add yet further dignity, if that be possible, to the long-misunderstood and underrated Latin version of the times before Jerome.

We are glad to find that Dr. Tischendorf's partiality for his manuscript does not lead him to see in it a faultless text; and that while he passes high and deserved eulogium upon its readings as a whole, he is judicious enough to say that he should not think of editing a Greek Bible precisely after the model which they furnish. The wisdom of this is obvious. The text of the Sinai Codex is not so manifestly superior to that of the Vatican as to warrant our adopting its readings rather than those of its fellow in cases in which they differ. Then it is morally certain, sometimes demonstrable, that in particular instances later manuscripts preserve to us the text of the first ages more exactly than their chronological seniors; and in all reason the elder must, in such circumstances, give place to the younger. Moreover, the testimony of the early Versions and Fathers—a testimony which, as we have seen, is not seldom confirmed, at the expense of the manuscripts, by the voice of the new Codex—is an authority to which, as we think, even the readings of the oldest Codices ought on occasion to defer. Whatever differences of opinion there may be as to the ante-Nicene history of the text of the New Testa-

ment, it is unquestionable that the copies of various countries, eras, and theological schools, were marked by certain diversities in their reading. The author of the Cureton Syriac Version of the last three Gospels assuredly had not precisely the same Greek text before him which is preserved to us in the Sinai Codex, excellent as the text of this Codex is; nor did Eusebius and Jerome find an absolute identity between their copies and those used by Clemens Romanus and Marcion. Illiteracy, timidity, prejudice, conceit, theological bias, evil design,—a thousand causes would operate to produce variations on the evangelical autographs, which would often become persistent, and spread themselves far and wide over particular areas and periods of time. We say of this or that manuscript of the New Testament that it is fourteen or fifteen hundred years old, and belongs to the third or fourth century. We are apt to forget, under the fascination of so vast an antiquity, how great a space divides these same oldest copies from the era which witnessed the birth of the sacred volume. A reach of years, stretching as far as from the coronation of Henry VIII. to the passing of the Reform Bill, may be relatively short, but it is absolutely long; and within a term like this, however the preciousness of manuscripts in the first ages of Christianity, and the value attached to the inspired writings, may have tended to save the text from corruption, there was so much room for the play of mischance or worse evils, as fully to account for more than all the disagreements among the copies, with which history makes us acquainted. No one, indeed, can study the ancient Versions, or the works of the Fathers of the first three centuries, without discovering that within fifty years after the New Testament was completed, a considerable number of various readings might have been collected from the Greek manuscripts then in existence; and considering the character of the times which followed down to the age of Constantine, it is nothing marvellous, if our most ancient and most justly valued Codices bear upon them marks of the fingers of ignorance and indiscretion, not to say of theological prejudice and partisanship. Nothing is more certain than these two things: first, that we have the best reason to assure ourselves that our current New Testament text is a near approximation to that which proceeded from the hands of the sacred writers; and, secondly, that the best critical authorities to which we can betake ourselves for reproducing as nearly as may be the inspired autographs, need to be used under the reserves and qualifications suggested by a large-minded critical discrimination. The Sinai Codex forms no exception to this law. It contains, perhaps, the best text of

the New Testament that has come to us from early times; certainly, it combines the elements of completeness and excellence in a degree which gives it the pre-eminence over all other copies. But it is not perfect. It is incorrectly written, and its readings are sometimes vicious. Here and there it contains palpable absurdities. It often admits of correction from later manuscripts, if not from Versions and Fathers. We see in it as in a glass, and so at some points only darkly, the Image of that which the evangelists and apostles actually penned.

Dr. Tischendorf has fallen upon the common lot of discoverers. The credit of his manuscript has been assailed: so has his own credit likewise. His old acquaintance, the archimandrite Porphyry, published a book at St. Petersburg a while since, impugning the orthodoxy of the new Codex, and arguing that the text was one which had been tampered with by the heretics of the early centuries. The reading 'she brought forth a son' in the first of Matthew, Porphyry contended, was evidence of doubt as to the virginity of Mary. The omission of the term 'Son of God' in the opening verse of St. Mark appeared to him to be due to dogmatic fraud. The same evil intention he discovered in the absence of John xvi. 15 from the text of the manuscript, as though the design of the writer was to depreciate the Godhead of Christ. In like manner he objected to the Codex that it denies our Lord's ascension into heaven, because the last eleven verses of St. Mark are wanting, and because the clause 'He was carried up into heaven' is absent from Luke xxiv. 51. Porphyry's polemic was not formidable. He could easily have made out a better case for himself. The weakness of his fighting seems to have troubled his ecclesiastical superiors; for the book was suppressed by their interference almost as soon as it appeared. Dr. Tischendorf answers it, however, and has no difficulty in doing so. He shows that whatever the explanation of the readings objected to may be, the supposed heretical authors of the text must have blundered incredibly over the work they attempted, inasmuch as they not only retained many passages which demolished their opinions, but in several cases admitted adverse readings which are either of exceedingly rare occurrence, or altogether unique in the most orthodox copies; that, in a word, the theory of Porphyry is a pure figment, without a semblance of foundation, and that nothing but his own want of knowledge could cause him to stumble on so egregious a conceit.

A more daring blow was aimed at our Codex and its discoverer by an author whose name is likely to be immortal in connexion with its history. One Simonides, a Greek of Syme, well known in Germany and England as a trader in ancient documents, gave out in 1862 that in 1839 he

wrote the Sinai manuscript with his own hand on Mount Athos, in imitation of the antique, the copy being intended by his uncle, under whose instructions he acted, as a present to the Czar Nicolas. We cannot enter into the detail of the controversy to which this prodigious story gave rise. Dr. Tischendorf writes upon it in his *Anfechtungen* with a warmth and dramatic energy which are equally natural and superfluous. No doubt the attack upon him was audacious beyond endurance; but his position was too strong to require a hot defence. An English jury, with Simonides' antecedents and assertions before them on the one side, and Dr. Tischendorf and his manuscript, with a quiet statement from his lips of the circumstances under which he took the Codex to St. Petersburg, on the other, would have given a verdict for the defendant without leaving their box. Perhaps among his other exploits Simonides bound the manuscripts in the library of the convent of St. Catherine with the fragments of Codex Aleph, which Porphyry obtained from their broken covers, and carried home with him to Russia! It is enough that the Greek's pretension is unsustained, and that no one believes it. Whatever Dr. Tischendorf's imperfections as a critical scholar may be, he certainly is able to distinguish between a manuscript fourteen hundred years old and one written yesterday; and as against Simonides, even if his personal testimony were all we had to rely upon, the world would unhesitatingly accept his affirmation, that the Codex is of the age to which his scientific inductions refer it.

We heartily congratulate Dr. Tischendorf upon the honour which the discovery of the Sinai manuscript confers upon his name. We lay down our pen with a wonder which has only been heightened as we have written, at the patience and ability with which he has edited it. He deserves the warm thanks of all Christian scholars; and we tender him ours with the feeling, that it is a very small return for the self-denial and painful toil which he must have suffered in accomplishing his great task. Above all, we rejoice with him in the Providence that has thus unexpectedly placed in the hands of Christendom a record, which is at once so venerable a monument and so strong a muniment of the faith. Scepticism has nothing to hope from the Sinai Codex; and Evangelism, so far from having reason to fear, is furnished, in the possession of it, with fresh confirmation of its principles and its hopes. Henceforward, the mountain of the Law, and the mountain which lifts its head above that and all mountains, will be associated in the reverent thoughts of Christian students with the wonderful course of events, by which Sinai became the guardian of one of the most precious of all the literary jewels in the casket of the Church.

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