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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1865.

ART. I.—*Histoire des Institutions Mérovingiennes, et du Gouvernement des Mérovingiens.* Par T. M. LEHUËROU. Deux Vols. 8vo.

WHEN the colossus of the Roman empire, after having for some time given signs of dissolution, finally crumbled to pieces under the shocks of the Barbarians, did it disappear for ever? Was every trace of its pristine glory obliterated? Did a new world, political, intellectual, and social, rise suddenly from chaos? Or must we, on the contrary, view the two civilisations as closely linked together? and are we justified in asserting, with some historians, that the influence of Roman institutions leavened the formation of modern society, even after the hordes of the Goths and Vandals had encamped under the shadow of the Capitol?

Questions such as these are fraught with the greatest interest; and they give unusual value to the subject selected for discussion in the present article. Whilst we study the rise and progress of the Merovingian dynasty, whilst we see how it established itself, and what relations the conquerors held with the Romans and the Gauls, we shall be unfolding an important page in the history of the middle ages, and describing the antecedents of that political system which obtains now amongst our neighbours on the other side of the Channel.

The first point to consider must be the sources from which our information is derived. We have accumulated around us the dismal narratives of the *Historia Augusta;* Dio Cassius, Ammianus Marcellinus, Jornandes, Zosimus, lay open before the student their dreary pages. Then come the rhymesters, like Sidonius Apollinaris, Claudian, and Venantius Fortunatus, giving us here and there curious anecdotes and delineations of character, mixed up with the sorriest doggerel. Laws, edicts, charters, diplomas abound; requiring, however, the experienced criticism of a Bréquigny or a Pardessus to test their authenticity.* The legends of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and the biographies so sedulously compiled by the Bollandists, are also of immense value; and last, though not least, we have the amusing chronicle of Gregorius Turonensis, with the continuation by Fredegarius.†

What battles have been fought, from the sixteenth century downwards, about the interpretation to be put upon all these authorities! Each political party must needs wrest them for its own purpose, and endeavour to find in them arguments for the king, the aristocracy, or the *bourgeoisie*. This is a second point which requires at our hands a moment's notice, as it explains the erroneous views so long prevalent on the establishment of the Barbarians in Gaul, the nature of their rule, and the constitution of their administrative system Now the distinction between the Franks and the Gallo-Romans is a fact which, one would suppose, could never have been ignored; and yet all the earliest French historians (we do not say the chroniclers) seem to know nothing about it. They trace up the national genealogy to the Franks indiscriminately, and through the Franks to Francio, son of Hector, the Trojan chief. In vain does etymology stare them in the face, and prove that the Franks were nothing but *outlaws*, thieves, and cut-throats; ‡ no, they will insist upon identifying the name with an adjective implying freedom; and, rather than abandon their delusion, they will boldly ascribe to Attila, to the Vandals, to the Saracens, deeds of blood for which the followers of Clovis alone are responsible.

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* *Cf. Diplomata, Chartæ, Leges, aliaque Instrumenta ad Res Gallo-Francicas spectantia, &c.* 2 vols., folio. Paris, 1843, 1849. This admirable collection, undertaken by Messieurs De Bréquigny and La Porte du Theil, was interrupted in consequence of the events of the first French Revolution, and has now been completed by M. Pardessus.

† *Cf.* the excellent French translations of these two historians, published by Messieurs Guizot and Alfred Jacobs. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris, 1861.

‡ See Lehuërou, vol. i., pp. 92, 93.

On the pretended origin of the Franks, therefore, the utmost unanimity prevailed amongst old historians; but there it stopped. The *bourgeoisie* opposed the municipal privileges of the great commercial towns to the claims of the aristocracy; these, in their turn, endeavoured to discover in the original monuments of the history of France, proofs that the king was never in fact more than a species of premier baron; whilst the legists, as soon as they found themselves powerful enough to speak, applied all their energy to the task of replacing the monarchy upon its basis; of constructing, after the pattern left by the Cæsars, a royalty without control, sovereign over all, exercising over all an equal amount of protection, and crushing down feudalism through its alliance with the municipal franchise of the *bourgeoisie*. The *Franco-Gallia* * of François Hotman is a notable example of the extreme *naïveté* with which the best-intentioned writer can be almost unconsciously influenced by the grossest prejudice. Converted from Roman Catholicism to the Protestant faith by the sight of the heroic constancy which the Lutherans displayed under the terrible persecutions directed against them, Hotman very naturally traced back these persecutions both to the king who ordered them, and to the parliaments who put them into execution; and, jumping at once to a general conclusion, he held that at all times the supreme power had been enjoyed in France by a grand national council, having the absolute right of electing or deposing kings, declaring peace or carrying on war, making laws, and appointing to every office in the administration of the state. The coolness with which Hotman wrests to his purpose the most extraordinary texts, is something unique; and it is equalled only by the delusion which makes him consider his work as unanswerable.†

The *Franco-Gallia* remained for a long time in the enjoyment of a popularity which it owed to its violent party-spirit, rather than to the learning and research it contained; all the enemies of royal despotism treasured it as an arsenal of irrefutable arguments; and when the reign of Louis XIV. came to establish in a permanent form the supreme authority of the king, liberals, like Saint-Evremont or Jurieu, would naturally turn for comfort to Hotman's volume.

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* *Franco-Gallia, sive Tractatus isagogicus de Regimine Regum Galliæ, et de Jure Successionis.* The first edition was published at Geneva in 1573. On Hotman, see Haag's *France Protestante*, part x.; and also M. Sayous's *Ecrivains Français de la Réformation.*

† For a good abstract of the *Franco-Gallia*, see M. Augustin Thierry's *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, vol. i., pp. 52–57.

No remarkable work on the origin of the French monarchy appeared afterwards, until the publication of Fréret's famous memoirs, read, in the first instance, before the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, in 1714. Some absurd writers, unwilling to sacrifice either the Gauls to the Franks, or *vice versâ*, and equally proud of tracing their ancestry to both, had imagined an extremely ingenious theory, according to which a colony of Gauls or Celts, after having emigrated from their native country at some distant time, had returned, during the fifth century, under the name of Franks, and regained by force the possessions which the Roman legions originally deprived them of. Nicolas Fréret, with the perspicacity which always characterized him, soon saw through the fallacy of this ridiculous supposition; and in a memoir carefully prepared, and bearing the evidence of laborious research, he established the three following points:—1. The Franks were a league formed during the third century between several tribes of Lower Germany; being the same who at the time of Cæsar constituted the nation of the Sicambri. 2. It is no use attempting to inquire into the origin of the Franks, or the vestiges of their first migration, since they did not form a distinct race, or a new element amongst the other Germans. 3. The name Frank does not mean *free;* the signification of freedom, foreign to the Northern dialects in their original shape, is entirely modern; nor is there any passage susceptible of being thus construed in the documents belonging to the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. *Frek, Frank, Frak, Frenk, Vrang*, according to the various Teutonic dialects, corresponds to the Latin word *ferox*, of which it has the different meanings, either favourable or unfavourable, 'fierce, intrepid, proud, cruel.'

Fréret's memoir excited in the *Académie* an amount of opposition and of animosity which we can scarcely imagine now-a-days. What was worse, the unlucky *savant*, arrested in virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, was sent to the Bastile, and kept a prisoner there for six months. It would be difficult to guess which of his opinions excited the umbrage of the Duke of Orleans' government: at all events, the unforeseen result disgusted Fréret; he gave up every thought of elucidating, as he had intended to do, the antiquities of the French nation, and his labours took another direction.*

Yet, in spite of the Bastile and of *lettres de cachet*, the fond theory of a common origin between the Celts and the Franks was quite discarded by all those who prided themselves upon

* Augustin Thierry, *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, vol. i., pp. 70–77.

accuracy as historians: people were obliged to accept the fact of the conquest, however galling to the national pride; and the rivalry between different schools of publicists and philosophers broke out on a different part of the field of history. The conquest once admitted, what was its character? What were its political consequences? Did any traces subsist of an event which it was now impossible to deny? The state of public opinion during the eighteenth century, the growing feeling amongst the various classes of the nation of opposition to a form of government which had been so tyrannical, and had produced such unfortunate results,—all these causes contributed to give to the historical problem we have just stated, the importance of a political dispute; and the names of Count de Boulainvilliers, Dubos, and Montesquieu, appeared as the representatives of the various parties in this singular quarrel. Boulainvilliers put himself forward as the champion of the aristocracy; and he endeavoured to deduce from the perusal of old documents the theory that the conquest of Gaul by the Franks was the foundation stone of modern society and the source of the political order which we now know as the *ancien régime*. According to him, the Celts and the Franks lived as two distinct nations, or rather, two castes, having different interests, traditions, habits, estranged from each other by the hatred which conquerors and conquered can never cease to feel. The former were subjects, the latter were masters. From the time of the conquest, the original Franks have been the only true nobles, and they only were capable of being so. All the Franks were free; they were all equals and companions; Clovis was merely the general of an army of free men, who had selected him to be their leader in expeditions, the profit of which was to be shared between the whole community.

From this short summary, the reader will see that Boulainvilliers, like Saint Simon, had very decided opinions against the pretensions of the crown, and equally marked views against the encroachments of the *bourgeoisie*. 'His system,' to quote M. Augustin Thierry's observation, 'has two faces; the one, democratic, turned towards the king; the other, aristocratic, turned towards the people.'* The boldness with which it was framed, prevented it from receiving at first more than a comparatively limited circulation. It is fully developed in two works, (*Histoire de l'ancien Gouvernement de la France,—Lettres sur les Parlements,*) which were not printed till 1727, five years after the author's death.

* *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, vol. i., p. 89.

Unfortunately, the *bourgeoisie*, so summarily disposed of by Saint Simon and Boulainvilliers, was beginning, at that time, to give signs of life; and the descendants of the Gauls did not seem inclined to put up with the historical inferiority to which the representatives of the Franks condemned them. Jean Baptiste Dubos, member of the *Académie Française*, made himself the organ of the irritated plebeians; and in his *Histoire critique de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules*,* he demolished the elaborate structure raised by Count de Boulainvilliers. The conquest of Gaul by the Franks is an historical fallacy. The Franks came into Gaul as allies, not as enemies of the Romans. Their kings received from the emperors dignities which gave them the government of that province; and they succeeded to the rights of the empire by virtue of an express treaty. Under their rule, the administration of the country, the state of persons, the civil and political order, remained exactly what they were before. There was, accordingly, during the fifth and sixth centuries, neither invasion on the part of an enemy, nor dominion of any race over another, nor enslavement of the Gauls. It is four centuries later that the dismemberment of the crown and the transformation of offices into lordships produced effects similar to those which would have resulted from a foreign conquest. In this manner, Dubos transposed from the fifth to the tenth century the political revolution which altered society in Gaul; and if his assertion was true, the right of victory claimed by Boulainvilliers in favour of the Franks necessarily disappeared. But further, the feudal system was made responsible for all the deeds of violence, all the crimes which had been till then ascribed to the Barbarians; and thus the *noblesse* of the reign of Louis XV. appeared laden with arrears of iniquity, for which the king and the commons united might make them justly accountable.

There is no doubt that the system of the Abbé Dubos contains as much exaggeration as that of Boulainvilliers; but it is far nearer the truth; and a numerous school of legists and historians have since developed the leading idea upon which it rests. Savigny, Dom. Bouquet, and the French Benedictines, Sir F. Palgrave, and M. Lehuërou, may be named amongst the chief representatives of a school whose axiom stated generally is this:—After the destruction of the Roman empire, the political and social institutions of Rome subsisted, and their existence can be found in France, notwithstanding the downfall of

* The first edition was published in 1734; the second in 1742.

those from whom these institutions in the first place emanated. Between Boulainvilliers and Dubos, the illustrious author of *l'Esprit des Lois* stepped in as an umpire; but he did not hold the scales with sufficient impartiality, and his critique of the *Histoire de l'Etablissement de la Monarchie Française dans les Gaules* is equally unfair and erroneous. M. Lehuërou remarks that Montesquieu had explained very well the causes of the greatness of the Roman empire, but that he had failed in accounting for its decay. Moreover, he treated those who attempted to write on legislation and on history as so many poachers who ventured within the boundaries of his own property, and he considered them as beyond the range of mercy. The book of the Abbé Dubos, M. Lehuërou remarks, contains many errors. Though the facts are in general accurately stated, yet the law of these facts is not explained; after stating how Roman civilisation subdued the barbarians, how Roman institutions held their ground in Gaul, notwithstanding the presence of the Franks, he should have told why such results came to pass, he should have contrasted the insufficiency of the Teutonic institutions with the superiority of the Roman law. By this he would have proved that he felt the grandeur and importance of the subject he was studying. However, notwithstanding all its defects, the *Histoire de l'Etablissement* is the work in which the question of Merovingian origins is brought nearest the only true solution of which it is capable; and, therefore, it will retain its value in spite of the witty but intemperate critique of Montesquieu.

We have thus given a kind of *résumé* which will enable our readers to appreciate the various points of view from which the problem at issue has been examined; we shall now direct our attention to the problem itself, and in doing so we shall, with the help of M. Lehuërou's excellent volume, discuss in succession the two following points:—1. What were the relations between the Romans and the Barbarians about the time of the conquest of Gaul? 2. What was the character of the Merovingian government, and how did it affect both the invaders and the Gallo-Roman population?

From the earliest period of its existence, Rome had always exerted a power of absorption which, gratified in the first instance at the expense of its immediate neighbours, had been extended far and wide, and in course of time had reached the limits of the known world. When the Barbarians found themselves within the attraction of the vortex, they yielded, as the Latins, the Samnites, the Carthaginians, the Greeks,

had done before; and they fell, after more or less resistance, under the magic spell. Once in the whirlpool, to quote the picturesque expression of M. Lehuërou, they either remained there for ever, or came out transformed. It is remarkable, that those who succeeded in penetrating into the empire, notwithstanding the emperors, and who seemed capable of doing every thing they pleased, on account both of their own power and of the weakness of their enemies,—should have allowed themselves to be settled separately on a portion of the rich territory which they had laid waste together, and that they should have accepted as a military reward or as a gratuitous concession what they might have retained by the right of the sword. Thus it is that after the great invasion of 406, when the Suevi, the Alans, the Vandals had invaded Gaul, whilst Alaric after Rhadagais was marching against Rome with the Goths, and whilst six usurpers, to name only these,* were disputing Gaul with the imbecile Honorius, the empire resisted for twenty years the terrible shock, by opposing barbarians to barbarians, defeating the Huns through the assistance of the Goths, and the Saxons with the help of some other German tribes. The affairs of Pollentia (401), Fiesnli (404), Arles (409), Barcelona (414), are cases in point; and the invaders who had escaped the chances of the battle-field, bound down by treaties, established as the military colonists of various tracts of land, became in their turn the guardians of the empire against attacks from without.

We must not suppose that the barbarians thus established on the Roman provinces formed an *imperium in imperio*, or enjoyed as their own the lands which they occupied. It was, on the contrary, the invariable rule of the emperors merely to delegate the different commanders or chieftains to the administration of their respective districts under the control of the government; thus the chieftains figured as public functionaries on the rolls of the court, and they became part and parcel of the huge machinery which carried far and wide the terror of the Roman name and the respect for Roman institutions. Jornandes, Isidorus Hispalensis, and other contemporary annalists, are full of quotations to this effect.† The Barbarian landholders considered themselves as in the pay

* Constantine and his son; Attalus, twice proclaimed and twice deposed by the Goths; Jovinus, and Sebastian, his brother, proclaimed at Mayence by the Burgundians; and Maximus, who succeeded in spite of himself to Constantine and to Constantius. (*Cf.* Prosp. Aquit., *Chronic.*)

† Jornandes, *De Reb. Getic.*; Isidorus Hispal., *Histor. Goth.*; Idatius, *Chronic. Olymp.*, cccliii.; Prosper Aquitan., *Chronic.*, ad ann. 435.

of the emperor; in accepting grants of land they fully understood the terms on which such grants were made. Thus we see them obeying the emperor's orders just as implicitly as the legions did; they defended the frontiers of the empire against the Barbarians who had not yet succeeded in breaking through the charmed limits; and they cut to pieces, for the benefit of the master whose pay they received, their own kinsmen, their friends, the hordes to which they belonged. Thus it was that the Goths under Wallia's command obtained from Honorius the possession of Aquitania Secunda, only after having wrested Spain from the Suevi, the Alans, the Vandals, and the Bagaudæ, who had divided it between them. Thus again the Huns of Rugilas remained for more than twenty years like a kind of scourge in the hands of Aetius for the purpose of chastising all the Barbarians who attempted to revolt against the empire; the Goths themselves were compelled under a threat to keep strictly within the limits of the concessions made to them. The title of king which the Barbarians gave to their chiefs, and which the imperial clemency allowed them to enjoy, implied, at that time, on the part both of those who received and of those who bestowed it, nothing like the fulness of power which it indicates now. The Roman ideas, especially, associated with it merely a subordinate authority, such as that belonging to the *præsides*, the *duces*, the *comites*, enumerated in the *Notitia Dignitatum*; and that is why the Greeks uniformly translate it by the expressions *Ἄρχων*, *Ἀρχηγος*, which, in their own language, have not a more dignified meaning. It is even remarkable that after the downfall of the Western empire, the barbarian kings, who had divided the land between them, kept the same designation; they applied to themselves the inferior terms *potestas*, *gloria*, *celsitudo*, and left to the emperor of the East alone the sacred title *majestas*.

We see, therefore, exactly what the policy of the Romans was, and history shows that they never departed from it. The results, however, could not but be in course of time a dismemberment brought about by the very dimensions of the colossus, whose constituent parts no longer held firmly together, because the extremities were too far from the centre of life. The Roman empire was like an immense circle, containing within itself a number of smaller ones, each represented by a *pagus*, together with its *villæ*, its *castella*, and its cities. For a while one strong tie connected all these different individualities, and their *ensemble* constituted the Roman empire; but a day came when the bond grew loose, when the outward circle broke, and the dissolution took place. The fault of historians

up to the present time has been to represent the dissolution as a deed of violence, instead of describing, as what it really was, the falling to pieces of a huge system, from which the principle of unity had departed. The Barbarians were impressed with some unaccountable idea that the Roman empire was to last for ever, and that it was actually stronger than the bold adventurers who dared to set at defiance its legions. The sole ambition of the invaders was to obtain a position as members of the political community, and to secure a share of its favours. Far from wishing to overthrow the empire, the boldest aimed merely either at giving to it a master, or at becoming emperors themselves; not one ever dreamed of doing away with the imperial dignity. The course of events repeatedly placed barbarian chieftains in such a position that they might, if they had wished, have abolished an authority which was now positively hateful, and broken into pieces the throne of the Cæsars. No one entertained such a thought. Thus it is that after the extinction of the posterity of Theodosius in the west, Avitus was proclaimed by the Goths of Toulouse,* Majorian and Severus by the Suevi of Ricimer,† Olybrius by Genseric,‡ Glycerius by Gundebald.§ These barbarian generals really considered themselves heirs to the imperial power, and acted accordingly. In proportion as they saw the giant sinking away, they appropriated his spoils; and thus at his death each one remained naturally possessor of what he had obtained by favour or mastered by violence. When the Roman empire fell to pieces, something in fact took place similar to what occurred at a later period during the dissolution of the Carolingian system. The Goths, the Burgundians, the Alani, the Suevi of the fifth century, like the dukes, the counts, the marquises of the times of Charlemagne, formed an integral part of the body, whose foundations they were endeavouring to shake. If they pursued their work of destruction, it was less by reflection than instinctively; their object was not so much to change the elements of the political order, as to establish themselves in it under better conditions. They were the wheels in a huge machine; but, instead of sending back to the centre the movement they received from it, they assumed the functions of so many distinct centres themselves. This alteration necessarily brought the whole system to a stand-still; for the proportions between the whole and the parts had disappeared, and harmony was gone.

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* Sidonius Apollinaris, *Panegyr. Avit. Imperat.*
† Marii Aventicensis *Chronic.*
‡ Prisc. Rhet., *Hist. Gothi.*
§ Cassiod. *Fast.*, ad ann. 473.

The empire no longer existed, and yet its institutions remained as strong as ever, surviving the effects of time and the efforts of political revolutions. Rome had always entertained proud thoughts of an eternal duration, and she represented the gods as pledged, in a certain sense, to maintain the rule of the capitol. The prophecy was accomplished, though in a manner different from that originally anticipated. Not the legions, not the eagles of the commonwealth, perpetuated over the civilised world the power founded by Romulus, but the laws, the civil institutions, the labours of jurists and of philosophers. This persistent influence of the Roman legislation is the great feature which historians should keep in view in dealing with the annals of modern times; it is so apparent, that the slightest attention reveals it throughout the whole course of the later centuries and through all the political changes which have remodelled European society.

We have now endeavoured to give as accurately as we could M. Lehuërou's view (the true one, we think) of the dissolution of the Roman empire; we have shown how the authority was transferred, naturally and without any *coup d'état*, from the posterity of Romulus to the Barbarians. It remains, in order to finish this first part of our subject, to see what causes brought about the dissolution itself, and rendered the imperial government unable to resist, with its own unaided forces, the power of the invaders.

Societies, M. Lehuërou remarks, seldom perish except through some organic disease. Attacks from without can never impair them if they are in a healthy state; in fact, such attacks are necessary to the development of the body politic, and the immediate evils resulting from them are more than balanced by the good they produce. For a thousand years the Barbarians have been made, by the admirers of Aurelius Victor and Eutropius, responsible for an event, the causes of which lie far deeper; and the historians of the last century produced the most extraordinary sensation, when, on the authority of St. Augustine, Salvianus, and all the hagiographers, they advanced the proposition that corruption, slavery, and fiscal abuses, had already brought the Roman empire to the last state of dissolution, when the Barbarians marched their hordes against it.

M. Lehuërou declines to comment upon the moral debasement of Roman society during the empire; the repulsive sketch has so often been drawn, that it would be useless to attempt it again; and we could not pretend to draw a more

striking picture than that given by Tholuck,* M. de Pressensé,† or the Roman satirists themselves, to say nothing of the terrible description given in St. Paul's Epistle. Let us turn at once to the fiscal administration of the empire, and see how far it rendered the attacks of the Barbarians easier and more effective. Political economy did not exist amongst the ancients; work and industry did not then, as they do now, place in the hands of man the means of creating wealth and of multiplying it, so to say, *ad infinitum*. The resources of empires and kingdoms seem now boundless; and man in the nineteenth century, like Midas, enjoys, to all intents and purposes, the power of converting into gold whatever he touches. The societies of antiquity existed under different conditions; their sole anxiety was *to acquire wealth, not to create it;* and it may be asserted with M. Lehuërou that the whole available mass of riches lay at the surface of the soil, under a shape and in proportions admitting of hardly any variation. Thus, during a period of two or three thousand years, these riches kept circulating westwards, from the banks of the Ganges to the straits of Gades, passing in turns from the Assyrians to the Persians, then to the Greeks, then to the Romans, without our being able to remark any important difference, either in their quantity or the direction they followed. But the fruitful and fertilising stream, which for so many ages had satisfied the wants of the earth, was dried up as soon as it came into contact with the treasury or exchequer of the Roman emperors. To quote from M. Lehuërou: 'Everything that was swallowed up by the chasm disappeared for ever. The gold taken from agriculture, from commerce, from industry, from landed property, by the rapacity of the government, was lavished upon buffoons, gladiators, charioteers, and courtezans. It was a food offered to every vice, a premium granted to every kind of corruption. Thanks to so powerful a stimulant, the immorality of the ruler spread with unwonted rapidity, until it reached the extremities of the empire. The unavoidable results of Cæsar's liberalities were always either to destroy a virtue or to cast the seeds of a vice. But as these liberalities increased, so the cupidity of the recipients increased in the same proportion. The emperor's private fortune was swallowed first; then the patrimony of his subjects became confiscated. The treasury finished by appropriating everything:—the fortunes of persons condemned to any punishment, and the revenues of the provinces; public property and

* On the State of the Heathen World, in the *Biblic. Repository*, vol. ii.

† *Histoire de l'Eglise Chrétienne*, vol. i.

private income. The law itself sanctioned these iniquitous measures, and created in its favour a whole system of exceptions and odious privileges.'

M. Lehuërou goes on to explain in detail the character of those immunities; he shows the landholder weighed down under the burden exacted by the tax collectors, and, as a matter of course, agriculture brought to a standstill, fields and whole tracts of land, formerly rich with abundant harvest, abandoned to desolation, whilst the wretched proprietors sought in slavery the only remedy open to them in the midst of their sufferings. Long eloquent passages from Lactantius * and Salvianus † might be quoted as proofs of this deplorable state of things—a state to which no parallel can be found, until we come to the dissolution of the Carolingian dynasty. It is really not to be wondered at, that the subjects of the emperor, driven to despair, should have hailed the Barbarians as liberators, and even assisted them in their invasion. Ammianus Marcellinus informs us,‡ that when the Goths in 376 definitively took possession of the empire, the peasants of France volunteered to be their guides; and when, in 409, they presented themselves before the gates of Rome, an edict was published, condemning all traitors who might be found guilty of helping the enemies of the empire to be burnt alive. The fact of such an edict being necessary shows plainly enough what were the feelings of the multitude; and we know besides that it fell like a *brutum fulmen*, incapable of either exciting feelings of patriotism, or destroying the strongly rooted sentiment of horror with which the imperial government was considered.

It is not a subject of astonishment that, under such circumstances, slavery, like an infamous leprosy, should have spread itself over the length and breadth of the empire. Anything was preferable to a state of freedom which entailed misery and ruin. Besides, usury was there, finishing the destruction of those whom the fiscal edicts of the ruler had already stripped of the greater part of their property. The legal rate of interest was twelve per cent.; so that in eight years' time the capital was doubled.§ And yet, notwithstanding these enormous profits, the law was constantly obliged to interfere for the purpose of stopping the rapacity of creditors, and keeping them within the prescribed limits.‖ The Theodosian Code, by its severity, had done much towards the relief of the provinces; Justinian went further, and reduced by one half the rate of

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* *De Mortib. Persecut.*, 23. † *De Gubern. Dei*, lib. v. ‡ Lib. xxxi., 6.
§ Sidon. Apollin., *Epist.*, iv., 24. ‖ *Cod. Theodos.*, ii., tit. 33.

interest.* We see here a reason for the strong denunciations with which the Church visited usurers and usury. 'It seems,' says M. Lehuërou, 'as if it could not anathematize them in sufficiently strong language: against them alone the arms of mercy are shut; they are excluded from participation in the holy mysteries, they are devoted to public execration like murderers, and branded with the stigma of infamy.† For, indeed, usury had become amongst the Romans a positive homicide; and the metaphors of Saint John Chrysostom were frightful realities.'

Destitute both of money and of soldiers, the empire thus lay open a prey to the Barbarians. Frightened at the solitude which kept extending itself around them, the emperors began at last to understand that the progress of such a scourge as slavery was more terrible than the enemies who threatened their authority. Every effort was made to prevent the evil from spreading; extraordinary precautions defended the freedom of those who had succeeded in keeping themselves out of the bonds of serfdom; it was decided that sixty years of servitude did not impair the natural freedom of any man; all the wretches who endeavoured to seek in slavery a permanent relief from the exactions of the treasury were unmercifully driven back to the burdens of civil life; and, finally, almost every social condition was invested with a kind of hereditary character. The organization of the Roman *curia* is a very complete *résumé* of the despotic system devised by government with the view of extorting from the people all the money they could; it has been fully described both in the works of M. Guizot, and in the volume we are now reviewing; and for the dismal picture we must refer the reader to M. Lehuërou's impressive pages.‡

The influence of Christianity remains now to be appreciated; it forms one of the most suggestive topics in connexion with our present subject; and we shall deal with it somewhat in detail. Let us remark, in the first place, that the Gospel altered essentially the condition of religion, by detaching it from the political power, and assigning to it its proper position in man's conscience. This fact alone would account for all the consequences of a formidable revolution. The several religions of antiquity had more or less confounded together the two principles; and it seemed as if man was to be surrounded

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* *Cod. Justinian.*, iv., 32.

† *Concil. Nicæn.*, can. 17; *Concil. Laodic.*, can. 4 (*apud* Labbe).

‡ Guizot's *Essais sur l'Histoire de France*, Essai i.; Lehuërou, pp. 144–150. The two laws of the Emperor Majorian, quoted by our author from the *Novella*, are a startling *résumé* of the deplorable position to which the *curiales* were reduced.

and absorbed by one law which applied to every circumstance of his life, to his moral and intellectual relations as well as to those which bound him in his capacity of citizen to such or such a political community. By virtue of this arrangement, the magistrates of the city were also the ministers of religion; the royal diadem and the priest's head-dress appeared on the same brow; the sceptre of the king and the wand of the augur were endowed with the same *prestige;* the palace of the sovereign was the temple of the gods, and the first deity in the Roman Olympus was the *sacred* person of the emperor.

In the midst of this system Christianity appeared; rejected by the society to which it formed so strong a contrast, it assumed in its turn the offensive; and denounced with its anathemas the vice, the corruption, the infamy, it saw rampant throughout the world. The struggle could not but be a death struggle; and, in opposition to the 'modern Babylon,' there gradually developed itself, for the children of promise, a new city,—a holy city, which was to last for ever. For some centuries, the Church kept adding to its members; not by violence or sedition, but by continual secessions from an effete and deeply corrupted society which had fallen a prey to wickedness of every description. We may say that Christianity destroyed the Roman empire in a *negative* manner, by drawing within its own sphere the elements that might have saved the political body from decay. Its first step was to deny the gods of the empire, and to strike a blow at the emperor by distinguishing the magistrate who had a right to enforce obedience from the man who claimed religious adoration. 'Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' According to this distinction Cæsar was no longer a god; and the very foundation of Roman society was attacked.*

After thus explaining the chief characteristics of the revolution accomplished by the Gospel, M. Lehüerou observes with much truth that we find here a sufficient reason for the distrust and subsequently the hatred with which Rome and the imperial government viewed the diffusion of Christianity. The most absurd forms of worship, the most repulsive, the most objectionable rites met with toleration at the hands of the emperors, because they were perfectly consistent with the idea that the political and the religious elements are identical; Christianity alone proclaimed the separation of those principles, and was accordingly denounced. The hostility of

* Tertull. *Adv. Gentes*, 28.

the governing powers was, however, quite useless. In spite of persecutions, martyrdom, and penalties of every kind, the faith of the Gospel still gained ground; the senate, the legions, even the palace of the emperor was full of Christians;* and the progress became so steady, that towards the beginning of the fourth century, when Constantine placed the cross on the top of his standards, the whole of the Roman empire had almost unconsciously become Christian. M. Lehuërou shows that amidst all the confusion originating with the new features of society, the distinction between the civil and the religious authorities assumed the proportions of a recognised fact; and that in spite of transactions of a more or less temporary nature it has ever since been maintained. The separation of Church and State is the great problem left by the old world to modern society; and the history of the middle ages is the history of the attempts made to solve the momentous difficulty.

It would be wrong to imagine that the conversion of the emperors to Christianity immediately and for ever put an end to the corruptions which were eating up the very vitals of society. Between the disciples of Christ and the descendants of Romulus the reconciliation was not yet by any means complete, and in spite of the codes of Constantine and of Theodosius the old leaven of hatred had not entirely disappeared. Saint Augustine's treatise *De Civitate Dei* may be quoted as a striking example of the violence with which Rome, its institutions, and its traditions were attacked. The great Christian doctor shows that mighty empires, when not established upon the foundations of righteousness, are nothing but associations for the purpose of plunder; he then denounces the means through which Rome had gradually obtained the sovereignty of the world; he criticizes the use it has made of that authority; and, depreciating the qualities of Rome's national heroes, he proves that their boasted virtues were nothing but splendid vices.† The bishop of Hippo was not the only one who thus turned against the empire the talent of the critic and the vehemence of the orator. We find Arnobius despising the science of the Roman philosophers,‡ Lactantius turning into ridicule the contradictions of the metaphysicians,§ Clemens Alexandrinus arguing that the science of the Barbarians was anterior and preferable.‖ 'There is not one of the glories of ancient Rome,' says M. Lehuërou, 'which Christianity has not denied or aspersed;

* Tertull. *Adv. Gentes.*
† Aug. *De Civit. Dei*, iii., 14–16.
‡ Arnob. *Adv. Gentes, passim.*
§ Lactant. *De falsâ Sapientiâ.*
‖ Clem. Alex., *Strom.*, i.

and in its eyes the greatest men in Roman history were nothing but the wretched slaves of vanity. There is not one of the prejudices of the Romans which Christianity has not attacked. They had believed themselves to be the privileged people of heaven, and now the disciples of Jesus tell them that their gods were demons and wild beasts, or more despicable than beasts themselves.* In their own opinion they were the bravest nation of the world, whereas Christianity calls their rule a perpetual and shameless robbery. They had promised to their empire eternal duration, but Christianity repeats in their ears the sad words: *Præterit figura hujus mundi.* It is because the new faith had rejected for ever that cursed empire, and selected another people: it had adopted the Barbarians. The alliance between the Barbarians and Christianity saved the world.' It is curious to notice the results of the fact which our historian has established in the above paragraph. The Barbarians are already Christians when they invade the empire, or they become such as soon as they have crossed the frontiers; and, by a strange fatality, they have, as their auxiliaries against Rome, the very men whose learning and eloquence were shedding so much glory over the last days of ancient civilisation. The book, *De Civitate Dei*, seems composed by Augustine as a panegyric on the Barbarians; Salvianus and Prosper of Aquitaine give to the victories, the conquests, even the vices, of the invaders a place amongst the means made use of by Providence for the government of the world. Documents tell us that, at first, the Christians never forgot to pray for the prosperity of the empire, because with it they associated the destinies of civilisation. But when, after a space of four hundred years, they saw that the wounds of the giant, instead of healing, became more and more frightful, they turned to the Barbarians, and made themselves their advocates against Rome itself. Augustine, Salvianus, Paulus Orosius, and other writers of the same character, were not, however, the only representatives of intellectual Christianity at that epoch; the Church affords us likewise painful examples of cowardice, time-serving, and want of principle. We would name particularly Sidonius Apollinaris, whose poor poetry was only a reflection of the narrowness of his ideas, and who was always more of a *littérateur* than of a prelate.† Yet, even he could not conceal from himself the startling reality of the prevailing decay, and his devotedness to the empire was mere resignation. 'We believe,' cried he,

* Tertull. *Ado. Gent.*; Justin Martyr, *Apolog.*; Augustinus, *De Civ. Dei.*
† Sidon. Apollin. *in Paneg. Avit., N.V.*, 538.

'that it is holier to follow antiquity, whatever may be the cost. We bear with difficulty the weight of the imperial shadow, resigned to suffer the vices of this decrepit race, and submitting rather from habit than from conviction to the yoke of the purple-clad people.'

M. Lehuërou quotes from Salvianus a long passage,* which shows with what intense longing the arrival of the barbarians was expected; and, what is still more remarkable, we see that even the taint of Arianism by which they were generally infected was excused by some of the most strenuous upholders of orthodox Christianity, on account of the services they rendered to the world. 'They are heretics, no doubt,' says Salvianus, 'but heretics unconsciously; in other terms, they are heretics in our estimation, but not in their own, for they consider themselves so thoroughly catholic that they cast against us the stain of heresy. Thus what they are for us, we are for them.....They are impious, no doubt, but they mistake that impiety for true piety. They are therefore in error, but their error is an honest one; they are deceived, not from hatred, but from love of God, actually believing that they are serving Him and doing Him honour.....And with respect to the error connected with this false doctrine, what punishment awaits them at the tribunal of God? Nobody can know it except the Judge Himself. In the meanwhile, God, I believe, suffers them, because He sees that if they do not possess the true faith, they only err out of attachment to a pious opinion.'

The struggle between Arianism and orthodoxy has been discussed by M. Lehuërou with his accustomed perspicacity in one of the most valuable chapters of his book. We may notice here that Arianism, which obtained such a footing amongst the Goths, the Burgundians, the Suevi, and the Vandals, was never popular in the West, where the matter-of-fact populations either could or would not understand the subtleties of the Carthaginian priest who had originated the heterodox proposition. By a stroke contrary to all the traditions of good policy, the Arian hordes attempted to impose their faith upon those amongst whom they settled. Such measures could not but be extremely hateful to the Gallo-Romans, and they sowed seeds of disorder, which produced very shortly an abundant crop. When the Franks, after defeating Syagrius at Soissons, appeared on the banks of the Loire, the feeling of irritation was already extreme in the provinces where heresy prevailed. Euric had just renewed the persecuting measures which had

* *De Gubern. Dei*, v.; Lehuërou, pp. 252–4.

formerly brought about such lamentable results when directed in the name of Christianity; Gondebald, at Vienne, imitated his cruelty and his want of foresight. In this extremity, the orthodox Christians looked for assistance against their heretic masters to the Franks; the invasion of Clovis may be ascribed in a great measure to the influence of the clergy, and both Augustin Thierry and Michelet have already fully explained how the Church in Burgundy and in Wisigotia helped the Frankish chieftain in consolidating his power.* It is well worth observing, likewise, as an argument in favour of the principle which the book of M. Lehuërou and the present article are intended to establish, that the Catholic Church looked to Clovis as to the natural successor of the emperors of the West. He was appointed of God, they thought, for the purpose of building on a new foundation the wonderful structure which had then become a heap of ruins; and they dreamed of political unity reviving once more, linked, this time, with unity of religious belief. The former part of the hope was never realised, at all events for any length of time, but the latter soon passed into the sphere of reality; and if, during the sixteenth century, faith seemed to be broken up into a number of fragments shared among the various sections of the Christian Church, yet the restoration of unity in matters of religion was regarded, as it still is, in the light of the final consummation towards which the world is slowly but steadily progressing. We have now brought the Merovingians into Gaul, and at this point of our inquiry we take leave of the subject in its general features; let us now limit ourselves to the consideration of society among our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, during the fifth and sixth centuries.

The origin of political life amongst the Franks, the principles according to which they governed their subjects, are extremely obscure, and have engaged the attention of the most erudite philosophers. Without going once more, then, into an account of the systems maintained respectively by Dubos, Boulainvilliers, and Montesquieu, we shall simply say that a careful survey of facts proves the administration of Clovis and of his successors to have been a simple application of the principles acknowledged and carried out under the Roman emperors. It would be quite out of the question to transcribe here all the passages adduced by M. Lehuërou in support of his opinion; but we shall give two, which place the assertion

* Aug. Thierry, *Hist. de la Conquête d'Angleterre par les Normands*; Michelet, *Hist. de France.*

in its proper light. Procopius, who flourished during the sixth century, has the following remarks:* 'The shores of the country which look towards Britain (one of the islands of the ocean) are covered with a large number of hamlets, inhabited by fishermen, husbandmen, and merchants, who carry on with those islands an important commerce. They are entirely subject to the Franks; *but they pay no tribute to them*, having been, as they assert, exempted from it formerly, on account of some other burden to which they are bound, and of which I shall now speak. They relate,' &c. This extract is clear enough, and the most prejudiced man could not help seeing in it a distinct and direct allusion to public taxes or imports. Gregorius Turonensis is not less explicit in the passage we shall now adduce.†

'King Childebert, on the invitation of the Bishop Meroveus, sent to Poitiers Florentianus, mayor of the king's house, and Ranulfus, earl of the palace, in order that they might make a census of the people; so that, the lists being rectified according to recent changes, he might raise the tributes which were paid during the life of his father Sigebert. Several, indeed, who formerly paid, had died in the meantime, so that the tribute pressed upon the widows, the orphans, and the old men. The envoys of King Childebert, having made an investigation on the subject, released the poor and the invalids, and subjected to the tax those whom their condition pointed out as equitably qualified to pay it; after this, they came to Tours. But when they wished to compel the people to pay the tribute, saying that they had the tax-lists, from which it was evident that under the preceding reigns these taxes had been paid, we answered in the following manner:—"It is true that in the time of King Clotaire lists were drawn up for the city of Tours, and afterwards carried to the king. But the king, dreading the holy Bishop Martin, ordered these lists to be burnt. At the death of King Clotaire, the people took the oath of fidelity to King Charibert. He swore never to impose upon his subjects any new laws or customs, but to keep them in the state in which they had lived during the reign of his late father; he promised, moreover, that he would issue no decree tending to impair them. Nevertheless, in his own reign, Count Gaiso, by virtue of a capitulary formerly drawn up, began, as we have said, to exact the tribute. But the Bishop Euphronius having obliged him to give it up, he went to the king with the result of this shameful exaction, and showed to him the capitulary in which the assessment was made. The king, however, groaning,

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* *De Bell. Goth.*, iv., 20.

† Greg. Turon., ix., 30. We earnestly recommend to the serious attention of the reader M. Lehuérou's excellent first chapter, (book ii.,) entitled *Des Impôts publics sous les Merovingiens.*

and dreading the power of Saint Martin, restored to the church of Saint Martin the moneys unjustly taken; and, after having thrown the capitulary in the fire, he promised that not one of the inhabitants of Tours should be subjected to any public tax.'

This remarkable fragment from Gregorius Turonensis gives, so to say, the history of taxation in Gaul under four consecutive kings: Clotaire I., his sons Charibert and Sigebert, and Childebert II., son of Sigebert. The period extends over more than eighty years, from 511 to 596. The bishop of Tours does not go higher than the reign of Clotaire I., because this king was the first who undertook to make the people of Tours pay the tribute. It would be a mistake to conclude from this fact, that the payment of the tribute in general cannot be traced higher up. All that we are bound to infer is this,—the king caused new assessment-lists to be drawn up on his accession to the throne, just in the same manner as his successors did after him. The custom was an established one, and the narrative itself proves this. We may, therefore, lay it down as an indisputable fact, that the settlement and the apportioning of the taxes were made under the Merovingian kings in exactly the same way as during the empire; the agents were identical, and the exemptions or *immunities* were granted on precisely the same conditions. The taxes were occasionally required in kind, sometimes in money, according to the exigencies of the moment; and here again we find a re-application of the usages of the imperial treasury; finally, the responsibility of the payment was transferred from the *curiales* to the count of the city.

The administration of the state is another point to which we must draw the attention of the reader. Here a kind of division was made between the Barbarians and their Gallo-Roman subjects.* The former, accustomed to war, disliking sedentary life, kept for themselves the military dignities with which they had been invested by the emperors, and left to the Romans the cares of municipal government, which they knew very little about, and liked still less. Satisfied with superior offices, such as that of *count*, they intrusted to the conquered all other charges of a purely civil character. In military posts, on the contrary, the Romans were admitted only by exception; and the superior merit ascribed to the profession of arms, rendered the barbarians unwilling to place on a level with themselves in this respect those whom they considered as their subjects. Thus the Franks, on establishing their rule throughout Gaul, became landlords,

* See Lehuërou, part ii., chap. 2.

and at the same time they remained soldiers; and history shows them to us scattered in the cities (*civitates*), and castles (*castra*), as in so many garrisons, from which they were always ready to march at the first signal. The *dukes*, having under their command those large territorial divisions which the Romans called *provinces*, were obliged to keep the soldiers continually on the alert, ready to take the field against the enemy. Essentially military in their pursuits and duties, they were, as a matter of course, of foreign extraction; and therefore we are not astonished at finding, by reference to the pages of Gregorius Turonensis, that most of the dukes have barbarian names. Below them were the *counts* or earls, enjoying, each in the city where he resided, the right of administering justice, the functions of a civil ruler, and the power of a military commander. The count formed a kind of connecting link between the two great branches of government,—the civil, and the military; he was, besides, an intermediate personage, a transitional item, from the Teutonic chieftain to the Gallo-Roman subject. On this double score, he enjoyed much importance, and the whole administrative management of Merovingian Gaul rested with him. We may further notice, that in Gregorius Turonensis and other contemporary annalists, the names of these officers are indifferently Roman or barbarian—a conclusive proof that their origin cannot be traced to Germanic institutions, but, on the contrary, to the traditions of the empire. Below the counts we find a number of inferior magistrates, such as the vicars (*vicarii*), or viscounts (*vice-comites*), who had each under his jurisdiction a *pagus* or portion of the county; the *centenarii*, whose rule extended over a hundred boroughs or villages; the *decani*, the limits of whose power are sufficiently characterized by their name; and a few other subalterns, whom Gregorius Turonensis designates by the generic name *tribuni*, from the circumstance, no doubt, that one of their chief duties was to collect the tributes under the authority and direction of the counts. We see at once in the above sketch a striking proof that the system of administration established by the invaders of Gaul, was a kind of compromise between the precedents of imperial Rome and the usages observed amongst the barbarians. The question of *benefices*, to which we must now advert for a few minutes, puts this in a very strong light indeed. We should, in the first place, remark that the topic itself has been always viewed, and justly so, as one of the most momentous in the whole course of French history. The fortunes of the two first dynasties may be said to have depended upon the nature of the *benefices*, and the common law of France is closely

bound up with them. Was the benefice a Roman or a Teutonic institution? If Roman, by what series of transformations did it become in after times the fief of the middle ages? If German, to what extent was it adopted by the Gallo-Romans, and how far did it bind them down? Then, was the whole of Gaul considered by the conquerors as a vast benefice placed at their disposal through the vicissitudes of war; or did there exist originally a difference between certain lands and certain others, implying a corresponding difference in the condition of the respective landholders? Finally, supposing the distinction to have existed in the beginning, must we believe that it gradually disappeared, and must we admit, with Loyseau* and Galland,† that the beneficiary system under the name of *feudalism* embraced at a certain epoch all the land of the kingdom? or, should we not rather maintain with Hauteserre,‡ Cazeneuve,§ Dominicy,‖ and Furgole,¶ that even at the time of its most complete development, the system we are now alluding to only subsisted in France as an exception, and that *allodial* property was always the rule?

These questions are a few of those connected with the origin and nature of benefices; volumes upon volumes have been composed in answer, by the representatives of the various systems we have enumerated; and we must say that some of them are chiefly remarkable on account of their want both of logic and of impartiality. M. Lehuërou discusses carefully all the texts that have any reference to the subject, and he concludes that under the Merovingians there were benefices of two kinds, representing both the Roman and the Teutonic institutions. The hereditary benefices corresponded to the former; and the analogy is the more singular, because the holders of such estates were obliged to military service like the *veterani* and the *milites limitanei* of the empire. This was the motive of the concessions made to them, and, if we may so say, the binding term of the agreement; for the grants were perpetual merely because the duties they supposed were perpetual also. This fact is so true, that if the holder of the benefice had only a family of daughters, the estate at his death went to the nearest male relative; and we have here the explanation of the well-known sixty-second article of the Salic law, which is still

* *Traité des Seigneuries*, 1614.

† *Traité du Franc-Alleu, et Origine des Droits Seigneuriaux.* 1629. 4to.

‡ *De Origine et Statu Feudorum pro Moribus Galliæ, Liber singularis.* 1619. 4to.

§ *Traité du Franc-Alleu en Languedoc.* 1641. Fol.

‖ *De Prærogativâ Allodiorum in Provinciis Narbonensi et Aquitaniâ.* 1645. 4to.

¶ *Traité de la Seigneurie feodale universelle et du Franc-Alleu naturel.* 1767. 12mo.

in vogue in France, as settling the right of succession to the throne. This is why, also, when females were universally admitted as qualified to inherit Salic lands,* that is to say, when all the benefices had become fiefs, the feudal lord reserved to himself the right of providing a husband for the heiress, in order that the service of the fief might not suffer. On the contrary, the benefices granted for a time, or during the life of the holder, had this character, because the domestic services which they had been intended to reward were themselves variable and temporary in their nature. The relations they implied were individual relations from one man to the other, whilst those we have previously alluded to, having for their object the community, must be permanent and invariable.

We have now, we believe, demonstrated with M. Lehuërou that the Merovingian kings, when they finally established themselves in Gaul, used to their own purpose the form of administration which the empire had introduced there, and worked it energetically with the admixture of a few elements brought from the Teutonic stock. The question arises, Was this substitution of Roman political maxims acceptable to the mass of the Franks, or did they not protest against it as constituting a deviation from their own customs? Consulting history, we find that the third generation of the Merovingian dynasty was marked by civil wars of a most desperate character; the mayors of the palace appear as leaders of a powerful party against the authority of the kings; tradition speaks of a long list of *rois fainéants*, whom incapacity had driven from the throne, and towering above all the rest we see the terrible figures of Frédegonde and Brunehaut,† like the goddesses of battle and the evil spirits of the sixth century. Now, all these events which rendered so gloomy the last days of the Merovingians, and which have, until quite lately, been so imperfectly explained, seem quite clear when we bear in mind that Clovis and his successors adopted a line of policy directly contrary to the wishes of their followers. The bad results (from a political point of view) of a cross between Roman and Teutonic institutions were not at first apparent; and therefore, the Merovingians went on for some time establishing and consolidating their mongrel system before any resistance was offered. But at last the aristocracy—we mean the barbarian chieftains, who saw themselves supplanted by Gallo-Romans at court, and in the enjoyment of real power—rose to defend their national tra-

* Marculf gives us the formula used in such cases. (ii., form. 11, 12.)

† For the history of these two queens, see Lehuërou, book ii., chap. 9; and Augustin Thierry, *Récits des Temps Mérovingiens*, 1, 2.

ditions, and the mayor of the palace became naturally their leader from the circumstance of his being *then* the highest dignitary of the king's household.

M. Lehuërou refutes with great ability all the idle theories that have been broached from time to time on the subject of the authority and importance enjoyed by these officers. In the beginning, the mayor (*majordomûs*) was merely a steward or bailiff: each landholder had his mayor, and the Salic law exhibits the mayors as belonging to the class of *ministeriales*, together with the butlers, the blacksmiths, the carpenters, the vine-dressers, and the swine-herds, and like them valued at the sum of thirty-five *solids*.* The king's *majordomûs* did not enjoy a more dignified station; he, too, was a mere servant; but we must not forget that with the Franks, as well as amongst the other Teutonic tribes, a place in the household of a king was a post of high distinction, conveying with it almost a patent of nobility. Circumstances made the mayors of the palace during the latter Merovingians what history represents them to us; and there was nothing but the name in common between Pepin de Landen, Pepin de Herstall, Ebroïn, and Charles Martel, on the one side, and the *majores-domûs* of Clovis and his first successors, on the other.

We are also commonly told that the mayors of the palace gradually assumed the supreme authority, as the indolent Merovingian monarchs let it escape from their own hands. This is entirely false. The influence of the mayors was the result of a revolution, not of a court intrigue. To quote once more from M. Lehuërou:—

'It is not in the nature of man to allow himself to be thus dispossessed without resistance; and history proves that of all the interests which the human heart cherishes most tenaciously, power is not the least. Whatever people may say, the Merovingians were no exception to the rule, and far from having cast away their authority as an insupportable burden, they displayed, in order to preserve it, a remarkable energy and some amount of skill. We know now what to think of the pretended *indolence* of kings who were placed by their enemies beyond the possibility of doing any thing. That historical calumny which has for a long time weighed upon their memory, became the natural consequence of their defeat, because it might be a means of justification for their adversaries. But posterity is not wedded to hereditary prejudices, and our age, which has done so much towards the rehabilitation of doubtful characters, has also undertaken with success the tardy apology for the *rois fainéants*. No, the mayors of the palace did not take advan-

* *Pact. Leg. Salic. antiq.*, tit. ii., 6.

tage of their indolence to supplant them; they hurled them from the throne in spite of long and persisting efforts. The despotic authority the mayors enjoyed arose less from their own usurpation than from the ambition of the aristocracy, whose instruments and accomplices they were. Their individual importance, however great we may suppose it, would not have sufficed to bring them to the summit of power, had they not been borne there by the wishes and the efforts of a whole nation, that is to say, by a revolution. The origin of this revolution was elsewhere than in the talents and intrigues of Pepin de Herstall and Charles Martel. It commenced in the palace of the Merovingians, but its catastrophe occurred on the field of battle.'

The question of taxes was the one from which the struggle at first started. M. Lehuërou describes in vivid pictures, borrowed chiefly from Gregorius Turonensis, the exactions of Chilperic and of his successors; he shows us the distress of the people, the irritation of the clergy, and the senseless caprice of the dissolute monarch. Nature seems to join in the general agony. Frightful presages announce on all sides the approach of the days of wrath, and the imagination of the multitude is struck with terror while the king is carrying desolation into the bosom of families. Through the territory of Chartres, real blood flowed from the bread consecrated at the altar. Enormous pieces of rocks fell from the Pyrenees, and killed whole flocks of sheep scattered in the plains. Incendiary fires kindled by unknown hands destroyed the harvest and the habitations, whilst pestilence swept away its thousands of victims.* At this portion of his work, the old chronicler seems as if he had taken for his model Ammianus Marcellinus, or Zosimus. The Roman empire is once more summoned up before us, and we feel that the Merovingian kings have flung around them the purple mantle of the Cæsars.

This was indeed the case, and with this fact we shall conclude our review of M. Lehuërou's volume. The downfall of the first French dynasty resulted from a powerful revolution, in which the majority of the nation was concerned, and the purpose of which was to throw entirely away the traditions of Roman centralisation and Roman government. The fatal mistake committed by the Merovingians, repeated subsequently by Charlemagne, led to the same results; and it was only after the feudal system had gone through its period of probation, that the old administrative scheme of Imperial Rome, with its centralisation, its jurisprudence, and its social arrangements, obtained a firm and apparently permanent footing in France.

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* Greg. Turon., v., *passim*.

ART. II.—1. *Reports of the London Diocesan Home Mission.*
2. *Reports of the Additional Curates Society.*
3. *Reports of the Pastoral Aid Society.*
4. *Reports of the Wesleyan Home Mission and Contingent Fund.*
5. *Reports of the Home Missionary Society.*
6. *The Congregational Year Book.*
7. *Reports of the London City Mission.*
8. *Reports of the Manchester City Mission.*
9. *Our Moral Wastes.* By the REV. J. H. WILSON. London: Snow.

CHRISTIANITY dies when it ceases to be aggressive. The pressure of heresy or persecution, like the weight on the arch, only makes it stronger: the indifference and inactivity of its professors, like the influence of the weather on that arch, destroy its cohesion and insure its ruin. And therefore it is, that though more daring and resolute attacks were never made on Christianity than in our own day, they yet afford no ground for serious alarm, because the Christianity which is assailed was never so active as now. A small contingent only of its forces is detailed to meet these new onslaughts; the great mass of its adherents are earnestly devoting themselves to their proper work. And even those who in the one hand have taken the sword in defence of their religion, like the Jews assailed by the Samaritans, hold a trowel in the other hand, and are raising higher the walls, while they are defending the foundations. No can man reasonably charge the Churches of this country with supineness. There is no foreign land on which the foot of their agents does not tread, and in which their emissaries are not striving to reproduce the religion of England. And while foreign missionary operations are being prosecuted with a zeal and self-devotion never before equalled, the Church is not indifferent to the requirements of an increasing population at home, nor is her hand slow to meet them. Probably never since Austin landed in Kent has so much wealth been bestowed, and so much personal exertion put forth, for the extension of religion in England, as during the last ten years. The statistics of Church erection sufficiently prove the activity of the various denominations. Fifteen churches of the Establishment were built in and around London in 1863; and in the provinces nearly seventy were consecrated. It was stated at the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union in the same year, that three hundred churches were then in process of erection by the Independent body. This, of

course, is greatly owing to the extraordinary stimulus of the Bicentenary movement. The Wesleyan Methodists have spent about £150,000 during the year last past in the building of chapels and schools, and in removing the liabilities of those already erected. The Baptists, in their measure, are feeling the effect of the Bicentenary movement, not less than the Congregationalists; and even Presbyterianism, the most exotic of all churches on this side the Tweed, is proving its energy by the erection of noble edifices. The danger in all this prosperity is, that our sympathy and efforts may be attracted to the respectable suburbs of our large cities to the neglect of those neighbourhoods where evangelistic efforts are most needed, and where the brightest Christian triumphs may be won. It is not always well to go just where the cry, 'Come over and help us,' is most articulately uttered. They often need help most who are least disposed to ask it. A few families, wealthy through success in trade, build residences for themselves along some pleasant road, or on some breezy hill, a mile or two from a large commercial centre. A new town springs up around them almost with the speed of Aladdin's palace: and within five or six years we have such a suburb as Brixton for London, or Waterloo for Liverpool, or Rusholme for Manchester. Worship is necessary to the social life, essential to the comfortable existence of these respectable residents. There is but little difficulty in building a church, which is sure to be self-supporting, and in providing a handsome stipend for its clergyman. It is no wonder, therefore, that churches of all denominations are rising in such neighbourhoods as are created by the enlargement of our manufacturing industry, and the extension of railway facilities. It would not be fair, however, to count all these as net increase to the churches and congregations of the country. We can fairly consider them such, only on the supposition that the churches and chapels abandoned through this centrifugal influence are still filled, though by another class of the population. But the notorious city churches of London, and the sparse audiences occupying but not filling the chapels in the centres of our great towns, disprove that pleasant hypothesis. We are compelled to look upon the assemblies gathered in most suburban churches as being to a large extent migrations of old, rather than creations of new, congregations. They are colonies, which have not merely relieved the plethora of the mother country, but have left her weaker by the loss of many of her best citizens. Nor is this the only effect of the centrifugal tendencies of the upper class among our citizens. For the removal of the reputable and

religious element leaves the masses which remain behind still more gross and godless. It takes away that class of the population which, through early association, and the requirements of social position, and the habits of refined living, tends towards worship and religious observance; and it leaves the godly amongst the inhabitants of the unfashionable quarters in a still smaller minority. By so much is the effort to preserve the religion they possess rendered more difficult, and by so much does the prospect of winning spontaneous accession to their ranks become less hopeful. The man who would do right finds fewer friends to countenance him, and the spirit of persecution gathers courage. The vice which shrank and hid itself from the sight of the virtuous and decent now lifts its head, and utters its blasphemies shamelessly; and the crowded centres of our great cities become moral swamps, in which godly life is all but impossible, and from which deadly miasms go forth amain. City life is life intensified. A city is to virtue and vice, to thought and feeling, just what the intensifier of the electric machine is to the fluid. Country life is favourable to repose and quiet meditation, and the countryman's convictions and resolutions are arrived at by a process like that in which the seed sown in the autumn of one year, only ripens in the autumn of the next. Hence rural life is comparatively sluggish, its virtues are quiet, and its vices stolid. The drunkard in the country becomes sodden with beer; the drunkard of the town infuriates himself with spirits. The licentiousness of the country is equally degraded, but it is neither so fierce nor so ingenious and contagious as that of the town: it is only in town that life is 'fast.'

Virtue and vice being alike intensified in a city, it may be thought that the evil brings its own cure. So it would, if the godly and ungodly of the city were so intermingled, that the virtue of the one class could check and hold in restraint the vice of the other. But this is not the case. A man's religion raises him in the social scale, makes him sober, and thrifty, and industrious, leads him to determine that his children shall be brought up under happier conditions than those which surrounded his own boyhood, and causes him to wish for healthier sanitary conditions for himself and his family. Hence, he removes his home to a better neighbourhood, and takes his congenial place amongst the 'respectable' people who are to be found there. Every clergyman who knows anything of work amongst a city population will remember, how again and again he has had to regret the removal of his best

agents; how his most efficient Sunday School teachers, rising step by step in the social scale, and weekly growing fitter and fitter for usefulness, have gone out into the suburbs; and how his best leaders or elders have again and again deserted him, owing to the same cause. The tendency of city life is to crowd the ignorance and vice into the centre of the town, or into the neighbourhoods popularly called 'low,' and to arrange the enlightenment and religiousness of the place in a fringe around their borders. The result of this separation of classes is as injurious on the one side as on the other. The religion of the respectable and wealthy loses much of the simplicity and earnest self-devotion which is the very essence of its life. The form becomes more and more sundered from the graces and charities of life, and from the power of godliness. The absence of that large class, whose social and religious wants are constantly forced on our notice, and appeal to our sympathy, induces first the neglect of the habit of beneficence, then the freezing of its spirit. The piety of the ladies becomes more and more a thing of sentiment, expending its energies and affection on ebony crucifixes, and on the fashionable religious confectionery so well known by its blue covers and red edges; and the religion of the men, who are not generally in danger from super-sentimentalism, will probably subside into a mere attendance upon the Sunday morning service, because decency requires, at any rate, this homage to the claims of the spiritual. It goes ill with the Church which is removed from all contact with 'publicans and sinners;' which has no consciousness of any missionary vocation, except to foreign Pagans, or Papists in Ireland; which knows nothing, except by occasional hearsay, of Ragged Schools and Reformatories; and whose charity finds no foster-children around its own sanctuary.

This separation of classes, however, though much to be regretted, appears inevitable. The Church cannot prevent it. But the difficulties to which it gives rise, together with the necessity for religious extension, in order to keep pace with the rapid outgrowth of our towns, have occupied the serious thoughts of religious men of all parties; and nearly all the Churches of this country are doing more or less, to adapt their systems to this new and exacting state of things. The Home Missionary idea has taken hold of them all, and the denominations are all devoting themselves to the carrying of it out. The method, of course, varies according to the genius of each particular Church. Some are hoping to accomplish the necessary work by the multiplication of the clergy; others, by a more systematic and thorough use of

paid lay agency; a third class, by enlisting and regulating the voluntary co-operation of earnest laymen; others again, by mingling all these elements in varying proportions. The Church of England boasts of several Societies which exist for Home Missionary purposes. Some of these, however, attempt Home Missionary work merely by the fuller-handed and more vigorous working of present machinery. And, indeed, her genius, like that of all territorial Churches, is essentially Home Missionary. By her parish system she covers the country with a network of agency; and only requires that the meshes should be lessened in size, by being increased in numbers, in order to bring the whole population under her influence. Every man, therefore, whom she adds to the staff of her parish clergy is a clear adddition to her Home Missionary force. The Pastoral Aid Society, and the Additional Curates Society, promote the multiplication of the rank and file of her parish clergy. The second of these associations differs from the first mainly in two points: that it employs clergymen only, while the Pastoral Aid Society affords help towards the maintenance of lay agents also; and that it subjects the candidates to no examination, leaving the selection of his curates entirely to the incumbent. The sister association, on the contrary, demands that every one to whose support it contributes, shall obtain the approval of its committee; by this means hoping to guard against 'extreme views.' Moreover, the Tractarian party mainly favours the Additional Curates Society, while the other organization finds its most numerous adherents in the evangelical section. In addition to these there is the 'Church Home Mission,' which appeals to the whole body of Churchmen throughout the country; while the Diocesan Home Missions find their constituency and field of action within the jurisdiction of the several bishops. The London Diocesan Home Mission is a very favourable type of the few similar organizations in the country. It employs a number of clergymen, to each of whom it guarantees an income of £200 a year. To every one of these it commits the charge of a portion of one or more of the overgrown metropolitan parishes. He is expected to work in harmony with the incumbent, without whose consent, of course, the Mission cannot be established. He is expected to preach in any room or hall he may be able to hire, and on all suitable occasions in that ever-ready church, the street. The Mission has accomplished its purposes, and ceases to exist as such, when a congregation is gathered, a church and schools are built, and a new incumbency is formed by a severance of the Mission district from the original parish.

The ministers employed are required to report regularly to the 'superintending secretary;' and so are under a double empire, that of the incumbent, and that of the Society. The institution 'does not contemplate the application of its funds to the payment of lay agents; but nothing contained in its rules is intended to prevent the employment of such persons to assist the Mission Clergy with the consent of the incumbent.' (Rule v.) Of what metal these missionary ministers are made, may be judged from the following extract from the journal of a Missionary in the East of London, published in the Report for 1862: 'On Sunday morning about twelve o'clock, I preached in Club Row, Bethnal Green, to a congregation of "bird-fanciers," "dog-fanciers," and others who never attend any place of worship. On the first occasion our congregation numbered about 200, afterwards nearly 400.' On Sunday evenings at half-past six, he was accustomed to hold a service in a room in Bonar Street, which was always well filled, the attendance averaging from 90 to 100. After this service he preached at Victoria Park Gate, where he had a congregation 'numbering from 500 to 700, sometimes more.' On Monday evenings he preached from the steps of St. Philip's church: the attendance was small, sometimes not more than 20, but generally from 50 to 60. On Tuesdays he conducted a service in St. Peter's District; here the attendance was always good, numbering from 300 to 400; the same evening he preached in another part of the district, where he had an attendance of from 250 to 300. On Thursday evening he was to be found in the street of another district 'where the congregation was composed of the worst specimens of our fallen humanity;' the attendance varying from 100 to 150. He addressed similar congregations on the Friday evenings in Thomas Court: at this service the attendance was 'small, but in many respects encouraging.' On the same evening he preached in Saint Simon's District, where he had a congregation of from 200 to 300 people. Thus it will be seen, that the Missionary held nine services weekly, and addressed probably not fewer than 2,000 people, the majority of whom were living in the habitual neglect of religion, and might never otherwise have heard of the way of salvation by Christ.*

The 'Bishop of London's Fund' will practically form a magnificent extension of the Diocesan Home Mission; not that there will be any organic connexion between the two; but the Fund will take hold of the work of the Society with a stronger arm; and it will also assist the

* *Report, April*, 1863, pp. 9, 10.

missionary clergy whom it may support, by the employment of various lay agents, whose engagement depends upon the ebb and flow of a local and unorganized liberality. The idea, however, which lies at the foundation of the Mission, is also the logical basis of the fund; and the Church will owe not a little to the eminently practical intellect which originated the Diocesan Home Mission in 1857, and the splendid system and subscription of the 'Fund' in 1863.

Among the Congregationalists, Home Missionary effort is promoted by two distinct organizations. The 'County Associations,' though not possessing legislative power, are yet capable of a certain limited administrative action; and within that limit come the sustentation of existing Churches by grants in aid, and the inauguration of new Churches on the missionary principle. The first of these functions is analogous to that of the Sustentation Fund in the Free Kirk of Scotland: and both are so far Home Missionary in their character that they render the continued existence of Churches possible, where otherwise they must fail for lack of strength. Additional to the county associations is the 'Home Missionary Society,' which takes the whole nation for its constituency and sphere of operations. Its secretary is the Rev. J. H. Wilson, himself one of the most successful of modern Home Missionaries, and author of the admirable little book named at the head of this article. The operations of this Society are carefully guarded by 'a scheme of union and co-operation between county associations and the Home Missionary Society' which may be found in the 'Year Book,' and which seems well adapted to prevent that counteraction which would prove so unfavourable to the success of the work each has in hand. The Home Missionary Society exists for three purposes. It 'originates and sustains new interests,' (Report for 1863, p. 8,) here working side by side with the county associations. It 'groups and consolidates village stations,' that is, unites several small congregations in one Church, under the pastorate of the minister of the most important of these congregations; here imitating the circuit system of the Wesleyans. Generally an 'evangelist,' or salaried lay preacher, is employed in such a group of stations; and the system as a whole seems to work successfully, and goes far to solve the problem of how Congregationalism shall be adapted to the scattered populations of rural districts. We are glad that the Independent Churches are exhibiting an elasticity in administration which promises well for their taking their proper part in the evangelization of the country.

As an instance of the successful operations of this system, mention is made, in the Report for 1863, of a station in Somerset, which three years ago was maintained at a cost of about £50 per year; but which, since the villages have been grouped round a common centre, and have been placed under the care of a devoted and qualified minister, has not only ceased to be burdensome, but is this year self-sustaining, 'and pays one-third of the salary of an evangelist; while thirty members have been added to the Christian fellowship, and a new Mission chapel built, and opened free of debt.' The appointment and work of the evangelists, however, is said by the Committee to be 'perhaps the most interesting and encouraging feature of the operations of the Society during the past year.'

The evangelist performs nearly the same work as the Town Missionary, only that preaching is a much more important part of his work, and that he is the accredited agent of a particular denomination. The evangelist is not allowed to attempt the formation of separate Churches, nor to assume the 'status of the ordained ministry.' He is expected to spend seven hours daily in his work, and, like the Missionary clergy of London, is required to report regularly to the general secretary, through the minister who has the personal superintendence of his work. The class of Evangelists does not appear to act as a nursery to the ministry; for, though occasionally a man of extraordinary power is able to make his way into the pastorate, the attempt is discouraged by the promoters of the Society. Perhaps so broad a distinction between the two classes is not desirable. If young men fresh from college, and others desiring to enter the ministry, were employed in this way for two or three years, they might gain a knowledge of human nature, which is not to be learned from dogmatic theology; and both they and the congregations over which they afterwards preside would be gainers. Twenty-five evangelists were employed in 1863, 'the central board in every case giving one-third of the salary, and the county associations, with friends in the localities where the evangelists laboured, giving the other two-thirds.'

The Home Missionary Society cultivates chiefly the village populations. It does comparatively little as yet for the masses of the large towns. It expends on the counties Devonshire, Dorsetshire, and Somersetshire, more than half as much as on all England besides.

Home Missionary enterprise among the Wesleyan Methodists is conducted by a central Committee, whose functions include

both those of the county associations and of the Home Missionary Society among the Independents. It is now called the Committee of the Home Mission and Contingent Fund; but its directly missionary character has only been recognised in its title within the last few years. The Fund was first gathered in 1749, and was called by Wesley the 'General Fund.' Nor could he have found a more suitable name for it. It was applied to the payment of moneys borrowed upon chapels; to the relief of several good men, who could be usefully employed as 'itinerant preachers,' if once freed from pecuniary difficulty; to the support of preachers in whole or in part in such neighbourhoods as could not support their own religious establishments without aid; and, lastly, in prosecuting in the King's Bench the ringleaders of riotous mobs, when the magistrates would neither prevent persecution, nor afford redress to the persecuted.*

Some of these functions necessarily ceased, as Methodism crystallised into a Church, and won upon public confidence and esteem: but for a long time the Fund contributed to the support of ministers labouring in what were called Mission Circuits. About fifty years ago, however, it was thought advisable to let drop that distinctive title; and such of those Mission Circuits as could not become self-supporting were merged into the ordinary class of 'assisted' Circuits, whose income is supplemented by a grant from the Home Mission, or, as it was then called, the Contingent Fund. Circumstances arising out of the disruption in 1850, together with that deepening concern of Christian men for the religious condition of the country, which received so strong an impetus from the 'religious' census of 1851, a concern which was fully shared by the Methodist public, led to a reconstruction of the whole constitution and operation of the Fund.

During the secretariat of the late Revs. John Stephenson and Thomas Dickin, the system of Home Missionary Meetings was organized; to which, especially as carried out more fully under the administration of the present secretary, the Rev. C. Prest, are mainly owing the recent popularity and doubled income of the Fund. At the same time, the employment of specially appointed ministers for specially aggressive work was suggested,—an idea which has since been worked out with so much vigour by Mr. Prest. The Home Mission and Contingent Fund still bears the burden of certain charges necessary to the working of the Methodist machinery. These

* See 'Minutes of Conference,' 1749.

have been defrayed from this source from the time of Wesley, and no provision for them can be made by Circuit Finances. Further, it subsidises Circuits which could not support the necessary staff of ministers unless some foreign aid were received: and it contributes, in whole or in part, the stipends of the Home Missionary ministers who are appointed to labour within the boundaries of the various Circuits. It supports, moreover, the whole staff of Wesleyan chaplains to the forces, who are stationed at several camps, and in some of the garrison towns of the United Kingdom.

For our present purpose, however, we have to do only with those operations in which it is directly aggressive, and in which it employs the services of Home Missionary ministers. The Minister appointed to any Circuit for Home Missionary work takes, as his centre of operations, some chapel which the ordinary staff of the Circuit cannot efficiently supply; or, if on entirely new ground, he occupies some school-room, or other building, which can be used as a temporary chapel. There he must preach at least once every Sunday; and for the other service of the day he occupies the pulpit of one of his colleagues in the Circuit, who supplies his place. By this system, the principle of a varied ministry is preserved; relief is given from the toil of preparing two sermons every week; and yet the predominant personal influence of the pastor is allowed full play. During the six days he is entirely relieved from the pressing claims of the numerous week evening lectures, private pastoral meetings, and other engagements for which his co-pastors are responsible; and so is able to give greater attention to house-to-house visitation, cottage services, and the various other agencies, through which the influence of a Church goes forth and works upon a population. He is not, however, a Town Missionary, or evangelist. Though set apart to special labour, he has the same clerical status as his brethren who are performing Circuit duty.

These three may stand as representatives of the various Home Missionary Societies connected with the Churches of this country. But, besides these, there are various non-denominational associations, which employ laymen for the spiritual benefit of the inhabitants of our towns and cities. Of these, the principal are the London and the Manchester City Missions, which may fairly be taken as favourable representatives of similar organizations throughout the country. The Association in the metropolis employs about four hundred agents, that in the cotton capital one hundred. These agents are laymen, members of various 'Protestant evangelical Churches;' they are required to pass a theological

examination, frequently conducted by a lay, sometimes by a clerical, sub-committee, but seldom extending beyond the merest elements of systematic theology. They are required to spend a certain number of hours daily in visitation from house to house; are encouraged to establish and conduct ragged schools, and to hold religious services in cottages or hired rooms; but they are forbidden to administer the sacraments to the assemblies they may gather, or to encourage anything like the formation of independent congregations. This, of course, is necessary, in order that the scheme may have the support of the regularly constituted Churches. There are, doubtless, advantages in the plan, which do not belong to a system employing clerical agents. In some respects the Town Missionaries, being of the same class with the persons they visit, more easily command their sympathy, and become better acquainted with their inner life. And, since they are the agents of an unsectarian association, many doors are open to them which are shut against the representatives of any particular Church. Moreover, their services can be commanded at a very cheap rate. Beyond this, however, the advantages are all on the other side. The man, with a family dependent upon him, who will accept £80 per year as a permanent income, cannot, *as a rule*, be very much above the level of the second-rate artisan. Besides, his influence is apt to be greatly weakened amongst the working classes, by the palpable fact that he is paid for his religious work as much as he could probably earn by much heavier manual toil in his own trade. The working man has not the respect for him which he has for a clergyman: he does not feel, in the missionary's speech and deportment, the charm which accompanies the slightest word and action of the Christian gentleman: and it is not unnatural that he should be jealous of the working man, who to-day is toiling by his side, and next week comes to him dressed in a black coat, as a religious teacher. The personal character of the missionary may, and often does, overcome all these obstacles; and the indubitable success of the Town Mission movement is owing to the generally happy and wise selection of the agents. But the disadvantages we have named exist; and they interfere seriously with the success of the work. Moreover, we are bound to express our decided conviction that, on the whole, the unsectarian character of these Missions is a hindrance rather than a help to enduring success. It is granted that this character secures for them a much larger constituency, from which pecuniary support may be expected. We allow, too, that the City Missionary obtains access to certain persons and places by means of his colourless ecclesiastical profession, which cannot

be reached by any denominational agent; but, the fact that he is not allowed to direct to some Church those whom he may lead to reflection and religious decision, is a drawback which more than outweighs these undeniable advantages. There is in England now a sectarian spirit of unsectarianism which is mischievous: and it is frequently to be met with in the management of the Town Missions. The religion which does not ally itself to some Church, is, generally speaking, like a ship without an anchor.

Many of the good impressions produced by Christian influence are weakened and erased, if not deepened and fixed by the powers of Church life; and much of the good accomplished by the City Missionary is of the most evanescent character, because a very small proportion of those who receive benefit, find their way to any religious communion. The Manchester City Mission,—and none in the country is worked more efficiently,—reports that two hundred persons joined the various Christian denominations, through the labours of its agents, in the years 1862–3. This gives an average of two to each missionary: and it is hard to believe that the same amount of toil, undertaken by an equal number of Christian men, allowed to work directly for the increase of their several Churches, would not have produced greater results. Sectarianism in spirit is narrow and despicable; the sectarianism of action, which consists in a hearty alliance with some ecclesiastical system, is a help to every Christian worker. All these things go to prove that the City Mission, although a movement of very great value, is one which can never become, and ought never to be considered, a substitute for direct Home Mission action, undertaken by the various Churches.

Some of the foregoing objections lie with equal force against the employment of paid lay-agents, directly connected with the Church. Still they are free from the great practical drawback of non-denominationalism; whatever success they command tells immediately in the most sure and profitable direction. The employment of such agents, indeed, and that in large numbers, is absolutely necessary; because the clergy are unable to overtake a tithe of the vast work before them, and the laity of the churches have neither time nor inclination to do the work themselves. The Anglican Church, sagacious and far-seeing in all practical matters, has not been slow of late years to avail itself of this, as of every other promising species of agency. The Independents are grafting it upon their own system, by the employment of evangelists. The Wesleyan Body has not yet done much

in this direction; it might perhaps profitably do more. The employment of junior ministers, in connexion with its large chapels, under the direction of the ministers in charge, especially of superintendents, many of whom are overburdened with Connexional business,—in other words, the adoption of the curate system,—would, on the whole, be the best plan possible. But while it is impossible to find the men for that position from the ranks of the clergy, paid lay-agents may make most useful substitutes.

They might undertake some of the visiting, which is now necessarily omitted by the minister, because he has not time to do it; and they might assist in finding persons to fill up the places of such as are leaving the central chapels and retiring to the suburbs. But that which can be done only partially by the employment of paid lay agents, could be done and ought to be done by systematic effort on the part of the laity of the Church. How few are the Christian men of intelligence and position, who are busy in the direct work of evangelization! They are engaged on committees and boards of trustees. They hold the secular offices of the Church, such as deaconships, wardenships, stewardships. Some of them are even engaged as elders and leaders in those Churches which assign semi-pastoral functions to laymen; but how few employ much time directly in leading men to reflection and religious decision! They are willing to manufacture the spade; they are unwilling to turn the soil. They will gladly mould the cannon; they cannot be induced to serve and fire it. Even in the Church of England, whose system of district visiting is so admirable, how little is done by Christian gentlemen! But, besides the unwilling, there are many who, with the most sincere desire to do this work, have no idea how to go about it in a practical and business-like manner. Under the impulse of some freshly-felt conviction, they rush to the work of moral mining. Each strikes his pick into the mountain side; but each acts independently of the others. He looks up, and the mountain is as large and frowns as darkly as ever. He begins to fear he is doing nothing; he flags; then he puts down his tool, and subsides into his old supineness. If a certain fair share of the work had been mapped out for him, he would have found it within his compass; his progress would have been more visible and encouraging; and his perseverance would have been proof against temptation. And while he was buoyantly working at his task, his comrades would be cheered by similar hopes; and under so systematic an effort the work would be done. The value of Dr. Chalmers's

'territorial principle' is not yet felt in the Churches. He believed, and he proved by the West Port Mission in Edinburgh, that if you give a man a certain limited and reasonable area, to which he may confine his labours, he will do his work hopefully, thoroughly, and successfully; whereas, if you set him to labour in a vast district, he will be harassed and discouraged by the magnitude of a service, which he cannot hope to accomplish, and of which he can do but very superficially what he touches at all. Now, it is just at this point that the incapacity of many ministers is so disastrously felt. They are merely students and preachers. They adopt the monstrous theory that a clergyman's duty is simply to preach. They never dream of studying the science of Home Missions, a science quite as essential to their usefulness as dogmatic theology; and the result is, that since their people know not when or how to begin to work, and there is no one capable of teaching them, the work is left undone, and then the pulpit and the pew mourn together over the want of success! The minister delivers a homily on the duty of the Church; he almost upbraids his people for not labouring for the good of men; and the one thing needful all the while is a directing head. The art by which a whole neighbourhood may be pervaded with religious influence needs study, both in and out of College. Every pastor should be at the head of a system which should work as regularly as that of the great mercantile houses, in which each man's work is appointed to him, and in which each is responsible for his own. Any system which is jealous of the systematic and prominent co-operation of the laity, can never be a system for the world, with whatever fervour of zeal it may strive to multiply its clerical agents. Only in the labour of the whole Church, guided by wise heads and sustained by warm hearts, is there any hope for the moral elevation of the masses of our fellow countrymen. Light and Love, the two essential elements of the Divine character, must be reflected in every aspect of the Church's work, if she is ever to bring the world within her borders. The best hope for the future, in this aspect of the subject, lies in the training to which ministers, especially of the Wesleyan and Anglican Churches, are now subjected. The system of Curates' Aid, in the Church of England, and of Home Missionary Ministers in Methodism, will be likely to produce a class of Incumbents and Superintendents whose practical ability will have the best influence on the younger ministers. It is only by experience that a knowledge of the wisest and most effectual methods of working amongst a people

can be obtained. Were it not for this promise, the system now worked in Methodism would be open to suspicion and question. The distinction which it makes between the Home Missionary Minister, and the Minister of the Circuit, frequently leads to misconception of their respective positions. The Home Missionary Minister was looked upon, when first appointed, as a Town Missionary in clerical attire. This mistake is dying out, as the true position of the Missionary Ministers comes to be better understood.

But the great danger is in the other direction. Some Ministers may be in danger of satisfying their consciences with the reflection, that the aggressive action of the Church is sufficiently represented by the Home Missionary Minister. A prominent argument for the use of this class of agents has been, that the Ministers attached to the Circuits are unable to do aggressive work; that their energies are taxed to the full in keeping together the congregations and societies already gathered. The multiplication of the engagements which too often devolve on the Wesleyan Ministry is the common apology for the neglect of evangelistic work. And so long as the Minister feels himself compelled to comply with all the conventional claims of a Circuit, so long will his excuse be fair. But we doubt whether some of the conventional clerical duty is necessary. Is it necessary that all the Ministers of a Circuit, perhaps four or five, should appear at almost every Committee Meeting and Missionary Meeting? Two will serve better than four for the Missionary Meeting; and the business of each Chapel and Society might be left more to the direction of the one Minister in charge than has been customary; or at least be left ordinarily between him and the superintendent. Indeed, this plan must be adopted, if the pastoral work is to be thoroughly done. Thoughtful economy of time and resources might win many an hour for this purpose which is now spent in engagements seemingly important, but really unnecessary. Each Minister advising with his colleagues at their weekly meetings, and afterwards reporting to them, would secure all that is now gained by the personal attendance of the whole staff at meetings of local and not Circuit importance. The principle of the co-pastorate would be preserved; and yet each Minister could find time for directly aggressive work in his own district.

Minute theology is not the most useful matter for the pulpit; nor is the exact composition delivered by rote likely, as a rule, to go fresh home to the heart. Vigorous dealing with the conscience, founded on the great truths of Christianity, is what

the world needs in these days. And the Minister who will spend four days in the week in the chambers of the sick and dying, and in the alleys, where crime and misery are festering together, will find himself possessed of a store of observation and an experience of human nature which will enable him to use to much better purpose the two days still left for preparation for the Sunday's duty; and though his sermons, in consequence, may not be polished *ad unguem*, they will have a force and energy which will not fail to move the congregations to whom they are addressed. A certain converse with books is necessary to the preacher's efficiency: but it is neither the first nor the second qualification. His first requisite is spirituality: his second, knowledge of man. The pastoral work of personal intercourse, both with men in the Church, and with the masses outside, ought to hold a high place amongst clerical duties: it should be co-ordinate with the labours of the pulpit, and superior to every other engagement. If this were so, there would be then no danger of the work of personal contact with men being left to the Home Missionary Minister. Every Minister would feel that he had as much failed, if the week's labour had not widened the circle of his personal influence, as if he had been unable during that time to preach a sermon. The creation of a class in the clergy, devoted to this special work, is a temptation to the rest to neglect it; and all should guard against this. Home Missionary work, whether done by the ordinary clergyman or by the special agents, is no easy task. It needs much study, and not a little experience, before it can be done with efficiency. For in truth the science of Home Missions includes the rationale of any and every means by which religious influence can be brought to bear upon the careless and ungodly. The division of Circuits and parishes; the organization and drilling of an army of Christian workers; the detailing of suitable persons from congregations already established, to form the nucleus of new ones; the pressing of social and sanitary movements into the service of religion; the bearing of such institutions as Sick and Burial Societies upon the religious character of a neighbourhood; and a score of cognate questions, all call for the careful consideration of the Home Missionary Minister: and it is needful that he bring to their solution not only a willing mind, but one educated to broad and practical views. The Missionary to the cannibals or Hottentots finds it necessary to advise them on matters of law, and agriculture, and architecture. He does not think it by any means inconsistent with his sacred office and Mission to teach the savage how to

handle a plane, to cook his food, to build his house; and there is as great need, amongst the semi-heathens of our home populations, for the labours of men, who, while consecrated to the highest work, are yet able to teach their parishioners the necessity of observing sanitary laws, who can create an agency for their instruction in sewing and cooking, and can assist them to provide themselves with social pleasures and gratifications which shall counterbalance the pernicious and highly-seasoned excitements of the dram-shop and singing-saloon. The clergy of the Establishment are more thoroughly and intelligently earnest in this work than their brethren of the Nonconformists. This may have been owing in times past to the broader and completer education of the Episcopalian as compared with the Dissenting Minister; but this difference between them is daily lessening, and the Nonconformist ought not now to be a whit behind his brother of the Establishment.

For the connexion of social and moral science is much closer than has generally been confessed. The secret of the success of such movements as that with which Mrs. Bayly's name is so honourably connected, is to be found in the fact, that they unite these sister sciences. Religion is presented not in theory only, but in practice. Decency in dress and the art of sewing are taught together. Thrift is inculcated, and the Penny Bank established to render the practice of it possible. The public-house is condemned, but provision is made for the satisfaction of the man's social nature in his own club; and he is thus rendered independent of the beer-shop. The very persons, moreover, who are thus endeavouring to raise the people more nearly to the ideal of manliness, at the same time preach to them the necessity of godliness. It is one weakness of English Nonconformity, that it too often endeavours to make people religious solely by religious agency. God makes use of everything in the world to bring men to Himself; and the Church should not be slow to copy this example, so far as she may. Make a man manly; a woman truly womanly; and by so much you tend to make them godly. Roll away the stone of drunkenness, uncleanliness, unhealthiness; and by so much is the resurrection of the dead more easy and more probable.

Amongst the special religious efforts which the Home Missionary puts forth, systematic visitation ranks first in the opinion of the Churches of this country, so that house-to-house visitation is almost a popular synonym for Home Missionary work. And, indeed, it is difficult to overrate absolutely

the necessity and usefulness of that work. Seeing a man in his house, sitting a while by the fire, and chatting with him pleasantly and Christianly respecting the small but absorbing interests of the family circle, tend to open his heart to you. Nor is any species of human kind more susceptible of kindly influence from this source than the English working man. If the Missionary goes about his work in the right way, he may so lay hold of the hearts of the people, that they will listen to the weakest lucubrations proceeding from his lips with more respect and admiration than to the most elaborate discourses pronounced by a stranger. Not that any man should preach weak sermons by preference. Every sermon weaker than it need be, is a dead loss to the cause; for there is a hard practical sense in the mind of the English working classes which can take in and digest the strongest thought, if only simply and unprofessionally expressed. But even a weak preacher who will make himself familiar with the home interests of his people, will find them crowding around him, and receiving benefit from his words, because their hearts are opened to him. The man who neglects worship systematically, is very apt to become hardened in his indifference, through thinking that nobody cares for him; whereas the human feeling within him is unlocked by the visit of one who comes patiently and gently to point him to the Cross. But it is necessary that this house-to-house visitation should be conducted with great tact, if it is to be successful. To enter a man's house uninvited, is a liberty which can only be warranted by the issue at stake, and by the earnestness of the visitor; and which is only tolerable when the entrance is effected in the best possible style. It is of the first importance that every Missionary should be a gentleman, at least in feeling, if possible in outward gesture also. Many a man has injured himself and his cause merely through his unmannerly deportment. If a Minister enters a working man's house, keeps his hat on, and talks at the people, as from a height of boundless superiority, he will evoke a spirit of opposition, which is by no means inexcusable, and has not a little of the feeling of laudable independence in it. But let his address be that of a gentleman,—and not, as now and then in the case of even good men, something midway between that of a parish beadle and a sheriff's officer,—and he will recommend himself and his errand to all whom he may visit. His call will be felt to be a favour, and not an intrusion; and if he does no good, he will do no harm. Nevertheless, even visitation may be made too exclusively prominent in missionary work; for the hours are but few in which whole

families can be found at home. One hour in the day, and that a very inconvenient hour, is often the only available time for this purpose; viz., six o'clock in the evening. If the minister calls before that hour, he will find at home the mother and the infants. The father and the elder children are at work. The younger children are at school; and only the mother can be directly affected by his visit. True, the indirect influence of it will not be small. The rest of the family, when they hear of it, will come to think that after all some one cares for them; and will feel an attraction to the Church whose Minister has visited their home. But the absence of so many important members of the family at the hour when the visit is paid, cannot but detract very materially from the efficiency of the effort.

The complement of the work of visitation is to be found in an experiment tried with very encouraging results by the Manchester City Mission. One of its agents, Mr. Chadwick, has been most successful in establishing 'half-hour services.' These are held at the railway stations, the mills, forges, and other places where large numbers of 'hands' are employed. The services are held for the most part at the dinner hour, in any room which can be secured for the purpose. Sometimes it is amongst the machinery, silent for an hour amid its busy labours: sometimes in the dining-room provided for the convenience of the men; in any place where the Missionary can come face to face with the work-people. It is generally found that such efforts are appreciated by those for whom they are made. At the services held under the superintendence of the Manchester City Mission, considerably over a thousand men, in the aggregate, are weekly brought under religious influence. Two or three verses of a popular hymn are sung, a short prayer is offered, the whole of the introductory service not occupying more than six or seven minutes. Then a short, trenchant, earnest address, founded, professedly or otherwise, on some passage of Scripture, is delivered; and the Benediction is given three or four minutes before the hour at which the machinery starts afresh. Here the men, who can so seldom be encountered at home, and the youth of both sexes who are engaged in the large manufactories, are brought into contact with the Missionary; and so the gulf which prejudice and ignorance throw between the Church and the masses is materially narrowed. Nor need this kind of work be left only to the agents of the City Missions. The unsectarian character of these associations gains for their agents an easier access into some establishments, than would be accorded to denominational workers; but in every clergyman's neighbourhood there are, surely,

some three or four large assemblages of the people to which he might obtain entrance. Preaching under such circumstances would teach him many useful lessons. The ready and pointed style which he would find necessary, would improve his ordinary pulpit efforts. He would gain an insight into human nature which his work in his own comparatively narrow sphere can seldom afford; and his mental and spiritual sympathies would be broadened and deepened. Of course, every minister must leave his denominational peculiarities at home, when he goes to this special work. He cannot expect that masters or managers will sanction a sectarian raid upon their men, with whose distinctive religious principles they have no concern. He must confine himself to those cardinal principles of faith and doctrine in which most Christians agree. But he will be sure to find, that many who hear him in the mill on the work-day, will wish to hear him in his own church on the Sunday; and so he will reap his reward, as he deserves, in accessions to his congregation and communion.

Much of the ill success attending efforts to found new congregations amongst the darkest of our home populations, can be easily accounted for. No man possessing common sense and competent knowledge could ever expect them to succeed. The necessary capital of care and money was never spent upon them, and their promoters have no right to complain because they fail to obtain interest. Very little trouble is taken to make the services attractive. They are held in badly-ventilated rooms, with seats apparently dropped by accident on the floor. The singing is often feeble and grotesque; and the sermon is either a succession of childish platitudes, or a long and wearisome theological essay, which would not be popular even with a trained congregation, and which is simply 'Greek' to the audience to which it is addressed. No man has any right to expect success who will not be at the trouble, or who has not the mind, to adapt the circumstances of the service and the style of the sermon to his congregation. The Home Missionary might learn a lesson, if he would, from the gin-palace, where the congregation is so large. There is no lack of ornament there. There is a very glare of light. There is every convenience of access and exit; and the publican, in the popularity of his haunt, does but reap an advantage which, commercially speaking, he has earned; he meant to succeed, and he thinks no money wasted, and no toil excessive, to secure his purpose. 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light?" There is no reason why care and enterprise should not be expended in the cause of

religion equal to that which is shown on behalf of Mammon. Let the music be hearty and good, let the room be thoroughly comfortable and well lighted, let the whole service be so conducted that the people shall see they are thought worth some trouble; and unless the hopeless dulness of the preaching counteracts everything, the Minister will not want a congregation.

After all, the main attraction or repulsion will still be in the pulpit. And it ought never to be forgotten, that what is a good sermon in one place, may be the very worst possible in another. One might as well expect Beethoven's Sonatas to be popular in a third-rate singing saloon, as to expect that the sermons which command a respectful attention in an established congregation, will be relished by the waifs and strays gathered for a mission service. They are altogether apart from them; at least they are not aimed at them. The uneducated ear to which the involutions of harmony in Beethoven's grand compositions are mere confusion of sound, will relish the sweet melody and simple accompaniment of an English ballad or a Scotch air; and the mind which cannot understand, much less appreciate, the formal and scientific phraseology and frequent implications of an elaborate doctrinal sermon, may heartily enjoy a discourse which, containing some strong vigorous thought, expressed in simple language, and with homely illustrations. It may, be questioned indeed, whether preaching of this class would not be more successful than the present style in our ordinary services; but undoubtedly it is the only preaching that will touch the masses whom the Home Missionary specially labours to save. Suitable preaching may even counterbalance all the disadvantages of an uncomfortable room and unworthy concomitants in the service; but nothing can supply its absence; it is the first and last requisite for keeping the congregation which has been brought together by the personal influence of the Missionary. Much more attention and a much greater liberality need to be bestowed on Home Missionary enterprise by the mass of the Christian people of this country. The danger and injury arising from the geographical separation of classes, to which reference has been made, would be greatly lessened if the wealthy congregations of suburban districts would make themselves responsible for the support of a Home Mission in some destitute neighbourhood. An experiment of this kind has been tried in Manchester by the congregation of the Union Chapel, and, we believe, with very happy results. Such a congregation should charge itself with the support of a Minister, whose time should

be entirely devoted to the gathering of a new congregation. Their guarantee would make him perfectly independent in his dealings with his new parishioners; while at the same time it would allow opportunity for the education of the new congregation in habits of self-dependence and liberality; their contributions to the support of their own work gradually decreasing the proportion to be furnished by the guarantors. The work of the parent Church would not be finished till complete and efficient Home Mission premises had been provided. Then, such a congregation as might be gathered would be nearly self-supporting; and the funds originally raised could be devoted to the initiation and support of another similar undertaking. Such an effort would produce most happy results. Like the mercy of which it would be the fitting expression, it would be twice blessed. Nor could wealthy men of the various Churches better use their riches than in providing the necessary establishments for Home Mission operations. It is not unusual in our day for the opulent to build churches and chapels, taking upon themselves the whole cost of the erection. The good feeling which prompts such deeds cannot be questioned, though the judgment which decides to do them may often be open to serious debate. No one, however, can doubt the propriety and praiseworthiness of the zeal which builds a church, with its necessary accessories, for a population which is extremely poor, and round which, but for such extraneous help, no church could possibly be erected. No better thing could any rich man do, than furnish, at a cost of from £2,000 to £3,000, a complete Home Mission establishment for many such neighbourhoods as could be pointed out in London or Manchester or Glasgow. It should include a well-lighted and well-appointed room for worship. Connected with it there should be a lecture hall, and a school-room, with apartments available for reading-room, library, savings-bank, clothing club, and other addenda. There should be no seat-rents, but the people should be encouraged to give week by week some offering to the support of religion. Let a rich man provide such a centre of operations, and let a wealthy Church guarantee the support of a clergyman who possesses the needful qualifications; and there will not be wanting, in the darkest parts of our home heathenism, fulfilment of the prophecy too often applied to so-called pagans, 'The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.'

Examples of such success are not wanting. The history of one of the most remarkable and encouraging is given in the little work mentioned at the head of this article. The Rev.

J. H. Wilson, a Congregational clergyman, established some years ago 'the Ragged Kirk' of Aberdeen. The district in which it was founded, is described as having been more degraded than the West Port of Edinburgh. The policeman, who ought to be a good judge, described it as a perfect pandemonium; his belief being that there was 'not a more degraded place in Scotland.' The first service was held in a dirty room of a poor cottage, the illumination being that of a single candle stuck in a bottle, and the beadle a ragged fellow, who showed signs of mischief, and was quieted by being put into office. This state of things, however, soon altered; and, on the very site of the penny theatre, in which unutterable wickedness had been practised, a little wooden church was erected, which in its turn gave place to a substantial stone building, where a congregation now meets, gathered almost exclusively out of the neighbourhood, and which has itself become the parent of a Mission Church, a few streets distant. Throughout the whole undertaking, social means were employed to assist the cause of religion. A house was rented opposite to the wooden chapel, which was occupied as a reading-room, as a school-room for adults, and as a room for temperance meetings. A day school was not omitted, in which a hundred and fifty children, out of four hundred in the district, were put under education; and a penny bank was established, by means of which the formerly drunken and improvident people of the neighbourhood were induced in seven years to save £2,500. Lectures on science, temperance, and moral philosophy, were regularly given; and the friendly feeling of the people was promoted, and their intellectual effort called forth, by the institution of the 'Essay Box,' into which any member of the congregation might drop an anonymous essay, all such contributions being examined by a committee, and the best of them read at the monthly congregational tea-party. Let us earnestly recommend Mr. Wilson's own account of all this to every one who is interested in the great question of our Home Missions, and especially to all clergymen and laymen practically engaged in them. Of one thing we are increasingly convinced, that the ablest of the clergy are needed for this work, and would not find their abilities wasted in it. For its highest efficiency, it needs a keenness of insight, a practical shrewdness, an unfailing readiness, and a philosophical breadth of mind, far greater than are necessary for the routine work of the ordinary minister. The stores of the widest and deepest acquirements are not thrown away here. The highest breeding only fits a man the better for this service. If one could be

found with the manners of a prince, the tact of a politician, the learning of a professor, and the piety of a saint, he would be the very man of all others best suited for the position of a Home Missionary. And in no other sphere could he find a grander opportunity for the display of his highest qualities. The best intellect and the warmest heart of the Church are needed to march in the van of her aggression on the wickedness which is still so terribly powerful in this country.

There are many topics connected with this subject which we have been obliged to pass lightly over, or to leave altogether untouched. Especially the 'territorial principle,' and the claims of large towns as such, deserve very careful and lengthened treatment. On the question of the employment of female agency in the aggressive operations of the Church, we have not been able to say a word. That subject must be reserved for future discussion.

ART. III.—1. *The Book of the Garden.* By CHARLES M'INTOSH. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Son.
2. *The Gardener's Assistant: Practical and Scientific.* By ROBERT THOMPSON, Superintendent of the Horticultural Society's Gardens, Chiswick. Blackie and Son.
3. *Spring and Winter Flower Gardening.* By JOHN FLEMING. London.
4. *Journal of Horticulture, &c.* Cottage Gardener Office. 1864.
5. *The Orchid Grower's Manual.* By Benjamin Samuel Williams. Second Edition. London: Chapman and Hall.

IT is said that when Count Nesselrode was asked how he came to be so vigorous in his old age, he replied, that he owed it to music and flowers. Very possibly he was right. A good hobby is often a health-builder; and several reasons may be assigned for the sanatory virtue which has long been attributed to floriculture. The inducement which it offers to open-air exercise is the chief of these. Moreover, floriculture adapts itself to a leading instinct of human nature. Much of the life of the florist is spent in making provision for the future. He sows his seeds in hope of a reward that is to be. Supposing him not only to cultivate flowers after the ordinary fashion, but to set himself to obtain new and improved varieties, this same instinct finds fresh scope and satisfaction. The reader must himself be a florist if he would understand with what enthusiasm the first blooms of seedling plants are watched

by the expectant grower; how eagerly he notes such of them as seem to merit preservation; and what wholesome stimulus body and mind alike are apt to receive from the entire process of his occupation. Perhaps the adaptation of floriculture to satisfy certain instinctive cravings of our nature has quite as much to do with the all but universal passion for it as the love of flowers for their own sake. The pursuit is almost as old as the world. The flower-borders of the gardens of Alcinous are immortalized in the Odyssey. The hanging gardens of Babylon are familiar to every student of antiquity. Solomon seems to have been a skilled as well as an enthusiastic florist. The Egyptians were strongly imbued with the taste for flowers. They played a prominent part in their feasts and entertainments. Their houses were fragrant with floral perfumes. Indeed, the passion became so national, that the government is said to have made rare flowers part of the tribute exacted from conquered countries. The Persians were almost equally distinguished by their fondness for flowers; and we begin to obtain from their records a few hints as to the kinds upon which they lavished their care. Amongst others we hear of the rose, the violet, and the narcissus. With respect to the Greeks, we doubt whether they ever cared much for floriculture. Philosophers and people alike were fond of groves and shrubberies, as places in which the one class might meditate, and the other lounge. They loaded the festive board too with nosegays; but this was less from a passion for flowers themselves, than with the view of preserving revellers from the effects of their wine, and of communicating vivacity to the spirits, both which properties they supposed flowers to possess. To appearance the Romans were flower-lovers. Judging from their literature, we should infer that they worshipped them much more ardently than we do. But we do not believe this. They possessed little or none of that delicate appreciation of simple beauty, which would cause them to delight in the contemplation of a flower for its own sake; and they had not a trace of botanical science amongst them. It is true, they cultivated the rose, the gilliflower, and the hyacinth; but they only took pleasure in them when accumulated in masses, and their flower-mania, when it did come upon them, was simply a part of their general rage for magnificent display. On this principle, they are said to have strewed lilies and roses upon the floors and couches at their routs and banquets, till the guests were all but buried in the fragrant mass. Doubts have been expressed as to the truth of the statement that on one occasion Nero expended £30,000 upon roses for a single feast; but the

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notorious luxury of the imperial era suffices at once to explain the story, and to render it probable. Much of the otherwise incredible expense, to which the Roman emperors went in the purchase of flowers, is accounted for, when we think of the special machinery employed to bring the needful quantities together at the required times and places. The resources of the great military roads were laid under contribution for the purpose, and remote provinces seem to have been made to furnish their quota on occasions of more than ordinary consequence. These costly tastes of the rulers were copied by the ruled, amongst whom chaplets and garlands were in such demand that the manufacture of them constituted a distinct and important branch of trade. The demand, however, was for flowers in bulk; and we can no more argue from it any real love of flowers, as such, than from the artificials, which sometimes irradiate the feminine head-gear of our own times. Pliny has much to say on the subject of gardening, and of plants; but the uses of flowers in medicine, as charms, and in the form of garlands and chaplets, appear to be his only associations with them. He does not say one word indicative of a higher appreciation of their value. Roman horticulture, however, —to compare small things with great,—like Roman law, has left its mark upon modern systems. We owe to it the grassy slopes, the fountained terraces, the sculptured marbles, and the trimming of trees into fantastic forms of birds and beasts,—a vile fashion, which, the younger Pliny informs us, was first introduced by the Consul Marius. This style of gardening was adopted both by France and Holland at the Renaissance; it continued in vogue in England down to the time of William and Mary; and, divested of its excrescences, the better portions of it are still in common use.

With the decline of the Roman Empire floriculture disappeared. In the gardens of the monasteries the useful prevailed over the ornamental. Charlemagne has left us some records of his gardening taste; but, as in the case of Pliny, he chiefly confines himself to medicinal plants, the rose and the lily being the main exceptions. The Spanish Arabs paid great attention to plant-culture; and, as early as the eleventh century, had formed considerable collections at Seville, though here also the medicinal element appears to have been uppermost. Still more remarkable is the fact recorded by Prescott, that the Spanish conquerors of America found the Mexican Aztecs in possession of nurseries or gardens in which the plants of the country had been collected and arranged, before any botanic gardens were introduced into the old world.

But it was pre-eminently the new life of the Renaissance which gave birth to the floral world, as it now is. As early as the twelfth century the trading community of Holland had commenced the pursuit of floriculture. The taste received a prolonged check during the civil wars; but it revived in the sixteenth century; and then, as now, we find the nation busily engaged in the culture of tulips, anemones, and ranunculusses. Holland transmitted the passion for these flowers to France; and England soon shared in the floricultural revival. In 1567, the persecuted Flemish weavers, who found a refuge in our island, in addition to their looms and shuttles, contrived to bring with them a supply of bulbous plants, gilliflowers, carnations, and Provence roses. From this and other sources the close of the sixteenth century found English florists in possession of the hyacinth, tulip, crocus, ranunculus, anemone, iris, auricula, carnation, and pansy. The white lily had long been known here; and at the period in question was common in most gardens. We may infer what were the prevalent likings of the age in question from the fact that, in 1629, when Parkinson published his celebrated 'Paradise of Flowers,' there were known above ninety varieties of narcissus, one hundred and twenty tulips, sixty anemones, fifty hyacinths, fifty carnations, twenty pinks, thirty crocusses, and fourteen varieties of iris.

There were two events which gave a lasting stimulus to floriculture both at home and abroad. One of these was the establishment of botanic gardens, the other the invention of greenhouses.

We have already remarked that the Mexicans possessed what were virtually botanic gardens before their introduction into the old world. The first European example was a private one formed at Padua, in 1525; identical, we believe, with the still existing garden presided over by the able Professor Fisiani. This was followed by the first *public* garden at Pisa, in 1543; a second being opened at Leyden, in 1577. Early in the same century the Duke of Somerset established a private botanic garden at Sion House, near London,—a name still associated with successful floriculture. Other private gardens followed: and in 1633 the Earl of Danby founded the first English *public* garden at Oxford, which at the close of the century was said to contain one thousand six hundred species of plants. But the stimulus which these gardens afforded would have availed little, had not the introduction of greenhouses and stoves facilitated the cultivation of plants from warmer climates. We find that the gardens at Pisa were removed to their present site in 1591,

where greenhouses were introduced for the first time. Leyden adopted the plan a few years later. When Lord Danby's Oxford garden was constructed, greenhouses and stoves were employed for the first time in England.

We must not suppose, however, that the structures called greenhouses, at the times in question, were like what we now have. They were mostly lofty rooms with vertical glass fronts, and were little used, at first, except for the housing of orange and myrtle trees during the winter season. Early in the eighteenth century Boerhaave, then professor of botany at Leyden, introduced the plan of sloping the glass, so as to insure the admission of more light into the houses, —a most important step in advance; but, as yet, nothing was known of the glass roofs now universally employed. Still more defective were all the means available for warming the houses. The frost was ordinarily kept out, either by common fireplaces, or by hot embers placed in holes in the floors. The only recorded exception is that of the ancient botanic garden at Chelsea, to which Evelyn records a visit in 1685, when he found the head gardener beginning to employ subterranean flues, to be heated by a single stove. It is evident, however, that this plan was either not generally known, or some objections were entertained to it, since, in 1725, Bradley, in his Botanical Dictionary, recommends the cold to be kept out by means of thick shutters, further advising that in very severe weather 'lighted pans of small cole' should be hung up at intervals of twenty feet; and this, too, at a time when the aloes and mesembryanthemums of South Africa were taking their places amongst the myrtles and oranges of the Mediterranean coast. We find a further indication of the tardiness with which flues made their way in greenhouses from the observations of Millar, the highest authority of his day. Even in 1763 he apologizes for the use of flues, as if they were an innovation. At length, however, they were universally adopted; and, with the tenacity of established habits, they continue to be employed, though other and vastly superior methods are equally available.

Meanwhile another great improvement was effected, in the introduction of the modern sloping glass roof, which was adopted early in the eighteenth century. But, here again, we must not suppose that it was the light and airy structure which we now have. At that time timber was comparatively cheap and glass dear; consequently the rafters were heavy and the panes small. But even in this imperfect condition vast improvement was effected in the growing of plants. They were

no longer drawn out into long spindling shoots, but had some chance of obtaining strength and vigour. The greenhouse and stove thus attained to the conventional form that prevailed for more than a century; but further changes were to follow, though they had opposition to encounter.

Even so late as the year 1825, Loudon, in his 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' expressed his conviction, that, for small houses, the use of smoke-flues as a means of heating would long continue to be the favourite method; while he alludes in the same volume to the novel plan of employing pipes containing hot water, as one not likely to come into general use. When the Duke of Wellington declared his conviction that the old Brown Bess was superior to the Enfield rifle as an arm for the infantry, the world was astonished to think how strong a hold association and prejudice will take upon the most practical of men. Mr. Loudon's predictions, respecting the use of hotwater pipes in greenhouses, afford a similar illustration. Brown Bess is now matter of history; and a new greenhouse, *not* heated with hot-water pipes, is a *rara avis* indeed. The practical annoyances arising from the use of flues were very numerous. The many fires required for long ranges of houses, and, more especially, the liability to the escape of smoke through flaws in the flues, causing, in a very few hours, fearful havoc amongst the plants, led men to look around for substitutes. At first steam was employed somewhat extensively. But in the end this was supplanted by the ordinary hot-water pipes condemned by Loudon. When first introduced into the Tauridian Palace at St. Petersburg, by the gardener to Prince Potemkin, the circulating principle was unknown; and the water, therefore, which had flowed through the pipes, required to be pumped back into the boiler by a troublesome process. This method was changed with the discovery that the slight difference in the specific gravity of warm and cool water was enough to maintain a circulation, and cause the cooler current to return to the boiler by its own weight. The great improvements which later years have witnessed in the construction of boilers has further removed so many of the difficulties attending the use of water, that another generation will probably know nothing of flues except in the traditions of the past.

But we must retrace our steps, and learn what progress actual plant-culture made during the long interval we have just bridged over. We have already referred to the impulse which English floriculture received from France, as well as from the Dutch Protestant refugees. This new life rapidly diffused

itself through all classes of society. At that time English trade was extending, particularly in the Levant; so that to be 'a Turkey merchant' was to be a man of no mean standing. These Turkey merchants exerted themselves greatly to obtain new plants, both from Turkey proper, and from Syria. Still more systematic efforts, however, were made in the same direction. Plunkenet, who died in 1706, having previously been appointed 'Royal Herbalist,' or, in other words, Regius Professor of Botany, and Superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kensington, despatched several collectors to the Indies in search of exotics. During the first half of the eighteenth century, several London nurserymen began to import foreign plants in the way of trade. From these and other sources there came so large a supply of exotics, that the estimated increase in the number cultivated in this country rose during the century from one to six thousand. We must not forget another mighty force that was brought to bear on the pursuit. The writings of Linnæus tended to render the study of botany at once systematic and popular. His vast personal influence over his pupils wrought towards the same end. At his suggestion they flew over the world in search of plants with an almost missionary ardour. Ternstroem started for China, but died on the voyage out. Haselquist, after exploring Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, sank at Smyrna. Forskall, in like manner, fell in Arabia. But, undaunted by these fatalities, Thunberg, Sparrman, Osbeck, Toren, Rolander, Kalm, Læfling, and Falk, each of whose names was immortally wedded by their teacher to some genus of plants, ransacked every quarter of the world in order to pour its treasures at his feet. Innumerable plants thus became known to European florists, of which they would otherwise have long remained in ignorance. At the same time the 'Linnæan system,' with all its defects, brought the study of flowers within the reach of the most ordinary intelligence; and our British florists, public and private, everywhere felt the stimulating influence.

It is not easy to form an accurate idea of the gardens of our ancestors a hundred and fifty years ago. It is clear that they had in addition to the bulbous plants furnished by Holland, abundance of roses, lilacs, sunflowers, sweet-Williams, carnations, auriculas, pansies, polyanthusses, stocks, wallflowers, white, orange, and martagon lilies, nasturtiums, marigolds, blue and yellow lupins, and amaranths. Hence, so far as appearance was concerned, we doubt if gardens then were very different from what they are now, especially in early summer. There were fashions in those days as well as

these. Bradley, in 1727, speaks of the auricula as 'a flower of high esteem in our curious gardens; but it has been much more valuable than it is at present.' The taste for this flower evidently revived again; for Millar tells us, that, in his day, every year produced new varieties. Polyanthuses never ceased to be favourites. Millar states that they had not only much improved during the previous fifty years; but that 'in some parts of England they are so much esteemed as to sell for a guinea a root; so that there may be still a much greater variety raised, as there are so many persons engaged in the culture of this flower.' Great attention was also paid at that time to the crown-imperials, now somewhat neglected. But we should imperfectly picture to ourselves the floral world at the period we speak of, did we not refer to the thrice-told tale of the continental Tulipomania, which, in the madness of those who were drawn into its vortex, rivalled the great South Sea bubble in England.

The innocent cause of the evil, always a favourite with the Turkish race, found its way from Constantinople to Vienna in 1554. It is recorded, that in 1562 a cargo of the precious bulbs was received by a merchant of Antwerp, who, mistaking them for some kind of onion, had many of them cooked; the rest being planted amongst his kitchen vegetables, where apparently most of them died. A merchant of Mechlin, however, had obtained a few of the bulbs; and his more careful culture led to the discovery of the beauty of their blooms. The plant thus introduced to the Dutch florists soon became the object of their special care, the bulbs fetching a high price. A story is told of a sailor, that breakfasting one morning upon his herring in the warehouse of a Dutch merchant, he took up a handful of what he deemed to be onions, and eat them as a relish to his fish. Unhappily for the luckless owner they were the priceless bulbs of the new plant; and it is said, that the cost of the poor tar's breakfast to his unconscious host was greater than would have sufficed for the festive entertainment of all the heads of the national government. The trade in tulips appears for a long time to have been a legitimate one for those who wanted and were willing to pay for luxuries. But in the middle of the seventeenth century, the gambling spirit, so often developed when commerce has increased capital without supplying corresponding means for the profitable investment of it, took hold of the entire nation. Many collateral circumstances prove that the whole affair partook of this character; and that a genuine love of flowers had little to do with the mania. An instance is found in the system of betting on the probable

nature of the flowers which young seedlings might produce. This was carried to an enormous extent, ruining family after family like the race-course or the dice-box. The mania probably culminated about the year 1636, at which time the trade is said to have yielded within three years to the city of Haarlem above ten millions sterling. For one root alone 4,000 florins, and a new carriage with two harnessed horses, were given; 13,000 florins, or above £650, were paid for another bulb of the same variety; whilst a third of a different sort brought its possessor twelve acres of land. One person who had an income of £2,800 a year—a very much larger sum then, than the same figures now represent—was reduced to beggary in four months. The folly at last assumed such vast proportions, that government interference became necessary for its suppression. Happily the gambling mania did not reach England; but the passion for fine tulips did, and some corresponding indifference to cost. In 1792, the variety known by the name of Louis the Sixteenth sold at £25 per bulb. We are informed that still more recently £72 10*s.* was offered for one of the same kind and refused; whilst, so lately as 1838, seven bulbs of the variety called Everard were sold to Mr. Glenny for £140,—prices only paralleled at the present day by those paid for the choicest and rarest orchids. A still nearer approach to the prices given during the tulipomania was witnessed in 1835, when an amateur florist of Amsterdam gave £650 for a tulip called the Citadel of Antwerp.

It is needless to say that we thoroughly disapprove of this irrational expenditure of money on fancy plants. At the same time we would deal out the even-handed justice to florists, which we pay to the riders of other hobbies. Wealthy men will always be found who are willing to pay for their riding. Partly to gratify a legitimate taste, partly to outshine their competitors, they will spend lavishingly rather than not possess the rare objects which they covet. To give large sums of money for things non-essential, is one of the ways in which wealth has always exhibited itself. It does not matter whether the objects be pictures, manuscripts, coins, flowers, or anything else. When Mr. Murchison's coins came under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson a short time ago, one of Rawlin's Oxford crown-pieces sold for £126. A gold penny of Henry III. fetched £140. Simon's celebrated petition-crown realised £155, and a quarter gold florin of Edward III. was knocked down at the high figure of £170. Yet intrinsically no one of these was worth much more than the Dutchman's tulip. Indeed, in one respect, the latter has the

advantage; since it can throw out offsets which may be sold at high prices, whilst the coins are and must remain unproductive.

To attempt to enumerate a tithe of our exotic plants in the order in which they were introduced, would lead us far beyond our limits: but it may not be uninteresting to see what were the chief novelties to the several generations of our forefathers. The close of the sixteenth century saw them in possession of a few aloes; their number being largely increased during the seventeenth, and still more largely in the eighteenth century, when they constituted some of the chief ornaments of the greenhouse. Bradley tells us that early in the last-named century the Amsterdam gardens possessed twenty sorts, whilst he subsequently brought twenty-two new sorts into England in one year. The succulent mesembryanthemums, then known as Ficoides, were, at that time, amongst the most favourite foreign plants in the country; and the importation of them was eagerly promoted. Millar, in his Dictionary, enumerates forty-seven kinds, which number increased so rapidly that in 1811 Don enumerates one hundred and fifty-eight pieces in his *Hortus Cantabrigiensis*. But the mesembryanthemum, like Wolsey, may complain of the instability of worldly honours. It is now rarely mentioned in the dealers' catalogues. Another group of succulent plants, the Cactaceæ, was abundantly represented at this time, though as yet we look in vain for the gorgeous Cereus speciosissima and the exquisite Epiphyllums of a later date. The group was first introduced during the seventeenth century; and has continued to receive additions up to the present time.

The year 1731 furnished two of the common plants of the present day,—the Calla Æthiopica from the ditches of the Cape of Good Hope, and the Ten-week Stock from Southern Europe. All the stocks were great favourites at that day. 'Indeed,' says Bradley, 'we can hardly have too many of them.' They were then known as gilliflowers, a name bestowed on them in common with the varieties of the pink, or Dianthus hortensis. The year 1707 saw the Indian Azalea introduced into England; the fertile parent of innumerable existing varieties. When first imported, its modest white flowers gave small promise of the gorgeous varieties which skill has since extracted from it. The yellow azalea was then unknown to gardeners, and only followed towards the close of the eighteenth century. Of its allies, the rhododendrons, the lovely little 'Alpine rose' arrived in 1739, followed in 1763 by

the common and dull-flowered R. ponticum, which maintains its position amongst us, though in every way inferior to the varieties of Cataubiense, over which it possesses no single advantage. In 1722 we obtained the Portugal laurel; and in 1729 there followed the Princess's Feather,—Amaranthus hypochondriacus,—whose companion, Love lies bleeding, had arrived in the latter part of the preceding century. These two favourites of the last generation are now less frequently grown than in bygone times. Two years later supplied the exquisite Persian Cyclamen, followed in 1739 by the first Camelia Japonica, the source of all the beautiful varieties with which our conservatories are now adorned. In 1757 we obtained the purple heliotrope; and five years later, there came the fragrant mignonette.

The latter part of this century gave us our principal collections of two other classes of plants, upon which we are still dependent. China furnished in 1764 the first supply of those chrysanthemums, which have but recently received the attention demanded by their beauty, and by the dulness of the season at which they flower. Still later in the century came our rich collections of heaths, especially the Cape species, of which we owe the majority to Masson, the collector employed by George the Third,—a king not usually recognised as a patron of floriculture. Even in 1811 Don's catalogue enumerated 314 species of this charming group; and since that time numerous additions have been made to it, though many of what have been regarded as species will doubtless prove to be mere varieties. The rapidity of the progress made by this group may be inferred from the fact, that Millar, in the sixth edition of his Dictionary, mentions only one foreign species from the Cape of Good Hope, which, he says, 'is preserved in some curious gardens;' indicating how little was known of the Cape heaths at the period when Millar was the first of European gardeners. The year 1770 brought the sweet pea; now the inmate of almost every garden, from palace to cottage. Seven years later gave us the Begonia nitida, which led the way for the introduction of the noble collection of Begonias now in our hands; though at the period in question little attention was paid to variegated plants, and none of the variegated Begonias were known. Even the common B. argyrostigma, with its leaves covered with pearls and frosted dew-drops, only reached England in 1819. But that variegated plants were not wholly neglected during the last century is shown by the importation in 1783 of the Aucuba Japonica, or Chinese gold plant. This is one of the dicœcious group, the male and female

flowers being produced on separate plants. The first specimens introduced were all females; and as the stock so universally diffused over the country has been raised from cuttings taken from these original specimens, they, too, are all females; consequently, though producing magnificent flowers, they have never matured their seed. Singularly enough, no one has taken the trouble to bring over a male plant until very recently: it has just been received, however; and its pendulous spikes or flowers promise to give it an advantage over those we have hitherto possessed. In 1784 stove received an addition in the Allamanda cathartica, the first of that sulphur-flowered genus seen in England: whilst six years later the two Ixoras, coccinea and alba, which now contribute so brilliantly to every collection of stove plants at our Exhibitions, were sent from the East Indies. The plants we have enumerated show how much our modern flowers owe especially to the latter half of the eighteenth century. Besides these an immense variety of other plants was introduced into the stoves and greenhouses, of such genera as Banksia, Protea, Justicia, Crassula, Amaryllis, Pancratum, Œnothera, Mimosa, Erythrina, Euphorbia, and Passiflora. But we must not weary our readers by dwelling on them in detail.

In the preceding review of the progress of floriculture, up to the close of the eighteenth century, we have omitted a family of plants which yields to none in their influence upon modern gardening, whether under glass or in the open air. We refer to what are indiscriminately termed geraniums or pelargoniums. The earlier botanists were familiar with a large group of plants, many of them European, others South African, to which they applied the common name of geranium. But in 1790 it was found necessary to divide them into two genera, not only because of the inconvenient dimensions which the genus had attained, but because they belonged to different orders of the same Linnæan class. To that section which includes the wild British species, such as the blue meadow geranium, the old name continued to be applied; whilst to the other section, represented by all the red and variegated varieties cultivated in the greenhouse, or bedded out in the garden, the name of pelargonium was given. But though the latter name constantly appears in works on botany and floriculture, and in the schedules of floricultural societies, it has never been popular with practical gardeners. Almost to a man they still speak of their geraniums; and not one gardener in a hundred is aware of the real difference between a geranium and a pelargonium. We have already intimated that both belong to one Linnæan class, *Monadelphia*;

but as the geranium proper has ten stamens, it belongs to the order *Decandria*, whilst the pelargonium, having but seven, is included in the order *Heptandria*. The catalogues of the nurserymen make this confusion still more confounded by drawing a distinction between geraniums and pelargoniums which has not the slightest foundation in science. They speak of the white lilac and rose-coloured varieties, the ordinary 'geraniums' of the greenhouses, as pelargoniums, whilst they apply the name of geraniums to the 'fancy' section, to the scarlet Tom Thumbs, and to their zonal or horse-shoe allies. All these, however, are equally heptandrous pelargoniums.

Much of the early history of geranium culture appears to be irrecoverably lost. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, some half-dozen pelargoniums were introduced into England from the Cape of Good Hope, including the purple-flowered cucullatum. In 1701 the P. peltatum, or ivy-leaved geranium, reached us; followed in 1710 by the P. zonale, or horseshoe-leaved species, the source of all the zonal varieties with variegated leaves now in such common demand. In 1714 we received P. inquinans, from which we have apparently derived all our scarlet-flowered tribe with unadorned leaves. Besides the few thus individualised, about one hundred and eighty other species have been imported, chiefly from the Cape of Good Hope; though, probably, few of them have materially influenced our present types. The latter are chiefly hybrids, of most of which the origin is known; but when we attempt to go back and trace the first introduction of hybridisation, we enter a region of cloud and mist. We hear of one seedling, the scarlet 'Fothergill,' as being raised in 1780 by a Dr. Fothergill; and we have evidence that many hybrids existed at the close of the last, and at the early part of the present century, some of which were great improvements upon the original species. It is clear that in the middle of the last century English florists raised pelargoniums both by seeds and by cuttings; and that they were in the habit of planting them out in the borders during the summer months, raising and protecting them in their orangeries during the cold of winter. But it was not till the early part of the present century, that they became the favourites which they now are. The work of Mr. Sweet, who gave figures of all the chief varieties known in his day, contributed largely to their popularity; but the beauty of their flowers, and the ease with which they were cultivated, constituted their best passports to public favour. For some time the chief nurserymen, whose names are associated with the cultivation of the pelargonium,

were Mr. Gaines of Battersea, Messrs Colley and Hill of Hammersmith, and Mr. Cattleugh and Mr. Dennis of Chelsea. But we may remark generally, that nurserymen are rarely the raisers of the plants which come before the public in their names. This is usually done by amateurs, who, persevering in their labour of love till they make a lucky hit, dispose of their treasure to a nurseryman, who multiplies his stock, and in due time sends it out to the world in his own name. Tom Thumb, the most celebrated of the bedding pelargoniums, was raised accidentally by a person unknown. It was discovered by Mr. Beaton, gardener to Sir William Middleton, in the possession of one of the nurse-maids, to whom it had been given by some humble friend. Mr. Beaton exhibited it at one of the shows at the Regent's Park Gardens, where it at once took the place which it has since held in public esteem. The efforts of the men whose names we have mentioned, were well sustained by such distinguished raisers of seedlings as Edward Foster, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Garth, both of whom were very successful in this line. Still later, other cultivators and dealers, such as Messrs Rendell, Lyne, Beck, Cock, Lucombe and Pince, and especially Mr. Turner of Slough, entered upon he work; and through their exertions the pelargonium has gradually reached its present magnificent condition.

In looking back upon the history of this charming flower, we find that the culture of it has branched off in two directions. One has supplied our greenhouses with those combinations of white, maroon and rose, with which all florists are familiar. The other has furnished our gardens with the masses of colour rendered necessary by the modern system of bedding out. And here, curiously enough, it appears to be the oldest of our importations to which we have been most indebted. Some of the newer ivy-leaved varieties which bloom so richly in the south of England, have been raised from the old *peltatum*. The Tom Thumbs, and allied scarlets, are most probably derived from *inquinans*; whilst the zonal varieties, for which so great a demand now exists, and in which the variegated leaves are even more important than the character of the flower, have doubtless been derived from the *Pelargonium zonale*. These zonal and variegated hybrids are at present the masters of the situation; and, when well massed, they are truly beautiful. The green and white leaves of the 'flower of the day,'* when thus

* The origin of the Pelargonium known by the above name is curious. It was in the first instance a single branch on a common Tom Thumb that 'sported' or differed from the rest of the plant on which it grew. This branch was taken off and propagated by cuttings in the usual way, and thus far it has maintained its peculiar characteristics.

used, have a fine, though cold, effect. If the 'cloth of gold,' or the 'golden chain,' be substituted, we obtain a richer effect, warming up the parterre. But a still more gorgeous result comes of the use of the 'Mrs. Pollock,' raised by Mr. Grieve. This plant, *when grown in the open air*, is one of the richest of the zonal forms we have yet seen for massing on a large scale; its leaves displaying half the hues of a rainbow. Rumour speaks highly of others, some of which are not yet sent out, such as 'Lucy Grieve' and 'Lavinia;' but we can scarcely hope to see anything much richer than the 'Mrs. Pollock.'

During the years 1830–43, the best of the new varieties of pelargoniums that were brought out, realised very high prices; usually ranging from three to five guineas per plant. Of course, sales at these prices were necessarily limited. The increase of buyers has led to the sale of them at lower rates; a guinea to a guinea and a half being now the ordinary prices for even the better varieties. Occasionally, however, some unusually striking plant continues to fetch the old amounts. This discussion of the modern uses of pelargoniums naturally leads us to another of the novelties of the present century, the verbenas. Many plants of this genus were imported years ago from various parts of South America; but they attracted little attention until the dazzling Verbena chamædrifolia, commonly known as V. melindres, was brought from Buenos Ayres in 1827, followed by V. Tweediana, another red flower from Brazil, in 1834; Monte Video, in 1837, supplying the valuable V. Teucrioides. These plants have furnished us with two groups, differing in their characteristics, and the purposes for which they are adapted. From V. melindres, as it is commonly though erroneously termed, we have obtained by hybridisation a group of varieties characterized by their dwarf habits and short joints, or internodes, adapting them for bedding out purposes. Robinson's Defiance, raised by Mr. Robinson of Chelsea, is a well known scarlet example of this section; and Purple King, as its name implies, is a purple one. The varieties of the Teucrioides section were originally dull and uninteresting in colour, but always sweet-scented. Persevering hybridisation has resulted in the production from them of a fine group of strong growing plants admirably fitted for greenhouse purposes, and for nosegays, but not suited for bedding out. When we compare the large masses of flowers, and the rich colours which are now obtained, with the small ones known but a few years ago, it is difficult to conceive that artificial culture can have produced such effects. The plant has been rendered

one of the most indispensable of our garden flowers; and as it is still receiving the lion's share of attention, it may undergo further improvement; though Robinson's Defiance, brought out eighteen years ago, still maintains its ground among all new comers; and in like manner no blue or purple has been found to displace the Purple King. There are many others, purples and maroons, with clear white or yellow eyes, that would be far more beautiful; but they have either a bad habit of growth, or they cannot resist the alternations of sun and rain. Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the hue of Robinson's Defiance, it lacks the dazzling aspect that characterized the old Melindres, a property which made the flowers of the latter plant defy all effort to trace their outlines, when viewed at a little distance. In every other respect there is no comparison between the original plant and many of its hybrid descendants.

The history of the Verbena affords a good illustration of what so commonly occurs amongst our exotics. Nursed at first in stoves, then in greenhouses, they ultimately find their way into the garden; and they occasionally stand the winter out of doors, when the season is mild and the situation sheltered.*

Another of the additions of the present century has been the modern Calceolaria. C. pinnata, an annual variety, was brought from Peru in 1773, and C. Fothergilli from the Falkland Islands in 1777. But it was during the third decade of the present century that the most valuable species were imported, chiefly from Chili and Peru. Prior to 1820 there were not more than half a dozen kinds in this country. Here again artificial culture has effected marvellous improvements. The semi-annual herbaceous kinds have made great progress, affording fine masses of red and yellow bloom; whilst, for the parterre, the shrubby varieties are still more indispensable. Their yellow and golden tints contrast with the reds and purples of the pelargoniums and verbenas in a way that no other flowers can equal. We are especially indebted to the hybrid variety, aurea-floribunda, which was raised accidentally by Mr. North, gardener to Mrs. Ashton, of Floweryfield, in Lancashire; a plant of which the county may justly be proud. Its fine habit, the brilliancy of its colour, and the luxuriance of its masses of flowers, leave little to be desired. The shrubby and herbaceous kinds are very distinct in their modes of growth; the former

* The grounds of Lord Ilchester, at Abbotsbury, near Weymouth, show what may be done, even in England, in favourable situations. Banksias, araucarias, camelias, gum-trees, bamboos, and blooming pomegranates, all flourish there in the open air. The magnificent hydrangias and fuchsias at Penmaen Mawr, near the Menai Straits, illustrate the same thing.

being those chiefly relied upon for the garden, the latter for the greenhouse. Of the latter, the original plants, from which our present collections of hybrids are derived, were chiefly the yellow C. corymbosa, introduced in 1822, and the purple C. purpurea and arachnoidea, imported in 1827, with a yellow species having dark spots, C. crenatiflora, sent over in 1831, all being Chilians. In some cases, hybrids were raised between shrubby and herbaceous kinds. The first attempts at the hybridisation of calceolarias was made, we believe, by the late Mr. Penny, foreman to Messrs. Youngs, of Epsom. He soon found able competitors in Mr. Plant, of Cheadle, and Mr. Major, of Knostrop, near Leeds; and the way being thus opened, multitudes of cultivators followed successfully in their wake.

In reviewing the additions which our stock of flowers has received during the present century, we must not overlook the Petunia, though its use as a bedding plant is more limited than some of its noble flowers would lead us to wish. A white species, P. nyctaginiflora, reached us from Chili in 1823; and another, P. acuminata, from the same country in 1827; whilst P. violacea, the parent of most of our purples, came from Buenos Ayres in 1831. Some of the hybrids, both single and double, make lovely greenhouse plants; but their tender flowers ill bear exposure to the weather. Sometimes, however, the white species tell well in a large parterre in support of the white verbenas, especially in the south of England.

A domestic story, which we believe to be substantially true, is connected with the introduction of another popular flower. A sailor, returning some time about 1788 from one of the Chilian ports, brought home a small plant as a present to his mother, which, after his departure, was carefully tended in her cottage window as a memorial of her absent son. This plant casually caught the eye of a florist, who at once recognised its value as a novelty, and made liberal offers for the prize. The owner was poor, but the plant was dear to her; and the struggle between her motherly feeling and the gold was long and sore. The gold won. The plant was the Fuchsia coccinea, the first of its genus seen in England, and one of the parents of many of the hybrids that have been raised in later years. The stock came into the hands of the first Mr. Lee, of Hammersmith, who sent it out at twenty guineas a plant. Up to the year 1823, this and the F. lycioides were the only ones known in this country. Then the F. gracilis, with its long slender blooms, was added to the number. For some time no material change was effected in the growth of the fuchsias, though

several new kinds were introduced in subsequent years, and a few hybrids were raised; the most valuable of the latter being F. globosa, obtained in 1830. Some few years after this date, the large and coarse-growing F. fulgens was brought from Mexico, followed, in 1840, by its congener, F. corymbiflora, and also by the smaller-flowered F. cordifolia; the former of these having been raised from seed imported by Mr. Standish, of Bagshot. The introduction of these three, but especially of fulgens and corymbiflora, speedily effected a revolution in the aspect of the tribe. It is true that neither of these plants has maintained its early reputation. They grow too large for the greenhouse, and their inability to stand our winters unfits them for the shrubbery. But by fertilising the previously known scarlet forms with the pollen of these newer importations, we have obtained most of our numerous hybrids with light-coloured petals; being largely indebted for them to the perseverance of Mr. Banks, of Kent. Generally speaking, the hybrids retain some of the features of one or both of their parents; but such is not always the case. Those with white corollas, such as Bianca, Princess Alice, and Princess of Prussia, of which the first example was raised by the late Mr. Storey, of Devon, are instances. Their snowy petals are wholly unlike any of the native forms of Chili and Peru, whence most of our fuchsias have come. But, as is often the case with plants that have diverged far from their primary state, many of the varieties are crotchety in their habits, refusing to grow with the robust vigour of their wild originals. Some of the later novelties are improving in this respect; and if we ever obtain amongst the white-petalled forms a good double variety, corresponding to Marvellous and Sir Colin Campbell amongst the scarlets and purples, we can imagine no finer addition to this class of plants.

Our remarks on some of the last-named genera of plants suggest a reference to the great change introduced into practical gardening by the now fashionable system of 'bedding out.' We have already seen that, at the Renaissance, when the taste for floriculture revived in common with other refined occupations, horticulturists went back to the days of Horace and Virgil for their standards of taste, as scholars did for their literature and art. But, in time, the intense artificialness of the Roman system, with its clipped trees and geometric figures, disgusted persons accustomed to the park scenery of England. Bridgeman, Kent, Evelyn, Addison, Pope, and Shenstone gradually introduced a style much more consonant with English thoughts and feelings. They studied, and not unsuccess-

fully, to combine the neatness of the parterre with the freedom of nature. We may smile at some of Shenstone's tricks for making a small garden look like a large one; how, in order to increase the effect of linear perspective, he made his walks narrower as they receded; and how, to aid the illusion by a false aërial perspective, he planted his foreground with dark shrubs, whilst in his distance he massed grey silvery willows and similar plants. We can share the fun of the Lytteltons, Shenstone's neighbours at Hagley, who spoiled the poet's artificial arrangements by introducing visitors to the Leasowes at the wrong end. Nevertheless, we must recognise in him and his coadjutors the true instincts of the artist. Aided by their good services the English garden soon came to present those definite and distinctive features which mark it off from everything else of its kind throughout the world; though of late years continental horticulturists have begun to introduce small specimens of our method amongst the stiff and inelegant arrangements of their own domains.

Experience taught us that, in avoiding what was wrong in the Roman system, we were rejecting much that was good. It became obvious that a woodland scene was as much out of place amongst the statues, fountains, and balustrades of an Italian terrace, as the rectangular beds of Hampton Court or Versailles would be among the wooded crags of Derwentwater. For such situations as were in immediate proximity to modern dwellings, geometric arrangements of flower beds presented obvious advantages from their harmony with the architectural lines of the houses. But such arrangements, combined with the need that beds immediately beneath the windows of the mansion should never lack abundance of bloom, led to the modern plan of bedding out. It is not easy exactly to apportion the credit of this change amongst the persons entitled to claim it: but the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, at Trentham, Sir William and Lady Middleton, at Shrubland Park, and the late Lady Grenville, at Dropmore, were amongst the earliest who adopted the new plan. Their efforts, however, fell far short of what has since been accomplished, especially in the gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where the world has ample opportunity of judging what the system is capable of doing.

Until recently there was much room for still further improvement in floriculture. In most gardens the beds were supplied with bulbous plants, giving a brilliant show of crocusses, tulips, and hyacinths in early spring; but when the ground was cleared of these, the beds remained bare and unfurnished till the end of May, when the usual disappearance of frosts

allowed the verbenas, calceolarias, and pelargoniums to be planted out. This plan left the beds devoid of flowers at one of the loveliest seasons of the year. What was wanted was some intermediate supply of blooming plants to bridge over the interval between the display of spring bulbs, and the autumn-flowering half-hardy exotics. Mr. Fleming's excellent little manual affords full instructions how to accomplish this by filling the beds with a rich variety of early blooming flowers, such as Arabis, Candytuft, Daisy, Myosotis, Pansy, Caltha, Cheiranthus, Gentian, and a host of similar plants.

One of the features in which modern gardens differ from those of our forefathers is conspicuous at the time at which most of the flowers are losing their beauty. When 'autumn's solemn calm' is broken only by the clear warble of the red-breast, or by the rustle of the falling leaf, the gorgeous Dahlia lights up the scene with its masses of glowing colour, and the gardens, in consequence, in favourable seasons, look even gayer than when radiant with summer blooms. As the plant first showed itself in Europe, it was a very different thing from what it now is. Instead of the globes of 'piped' petals, it was a staring red or purple flower, with a single circle of dark petal-like florets surrounding a central mass of yellow ones, such as would not now be easily found in any garden. The first species imported was Dahlia superflua, a purple flower,—followed, in 1802, by the D. frustranea, with its yellow, orange, and scarlet varieties, all of them being derived from the sandy meadows of Mexico. For some time this plant, like the Gladiolus, was chiefly cultivated in France, English florists having neglected it; but of late years it has obtained the attention it deserved, and has now become one of our most indispensable flowers. We know of no other plant which owes more to artificial treatment than the dahlia. Whether or not the plant has culminated remains to be seen. Dwarf varieties, somewhat adapted for bedding out, have been obtained; but we yet lack a blue flower. We have every shade of white, yellow, red, and purple,—the latter, of course, containing a blue element,—but no purely blue flower. Whether the Mexican meadows will ever furnish the desideratum, remains to be seen.

What the dahlia has done for the gardens, another group of plants, for which we are mainly indebted to the present century, has accomplished for the stove and greenhouse. This is the labiate tribe of Gesneras, Gloxinias, and Achimines, near relatives of our own woodland Foxglove. Of the Gesneras, one crimson kind, G. acaulis, was introduced from Jamaica in 1793; another,

G. oblongata, in 1830, and the velvety-leaved G. zebrina, in 1840. Of the Achimines we had, until 1840, but one species, which attracted no attention. Since that year we have received from the central parts of the American continent many other forms, from which, along with those previously imported, the numerous hybrid varieties now in cultivation have been raised. When grown as they ought to be, we know nothing finer than the effect they produce. Any one visiting Chatsworth in the summer must have noticed the masses of these flowers, with which the skilful hand of Mr. Foy has adorned the arches of the Victoria House. For size and beauty we have seen nothing elsewhere to be compared with them.

Equally valuable with the Achimines is the Gloxinia. Of this genus, also, one or two species were known in the earlier days of floriculture, but were little noticed. One purple species was imported from South America in 1615, and another in 1729; but the greater number of those from which our modern favourites are derived, have come into the country from Brazil and Central America since 1824. It is difficult to say what species have contributed most largely towards the fine hybrids now grown. They have become so intermingled that their genealogy can no longer be traced. Equally difficult is it to decide which of the two great types now grown is more worthy of admiration;—whether to prefer the drooping forms, looking half abashed at their own loveliness, or the erect ones, which lift their faces heavenward, boldly challenging all comers to contend with them for the palm of beauty. For rich tints, delicate shading, and velvety softness, the Gloxinias have very few equals and no superiors.

The group of Lilies, which, as we have already seen, attracted the attention of the earliest eastern florists, and were favourites with our mediæval ancestors, has been largely enriched during the present century. The tiger lily, with its spotted orange blossoms, and the curious little bulbils at the axils of its leaves, only found its way hither from China in 1804. Still more valuable for greenhouse adornment is the Lilium lancifolium the crimson and rose-spotted varieties of which were brought from Japan in 1835. Scarcely hardy enough to bear the winter in our gardens, except in a few favoured localities; when turned out into the borders in spring along with other half-hardy plants, they produce a fine effect, blooming very freely. But the greatest stranger of this class, the Lilium auratum, is also the most glorious. For this precious addition to our flowers we are indebted to Mr. Veitch and Mr. Fortune, both of whom brought it from Japan about the same time.

The flower of this noble plant is above a foot in diameter, and unlike many other strong flowering plants, its delicacy is in no way impaired by its magnitude. Shortly after the first arrival of this lily, one of the curious chances of floral speculation that occasionally occur offered itself to the London dealers. Eight hundred dried bulbs, alleged to be those of the Lilium auratum, were imported, but without a sufficient guarantee for their authenticity. Accordingly, when they were offered for sale, buyers were timid, and they went at two shillings a bulb. They all proved to be the genuine thing, and each root became worth as many guineas as it had cost shillings to its lucky purchaser.

Fit companions for the lilies, though unfortunately much more evanescent, are the Epiphyllums; that flat-stemmed tribe of cactusses, of which E. speciosum and E. truncatum, with its red and pink-flowered varieties, are the types. The first of these species was brought from Brazil in 1810; and the second in 1818, when the liberation of shipping from the perils of war opened the door for the admission of novelties in every department of natural science. Of the allied cactusses belonging to the genus Cereus, the night-blowing species, Cereus grandiflora, had been cultivated in our stoves for more than a century and a half: but the finest of them all, the C. speciosissimus, was brought from South America so recently as 1816; and the western world has sent us no handsomer flower. Its crimson hue, its metallic lustre, and its drooping mass of creamy stamens, combine to render it the most gorgeous of modern exotics. Its awkward growth and evanescent bloom cause it to be less prized that it deserves to be.

Florists are generally chary of dealing with colossal plants. Nevertheless, when accounts came to England of the magnificent water lily which Mr. (now Sir R.) Schomburgk had discovered in one of the rivers of Guiana, great expectations were raised; and public interest grew still higher when in 1840 intelligence arrived that living plants had safely reached Demerara on their way to England. These plants, however, perished,—unavoidably, perhaps,—at Georgetown. In 1841, seeds were sent; but these also failed. At length, in 1848, young plants were raised at Chatsworth, where this giant aquatic not only threw out its huge leaves, but developed its flowers and matured its seed. At first, florists were somewhat perplexed on seeing their plants perish at the end of the year, not being aware that the Victoria was an annual; but they soon found that young ones could be raised with ease. And our supply has never since been lost, though last year brought

us close upon this point: nearly all the seed obtained in 1863 having proved worthless.

Whilst thus paying due honour to the most gigantic of our annuals, we must not forget our obligations to some humbler garden forms, which are more truly valuable to ordinary florists than the Royal Victoria. We refer specially to the Mexican and Californian species of Clarkia, Escholtzia or Chryseis, and Nemophila, which have been brought over within the last thirty years. The blue of the well known Nemophila insignis is unrivalled by any earthly object, unless it be an Italian sky in June. Another fine addition to our border has been the perennial Gazania splendens, which some florists have decried as no better than a marigold! Where masses of orange are required to contrast with the blues and purples of the Verbenas and Lobelias, we have no plant so well adapted as this new auxiliary to our bedding stock. Two important additions to our shrubberies also claim notice as valuable novelties during the present century; the Ribes sanguineum, or Crimson Currant, brought from North America in 1826; and the Weigela rosea, one of the many treasures brought from China by Mr. Fortune in 1845. For these, however, we are indirectly indebted to the Horticultural Society of London, which wisely sent that indefatigable explorer to hunt out the botanical treasures of the Flowery Land.

We have seen that the work formerly done by the agency of private individuals, after the example of Drs. Pitcairn and Fothergill in the eighteenth century, followed by the Duke of Devonshire at the early part of the nineteenth, is now even still better done by our nurserymen under the stimulus of pecuniary interest. Their agents are ransacking every part of the globe that offers a chance of success. The legitimate rivalry between the great importing houses, such as the Veitches, Rollinsons, and Lows, renders a steady supply of novelties a necessity of their commercial existence; and florists at home share in the benefit.

Even now we must not leave our subject without glancing at *the* great feature of nineteenth century floriculture: we allude to the modern Orchidomania. And here, we are aware, we approach debateable ground. On the one hand we encounter enthusiasts, who would parody the speech of the French monarch, and say that Floriculture meant orchid-growing; whilst, on the other, the pursuit is decried as a modern craze, little better than the tulip madness of Holland. As is often the case, the truth lies midway between these extremes. We

hesitate not to say that there are flowers as beautiful as the loveliest orchid ever grown. Were the fine racemes of the Westara but produced from the extremity of a Dendrobium bulb, they would be the pride and delight of every orchid-grower in the land; and the remark is equally applicable to a host of flowers besides. On the other hand, if an amateur has but a limited space at his disposal, and wants to have some choice beauties in bloom at every season of the year, beauties combining exquisite delicacy both of hue and tone, we safely commend him to a well selected collection of orchids. Of course we find folly rampant here as elsewhere. The growth of orchids having become fashionable, many of the *nouveaux riches* display their wealth by a lavish expenditure upon these plants; valuing them rather in proportion to their cost, than to their beauty. With this standard of excellence we have no sympathy. Beauty will be appreciated by genuine lovers of flowers, whether it cost ten pounds or ten pence; and when, as is sometimes the case, we are conducted through orchid-houses by proprietors, who remind us at every step of the pecuniary value of each plant, we feel that we are in an unhealthy atmosphere. The aroma is of money-bags, rather than of flowers. Happily, we have many amongst our orchid-growers, who pursue their hobby in the right spirit.

We have said that orchid-culture is the great feature of modern floriculture. At the early part of the present century, no collections of these beautiful plants were in existence. In the previous century, neither Bradley, writing in 1728, nor Millar, in 1763, mentions one of what are now termed 'air plants.' When the former wanted an illustration of a plant deriving all its nourishment from the air, he referred, as the best example he knew, to a species of Sedum, which could be artificially suspended, and yet live. Don, in his *Hortus Cantabrigiensis*, enumerates twenty-one Epiphytes under the common name of *Epidendrum*, of which scarcely half a dozen are now in cultivation. Even when the reports of travellers made florists familiar with the quaint beauty of the '*air plants*,' no progress was made in the cultivation of them at home. The reasons were sufficiently obvious. From time to time, plants reached this country; but so dried up during the slow voyages of the period, that few of them were alive. And of those which showed some vitality by pushing out sickly shoots, few lasted long enough to develop their flowers; they perished through the ungeniality of the conditions which surrounded them, consequent upon ignorance of the treatment they required. Those who were familiar, however, with the reports of travel-

lers respecting the charms of the orchids, were not content that English florists should be without them. Rumphius, in his *Herbarium Amboinense*, referred to the Eastern species, in a way calculated to excite curiosity. Hernandez, the 'Pliny of New Spain,' decorated almost every page of his work with an epiphytic orchid; and, the volume being dedicated to the Lyncean Academy of Rome, the academicians, on receiving it, adopted the orchid as their emblem.

A few exotic orchids first made their appearance in the royal gardens at Kew, and in the collection of the late Mr. Loddige, of Hackney; who continued to grow them for half a century. But the first successful grower of them was the late Mr. Cattley, of Barnet, whose collection passed into the hands of Mr. Knight in 1832. A succession of helpers now carried on the work. The Horticultural Society of Chiswick, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, of Aiglurth, near Liverpool, the Rev. J. Hunt, and Lord Fitzwilliam, took up the pursuit. Mr. Bateman, of Kingpersley, followed; and, perceiving as he did, that more accurate knowledge of the habits of these plants was needed, he wisely sent Mr. Colley to Demerara, in 1833, to collect both plants and information. This example was followed by Mr. Barker of Birmingham; who, in 1834, sent Mr. Ross to Mexico. The Duke of Devonshire also sent Mr. Gibson to India, on the same errand, in 1836. But the great epoch in the history of English orchid-growing was 1837, when Mr. Cuming, the well known conchologist, brought the Phalænopsis and other treasures from the Philippines. In the same year, Mr. Skinner sent rich stores from the forests of Guatimala; Mr. Schomburgk furnished further contributions from Guiana; and M. Deschamps astonished our florists, by bringing a ship-load of orchids from the districts around Vera Cruz. Mr. Bateman tells us, that above three hundred species were added to our collections in that single year. From this period the pursuit made uninterrupted progress. Mr. Rucker, Mr. Parker of Annesley, and Canon Clowes of Manchester, as well as the Loddiges, Mr. Rolleston, Mr. Low, and Messrs. Lucombe and Pince, amongst nurserymen, exerted themselves to promote the importation of new species, and to extend the knowledge of their growth. On this latter point we owe much to the useful little *Orchid-grower's Manual* of Mr. Williams, of the Paradise nurseries at Holloway. The result has been an enormous increase in the number of really fine collections, of which the majority are in the neighbourhood of London. Manchester takes the second place, and Glasgow the third; whilst smaller collections have

multiplied, especially in the manufacturing districts. As soon as men acquire a stove, they become desirous of adding a few orchids to their other plants; and we have repeatedly seen men who long scouted the idea of ever 'beginning with orchids,' gradually yield to the influence of the prevailing epidemic. So widely has this same epidemic extended, that we know of three instances in which the collecting of them was begun, and to some extent successfully carried on, one by a journeyman mechanic, another by a pattern-designer, and the third by an omnibus conductor! Yet these are the plants once deemed the exclusive perquisite of the noble and wealthy. At the same time there are obvious reasons why, as Mr. Bateman long since pointed out, the cultivation of these plants must mainly be confined to the possessors of ample pecuniary means. The competition arising out of the limited supply of specimens, and the consequent prevalence of high prices, must necessarily create such a restriction. It is true we might expect that the demand would be met by an adequate supply; but many antagonistic influences stand in the way of this. One is the difficulty of conveying the plants from remote localities in a healthy condition. We remember a large importation of many hundreds of plants of Phalænopsis amabilis, from Java, of which but three were alive on their arrival in England; yet each of these specimens would have been worth from one to five guineas, had they come safely. Of course such costly losses require to be covered by the plants which survive.

Another element in the high price of orchids is the scarceness of some of the plants in their native country. If an English merchant received a commission from Brazil to forward British specimens of Cypripedium Calceolus, or any other equally rare plant, we know well how serious would be the mere expense of search, before such specimens could be obtained. True it is that few of the orchids usually grown are so rare as is our native Cypripedium; but many of them are very local. When once discovered, an abundant supply may be obtained; but weary weeks may pass before a discovery is made.

In accounting for the very large sums that have been given for single plants, the length of time requisite to bring them into a flowering condition has further to be remembered. Most of such plants as Vandas and Phalænopses are imported in a young state, and often require careful culture for years before they will bloom. But wealth is willing to pay for blooming specimens, rather than wait; and of course there

must be superadded to the original cost, and the interest of the money, the expenses and risks of protracted cultivation. The largest sum we remember to have seen given, was £100 for a Saccolabium guttatum. But this was a magnificent specimen, having an unusual number of 'leads' or shoots, each of which, if separated, would have made a valuable and saleable plant. Of newly imported plants, none ever sold so high as the original Phalænopses. Mr. Cuming first brought two specimens of Phalænopsis amabilis from the far East.* Each of these was sold for a hundred guineas; one to the late Duke of Devonshire, and the other to the late Mr. Loddige. When the still finer Phalænopsis Schilleriana arrived, a few years ago, the first were issued at twenty guineas each,—a high price for a small plant; but it was known that few specimens existed in the country, and, in the uncertainty as to what supply might follow, these were eagerly competed for by the great collectors. In a very short time, their price fell to four or five guineas; but the first imported ones, owing to the larger size they had attained, had become so increasingly valuable, that one of the dealers offered to re-purchase one of his own twenty-guinea plants for fifty guineas, and was refused!

We think we have shown that there is no resemblance between the present orchidomania, and the gambling tulipomania of Holland. That many persons cultivate orchids because it is fashionable to do so, is true. But the same may be said of water-colour paintings, and of classical music. Not one in ten of those who adorn their drawing-rooms with modern water-colour pictures, understand or have any true appreciation of them; but it is considered 'the thing' to have them, and so they are bought, our artists reap the benefit, and the taste of spectators is raised. Musical history tells the same tale. When Charles Halle first presented in Manchester his classic renderings of Mozart and Beethoven, he played to almost empty rooms; and it was long before more than a discerning few cared to hear him. But his music ultimately became fashionable; and now assembled thousands hear it, because their tastes have been elevated, and classic music has become almost a necessity of their existence. So it is on a smaller scale with the orchidomania. It is doing good, though as yet much vanity and vulgar ostentation are mixed up with

* Some of the accounts brought home by travellers from distant regions, are sufficient to tempt genuine orchid-growers to pack up their baggage and be gone. A well known naturalist recently informed us, that he had lately seen, on Dean Island, north of Japan, a solid mass of Phalænopsis amabilis, intermingled with one of the larger pitcher plants, Nepenthes Raggleaii, that was from twelve to fifteen feet across!

it. A writer in the pages of a weekly contemporary recently declared, that the passion had culminated, and was declining. This, we are satisfied, is a mistake. The number of buyers, and consequently of growers, is steadily increasing; and we rejoice in the fact, because of the pure pleasure which these lovely flowers cannot fail to excite in every sensitive and intelligent mind.

One of the features of modern social life is the prevalence of exhibitions; amongst which not the least common and popular are those of flowers, commenced many years ago by the Royal Horticultural Society, in the palmy days of its location at Chiswick. The object contemplated by the Society was the encouragement of every branch of fruit and flower-growing by granting honorary and pecuniary rewards to the exhibitors of the choicest specimens. The experiment was not wholly unsuccessful; and the plan was gradually adopted throughout the provinces. There is much room, however, for doubt, whether the results have been altogether satisfactory. As in many other institutions, secondary motives have tended to neutralise what should have been the primary object. The evils flowing from this have been well illustrated in a recent letter from Sir Joseph Paxton to the council of the Horticultural Society.* Speaking of the modern exhibitions of the Royal Horticultural Society, he says,—and his remarks are equally applicable in other cases,—

'They have brought into existence an unnatural and artificial condition of things, which is not only objected to in the interests of gardeners themselves, but is also opposed to the interests of the public, by causing what may be termed a spasmodic effort and exertion, which at other seasons of the year is unemployed and, to a great degree, unproductive. I may illustrate this by stating that a good many years ago, (and the same state of things now exists to a certain extent,) I called to see a first class London gardener, forgetting that it was one of the exhibition days; and I found only about six or eight plants in the garden, the others having been all trained, like a horse for racing, and had been taken to the show to win the stakes. In the same season, some time after this, I called again, and found the plants, having been their round of racing, all flowerless, and beginning to be placed under training for the next season, for the same purpose; and this training was effected by keeping some plants back, and forcing others, so that they might all flower together; and such plants as would not bear this treatment were not cultivated.'

* See *Athenæum*, August 13th, 1864.

Sir Joseph Paxton suggested a remedy for these evils in the establishment of weekly exhibitions in the Society's gardens at Kensington, open, however, to all the kingdom, so that any one having a superior specimen of any kind, at whatever season, could exhibit it, secure of a fair recognition of its merits. Now we so far agree with Sir Joseph Paxton, as to rejoice that the Horticultural Society has given practical effect to his suggestions by commencing a series of weekly shows at their Kensington gardens; and further, that, with the view of assisting country exhibitors, they have made arrangements with the leading railway companies for the carriage of plants at a reduced rate. Of course the advantages of the plan will be chiefly reaped by the florists of the metropolitan districts, but the provinces will not be unbenefitted. If the Society does not injure its prestige by partisanship and intestine squabbles, its medals awarded for fine plants will always be valued and sought for by provincial growers: thus encouragement will be given to a wider range of plant-culture than has hitherto been attempted.

Whilst we make this concession, however, we are not prepared to endorse the sweeping condemnation of the old system of exhibitions in which Sir Joseph Paxton has indulged. We do not rest our argument on the impossibility of organizing local exhibitions on the plan now adopted by the Society: but we contend that the old exhibitions have done much good. They have brought before the eyes of the public magnificent specimens of various kinds, showing what plants are capable of when rightly treated, and setting before growers a standard of excellence which they should strive to reach. They have further prompted many persons to commence plant-growing, who but for such exhibitions would never have thought of doing so. They have also led to a rapid diffusion of new plants amongst growers, who were unacquainted with their existence until they saw specimens exhibited by the great growers of the day. It is true, that, so far as the nurserymen are concerned, all this is a trade affair, a successful method of advertising. But who is harmed by it? Certainly not the public, who thus have all that is new and beautiful in the world of flowers brought within easy reach of them. And if men choose to mar their conservatories by robbing them unduly of their choice treasures for the sake of the exhibitions, we can only say they are foolish folks who do so. Such persons are not lovers of flowers, but of popular applause. Like Sir Joseph Paxton, we have seen valuable orchids stowed away in dark stables and coach houses, to retard their blooming till the

exhibition day; a process by which the plants too often receive a check that can only be repaid by years of careful nursing. But evils like this are small compared with the advantages arising from even defectively conducted exhibitions. When exhibitions are held in a fair and liberal spirit; when the schedules are so comprehensive as to contain the largest possible number of classes, encouraging thereby the growth of the greatest variety of plants; and when men, sinking their little jealousies, co-operate to further their common pursuit; then, even though framed upon the old principle, they may be made most powerful stimulants to a healthy floriculture.

ART. IV.—1. *Recueil des Allocutions Consistoriales, Encycliques, et autres Lettres Apostoliques des Souverains Pontifes Clement XII., Benoit XIV., Pie VII., Leon XII., Gregoire XVI., et Pie IX., cités dans l'Encyclique et le Syllabus du* 8 *Decembre*, 1864. Paris. 1865.

2. *La Convention du* 15 *Septembre et l'Encyclique du* 8 *Decembre.* Par MGR. L'EVEQUE D'ORLEANS. Paris. 1865.

THIS Encyclical Letter of the present Pope does not differ in any material respect from other documents of the same kind, and only deserves attention so far as it exhibits, or may serve us to discover, the position taken by the Court of Rome, at a time when its very existence is imperilled by the advances of liberty in Italy, and throughout the civilised world. Thus considered, it is accepted as an authentic picture of Papal principles and policy.

During the latter part of the reign of Pope Gregory XVI., the reaction of despotism against constitutional freedom was at its height, and no ruler in Europe was more intent upon suppressing every movement towards liberty than that most mediæval ecclesiastic. Cardinal Lambruschini was his right hand for every purpose of oppression, and 'the Sacred College' was sufficiently unanimous under the guidance of their chief. At the death of Gregory, however, as every one remembers, the symptoms of popular disaffection were so many and distinct, that the members of the conclave were induced to elect Cardinal Ferretti as his successor. Some humane dispositions, some leanings towards equity, some faculty of perceiving the claims of justice, had so far distinguished him among his brethren, that he was reputed to be a Liberal. Such, in other circumstances, he might have been. Perhaps, indeed, he really

was liberal at heart. Be this as it may, the Conclave, in their sagacity, made him Pope, and so thought to cover the Papal throne from the hostility of the Roman people, and for a time elude the mistrust of Europe. But whether the new Pope was a Liberal or not, is not our question. He shall have all the credit which charity can award him in her fairest judgment; and we freely acknowledge, that as we never joined in the blind admiration which for a time welcomed every syllable of promise he uttered, so we were never disappointed at the failure of those exaggerated hopes concerning him, which even in England became generally prevalent. Accordingly, we did not condemn him as a hypocrite or deceiver, when he refused to depart from the example of his predecessors, or to surrrender principles which, whether they were good or bad, he was bound to uphold so long as he did not abdicate the Papacy. His authentic acts are now before us. By them, rather than by mere popular impressions, it is right that such a man should be judged. And if we mistake not, these make him to be quite as consistent and honest as could be expected; more consistent, as we think, than certain princes, who, amidst the terror of revolutions, professed willingness to make large concessions, which they did not intend to grant, and swore to engagements, which they did not mean to keep.

In the second year of his pontificate the Italian Liberals, especially the Romans, began to press him hard to reduce his gentle words to deeds; and when, as was natural, he hesitated to gratify their premature hopes, the suspicion arose that he was insincere. Those around him made light of the demands of the revolutionists, as they were called, and complained that they were 'not satisfied patiently to await what the Holy Father might see fit to do, and quietly allow him to consolidate the new government by practical measures, before any thoughts were turned to further progress in the theory of liberalism.' So wrote Cola Rienzi at Rome, while the tide of revolution was rising and raging in Naples, Sicily, Tuscany, Piedmont, and far beyond. The so-called revolutionists were indeed dissatisfied, because as yet Pius IX. had made no fundamental change in the government of Rome, nothing beyond a few inquiries into the misconduct of persons in office, with talk of political amendments. Then, moved by fear, Pius signed a proclamation to the people, in which apologistic statements and promises were awkwardly mingled, with threats to the effect that any attempt at revolution in Rome or the States of the Church would be put down by force. There was an intimation, too, that in case of necessity the Pope would call upon the members of his Church

in other countries to arm in his defence; as if he had been dreaming of a crusade that should be summoned to re-reconquer Rome, even as aforetime Christendom had sent forth her hosts to recover Jerusalem. 'We,' said he, 'We, the Head and Sovereign Pontiff of the Most Holy Catholic Religion, should we not have in our defence, if we were unjustly attacked, innumerable sons, who would defend the centre of Catholic unity like the house of their father? It is, indeed, a great blessing among the many which Heaven hath imparted to Italy, that scarce three millions of our subjects have two hundred millions of brothers of every nation and of every tongue. This was in more dangerous times, and in the confusion of the Roman world, the safeguard of Rome. It is because of this the ruin of Italy was never complete. This will ever be her defence, so long as this Apostolic See shall reside in her centre.' On this he counted, whether against foreign or domestic enemies, forgetful of the sentence of that 'Incarnate Son, who sent His representative upon earth to reside in this same Rome:' 'My kingdom is not of this world: if My kingdom were of this world, then would My servants fight.' As a temporal sovereign, indeed, the Roman Pontiff would think otherwise, and, as such, is not to be too severely blamed for so thinking; but the tenour of this proclamation might have been very different, after two years of government, if that government had answered in any fair degree to the expectations of the multitudes who had strewed flowers before him in the streets, and shouted hymns in his praise. Those acclamations were echoed far and wide among the nations; but, all over Europe, there were discerning men who reminded us that, whatever Pio Nono might be, or seem to be, or even wish to be, no Pope could possibly be a Liberal and wear the triple crown.

Next came the great revolution of 1848; and it is fresh in our memory with what rapidity it spread, and how every mail brought intelligence of the abdication and flight of sovereigns, of the formation of Provisional Governments, and of Constitutions improvised with a haste that foretold their speedy failure, though with an earnestness and unanimity which portended the eventual destruction of absolutism throughout the civilised world.

Among the deposed princes of those days was 'the Sovereign of the Roman States,' as the Duke of Wellington and the British Parliament, unwilling to recognise him otherwise than as a temporal prince, then called the Pope. The *rex et sacerdos* himself resented with equal indignation the reserve of English Protestants and the insolence of Italian liberals; but

on this very point hung the momentous controversy which is now brought to a practical decision, and which no effort of Papal policy could evade. Familiar as we all are with the Italian story, we may listen for a few moments to the account which Pius himself gave of it, in his own way, while he was still a fugitive at Gaeta, in an allocution which he read to his assembled Cardinals.*

'While these things were going on,' (at Rome), 'a cry of war' (with Austria) 'suddenly ran through all Italy. Part of our subjects, roused by this cry, ran to arms, and, in direct opposition to our will, persisted in passing over the frontier of the Papal territory,' (encouraged, he should have said, by the apparent approval which he himself gave them). 'You know, venerable brethren, how, in fulfilment of our duty as Most High Pontiff and as Sovereign Prince, we resisted the unrighteous desires of those men who wished to drag us into that war,' (to repel the Austrian invasion,) 'and who demanded that we should send away to battle, and therefore to certain death, raw youths, suddenly recruited and totally ignorant of military discipline and of military art; without officers able to command them, and without munitions of war. And this was expected of us, who, although unworthily occupying on earth the place of our Lord Jesus Christ, had received from God, Author of Peace and Lover of Charity, the mission to embrace all peoples and nations with equal tenderness of fatherly love, and with all our powers, to provide for the safety of all, and not lead men to slaughter and to death ..... And at the same time we repudiated and rejected the office which was most insidiously proposed to us, both verbally and in writing, and not only most injurious to our person, but most pernicious for Italy; namely, that we should preside over the government of a certain Italian republic..... .....You remember, venerable brethren, what clamour, what tumults were excited by the men of that most turbulent faction after an allocution,' (pronounced by Pius on the 29th of April, 1848,) 'and how a civil ministry was thrust upon us in utter opposition to our advice, our principles, and the rights of the Roman See. Indeed, we at once foresaw the unhappy issue of the Italian war,' (namely, with the Austrians, with whom he was all the time in secret and friendly correspondence,) 'when one of those lay ministers did not hesitate to say, that it would be carried on in spite of us, in spite of our objections, and without our blessing. The said minister, doing the most grave injustice to the Apostolic See, did not hesitate to propose, that the power of the Roman Pontiff as a Prince should be separated from his power as a Priest. And the same man, not long afterwards, dared to assert things which would, so to speak, have excluded the Supreme Pontiff from all benefit of the rights of nations.'

After alluding to the famous attack on the Quirinal, his flight to Gaeta, the establishment of the *Giunta di Stato* in

* *Quibus quantisque.* 20 *Avril*, 1849.

Rome, and of the Roman Constitution, and to declarations made in the Constituent Assembly, that 'the Roman Pontiffs were fallen in fact and right from their temporal government,' interweaving at the same time many pathetic reflections; he goes on to describe lamentingly his inability to collect the Papal troops, or to persuade them to act in his defence, and indulges in passionate expostulations with those who looked with favour on the Italian revolution. Then he recapitulates some facts which deserve mention at the present time, inasmuch as they shed light on the spirit and intention of the Encyclical of last December.

'After imploring the succour of all princes, we demanded help from Austria, which borders on our States towards the North; and this we did the more freely, not only because she has always shown great zeal in defending the temporal dominion of the Apostolic See, but also because she had given us good hope that, according to our ardent desires and most just requests, certain well known principles which have always been reprobated by the Apostolic See, should be rooted out of that Empire, and the Church restored to her liberty, to the great benefit and profit of the faithful; and while this will be a great comfort to our own mind, we doubt not that it will be a great delight to you.

'We have also sought help from the French nation, which we regard with singular benevolence and affection of our paternal heart, since the clergy and the faithful people of that nation have studied how to testify their filial devotion, and how to alleviate our calamities and soothe our sorrows.

'We have also invoked the aid of Spain, which, extremely anxious on account of our troubles, has been the first to excite other Catholic nations to enter into some filial compact among themselves, to restore again to his own See the father of the faithful, and the Supreme Shepherd of the Church.

'Then we have demanded the like help from the kingdom of the two Sicilies, where we are hospitably welcomed by the king, who, intent upon promoting, with all his power, the true and solid felicity of his people, is refulgent with such religion and such piety as to be himself an example to those people. But we cannot find words to tell with what care and consideration this prince displays his filial love.

'Therefore we entertain the hope, that, with God's help, those Catholic nations, taking in hand the cause of the Church and of her Supreme Pontiff, the father of all the faithful, will hasten to re-establish the temporal power of the Apostolic See, as well as the peace and quiet of our subjects. And we have a firm confidence, that those enemies of our holy religion, enemies too of civil society, will be removed from the city of Rome, and from all the States of the Church.'

Then the fervid spirit of the chief Shepherd of the faithful indulges in anticipations of what he will do to extirpate heresy from his dominions, and launches condemnation on the heretics, who in those days were busy within the walls of Rome, expounding Scripture by the light of private judgment, and giving forth interpretations of prophecy, which the Pope, perhaps, was not quite wrong in denouncing as oftentimes wrestings of the sacred text. Be this as it may, the provocation to the excited Pontiff was very great; and some allowance may be made for his impatience. Almost any interpretation of the Scriptures in those enthusiastic *circoli* must have gone hard against the temporal power of the Popes.

It is still alleged by men who ought to know well what took place in Rome in the early part of 1848, that the Pope deceived the Romans by pretending liberal principles, by promising reforms, and by apparently approving of the expedition of his little army against the Austrians; and that while simulating Liberalism, he was in secret correspondence with the bitterest and most powerful enemies of Italian freedom. For our own part we do not doubt the truth of these allegations; but it would be beside our present purpose to dwell upon the question. Sincere or insincere, good or bad, no occupant of the Papal throne could have kept his seat; he must have been content to flee, like many of his predecessors, under that overwhelming flood of revolution. Pius of course did his best to remain; and, now that he was dethroned, he called upon friendly powers to come to his aid; the only flagrant inconsistency in his conduct showing in the fact, that after having professed such a horror of bloodshed as to recall the revolutionary troops which had marched against the Austrians, he cried so piteously for the dogs of war to be let loose upon Rome for the extermination of his own subjects. We may pass over all personal demerits; we may even refuse to believe that the Encyclical of last December was not issued with the concurrence of his Cardinals; but, taking that document in connexion with all recorded Pontifical Acts, and with all the events of the present Pontificate, it must be received as furnishing a chapter in the history of the struggle between two powers that cannot permanently coexist; the power of the Church and Court of Rome, and the power of civil governments in all the world. It is the ancient war of the Church and the empire, revived; but the battle now is waged on a wider field, with improved weapons, and with more enlightened hosts.

While Austria stepped in to look after her own interests in Lombardy and Venetia, and Ferdinand of the Two Sicilies was

willing to do his little all towards propping up a falling despotism, and a few Spaniards under ecclesiastical influence thought well to figure on the scene, France came in full strength to use an opportunity. Rome was besieged and taken. The Republic fell. The Pope returned to surrender himself to the protection of the French garrison, and, as perhaps he trusted, to repair the ruins of his Church. He gave solemn thanks to his deliverers. He called on the Bishops of Italy to renew their exhausted diligence, extirpate error, and revive religion. He claimed their vigilance for watching against heretics, and annihilating heresy. They were to sweep clean away secret societies, Socialists, Communists, vendors of the Bible, and distribntors of religious tracts. As for the Italian Bible, it was to be destroyed, being tainted with heretical poison; and as for the tracts, the Bishops were exhorted to employ clever men, sound in doctrine, to prepare *alia parva item molis scripta*, that similarly printed vehicles of popular instruction might gain similar acceptance from the common people who had received Protestant writings gladly. All means were to be adopted in order to imbue the people of the States of the Church with the sentiment which they had well nigh lost, that salvation was not possible outside the Church of Rome. As an offering to the Protectress of that Church, as she was reputed to be, it had already been devised that a new article should be added to the Roman Creed, namely, that Mary the Mother of our Lord was, like Him, conceived without sin; and all the Bishops of Popedom were invited to agree in that belief,—an agreement often before sought, but never found,—so that now, under the impulse of a new motive, they might prepare to hold a sort of ecumenical assemblage in the Eternal City, and, summoned for the first time by their own spiritual chief, without any sort of interference on the part of worldly princes, might come from the ends of the earth, might pay him homage on the throne so nearly lost, but so triumphantly recovered, and might make the world see, that the gates of hell had not been able to prevail against the Church of Peter. The scheme succeeded admirably. Nearly every bishop of 'the Catholic world' sent a letter to signify his judgment on the proposal, and nearly all the letters were in favour of it. A council of theologians read the letters and reported. A board of Cardinals received the report, and gave their assent to the dogmatical definition, which raised a 'pious opinion' into an article of faith, henceforth to be binding upon all 'true Catholics.' From five to six hundred foreign priests were collected in Rome on the 8th of December, 1854, in

addition to those of Rome itself and the Roman States; and a ceremonial was conducted in the Basilica of the Vatican, which must have made a deep impression on those who witnessed it. The crowning act was, when Pio Nono rose at the head of a vast assemblage, and proclaimed, '*that it is a dogma of faith, that the most blessed Virgin Mary, from the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved perfectly free from all stain of original sin.*' With a simplicity which a 'priest of the diocese of Westminster' describes as filial, Pius exclaimed: 'We have done much for Mary, we have prayed much, dealt and laboured much to increase her glory; we have done so much, (though we should not, perhaps, say this,) that we cannot see how more can be done on earth to enhance the glory of our tender mother,—this glorious and powerful Queen.'

In the full flow of exultation, it was said that the Church had that day placed the last jewel in the crown of Mary. Perhaps so. The solemnity, however, would have been less visibly inconsistent with the state of affairs in Italy, if it could have been celebrated immediately after the return of Pius and his court to the re-conquered capital; though even then there would have been reason for misgiving; for we find that in the very first address which the Pope made to the Cardinals on reaching Rome, (May 20th, 1850,) after expressing his joy because of a new Concordat with Francis Joseph for the 'liberty' of the Church in Austria, he records the following memorable passage as to the daily advancing history of his own decline.

'But while we take to ourselves this consolation, there comes a most bitter grief, which fills and overwhelms us, when we see how the affairs of our most holy religion now suffer in another Catholic kingdom, and how the sacred rights of the Church and this holy see are trodden under foot. You well understand, venerable brethren, that I now speak of the Sub-Alpine kingdom, where, as every one knows, both from private intelligence and public letters, a law has been promulgated which is adverse to the rights of the Church, and contrary to solemn agreements made with this apostolic see; and where, within the last few days, to our great sorrow, the illustrious Chief of Turin, (*Taurinensium Antistes præclarissimus.*) our venerable brother Luigi Fransoni, has been dragged from his episcopal palace by a band of soldiers; and, to the great grief of the city of Turin, and of all good men in that kingdom, taken to the castle. We, therefore, as the gravity of these affairs and the duty of our office to guard the rights of the Church require, have, without the least delay, through our Cardinal Minister, sent a remonstrance to that Government against the law referred to, and also against the

injury and violence done to the illustrious Archbishop. Meanwhile, the bitterness which fills our heart is soothed by the hope that our remonstrances may be successful; and we will not fail to give you information of the ecclesiastical affairs of that kingdom in another allocution, should we think it desirable so to do.'*

The offence of Archbishop Fransoni was, that when the Prime Minister of the King of Sardinia, being on his death-bed, refused to confess it as a sin that he had promoted the enactment of a law for the independence of his country from the control of Rome, the Archbishop would not absolve him, but left him to die as a person excommunicated. So began the open rupture of the 'Sub-Alpine kingdom' and the court of Rome.

In fact, Victor Emmanuel had begun a reformation in Italy not less decisive than that of Henry VIII. in England, and had assumed a posture far more independent and aggressive. As the *Papal Documents* are before us, we borrow from them a sketch of the earlier measures of the Italian Reformation, as they are detailed by Pius himself in the promised allocution, which was delivered to the cardinals on the first of November, 1850.†

By a Concordat between Charles Albert and Gregory XVI., in the year 1841, the ecclesiastical immunities of the kingdom of Sardinia were considerably reduced, so considerably that many persons expressed dissatisfaction, and the King abstained for some time from enforcing the new restrictions. Notwithstanding this, the Sardinian Government in 1848 desired a new Concordat; and even presented to the Papal commissary at Turin the draft of one for his approval. The commissary, finding that the concessions which would thus be conveyed to the King were far too great to be allowed at Rome, and that the paper was not drawn up in the usual style of submissive reverence towards the Holy See, prepared another document with new articles, which the royal commissioner declined to agree to, until he should receive instructions to that effect from his Government. The Roman Revolution and the Pope's absence in the Neapolitan territory might have interrupted further negotiations; but the one thing certain was that a few months afterwards the immunities then desired by virtue of a Concordat, were annulled in the Sardinian Parliament by the enactment of the law which has just now been referred to.

Against this law the Pope reclaimed, but without effect;

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* *Si semper antea.* 20 *Mai*, 1850.

† *In consistoriali.* 1 *Novembre*, 1850.

and he was shocked at perceiving that the Parliament assumed a right of control in ecclesiastical affairs. The archbishop of Turin, as we have heard, was imprisoned for his resistance; and the archbishops of Sassari and Cagliari were compelled to quit the country. Added to these outrages on the Church, as they were considered, was a solemn expression of mistrust towards the clergy, whom Parliament deprived of their ancient function of directing public and private schools for the instruction of the higher and middle classes. Even religious instruction was taken under the control of the State. Some negotiations were mutually attempted in hope of a solution of the difficulty thus raised between Turin and Rome; but neither the King nor the Pope would give way; the Sardinian Parliament proceeded with its work; and every day saw the breach grow wider.

Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX. were not the men to come to an agreement. Their personal correspondence by letters concerning a proposed heathenish law for the establishment of civil marriage in Piedmont, taken in connexion with the Romish doctrine of sacramental marriage, furnishes the clearest evidence of the utter incompatibility of their principles; while a lofty assumption of paternal dignity by the Pope encountered a no less lofty independence in the King. If Providence, designing to bring into collision the pontifical and the regal elements of human society, had prepared a perfect impersonation of each to be the champion of his own cause, the two persons of all others most irreconcilable were these. Mutual conciliation was impossible, further steps were taken in the way of reformation, and every exchange of letters only tended to fan the sparks which were sure to break out into a flame. Take, for example, one passage from an Italian letter to the King, with its irritating conclusion.

'Finally, in reply to the last observation which your Majesty lays before us, charging a part of the Piedmontese clergy with making war against your Government, and exciting your subjects to rebel against yourself and against your laws: such an assertion we should think improbable, if it were not made by your Majesty, who affirm that you have in your hand the documents to prove it. We are only sorry that we have no knowledge of those documents; and that, therefore, we do not know who were the members of the clergy that could enter upon that wicked enterprise of stirring up a revolution in Piedmont. This ignorance makes it impossible for us to punish them; if, however, by excitement to rebellion, we are to understand the writings which the clergy have published in opposition to the project of the marriage law, we must say that,—apart

from the expressions which any of them may have employed,—*the clergy have done their duty.*'*

And in due time the Pope did what, no doubt, he considered to be *his* duty, when, in the consistory of the 22nd January, 1855, he delivered himself thus :—

'We have not words to express the bitter grief we feel, when we see so many acts committed which are almost incredible, beyond measure wicked, and every day repeated against the Church, and its rights, rights deserving highest reverence, and the *inviolable authority* of the Holy See in that kingdom, where there are so many excellent Catholics, and where once flourished the piety of kings, religion, and the example of respectful obedience to the chair of St. Peter, and his successors. But since matters have been carried so far, that it is not enough merely to deplore the damage done to the Church, unless we employ all care and every effort to remove the evil, therefore, in fulfilment of our bounden duty, we raise our voice again with apostolic liberty in this your full assembly, and reprobate and condemn, and declare to be altogether null and void, all and every decree already published by that government to the detriment of religion, the Church, and the rights and authority of this Holy See, but also the law recently proposed. (For the Suppression of Religious Communities and the Confiscation of Church property.) Furthermore, we most solemnly admonish all those in whose name and by whose act and order these decrees were issued, and also those who in any way favour the law lately proposed, and have not feared to approve or sanction it, that again and again in their mind and soul they ponder well the penalties and censures which are appointed by apostolic constitutions, and the canons of sacred councils, especially the council of Trent (Sess. xxii., cap. 11) against the robbers and profaners of sacred things, the violators of ecclesiastical power and liberty, and the usurpers of the rights of the Church and the Holy See. O that the authors of so great evils, moved and excited by these our words and warnings, would at length cease from such frequent attacks on ecclesiastical immunity and liberty, and hasten to repair the innumerable wrongs they have done to the Church, that our paternal mind might be relieved from the hard necessity of smiting them with those weapons which were divinely furnished to our sacred ministry!'†

The sentence prescribed by the Council of Trent is, that the offenders be laid under anathema; and the offences committed by Victor Emmanuel and his Government were said in this allocution to be precisely the same as those enumerated by the council. But those 'degenerate and contumacious children of the Church,' nothing moved by the paternal warning, persisted

* *Lettre de Pie IX. à S. M. le Roi de Sardaigne*, 19 *Septembre*, 1852.
† *Probe memineritis.* 22 *Janvier*, 1855.

in their downward course. Nearly all the monasteries and convents, all the brotherhoods and sisterhoods in the kingdom were suppressed; and, collegiate churches and simple benefices being extinguished, their revenues were confiscated to the State. Accordingly, after an interval of six months, the Pope again assembled his Cardinals, and solemnly declared that Sardinia had incurred the threatened excommunication.*

But the bolt could not yet be launched. The Austrian was to be driven back from Lombardy, after the furies of Radetsky had so long raged, as to leave behind them an imperishable tradition of disgust and horror. The Bourbon, southward, was to fill up his cup of iniquity, exhaust it to the dregs, and depart for ever amidst the execrations of those degraded multitudes whose very nature despotism had so far debased, that when they lost a tyrant they could find no man worthy to be made a King. The Italian States, or provinces, at first free municipalities, then, under the blight of Papal influences, selfish and divided serf-lands, each and every one of them sinking into more hopeless insignificance, were now to catch an inspiration of humanity, a thirst for freedom, a perception of law, justice, order, and constitutional self-respect. During a few years of anxious waiting, the oppressed and the free—all of them Italians—were to look at each other over a few boundary-lines, and survey the different effects of their respective Governments. The heat of a sudden revolution, that of 1848, was to cool down, and be succeeded by the glow of a manly and healthful patriotism. While the several States of Sub-Alpine and Peninsular Italy were, as yet, unprepared to act in perfect concert, and while the so-called States of the Church, in the middle of the peninsula, were kept in abject bondage; Rome, the capital of Italy, sad, desolate, prostrate under the foot of the prince-priest who strove to perpetuate the darkness of the thirteenth century, and trembling in presence of the French garrison which alone kept them from binding their oppressors hand and foot, waited until deliverance might come, not knowing whence it could be reasonably expected. That Power which is above all had not yet wrought out in wisdom the glorious issue which was soon to be accomplished; and the dissevered provinces did not yet see, perhaps none even had imagined, how the desired unity and deliverance could come to pass. It might be feared, that the astute Emperor of the French, who had established his power in Rome, would strengthen it there, and himself attempt to reign; or, if not,

* *Cum sæpe.* 27 *Juillet*, 1855.

would imitate his uncle by setting up his own viceroys with the name of Kings. Conjectures, hopes, desires, fears, were struggling in every bosom; while the press, Parliaments, and foreign visitors, were teaching the people the first principles of civil government, and the rudiments of a purer Christianity. At length, when Europe itself became impatient, and there was danger to be dreaded from the mere decay and violent downfall of Rome amidst political confusion, the very man of whose influence some were weary, and all others jealous, suddenly came to cut the Gordian knot, by helping Victor Emmanuel to beat the Austrians, recover Lombardy, and conquer for himself nearly all the Papal territory. Then brake out a second time with tenfold clearness the cry of 'United Italy.' State after State spontaneously abdicated its independence, and annexed itself to the kingdom of Sardinia; and after Savoy had been given to France in compensation for the service it had rendered in the crisis, each of them besought the last representative of the royal house of ancient Savoy to accept the sovereignty. Then did one plebiscite declare Victor Emmanuel King of Italy; and then, almost simultaneously with that event, the feeble and deserted Pontiff raised his hand, and hurled at his triumphant rival the long-intended curse. It was duly written in letter apostolic, affixed to the gates of the Lateran, St. Peter's, and the Chancery, and at the entrance of the Campo di Flora; it was published abroad with all practicable solemnity, received with great gladness by Italy and her first Christian King, and, being meant as a sincere curse, was changed into a substantial blessing. We need not transcribe any portion of the excommunication; for the forms of official malediction are sufficiently familiar; and any one who desires to peruse this Brief, may find it in the volume before us, the *Recueil*, published by the Pope's printers in Paris.*

An excommunication of the King of Sardinia, in former times, might possibly have been made the occasion of intrigues within his own dominions, and of injurious impressions in other states; but now to excommunicate the King of Italy, and every Italian who had, '*quolibet prætextu et quovis modo*,' aided and abetted the work in which all Italy was rejoicing as a great deliverance from civil and ecclesiastical despotism, was, in effect, a declaration of perpetual and irreconcilable enmity between the Papacy and the kingdom. It was, on the part of the Pope, a desperate act; like the issuing of the recent Encyclical, which we shall presently examine.

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* *Cum Catholica.* 26 *Mars*, 1860.

With regard to the Emperor of the French, it cannot be imagined for a moment that when he sent an army to recover Rome, and when afterwards he garrisoned the city, he committed himself to any particular course of action to be followed for the future, or that he meant to be very scrupulously exact in the interpretation of any language he might find it necessary to employ, if changing circumstances invited any change of conduct. The Bishop of Orleans either loses sight of Napoleon's characteristic policy of adaptation, or he simulates a simplicity not his own, when he laboriously collects the imperial sayings, and arrays them as evidence against *Piedmont*—for he will not acknowledge the Italian kingdom, and refuses to attribute to *Italy* any thing which Italy has done during the reign of Victor Emmanuel. Mgr. Dupanloup delivers what he professes to be his view of the matter, in such terms as these:—

'The first word spoken by France on this grave question of the Pope's Sovereignty, was that of the Emperor; but in exceptional circumstances, when he was a candidate for the presidency of the Republic. The Holy Father was at Gaeta. France, wishful to bring him back to Rome, desired to know what the future Elect by universal suffrage thought on a subject of so great interest. The Prince, therefore, wrote to the apostolic nuncio, the Pope's representative in Paris: "The temporal sovereignty of the venerable Chief of the Church is intimately bound up with the *éclat* of Catholicism, as well as with the liberty and independence of Italy."' This was in 1849; but just ten years later, 'the war of Italy suddenly excited fears, and the Emperor,' says the Bishop, 'hastened to re-assure us, and made the following declaration: "We are not going into Italy to foment disorder, nor to dispossess sovereigns, nor to weaken the power of the holy Father whom we replaced upon his throne."' And again: 'The end of this war is to restore Italy to herself, and not to make her change masters.' And yet again, after the war, a third time to reassure the conscience of alarmed Catholics, the Emperor, on the opening of the Legislature, repeated this declaration. 'Facts speak loudly of themselves. Eleven years ago, I upheld at Rome the power of St. Peter, and the past ought to be a guarantee for the future.' Soon after this, the Minister of Worship issued a circular letter, 'to enlighten the clergy on the consequences of a struggle then become inevitable,' asking their prayers, and appealing to their sympathies. In this circular, dated May 4th, 1859, the following passages occur:—'It is the will of the Emperor to set on solid foundations public

order, and respect for Sovereignties in the Italian States.'—'The Emperor has considered the matter before God, and his well known wisdom, energy, and honesty, will not fail, either towards religion or the country.' 'The Prince who gave religion such evidences of deference and attachment that he restored St. Peter to the Vatican, *wills* that the Supreme Head of the Church be respected *in all his rights of temporal sovereignty*.'—'Such are the sentiments of His Majesty, so often manifested in acts, and confirmed in the noble manifesto addressed to the nation. That should cause to arise in the heart of the French clergy as strong a sense of security as of gratitude.'

Again and again, if we may trust the professedly literal quotations of the Bishop of Orleans, did the Emperor protest with his own lips, or by his ministers, an unreserved adherence to the cause of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. It suited his policy to make those professions; but whatever may be said of his *loyauté*, it is clear that he has seen reason to change his course, and there can be no doubt that he has changed it in deference to the unanimity of Italy in a determination to make Rome eventually the capital of their country, and leave the Pope to accept their acknowledgment of his dignity as the Spiritual Head on earth of the Church to which the majority of Italians profess to belong, or to quit Rome without getting even that. His departure cannot now be long delayed, inasmuch as the French Emperor and the King of Italy signed an agreement on the 15th of September last, that the French troops should be withdrawn from Rome not later than two years from that date, and that the Papacy should then be left to the protection of Italy; but that the French should not interfere again on the Pope's behalf, if at any time Rome did not choose to continue under his temporal dominion. There was for some time reason to suppose that the French protection would be withdrawn at an earlier date than September 15th, 1866; France being provoked to impatience by the publication of the Encyclical of the 8th of December, 1864; but at the present moment the Court of Rome find it expedient to placate their Imperial patron with humble words, and Napoleon, for his part, seems quite willing to allow them the full term of respite.

Translations of the Encylical made the public familiar with the document, almost as soon as it came into the hands of the Bishops; but the 'Syllabus' appended to it, consisting of eighty articles, is less known, though of greater value, inasmuch as its articles definitively declare what the Church of Rome condemns, and cannot possibly be taken as the words of

Pio Nono alone. It would be idle to conjecture what motive or impulse impelled the Pope to so unseasonable a publication. Here it is, a compendium of all that the compilers think opposed to the interests of their Church and State; a solemn challenge to the civilized world to choose between the opposite principles which are herein so clearly and so rigidly defined. There are *ten* sections; *three* relating to Religion, and *seven* to Politics, Morals, and Church Government. The Syllabus embraces 'the principal errors of our time, which are noticed in Consistorial Allocutions, in Encyclicals, and in other Apostolic Letters of our most holy Lord, Pope Pius IX.'

The *first* Section condemns 'Absolute Pantheism, Naturalism, and Rationalism,' which, no doubt, have been well studied by the Censors, and far more successfully propagated on the Continent, and especially in Italy, Spain, and France, than in England. They are abominable, and we can cordially join the Pope in expressing the abhorrence which they excite in every reasonable and Christian mind; not, however, without a slight pause at the fifth Article, which attributes to the Infidels the proposition, that 'Divine Revelation is imperfect, and therefore subject to that continual and indefinite progress which must answer to the progression of human reason.' Do not certain theologians attribute to tradition or to the Church a function of supplying the alleged incompleteness of the Bible? The two parties, it is granted, are very dissimilar; yet, on this point, they approach one another pretty closely.

Section *second* descends to 'Moderate Rationalism;' and here again we are at one with the Pope, only that we do not agree with him in condemning the persuasion, that 'the decrees of the Apostolic See, and of the Roman Congregations, hinder the free advance of Science.' Truly they are meant to hinder; but if the assertion that they *do* hinder is to be noted as an error *nostræ ætatis*, again we agree with the Pope; for those decrees most assuredly do *not* hinder the progress of Science, which advances in spite of them.

The tenth Article of this Section exhibits as an error the doctrine, that 'as the Philosopher is one thing and Philosophy another, the Philosopher's right and duty is to submit to the authority which he himself approves as true; but Philosophy neither can nor ought to submit to any authority.' The same thing has been said before. Aristotle is great, but truth is greater. And as for authority, the one perfect philosophy and the one unchanging truth are the authority to which conscience and reason implicitly submit; and we fearlessly accept the sentence, come whence it may, believing confidently that no

philosophy will ever stand, that is not accordant with Holy Scripture; or, to speak more correctly, that that which is contrary to Divine revelation is not truly called philosophy.

The Section on 'Indifferentism and Latitudinarianism' is not of sufficient importance to be noticed here.' The fourth Section, notwithstanding its extreme brevity, merits just a glance; for it confirms the previous condemnations of 'Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, and Bible and Clerico-liberal Societies,' which are unjustly classed together.

With the *fifth* Section the writer plunges into conflict with all that distinguishes the society of these times from the society of the dark ages. Most of the alleged errors have for ages been regarded in this country as established truths. The entire Section reads thus:—

ERRORS CONCERNING THE CHURCH AND ITS RIGHTS.

'XIX. The Church is not a true and perfect Society altogether free, nor does it enjoy peculiar and permanent rights, conferred on it by its Divine Founder; but it belongs to the civil power to define what are the rights of the Church, and within what limits the Church can exercise those rights.

'XX. The Ecclesiastical power ought not to exercise its authority without the permission and consent of the civil government.

'XXI. The Church has not the power to define, dogmatically, that the religion of the Catholic Church is the only true religion.

'XXII. The obligation by which, only, Catholic teachers (*magistri*) and writers are bound, is limited to those things only which are laid down by the infallible judgment of the Church as doctrines of the faith worthy to be believed by all.

'XXIII. The Sovereign Pontiffs and ecumenical Councils have gone beyond the limits of their power, have usurped the rights of Princes, and have also erred in their definitions concerning faith and manners.

'XXIV. The Church has no lawful right (*potestatem*) to employ force, nor any temporal power, direct or indirect.

'XXV. Besides the power inherent in the episcopate, there is another temporal power conferred on bishops by the civil authority, either expressly or tacitly conceded, and which may therefore be resumed at pleasure by that authority.

'XXVI. The Church has no natural and legitimate right of acquiring and possessing property.

'XXVII. The Sacred Ministers of the Church and the Roman Pontiff ought to be excluded from all care and control of temporal affairs.

'XXVIII. It is not lawful for the Bishops to promulgate even Apostolic Letters without permission of the Government.

'XXIX. Favours granted by the Roman Pontiff ought to be regarded as void unless they have been asked for by the Government.

'XXX. The immunity of the Church and of ecclesiastical persons derives its origin from civil law.

'XXXI. The ecclesiastical court for temporal, civil, or criminal causes of the clergy is to be abolished, without consulting the Apostolic See, or heeding any remonstrance thence.

'XXXII. Without any violation of natural right and equity, the personal immunity whereby clergymen are exempted from the burden of serving in the army, may be abolished. Civil progress demands this abrogation, especially in a community constituted on the model of a liberal Government.

'XXXIII. It does not belong by any peculiar and natural right to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, only, to direct instruction in subjects relating to theology.

'XXXIV. The doctrine of those who compare the Roman Pontiff to a free Prince, exercising his power in the universal Church, is a doctrine which prevailed in the Middle Age.

'XXXV. Nothing hinders that by the sentence of any General Council, or by the act of the people in general, the Supreme Pontificate should be transferred from the Bishop and city of Rome, to another Bishop and another city.

'XXXVI. The decision of a National Council admits no further discussion, and the civil administration can confine the matter within these bounds.

'XXXVII. Separate National Churches may be established, and quite withdrawn from the authority of the Roman Pontiff.

'XXXVIII. The excessive pretensions of the Roman Pontiffs have contributed to the division of the Church into eastern and western.'

The majority of Englishmen might hesitate to adopt, in practice, one or two of these opinions. It may be difficult, for example, to arrive at the conclusion that a Church has no natural and legitimate right to acquire and possess property; yet the British legislature watches very jealously every attempt to set aside the law of mortmain, remembering that, while it may be granted that every Church has such a right, in common with other bodies, it cannot be denied, that, not only in England, but in every State in Europe, the right has been disastrously abused, and that, therefore, the confiscation of Church property is sure to take place on every occasion of civil revolution or of religious reformation. While, therefore, the opinion condemned by the Pope (Art. xxvi.) may be false in theory, it is very sound in practice. The Church may have a natural right to accumulate wealth; but if the accumulation is effected by dishonest means, or if it be found injuriously excessive, or if the Church becomes a *manus mortua*, incapable of making a right use of property, it is evident that something has arisen to hinder the salutary exercise of a right which might obtain in some more perfect state of society, but

would be injurious now. On the other hand, it may seem very fitting, while so many bishops, priests, and monks choose to fight for their Church, while history abounds in examples of military popes, cardinals, and other dignitaries, and while so many unemployed ecclesiastics would be much benefitted by active employment in the army on grave emergencies, that such persons, when wanted, should be sent into the ranks: at the same time, no such reasons for the impressment of the clergy exist in England. With this trifling reservation, we should have no difficulty in subscribing to the section we have now translated, as not erroneous, but, on the contrary, full of truth. The articles in question contain the very essence of our Reformation laws; and it is pleasant to observe how the principles of those, after the testing and fruits of more than four centuries, have spread over Europe broad-cast, and, sown in every land, have sprung up every where to provoke the comminations of a successor of that Pius whose extravagance aroused the first great revolt against the Papacy. Even *this* Pius now presents them in summary to the attention of young Italy at the very moment when the Italian legislature most needs and most desires that people should know from what source the wealth and happiness of England have been derived. Marvellous, indeed, that the last occupant, perhaps, of the Papal throne, in the centre of his ancient State, should himself republish this most lucid compendium of the constitutional doctrines which have armed the awakened intellect of Italy against the dogma of the Pope's temporal dominion. But to proceed with the Syllabus.

The *sixth* section exhibits what are called 'the errors of civil society, considered in themselves and in their relations to the Church.' Without the least exaggeration, and, we must also observe, without the least unfairness, this section repeats and publishes demands which are heard in every 'Catholic country' when in a state of revolution, and enumerates the measures which are almost universally taken to cast off the Papal yoke. Without a word of comment, we literally translate the articles:—

'XXXIX. The State, being the source and fountain of all rights, enjoys its own right, not circumscribed within any limits.

'XL. The doctrine of the Catholic Church is inimical to the welfare and comfort of human society.

'XLI. The civil power, even when exercised by an infidel prince, possesses an indirect power, negative in religious matters. Therefore it is competent to exercise not only the right of *exequatur*, as they call it, but also of what is called *d'appel comme d'abus*.

'XLII. In case of legal conflict between the two powers, the civil right prevails.

'XLIII. The lay power has authority to rescind, to declare and make void solemn conventions (*concordats*) concluded with the Apostolic See, relative to the use of rights pertaining to ecclesiastical immunity, without the consent of that see, and contrary to its remonstrances.

'XLIV. The civil authority can interfere in matters pertaining to religion, morals, and the direction of souls. Hence it can judge of the instructions which the pastors of the Church publish, in the course of their duty, for the guidance of consciences, and it can even decide concerning the administration of sacraments and the dispositions necessary for receiving them.

'XLV. All the direction of public schools in which the youth of a Christian State are brought up, episcopal seminaries only being in some sort excepted, can and ought to be intrusted to the civil authority, and so fully intrusted to that authority, that the right of no other to interfere in the discipline of schools, in the direction of studies, in the conferring of degrees, in the choice and approbation of masters, be acknowledged.

'XLVI. Moreover, even in the seminaries of the clergy, the method of studies which has to be observed, is to be laid before the civil authority.

'XLVII. In order to insure the welfare of civil society, it is requisite that public schools which are open to the children of all classes of the population, and public institutions, in general, which are intended for superior instruction and the higher education of youth, should be exempted from all ecclesiastical authority, all directive influence and interference, and that they be placed entirely under the direction of the civil and political authority, in accordance with the pleasure of those who are in command, and the opinions prevailing at the time.

'XLVIII. Catholics may give their preference to a method of education for their children which has no connexion with the Catholic faith, or the power of the Church, and in which is only or chiefly contemplated natural science, and studies relating to the affairs of common life.

'XLIX. The civil authority can prevent both bishops and laymen from holding free and mutual correspondence with the Roman Pontiff.

'L. The lay authority has in itself the power to present bishops; and can require them to enter on the administration of their dioceses before receiving canonical appointment and apostolic letters from the Holy See.

'LI. Furthermore, the lay government has the right of deposing bishops from their pastoral ministry, and is not obliged to obey the Roman Pontiff in matters which relate to bishoprics and bishops.

'LII. Government can, by its own authority, change the age

prescribed for admission to religious profession, both by males and females, and can prevent all religious bodies from receiving any one to solemn vows without its permission.

'LIII. The laws which protect the existence of religious communities, their rights and functions, ought to be abolished. The civil government, too, can afford help to all those who desire to break through the solemn vows which they have taken, and depart from the religious state of life. In like manner, also, it can utterly extinguish these religious communities, collegiate churches, simple benefices, and rights of patronage, and take possession of their property, and commit it to the administration of the civil power.

'LIV. Kings and princes are not only exempt from the jurisdiction of the Church, but, when reasons arise for restraining ecclesiastical jurisdiction, they are superior to the Church.

'LV. The Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church.'

The supremacy of the law, and the consequent independence of the legislature and government of a free country, being the fundamental principle of our own Constitution, which no one ventures to dispute, every Englishman who peruses this exposition of that principle must be gratified that it is now so clearly submitted to the consideration of governments which have not yet had the wisdom to adopt it for their own.

The next section of 'Errors' condemns a set of outrageous violations of 'natural and Christian morality.' Of course they are all to be condemned. After these follow a collection of opinions concerning civil marriage, the sacrament of marriage, and the celibacy of priests. The *ninth* section is more important; it contains the two following articles on 'the civil principate of the Roman Pontiff:'—

'LXXV. Members of the Christian and Catholic Church disagree concerning the compatibility of the temporal kingdom with the spiritual.

'LXXVI. The abrogation of the civil sovereignty which the Apostolic See enjoys would very much conduce to the freedom and happiness of the Church.'

A territory in the centre of Italy, measuring more than three hundred miles from north to south, and above one hundred miles from sea to sea, with the petty States of Benevento and Pontecorvo, and many obscure possessions in Africa and the East, under the direct temporal sovereignty of the Popes, was once a source of real power, investing with the splendour of a real royalty the spiritual chief to whom hundreds of millions of the subjects of other sovereigns rendered an obedience nothing short of worship, and whose voluntary offerings and dues constituted a tribute in amount far greater

than the revenue of his own Italian kingdom. The dread of excommunications and interdicts held down in external submission both kings and subjects, whose discontent with Papal pretensions neither religion nor superstition would otherwise have kept in silence; and the worldly power and world-wide interests of their spiritual master were so vast that if one country revolted from his yoke, enemies were raised up in other countries to punish the refractory, and, in any case, the enmity of a Pope was equivalent to the desertion of allies and the multiplication of enemies and traitors in all directions. Afterwards, the gentler and more refined policy of later times answered pretty much the same end. When this resource decayed, and the daring revolutionists of the latter part of the eighteenth century, by their impiety and atrocities, gave the Popes and the priesthood occasion of just complaint; even Protestant governments rallied around them with a natural pity which soon ripened into sympathy, and even grew into respect. But those times are quite gone by, and, by a moral revolution, more decisive than any external change which nations ever saw, the whole mind of civilised Europe turns against the Papacy, and every characteristic of modern opinion, every aspiration of the society of the last generation, is directed towards new objects of attachment. Having lost his possessions one by one, the impoverished sovereign of Rome, shorn of nearly all his power, and divested of nearly all his honour, in the sight of nations which, half a century ago, would have fallen down to worship him, now querulously counts amongst the errors of the present age the doctrine that the religion which the majority of their inhabitants still profess to hold would flourish better if their spiritual chief were not a temporal prince at all. Rome, they naturally think, should be the capital of Italy, not the centre of the Popedom. The Pope, they think, ought to be contented with his spiritual dignity, and dwell in apostolic simplicity in any place convenient, even as Pius VII., when prisoner of Napoleon I., dwelt at Avignon, and as several other Popes or Antipopes had dwelt there before him. Pius IX., with no plea of active persecution in France to procure him sympathy, accused of double dealing with the subjects who first gave him welcome, with the recollections of the fiery vengeance which he brought down upon the Rome he had thought proper to desert still clinging to him, and able to produce no other fruits of Papal administration in his former dominions than poverty, desolation, and corruption, has now called in vain for succour even from his own 'children.' He cannot reasonably expect that, in *his* day, a second offering of

Peter's pence will be collected to replenish his empty treasury. He called for armed intervention on his behalf; but that intervention did not prove more helpful than it usually is to disabled potentates. He has had, indeed, an ecumenical gathering of bishops; he has canonised Japanese martyrs; he has celebrated one Jubilee, and has appointed,—but far too early,—a repetition of the same to be held this very year; but no expedient can call up from the dead a lost enthusiasm. Not great-souled enough to loathe the haughty protection to which he has been so long subjected by the French in Rome, he still craves the same protection, and resents as a wrong the withdrawal of the very tutelage which exposes him to derision. Not instructed by the experience of a more than doubtful friendship, after seeing his Imperial protector bring fresh legions to fight for his excommunicated rival, and enable him to march in triumph all over Italy,—Venice for the present, and Rome, *for the present only*, excepted,—he persists in craving armed intervention to save him from extinction, and, in the syllabus we have in circulation, actually counts the prevailing policy of Europe among the errors of the times. Here is the article, inscribed by his own hands amongst other sentences of political wisdom, which he brands as heresy, and stamps with his anathema for their more sure acceptance.

'LXII. Proclamandum est et observandum principium quod vocant de *non-interventu*.'

To be proclaimed and to be observed! Pius himself proclaims that this principle of non-intervention is adopted by his victorious enemies; and even Austria, whose forces have so long been at the service of Rome, now learns by the signal example of Great Britain,—learns, too, by the later example of France, and by the attitude of those combined forces which would consider any movement of his upon Italy as the signal for his ruin,—that in spite of the solemn denunciation of the most holy Pontiff, this principle of non-intervention 'is to be observed.' Surely the Pope's denunciation of this principle, which every lover of peace hails with almost perfect unanimity, can have been no more than a wailing of despair. Assuredly the armies of Europe will not be increased for the sake of fighting in the Pope's quarrel.

But there are still to be noted a few golden sentences in this Encyclical, and we present them entire.

'*Errors which belong to modern Liberalism.*

'LXXVII. In this our age it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion should be regarded as the only religion of the State, and all other forms of worship excluded.

'LXXIX. For it is false that the civil liberty of any form of worship, and also full power left to all for expressing openly and publicly whatsoever opinions and thoughts they may entertain, tends to corrupt the morals and the spirit of the people, and to propagate the pestilence of indifferentism.

'LXXX. The Roman Pontiff both can and ought to reconcile himself and come to an accord with liberalism and with modern civilisation.'

This last, however, is too much to be expected. Whatever he *ought* to do, he cannot do this, not even if, instead of liberalism, we should say liberality. He, like all others, should have perfect liberty to enjoy his own religion, and ought to have abstained long ago from attempting to coerce others. How far such coercion may be henceforth possible, time will show; but perhaps persecution may linger yet a little longer in one or two countries, where the priesthood still predominates; and if persecution ceases, the fault will not be with the court of Rome, whose head thus declares his wishes in the Encyclical:—

'Therefore, amidst such a great diversity of depraved opinions, we, mindful of our apostolic office, and extremely solicitous for sound doctrine, and for the salvation of souls divinely committed to us, and for the welfare of mankind, have thought it right to lift up again our apostolic voice. Therefore, by our apostolic authority, we reprobate, proscribe, and condemn, all and every the depraved opinions and doctrines severally mentioned in these letters, and will and command that they be regarded by all children of the Catholic Church as altogether reprobate, proscribed, and condemned.'

Take, then, the contrary to the majority of these eighty articles, and you have, if not the faith, at least the spirit and the policy, which Pio Nono and his Venerable Brethren of the Sacred College hold to be apostolical, though it be subversive of all good order, and offensive to all good governments. To France the Articles are specially distasteful. The Gallican liberties are not obsolete, as they seemed to be a few years ago; they are in full force. The Concordat of Pius VII. with Napoleon Buonaparte has not been cancelled. This Concordat is printed for general information in the *Recueil* before us. Appended to the Concordat are the Organic Articles, which are to it what the Syllabus of Errors is to the Encyclical, namely, an exposition of its purport. Against those Articles Pius VII. repeatedly remonstrated, declaring that they went further in the direction of national independence than the Concordat itself, which had been wrung from him by the grasp of Napoleon I. Cardinal Caprera, in his

reclamation addressed to Talleyrand as minister of France, assumed the highest style of ecclesiastical pretension; and this reclamation, also, appears in the same valuable collection, and is worthy of notice now, not as having any legal force, but as an historical evidence of the dissatisfaction of the court of Rome with the concessions made. The Articles in question, it is true, relate to details of government not mentioned either in the Concordat or in the Bull of Confirmation, but necessarily involved in the fundamental principle of those Acts; Napoleon, on his part, restoring the Churches which had all been confiscated, admitting to their functions the bishops and priests who had been all deposed, and declaring that the religion of the majority of Frenchmen was 'the Catholic religion' which had been proscribed. The Pope, on his part, reluctantly allowed the bishops, before entering on their duties, to take an oath of allegiance to the First Consul, almost word for word the same as the oath of fidelity which every Bishop renders to the Supreme Pontiff, in the words following:—'I swear and promise on the Holy Gospels of God obedience and fidelity to the government established by the French republic. I further promise that I will hold no communication, take part in no council, nor maintain any suspicious relations, either at home or abroad, (*nullamque suspectam unionem neque intra neque extra conservaturum,*) which may be injurious to public tranquillity; and if I know that anything, either in my diocese or elsewhere, is going on to the damage of the State, I will make it known to the government.'

The bishops being sworn to obey, the government proceeded to make known their commands; and the First Title of the Organic Articles, published in France, together with the Concordat, contained these Regulations:—'1. No bull, brief, rescript, decree, mandate, preferment, signature serving for preferment, nor any other despatches from the court of Rome, not even though they only relate to individuals, shall be received, published, printed, nor otherwise put into execution, without the authorization of the government.' '6. Recourse shall be had to a Council of State *in every case of abuse* on part of superiors or other ecclesiastical persons. Cases of abuse are: Usurpation or excess of power, contravention of the laws and regulations of the republic, infraction of rules consecrated by the canons received in France, any attack on the liberties, franchises, and customs of the Gallican Church, and every undertaking or proceeding which, in the exercise of worship, may compromise the honour of citizens, arbitrarily trouble

their conscience, degenerate into oppression against them, or tend to public injury or scandal.'

Now, not only are the fifth and sixth Sections of the Syllabus, which we have given above, an elaborate contradiction of the Concordat with France, and the Bull of Confirmation, but one of the Articles, referring specially to the Regulations last quoted, is no less than a defiance; for in it the Pope marks as an error to be renounced, that 'not only the right of *exequatur*,' which every government is compelled in self-defence to exercise, 'but also the right *d'appel comme d'abus*,' is possessed by the civil power. The citation of the French phrase untranslated, in the body of the Latin text of the Syllabus, is meant to tell France that the ruler of France is the object of denunciation.

It may be pleaded for Pio Nono, that he wrote under excessive provocation. 'Had not Victor Emmanuel been excommunicated for several years? Is he not still a heathen, and contumacious? And did not Louis Napoleon eat and drink with him, and contract affiance, and make a treaty or convention with him, contrary to the honour of the Apostolic See?' Yes. It is so. But if kings and nations may not manage their own affairs, and if their alliances and treaties require the exequatur of a Pope, and if the world may not move but at the pleasure of a Pope, then the Pope's interferences naturally become wearisome to humanity, and the brute thunders at length drop harmless. The Emperor of France thinks himself at liberty to cultivate friendly relations with the King of Italy, or with the Queen of England; and he is welcomed by these potentates, whether he be under the Papal blessing or the Papal curse. And the Encyclical would have been received in silence, if its intrinsic insignificance only had been thought of. What gave it weight was that it was a solemn defiance from the Vatican of all sovereignties and of all civil authority in every State on earth; and so there arose an utterance of general indignation, which could not be repressed.

The French Emperor, to mark his disapprobation of certain bishops, who, without permission, published the Encyclical in France, has caused their *abus* to be brought before a Council of State; and two or three disobedient prelates are censured accordingly. No harm is done, and the court of Rome is taught that Louis Napoleon understands their meaning and his own duty.

The King of Italy allows the official publication by his bishops of a paper which he treats as if it were not worth the trouble of a prohibition. He merely declares the portions of it which

clash with his rights to be of no force, as indeed they could not be.

'Catholic Spain' does prohibit the publication of the Encyclical; only certain zealous bishops, understanding perhaps how little force law has in that country, have ventured to publish it in spite of the government. Undoubtedly, the people of Spain will be much enlightened by seeing the acts and the principles of their own constitutional governments within the present century, and of their own best sovereigns in ages past, brought out again into public notice under the fierce light of a Roman fulmination.

Europe at large may be thankful to receive from such a quarter so brief and clear a compendium of Errors, which it accepts, in so great a multitude of cases, as social and political truths of the highest value in relation to civil and religious liberty.

Whether this desperate confession of the Pontiff's false position may lead to any perceptible effect in regard to the Pope himself, or his successor, we are not careful to conjecture. The obvious probabilities are acknowledged by the bishop of Orleans; namely, that the Pope will be driven from his capital, and that the King of Piedmont, as he calls him, having moved from Turin to Florence, will take a second step from Florence to Rome. Subsequent correspondence makes it likely that this issue will be deferred until the expiration of the term of two years, if nothing should occur to induce the Emperor to withdraw his troops earlier. Whether or not the *Sursum corda*, which Mgr. Dupanloup tries to sing, will be heard in the next generation,—whether the Papacy retains enough inherent vigour to recover from the present reverse, as it has recovered from others in times past,—this is a question for posterity to answer; but we do not see how the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs can recover the shock now given it by the misguided hand of one of the weakest of their number.

ART. V.—*Contributions to Punch, and other Works.* By JOHN LEECH.

THE caricaturists of England, both past and present, form a band of whose skill and power we may well be proud. No other country can offer so brilliant a muster-roll of names in this special branch of art. Even France, our more than successful rival in many things, and the natural home of every pictured,

written, or spoken jest, lags behind us here. From the days of Hogarth we have not wanted able men to hold the mirror to the ridiculous side of nature, and raise a laugh against our vices, our follies, and even our opinions. Divers have been the ends contemplated by our artists of this class; and multifarious the means they have employed. Hogarth, like the sturdy, honest-hearted Briton that he was, hated wickedness cordially, and lashed it without rest or remorse. Mere folly he disdained as too harmless for his satire; and thus, with all his rich native humour, he was rather a moralist on copper and canvas than a simple caricaturist. Rowlandson, on the contrary, showed a lurking love for the sins at which he jested. He dealt with filth,

> 'Till almost thence his nature was subdued
> To what it worked in, like the dyer's hand.'

Living in a world of his own, the characteristics of which were obesity, drunkenness, and immodesty, he does not appear to have been made unhappy by his circumstances, but rather on the whole to have enjoyed them. His contemporary and fellow workman, Gillray, was a more exclusively political caricaturist, and showered his satire pretty evenly upon the leading statesmen of his time; his special bugbear being the French Revolution. And really, considering how horrible its excesses were, he may be excused for having seen in it nothing but evil. Like Rowlandson's, his manner was coarse, exaggerated, and unnatural. It was, therefore, destined to fall before a purer taste; and, we need scarcely say, has long since been abandoned. The change, however, came but gradually, and the connecting link between the old and new style is to be found in the works of George Cruikshank. This veteran artist's public career dates from a time when most men of the present generation were unborn; and long may he still continue to live among us, the honoured representative of a bygone age! To the modern eye, accustomed to the drawings of the men we have yet to name, his pictures lack grace and beauty, and the risible points seem forced. But in the grimly supernatural his power is unrivalled; and his illustrations of childhood's fairyland show that the charge of his being absolutely devoid of the sense of beauty is unfounded. In later years he has relinquished the comedy, and taken to the tragedy of his art,—directing all his shafts against that vice which is the special scourge of England. A terrible energy breathes in his Temperance Cartoons,—and they are horribly real. A very different man is H. B., the father of

that style of political caricature which has since been carried to such great perfection in *Punch*,—just as he is, in a more matter-of-fact sense, the father of one of the most gifted contributors to that periodical. He has, however, suffered the fate of many originators and inventors, and seen others carry his methods to a degree of perfection which he himself did never attain. There is something stiff in his figures. They want ease and the power of natural and expressive action. The joke, moreover, is generally too recondite. Nevertheless, as the inaugurator of a class of humorous pictures in which wit, and not grotesqueness, was relied upon to excite a laugh, his mysterious cognomen will long be remembered with honour. His immediate successors are the three men whose labours have shed so bright an artistic lustre on the pages of *Punch*, and contributed in no mean degree to the popularity of that periodical. We refer of course to John Leech, of whom more anon; to Richard Doyle, the designer of subtle and delicate fancy, whose satires of high life may worthily stand beside those of Thackeray himself; and to John Tenniel, the poet of caricature, who now, with the stinging precision of an Esquimaux, hurls the quivering lash of his sarcasm, now soars into sublimity, and embodies in one cartoon Old England's thought, and Old England's attitude, as it has certainly never been embodied before.

Among all these, John Leech, the genial, generous artist, who has just been taken from us, held in many respects the highest place. This is a proposition to which we shall probably have occasion to revert. But before we attempt to make an analysis of his powers, or to criticise his works, it will perhaps be better to give such facts of his life as have hitherto been made public property.

John Leech was born in one of the southern suburbs of London on the 29th of August, 1817, and was educated at the Charterhouse with another boy, somewhat his senior, whose fond reminiscences were destined to shed a new lustre upon the old school. Whether the friendship which afterwards existed between Thackeray and Leech, and which was only cut short by the death of the former, began when they were lads together, we do not know. On leaving this dusky, smoke-shrouded, place of learning, for which Leech always retained a strong attachment, the future caricaturist began to study medicine. Seldom, even in that profession, so prolific of eccentricities, can a man have done so under more extraordinary auspices. The general practitioner to whom he was apprenticed—and whose name, though others have been less reticent, we forbear to

publish—was a gentleman of peculiar, not to say of unprofessional habits. Rabbit-rearing was his pride: guinea-pigs and poultry were his delight; his windows were garnished with bird-cages; cocks and hens made music in his areas; ferrets nestled about his rooms. We have a touching picture of him sitting on fine afternoons, with a pipe in his mouth and a glass of grog at his side, on his own roof, which had been converted into an enormous pigeon-trap, and snaring his neighbours' birds. In addition to these avocations, he was an enthusiastic admirer of his own thews and sinews; and much of his time was devoted to their development. Such, as described by Albert Smith in the *Adventures of Mr. Ledbury*, was the professor of the healing art, under whom young Leech made his first steps in life. And considering how congenial to a nature so mirthful and observant must have been this utter strangeness and disregard of conventionality, there can be little doubt that he found his master's company pleasant enough. But even pleasant things must come to an end. Our friend's patients, we are told, had never been numerous. They consisted chiefly of the neighbouring baker, butcher, tobacconist, publican, &c., who employed him in his medical capacity as the best means of working out their little accounts. This, however, did not suffice to constitute a successful practice; and public exhibitions of athletic skill, however calculated to insure a certain kind of popularity, were not the best foundation for a professional reputation. Even rabbit-fancying is at the best an insecure source of income. The strange doctor determined to throw his energies into a different sphere. He paid his addresses to the widowed landlady of an adjacent public-house, and was accepted. He turned tapster; and many were the 'cups' of something stronger than 'kindness,' which his old pupils consumed at his bar for 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Passing from the tutelage of this versatile master, young Leech's indentures were transferred to a more regular practitioner; and for some time he walked the hospitals pretty assiduously. Meanwhile, his talent for caricature had begun to show itself by unmistakable signs. He was for ever jotting down the faces of his fellow-students at medical lectures, and drawing humorous pictures of any thing that struck his fancy. These sketches, as he soon discovered, possessed a money value; and the production of them was an employment so much more congenial to his tastes than studying physic, that he gradually abandoned all thought of earning a living by medicine. But, even with his abilities, it was by no means easy work to live by drawing. 'Literature is a good crutch, but a bad leg,' was,

if we remember right, one of the favourite sayings of Sir Walter Scott; and the maxim holds good as regards caricaturing. Leech must have often known hard times in these early years, before his fame had had opportunity to grow and wax great. But he was young, probably like most artists something of a Bohemian, and full of good spirits; and the sorrows of an empty pocket seem to have weighed lightly on him. He worked pretty hard too; and that is always an antidote to melancholy. It was at the age of eighteen that he published his first work, *Etchings and Sketchings, by A. Pen, Esq.*, a collection of characteristic drawings. Then he applied his ready pencil to political caricaturing, illustrated a comic Latin Grammar, worked for *Bell's Life in London*, which was in those days a gaily ornamented periodical, and, in short, drew any thing that would raise a laugh and fill his purse. His first decided hit was a burlesque of the Mulready Envelope, so well known in stamp-collecting circles. The design on the Envelope—we mean the original—was pretty enough; but in its elaborate unsuitableness to the required purpose there was a splendid opening for a parody, and of this opening Leech availed himself. He dealt a death-blow to what, in truth, had never any chance of life. Still the blow was a dexterous one, and the public rewarded the striker's skill by learning his name,—a name which they have not since forgotten. It was during these years of early struggle that he called on Mr. Dickens, whose *Pickwick Papers* were taking the world by storm, and offered to fill the place of illustrator, left vacant by the death of Mr. Seymour. This was not to be. Unfortunately for the merry novelist, the task was confided to Mr. Hablot K. Browne; and we mean no disrespect to that gentleman when we say, that, in our opinion, he has not fulfilled it as John Leech would have done.

It was after this unsettled and uncertain sort—doing here a job and there a job, but nothing regularly—that the young artist was pursuing his career, when on the 17th of July, 1841, appeared the first number of *Punch*. We have often thought that few more interesting pages could be written, than the secret history of some of our leading periodicals. The materials for such a history are of course wanting; for most papers and reviews naturally take care that the public shall see as little as possible of their internal economy. It is only when some unfortunate dispute arises, that outsiders get a glimpse of the workings of the machine. *'Point de culte sans mystère,'* says the French proverb; and editors for the most part understand, that, shorn of its mystery, the editorial we would be deprived

of more than half its power. But if for instance to put what is probably an impossible case—we could be supplied with a true account of the influences that have controlled the conduct and moulded the shifting policy of the *Times* newspaper, since its formation; if we could know the real why and wherefore of the sides it has taken in great national questions; if we could read the past secrets of Printing House Square as a thoughtful man reads the secrets of his own past life; there can be no doubt, that such a history would be little inferior in interest to the non-existent detailed Minutes of the Privy Council itself. In the case of *Punch*, the interest would be of a different kind; but it would not be less real. 'Our facetious contemporary,' as he is sometimes called, has no political opinions. He saves himself the trouble,—and it really is a trouble,—by adopting those of the *Times* ready made. It would, therefore, not be of much use to know how editorial debates had run on such subjects. They are too serious for so gay a tribunal. But what would be pleasant in the highest degree, would be to possess the table-talk of the merry band who meet in conclave week after week, to discuss the comic affairs of the world. Speaking of these meetings, one of those who should know them best * has said :—

'Without unduly intruding details of business arrangements which can have no interest for general readers, I may say that John Leech was a faithful attendant at the weekly council dinner, at which were discussed the topics to be treated in *Punch*. This memorial would be incomplete without a reference to such meetings. These he thoroughly enjoyed; and his suggestions, not merely as to pictorial matters, but generally, were among the most valuable that were offered, as may be inferred from his large knowledge of the world, his keen sense of the ludicrous, and his hatred of injustice or cruelty. Were it fitting to do so, I could recall much of his conversation at our board, and could instance many cases where his happy instinct solved a troublous problem or added new force to the projectile that was being forged. But I desire only to add that even at this meeting, where a number of men of independent opinions, and united, on these occasions at least, chiefly in a representative sense, use some plainness of speech, John Leech was never provoked into angry discussion, and I am certain that no word dropped by him ever rankled in the mind of a colleague. This is something to say when speaking of more than twenty years of our little parliament.'

Our extract throws a kindly and gentle light on one of the

* Mr. Shirley Brooks, in a beautiful notice of Leech, written for the *Illustrated London News*. See the number of that periodical for the 19th of November, 1864.

points in Leech's character. But that was not the only, or even the most immediate, object of our quotation. We wished, by the unconscious testimony of one of the active managers of *Punch*, to convey a notion of what a secret history of that periodical would be. 'Unduly intruding details of business arrangements which can have no interest for general readers,' indeed! This really won't do. We can understand that motives of delicacy should keep Mr. Brooks silent. He is quite right not to speak. But the reason he gives for his reticence is amusing, considering who have been, and are now, members of what he aptly calls the 'little parliament.' The public would scarcely, we imagine, see cause to grumble if its proceedings were published by a short-hand reporter. Even on ordinary occasions, a conversation on the humorous aspect of the topics of the day, carried on by such men as Hood, Maginn,* Douglas Jerrold, à Becket, Thackeray, and Leech—to name but a few amongst those that are gone—must have possessed some interest. How much more, when any political, social, or religious storm was raging; when dissension sat at the council table, and Richard Doyle, from motives that were most honourable to him, abandoned a lucrative position, for which he was pre-eminently qualified; or when Thackeray, as he has himself told us,† resigned his seat in the 'little parliament,' to mark his disapproval of his colleagues' constant attacks on the Emperor of the French! No, no! *Punch* has been, and is, a brilliant and successful periodical; but we do not know that the unwritten *Punch*, which our imagination conjures up, might not prove his successful rival.

We have just alluded to Mr. Doyle's quarrel with the directors of *Punch*; and this naturally leads us to speak of what has during later years been 'our facetious contemporary's' great defect,—viz., that he will not abstain from joking on religious subjects, which are quite out of his province. The reason, as is well known, why Mr. Doyle refused to remain a contributor was, that he, as a Roman Catholic, very strongly objected to the line of criticism adopted by his colleagues at the time of the Papal aggression. Now, it is not at all likely that we shall be accused of a leaning to Romanism; and we can therefore say the more fearlessly, that we think he was quite

* Whether or not Dr. Maginn was a scoundrel, as Mr. Grantley Berkeley would have us believe, (see his 'Recollections,') there can be no doubt that he was a man of great ability.

† See in the *Quarterly Review* for December, 1854, an article on Leech that has been generally attributed to Thackeray. There can, from the style, be scarcely any doubt that he was the author.

right. The pages of a comic journal are not the place where questions that affect the supreme interests of men should be dealt with. The light treatment which alone suits such a 'platform' is unsuitable to the subject. Our most sacred feelings are not fit matter for joke. Archbishop Whately ingeniously remarks, 'that jests on sacred subjects are, when men are so disposed, the most easily produced of any; because the contrast between a dignified and a low image, exhibited in combination, (in which the whole force of the ludicrous consists,) is in this case the most striking.'* This, as he proceeds to observe, very much detracts from the merit of the wit displayed; and we cannot forbear expressing our opinion, that Mr. *Punch* materially lowers his character by *ad captandum* utterances of religious party cries. And let it not be supposed that our feeling on the point springs from the fact, that our own views are occasionally at variance with those of the sprightly little gentleman. We look at the question with unprejudiced eyes, and object quite as much to the satire levelled at the faith of Roman Catholics and High Churchmen as at our own. When in one of his many flings at the advocates for the better observance of the Lord's day, he represented the late Archbishop of Canterbury as lighting up his palace for an illumination, and pausing when he had set light to the first four letters of his title (*Cant*), we were disgusted every way. We sympathized as little as possible with the opinion advocated; and we thought the joke surpassingly poor. But when, on another occasion, the Bishop of London was represented saying to a knot of school-boy High Church clergymen, laden with ecclesiastical ornaments: 'You must not bring your playthings into church, my *little* men;' we were not mollified, either by the power of the satire, or by our dislike of ecclesiastical formalism.†

Having said this, we have made our most serious charge against Mr. *Punch's* character. Indeed, when we think how many temptations he has had to go astray, and how difficult it is to be at once merry and wise, we can but wonder, that he should have kept so generally on the right path. His career is not now a short one: during nearly a quarter of a century he has, with all his lightness of manner, wielded a very great power—the power of ridicule; and he has generally wielded it fairly. The lash of

* See Archbishop Whately's Annotations on Bacon's Essay respecting Atheism.

† In speaking thus we must not be understood to object to those caricatures which deal exclusively with the political aspect of religious questions. For instance, Leech's admirable cartoon of Lord John Russell—he was Lord John in those days—as the 'boy who chalked up *No Popery*' on Cardinal Wiseman's door, 'and then ran away,' can have offended no religious sentiment. It was a capital political skit, and nothing more.

satire has usually been laid on in the right place; the things that have been put in the pillory and pelted with contempt have for the most part been wrong or unjust; what has been laughed at has nearly always been foolish. On the other hand, he has, with a tact rare in one so fond of a joke, managed to keep singularly free of scurrility and personality; he seldom descends to vulgarity; and in his most riotous moods he never fails in respect for the hallowed ties of family and social life. This last trait in our laughter-loving friend's character is deserving of notice as distinguishing him very honourably from his foreign rivals, and especially from his French sponsor, the *Charivari*. Here the jokes are innumerable that turn on the deception of a husband by his wife, or a wife by her husband, and on the assistance given to either by the awfully precocious child. Apart from other considerations, we should have imagined that the subject might by this time have been worn threadbare; but it is not so. The variations on this too well known tune still seem to find an applauding and sympathetic audience. It is true that *Punch's* public would not suffer what the *Charivari's* public evidently like. Still, we consider it to be matter for just pride in *Punch*, that never once during his long life do we remember him to have made an impure or prurient jest, or to have exhibited a caricature which would call a blush into the cheek of the most delicate-minded woman. No, let us do the crooked little jester the justice to say, that whether his great joke be provoking a loud roar of bellowing laughter, his sarcasm raising the thin smile of contempt, his delicate humour lighting like sunshine his hearer's face, or his genial fun waking the kindly smile of sympathy, whichever it may be among his many mirthful moods, he seldom forgets that he is an English gentleman.

But it is time that we should go back a step, and endeavour to trace the history of Leech's connexion with the periodical of whose spirit he was perhaps the most perfect representative. From the very first he became a contributor. In the third number of *Punch*, for the week ending the 7th of August, 1841, appeared his earliest caricature. It is entitled, 'Foreign Affairs,' and bears both his signature and the punning sign by which for many years he continued to mark the authorship of his drawings,—a wriggling leech in a little water-bottle. This cartoon consists of portraits of some of the most notable foreigners then visible in London,—Prince Albert, Thalberg the great pianist, and the singer Lablache. There are others whom we do not recognise, though probably they were well known when the drawing was originally made; others again

are evidently typical. These last are excellent, and constitute the picture a worthy introduction even to the splendid series it inaugurates. One head especially, the largest and most central, has always struck us as reaching something very near sublimity. Probably no better representation of the type of man, half knave and half enthusiast, who has been washed upon our shores by the successive storms of foreign revolution, has ever been produced. We can see him now by walking into any of the *cafés* surrounding Leicester Square. There he sits, smoking his inevitable cigar, reading a democratic foreign paper, ruminating over his wrongs, dreaming of a good time coming, owning nothing, fearing nothing, ready and anxious for any emergency. The man who could draw that head was a genius, and success was infallibly before him. But the editors of *Punch* do not at once, so far as we can judge, seem to have perceived what a treasure they had found. The immeasurable distance which separated such a picture from the very inferior caricatures of their other artist appears to have been hid from their sight. Some hitch had occurred in cutting Leech's drawing on the wood. It had been too late for publication, and the delay had been injurious to the circulation of the infant periodical. Whether this were the cause or not we do not know, but for some months the editors appear to have looked shy upon the young artist. The wriggling leech and water-bottle ornament no other drawing in the first volume of *Punch;* and it is not till volume the second is some weeks old, that we find our friend taken into renewed favour.

To us, looking at the matter in the light of subsequent success, it seems strange that the superiority of Leech's caricaturing should not at once have been recognised. Next to him, Kenny Meadows was the cleverest draughtsman employed by *Punch*, until the time when Doyle made his wonderfully precocious entrance into public life. But what an immense distance between Kenny Meadows and Leech! How poor the forced attitudes and unnatural action of the former beside the perfect truth and ease of the latter! What a difference in the wit of the two! Still there is this to be urged in extenuation of what now appears so unaccountable, that the young artist's hand was not in those days the perfect instrument it afterwards became. Nature had done great things for him; but, as is generally found to be the case when any real success is achieved, genuine hard work did scarcely less. Nothing but incessant study of eye, brain, and hand, can explain the mingled power and fertility displayed by Leech during upwards of a quarter of a century. The latter attribute alone utterly forbids our fol-

lowing him, step by step, through the innumerable pages of *Punch* which his caricatures light like gems. Not a few pages only, but a very considerable volume, would be required to give anything like an analysis of what he himself modestly called his *pencillings*. They take us everywhere, and show us everything. Leech was not the one-sided man who knew a single phase and aspect of life, and whose skill was only so great because it had been concentrated on a solitary object. Nothing in our richly varied modern English world seems to have been too high or too low to rivet his notice. He was equally at home in the poorest Whitechapel cellar and the finest drawing-room; he knew the habits of an agricultural labourer as well as those of a respectable middle-class paterfamilias; the driver of any public vehicle, whether cab or omnibus, was his special friend. Unlike Thackeray, the horizon of whose knowledge was bounded by the limits of the fashionable world, he could represent the picturesque life of the lower classes. Unlike Dickens, whose powers seem to desert him when he tries to rise above a certain social level, he could portray a lord as well as a commoner. Gavarni, the great French caricaturist, once came over to England, and on his return endeavoured to hit off our funny characteristics for the benefit of his countrymen. The attempt, if we may trust reports, was a failure. The hand that was so skilful in dealing with the accustomed scenes of Parisian life forgot its cunning when it came to grasp new and unknown facts. With Leech it was not so. He was almost as familiar with the foreigner as with the race among whom he lived. He could paint *Mossoo* in his coat or in his *blouse*—*Mossoo* the gentleman and *Mossoo* the *ouvrier*.

But it was not merely in his delineations of men that Leech's extraordinary versatility showed itself; his animals and landscapes were equally excellent. Wherever an Englishman finds his pastime, there did the subtle draughtsman follow; there did he achieve success. In the hunting field of the midland county, among the undulating plains and the quickset hedges, he was quite at home. With a few pencil scratches, seemingly careless, but full of power, he brought before you the cold, grey sky, and the wintry yet animated scene. There were picturesque coats, the flying riding-habits, the dogs in full cry, the huntsmen hallooing, the rush of the horses, the excitement, the hurry, and the noise. You might be sure that not one of the episodes of the day would be lost upon him; that he would mark who took the highest jump, who made for the gates, what foreigner would call on his friends to take notice, as a necessary preliminary to a modest leap, 'that I leave all to ma waife.'

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Nor was the knowledge wanting that would make these hunting pictures acceptable even to professional eyes. Leech's familiarity with dogs, and still more with horses, was little inferior to that of the great Landseer himself. In horseflesh of all kinds he was a connoisseur, and knew the points of the miserable brute, 'with every bone a-stare,' that drags an overloaded cab through London quite as well as he knew those of the best hunter. But much as he evidently loved, both pictorially and actually, a day with the hounds, he was by no means averse to a deer-stalking expedition among the Highland hills. He caught the familiar aspect of the great bare mountain slopes, and of the expanses of heather, as readily as if he had been born in that land of mists and gleams. Nor did he disdain the 'gentle art' of which quaint old Isaac Walton is the patron saint. Whether it be the leaping, laughing shallows and silent pools of the trout stream, or the long, glassy reaches of the 'silver Thames,' as it winds lazily along amongst alders and willows—how perfect the picture is! Poor dear old Briggs! what a life Leech does lead him in it all! Now we see him in his delight at having landed a huge salmon, and yet, terrified lest it should still escape him, clasp the wet struggling creature in his arms and press it to his bosom. Now, in an awkward and obstinate attempt to manage a punt, he leans helplessly on the pole, while the boat slips steadily and surely from under his feet. On another occasion we witness his alarm when a pike, which he has landed with much difficulty, 'flies at him and barks like a dog.' Unhappy Briggs, he was not born to this kind of thing. He is evidently a retired merchant, a man who has made money, and settled down with his wife and rising family to enjoy the quiet remainder of a prosperous life. But who can tell what fate has in store for him? For some trifling ailment Briggs's doctor recommends 'a little horse exercise,'—and the evil is done. The man whose most adventurous excursion had till then been a trip to Ramsgate, whose greatest pedestrian feat a walk to the city, becomes addicted to all the sports for which his puffy, rotund, little person renders him unfit. He rides, and comes to numberless mishaps; he fishes, and suffers numberless immersions; he goes yachting, and is grievously sick; he shoots, and plugs up his gun barrels with shot. Mrs. Briggs, of whom her husband stands in great awe, vainly endeavours to stem the torrent. She burns his hunting cap, but to no purpose. The fates are too strong both for her and him. He is carried away, and the paths of business-like old-fogueydom are abandoned for ever.

And yet, when all has been said and done, we never dislike

or despise Mr. Briggs. We laugh at him, and think his mistakes good fun; but our laughter never leaves behind it the bitterness of general contempt. This, indeed, is a beautiful characteristic of Leech's art. His kindly, genial nature irradiates a joke, and takes the sting from even his sharpest satire. No cynicism ever mingles with his good-humoured banter. He is not for ever striving to bring into unnatural prominence the parasitic meannesses that cling to even the noblest characters. He does not regard it as his mission to be continually pointing out the precise spots where the trail of the serpent has deflowered our nature. Even in those classes of society which he understood so well, and evidently considered such fair game, he always managed to find more to laugh at than despise. His *flunkey* is a gorgeous result of human stupidity. Poor *Jeames* is a fool, and can scarcely be anything else. Pampered, idle, overfed, living in an atmosphere of such gentility as percolates into the servants' hall, he exaggerates and caricatures all his master's foibles and weaknesses. An overweening idea of his own importance and grandeur takes possession of his soul. When some one suggests to him, that the wages which he asks exceed the stipend of many curates, he is utterly surprised that any one 'should go to compare him with the inferior order of clergy.' At the smallest affront to his dignity, he is anxious to throw up any situation, however good. Though perfectly satisfied in every other respect, he begs to give one master notice because the governess reads prayers, and he really cannot demean himself to saying Amen to a governess. On another occasion he objects to a leg of mutton, as being a dinner 'substantial enough, no doubt, but not what he and the—aw—other gentlemen have been accustomed to.' Then his personal appearance, how he admires it, and what pains he takes for its better preservation! What would his mistress say, he inquires, if he went into the hayfield, 'spiling his complexion, and making his hands 'ard?' He rejects an Italian image-boy's offer of a caste of the Apollo Belvidere, because, though doubtless very cheap, it is not 'his idea of a good figger.' Whether any *flunkey* so monstrously full blown ever existed in actual flesh and blood, may be reasonably doubted. But even in Leech's caricatures, we feel more inclined to laugh at the foolish fellow than to dislike him. He is silly, and utterly empty-headed; but his faults are quite as much those of his position as his own. Then there is *Jeames's* master, the lisping, languid swell—another favourite character of Leech. He it is who, when informed that the Russian war would be a terrible hindrance to business, is 'delighted to hear

it; has always had the greatest aversion to every kind of business.' Regarded in the light of 'wasted opportunities,' and 'powers misused,' this individual is more really contemptible than poor Jeames; but Leech only 'chaffs' him, and passes on—yes, passes on to more characters and types than we can enumerate—to the servant-girl, who is her mistress's torment and the idol of the stiff policeman or ungainly soldier; to the omnibus conductor, impudent and unabashed; to the underbred and undersized little 'gent,' redolent of snobbery, who won't go to the park to be pelted for an aristocrat—'not if he knows it.' Then we have innumerable specimens of the London boy, from whose treasury of insolent repartee Leech drew many a good thing. We know the wretch well. It is he who offered to clean a noble volunteer's boots, and let the proud marksman have a shot at him, all for a penny. We know him—a horrible boy, with a hollow where the bump of veneration should be, and a natural enmity to the police. But even his enormities are perhaps surpassed by the portentous precocity of what the caricaturist was fond of calling the 'rising generation.' These 'men of the world,' wise with the garnered experience of some thirteen summers, snub their grandfathers, set their parents at defiance, and make love or avow their contempt for the tender passion, in a style that is truly astounding. One incipient rake, standing perhaps three feet high in his boots, tells his father that as his goings on are objected to, he 'must have chambers and so much a week.' Another refuses his aunt's offer of a piece of tart, because it spoils one's taste for wine. Another wakes his uncle for the third time from his after-dinner nap, to request him to pass the decanter and ring the bell. Nor does this, as any one may convince himself by referring to the back numbers of *Punch*,* represent a thousandth part of

* In passing, we should like to say a few words respecting the reprint of this periodical just issued. That the woodcuts should be inferior to the originals was inevitable, and can be no cause of complaint. We confess to disappointment, however, at the inadequate manner in which Mr. Mark Lemon has compiled his notes in explanation of what years have made obscure in the old jokes and allusions. A fairly educated person of the present generation will probably have a good historical knowledge of what happened up to (say) about the date of his birth, and a good political knowledge of what has taken place since he began to read the newspapers. But this generally leaves an interval of some twenty years, which are more or less—speaking of course merely of public affairs—a blank in his mind. We question whether most Englishmen of twenty-five do not know more about the Revolution of 1688, for instance, than about the events that happened after 1840, and prior to the Russian war. Now the old volumes of *Punch* are admirably adapted for giving an outline, at least, of what took place during these years; but a pretty copious running commentary is necessary to elucidate their meaning. Even for persons of more mature age, such a commentary would not be out of place. The memory that has so far retained the sayings and doings of twenty years ago, as still to be able to appreciate

what Leech's art embraced. Members of Parliament, parsons, medical students, costermongers, labourers, sea-side boatmen, sailors, burglars, crossing-sweepers, clerks, shopkeepers, buxom lasses, gipsies, old maids, matrons,—what class was there of which he had not with a strong grasp seized the peculiarities? What class was there round which the harmless sheet-lightning of his fun did not play pleasantly?

But any attempted analysis of Leech's powers would be incomplete, without some allusion to his political caricatures. These occupy the middle period of his connexion with *Punch*. It was not till the beginning of 1844 that he regularly undertook the duty of giving pictorial form to the leading feature of the week, and during later years he almost entirely abandoned this field to Tenniel. Perhaps he was wise in so doing. For this really great artist, with less humour than Leech, is a more biting satirist, and possesses a poetical grandeur of conception, to which Leech makes scarcely any claim. But if he seldom endeavoured to soar into the regions of pathos and tragedy, no one better than Leech could put the doings of a public man in a funny light, and place him in an utterly ridiculous and yet appropriate position. Lord Brougham, the versatility of whose talents made him at one time a very favourite object of *Punch's* wit, figures in every imaginable character. Now he is an image-seller, hawking little statuettes of himself; now a clown, offering to do any thing at the Duke of Wellington's bidding; now a prize-fighter, in training to demolish each individual member of the House of Lords; now—and this is a wonderfully clever caricature—a 'citizen of the world,' attired in every variety of outlandish garb. Truly, Proteus himself can scarcely have gone through more transformations than the 'noble lord.' Lord Russell, also, has 'in his time played many parts.' He has been a 'boy in buttons,' with a perfect wilderness of dirty boots to clean; a little slatternly maid of all work; and a footman 'not strong enough for his place.' Many and menial are the situations he has filled. Poor old Colonel Sibthorpe, too, in the days when his sturdy prejudices were the joke of the House of Commons, was a great favourite. We see him before us now, in the state of horror to which he is depicted as having been reduced, by the information that he had signed the Chartist petition, which his soul loathed. We see him again, lying in despair before the car of Juggernaut in the shape of a monster advertising van; a species of nuisance

the contemporary joke, is an exceptional one. Let us not be misunderstood, however. We do not complain of what Mr. Mark Lemon has done. We only think he might with advantage have done more.

which he had vainly endeavoured to put down. What treasures of fun there are in all these caricatures; and how many more are there not which we might mention? Disraeli, the cheap Jack, the omnibus conductor, the cuckoo, the serpent that tried to bite the file in the shape of Sir Robert Peel; Cobden, the schoolmaster; Joe Hume—*old* Joe Hume—'knocking at the door' as an Ethiopian serenader; Lord Derby and Disraeli as burglars, or again as swell-mobsmen 'waiting for a party;' Lord Palmerston as a crossing-sweeper; Lord Aberdeen as an old woman; Louis Napoleon as any disreputable character; the leaders of the Conservative party as mutes at a funeral; Louis Philippe as old Fagin the Jew; Sir Robert Peel as a baker of cheap bread; Mr. Punch himself (*passim*) as the universal redresser of wrongs, and setter to rights of things in general. Even considered simply as portraits, how admirable all these caricatures are! Indeed, it used to be only through the pages of *Punch*, that the great majority of Englishmen knew any thing of the appearance of England's greatest men. Photography has changed all that, and portraits at once cheap and excellent may now be had almost for the asking. But it still remains as a fact which is creditable alike to Leech, Doyle, and Tenniel, that they have succeeded in drawing caricatures which, however ludicrous and exaggerated, never destroy the likeness, or degrade the persons represented.

Unlike all his predecessors in his art, as Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and even H. B., Leech possessed a very keen eye for beauty. Of the manner in which this showed itself in his landscapes, we have already spoken. It appeared with equal prominence in his women and children. The latter were special favourites with him; he delighted in their fresh young faces and chubby forms; he loved to note their frolicsome ways, and to catch their ill-timed remarks. We are told that he was fond of the little folk, and liked to have them about him; we are sure that with the true instincts of childhood they must have been very fond of him. But it was in his drawings of women, that Leech's delight in the beautiful showed itself most habitually. It is true—to state objections first—that there is a certain family resemblance between most of his lady faces, and that they nearly all belong to one type. But what of that? Has not almost every artist an ideal of feminine loveliness, which he ever strives again and again to reach? Ought we to like him any better if his loves were inconstant? It is true, also, that Leech's favourite countenance was not of a highly intellectual order. But if mind was not the prevailing characteristic, mind was not therefore wanting. The

woman of his choice is well educated, according to the usual standard of an English lady's education; she has a true sense of humour, is perfectly well bred and at her ease, and has a kindly heart. With her rich rosy face and rounded form, she gives us an impression of perfect health and good nature. She has all the frankness and genuineness which are the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race. Above all, she is thoroughly feminine. Her servant—when it so happens that she is present accidentally, and not made to point a moral of 'servant-galism'—is as pretty as her mistress is lovely. Neat, trim, and well-favoured; such are the epithets which her aspect calls to our lips.

During later years it was very, very seldom that Leech tried to strike any of the deeper chords of the human heart. Indeed, when we have mentioned one sad picture of two fallen women, and three or four bitter attacks on barrel-organs,—attacks to which subsequent events give a tragical significance—we have, as far as we are aware, exhausted the catalogue of works of this class. The artist seems gradually to have abandoned all thought of teaching his fellows any strong lessons, and to have restricted himself to the more congenial task of jesting at our little foibles and follies. This, however, was not the spirit in which he had always viewed his art. There had been days—few and far between, it is true—when he had aspired to the character of the social reformer, and struck a blow at the anomalies of life. In this change, this gradually increasing satisfaction with things as they are, Leech was by no means singular. Many clever young men start in life discontented and unhappy. The painful mysteries of the world weigh upon them. They cannot understand why one human being should be born to misfortune, and another to comfort; why one should possess so much more than he needs, and another so much less. With the trenchant and uncompromising judgment of youth, they see wrong and injustice everywhere. Dimly conscious, perhaps, of powers that are not finding their legitimate use, the whole course of things seems out of joint. The contrast between their aspirations, and the hard realities of existence, renders them morbidly alive to the evils which Hamlet describes in burning words:—

> 'The whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.'

In this state of mind, nothing seems more natural and feasible

than to set everything straight. But the insurmountable difficulties attendant upon any such endeavour soon begin to show themselves. The success that generally rewards industry and ability removes the pressure of some of the evils; long habit softens the asperity of others. Better satisfied with himself, the man grows better satisfied with things around him, and the world presents itself as a spot which has many good points after all. In short *Rest and be thankful* rather than *Excelsior* becomes at this stage the presiding spirit of the man's life. An instance will best explain what we mean. To those who have followed the development of Mr. Kingsley's mind, so far as it is reflected in his works, it will be apparent, we think, that he has passed through some such change as we have described. We all know the Mr. Kingsley of *Yeast*, *Alton Locke*, and many of the *Miscellanies*: a knight-errant, who had a mission to tilt at everything, and who set to work in right Quixotic style. The Regius Professor of Modern History, though not yet tamed into a humdrum-mortal, is certainly a more contented and perhaps a wiser man. Now it may seem a want of what artists call 'keeping,' to mention in the same connexion two men so different as the apostle of the 'earnest school' and the pleasant banterer John Leech. But that they both, according to their various natures, passed through the same phase, we cannot doubt. How else can we explain that the pencil of the latter once gave us such scenes as the 'home of the rick-burner?' (1844.) It is a fearful picture: the cold, bare, dilapidated room; the dead woman's shrunken form, visible through its ragged coverlet; the starving children huddled together for a like warmth; the father sitting before his wife's corpse in the madness of despair. Scarcely less grim and awful is the Death as 'the poor man's friend' of the succeeding year. What joys does this world possess for that starved, hard-working wretch, that he should care to remain in it,—that he should hesitate to accompany the 'grisly horror' that glides to his pallet-side? He has laboured, and the sweat of his brow has brought him no bread; he has been temperate, and his frugality has brought him no comfort; his early years have been years of toil, but they have brought no rest to his old age. Alas, that such things should have been! Would that they might never be again! In the bitter contrast of his 'Pin and Needle Money,' Leech follows the leadership of Hood, and 'sings his song of a shirt;' just as in his 'Game Laws,' showing the sacrifice of 'the peasant to the hare,' he anticipates a poem of Mr. Kingsley. The gloomy, lurid

sky of this latter picture is one of those accessories, which the artist knew how to make so suggestive. We might quote other designs, similar in character and intention; but we think we have said enough to show how strongly Leech could feel the miseries of the poor, and the cruel difference between their condition and that of the rich. That he could feel equally strongly on other social questions is proved by such cartoons as 'The Law of the Pistol,' where a thick-veiled woman in widow's weeds pleads before the Duke of Wellington for vengeance against her husband's murderer. Nothing more nobly eloquent than her attitude can well be imagined. It is proved again by 'The *Satisfaction* of a *Gentleman*,' where in the half light of the dawning day two men in fools' caps stand at some twelve paces' distance, the one with a yawning grave at his back, the other with a halter dangling over his head. To appreciate these pictures thoroughly, it should be remembered that at the time they were published the cause of duelling was not utterly lost as it is now.

When we look through the forty-five volumes of *Punch*, and see how thickly studded they are with Leech's designs; when we reflect that even this does not represent all that he accomplished, and that he contributed an occasional sketch to the *Illustrated London News*, to *Once a Week*, and to *Punch's Pocket-Book*; when we think that he also illustrated several books, and latterly devoted much of his time to the study of oil-painting—we cannot but be struck with a feeling of wonder that one man should have been able to do so much.* This feeling will not be lessened if we reflect how marvellously perfect each work is in itself, how admirably every face and attitude says just what it is meant to say, how little repetition there is, and how carefully even the smallest details of dress, household furniture, &c., have been studied.† Nothing but great genius, allied to a habit of the most constant observation, can explain such combined fecundity and power. Leech's

* It should be remembered, too, that nearly every one of Leech's drawings had been sketched twice. The artist, notwithstanding his readiness of hand and long experience, seldom trusted himself to design *extempore* on the wood without having first made a rougher design on paper—a double process, which must have been very laborious. We are indebted for a knowledge of this fact to a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December last, who seems to have had access to some information respecting Leech, not generally known to the public. We have not scrupled, therefore, in this and one or two other places, to make use of his statements.

† As an instance, one among many, of the way in which Leech makes every detail in a sketch contribute to its main object, we would mention a picture which appeared in *Punch* during 1851. It represents a sick bachelor lying in bed and ringing for the slatternly lodging-house servant who is gossipping at the street-door; on the wall is a well-known engraving of a camel dying of thirst in the desert.

mind must have been always on the alert for new facts and new 'motives' for caricatures. He can never have taken a walk without anxiously seeking for those bits of character, of which Douglas Jerrold said so much was lost in London. Whenever he went abroad, or ran down to the seaside,—in short, whatever he was doing, and whether bent on pleasure or business, he must have constantly kept his art in view. What wear and tear of the constitution such a habit of mind involves, is well known to all who have devoted themselves to any pursuit in this spirit. Nevertheless, Leech's literary friends were occasionally very sceptical as to the hardness of his work. They were tempted to think, that, because he could dash off a clever sketch in a few minutes, it followed that his labour was little more than play. They knew that often, when Mr. Mark Lemon went down to his house for the purpose of suggesting the topic of the next cartoon, Leech would draw it in an hour or two, while the editor of *Punch* smoked and chatted by his side. Alas, the inferences drawn from such facts were wrong. The unremitting exertions of his youth and manhood were beginning to tell upon him. 'Nature,' says Lord Bacon, 'is best conquered by obeying her;' and Leech did not obey nature. He worked on, when the warning voice of his physicians told him that his constitution required rest; worked on, when he must have felt that his physical powers were failing. A terrible nervousness, the result of the over-strain upon his brain, took possession of him. The slightest noise became torment. We all remember the angry caricatures he used to launch against barrel-organs. Some of us may perhaps have been tempted to think them querulous in their frequency. Little did we know of what keen suffering they were the expression, and what exquisite torture the unmelodious strains caused the poor artist. Heart-disease attacked him next; but still he worked on. In his generosity to his relations money was of great value to him. He was making, said a contemporary, fifty pounds a week, and this income depended mainly, of course, upon his weekly exertions. Even when he could be induced to leave town for a while, and seek relief in change of air and scene, he could not be induced to rest. Mr. Shirley Brooks was with him at Whitby in the course of last autumn, but scarcely were his friendly warnings able to wean the sick man from his palette and pencil. At the beginning of October he returned to town, ill, but not, it was supposed, in immediate danger. Towards the end of the month he was worse, though not alarmingly so. On Wednesday, the twenty-sixth, he dined as usual with the contributors to the

periodical of which he had been the chief ornament. On the night of the following Saturday he was dead, having passed away suddenly, and with much pain.

In this age of publicity, when biographies of far obscurer and less highly gifted men are only too rife, it cannot be but that some worthy biography of John Leech should be written. The deceased artist possessed many literary friends, some of whom are well qualified for the task. The materials for such a work cannot be wanting. Leech, as we are told, and as we have no difficulty in believing, was an admirable correspondent. The explanatory text that accompanies his caricatures is always perfect in expression. Not a word could be changed without weakening the point, and detracting from the local truth of the whole production.* Similar characteristics, together with others at which we can only guess, are probably to be found in his letters. With the help of these, and of such facts connected with his private life as his family might be willing to reveal, it would unquestionably be possible to write a biography of the highest interest. Let us hope that even now some members of 'the little parliament' that meets weekly to discuss the affairs of *Punch*, may be thinking of giving the public this satisfaction. Such a book, well written by an author having a thorough knowledge of Leech's artistic career, might do something perhaps to console us for the loss we have suffered.

And yet that loss is a grievous one. Fifty pounds a week! As Shylock says, ''T is a goodly sum!" But all too heavy a price for the life of one who, so far as the veil has been withdrawn from his private character, appears to have been eminently good, kindly, generous, and true; of an artist, who possessed powers of the very highest kind, and

* Take for instance the following speech which Leech puts into the mouth of a city merchant, who is addressing a wretched-looking youth in his employ. The caricature appeared at a time when the Corporation of London had been doing something more than usually foolish:—'Why, what is the use of your being in a respectable house of business, if you proceed in this absurd, vulgar manner? Now, take my word for it, unless you mend very considerably, you will go on from bad to worse. You will become a petty huckster; from that you will, in all probability, get to be a mere common councilman; then an alderman; when, after a course of gluttony and Tom-foolery, painful to think of, you will make a ridiculous termination to your contemptible career by actually becoming a *Lord Mayor*.' At which horrible prospect the boy looks very contrite. Here the climax is excellent, and reminds us forcibly of that passage in De Quincey's Essay on 'Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts,' which shows how a man may begin with murder, and go through a gradually-descending course of crime till he ends with such atrocities as incivility and the like. Many a person, as the author concludes, may probably date his ruin from some murder of which he probably thought little at the time. To speak of Leech in connexion with so great a master of style as De Quincey, shows how highly we esteem the literary composition of the artist.

whose works, after being the delight of his own generation, will be to future generations a standing record of what England and Englishmen were between the years 1840 and 1864. He is gone from us at the early age of forty-eight, in the zenith of his strength, his unweakened brain still teeming with new thoughts that only waited for expression. Thus, in one respect, a sense of incompleteness, such as always rests on the memory of those who do not live to reap the full harvest of their powers, will rest on his memory; and the question, 'What might he not yet have done?' will recur again and again to men's minds. But no sense of incompleteness will ever be felt in connexion with what he did accomplish. *That* stands perfect in itself:—the work of one who, take him for all in all, was the most gifted English artist that has ever devoted himself to caricature.*

ART. VI.—*The Lake Country.* By. E. LYNN LINTON. With a Map and One Hundred Illustrations drawn and engraved by W. J. LINTON. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1864.

THE Lake country is now everywhere familiar ground, so that a book doubly descriptive, as this is,—both as regards letter-press and engravings,—addresses itself to a very wide circle of readers. What Roscoe did for North and South Wales, that and more Mrs. Linton has done for the Lake district. It is in all respects a handsome volume, elegant within and without, written with care, and speaking with the unmistakable authority of an old resident. It is almost surprising that something of the kind has not been attempted before. There have been numerous guide-books, hand-books, journals and sketches, but, with the exception of Miss Martineau's book, nothing has been produced that is really worthy of the subject. Indeed, more nonsense has been written about the Lakes than about any other part of England. As samples of the exaggeration employed by the old writers, we have Windermere likened to the Mediterranean, and elsewhere the mountains at its head to the Pyrenees; whilst Scales Tarn on Saddleback is asserted to 'reflect the stars at noonday;' and the Bowderstone in Borrowdale 'overshadows a space sufficient to shelter a troop of horse.' According to the same authority the ascent of Saddleback was an enterprise so perilous, that travellers turned sick with fright on the way up, demanding instantly to lose blood and return; while one who persevered to the end has recorded that 'to look down

* Hogarth being, as we have already said, scarcely a caricaturist.

from the summit was so terrible, that it could not be endured for a moment.' Even thirty years ago the country was very little known, and its bold scenery startled the dwellers in the plains, so that the narrative of the most sober of them reads now as though, during the trip, the party had worn glasses of considerable magnifying power.

Miss Martineau's was the first book, Murray perhaps excepted, that was worthy attention. And it is still the safest and most practical guide; simple, sensible, accurate, brimfull of information, besides being furnished with a series of excellent maps. Mrs. Linton's book is more picturesque, more suited to help an afternoon's reverie by reviving the scenes of the morning, or the preceding day. Both are welcome, and there is a certain appropriateness in both; just as we prefer simplicity in a walking dress, as most suitable to the heather and the road; while silks, laces, and sparkling jewellery best become the drawing-room.

But if the truth must be told, we could have wished that the style of Mrs. Linton's book had been less highly wrought, that a little of the embroidery had been dispensed with, and that the sentences were not quite so evenly balanced and so uniformly rhythmical. The old roadmakers always preferred hill and dale to a dead level, and there was true wisdom in their preference. Nature abhors monotony; and though it is pleasant for a time to wind through rich plains, well watered, and heavy with the standing crops, yet the monotony of profusion becomes irksome, and we long for the fresh breeze of the uplands, and the bolder prospect, even if there be but a stony soil. We do not admire such small prettinesses as 'moss-covered and fern-adorned;' 'golden becks running over golden sands;' 'small wind-worn trees on the tops of small wave-worn crags.' Nor yet the use of unaccustomed epithets. The oak-fern, for instance, may grow in graceful, but scarcely in '*gracious*, little, crumpled sprays.' Nor are the clouds the '*gracious* throngings of the sky.' The evening sun, again, 'fills all the mountain distances with mystery and love;' with mystery truly, but why love, any more than hate, or revenge? There is a frequent tendency to sacrifice every thing to rhythm. If the cadence pleases the ear, the epithet stands. Thus we have a 'trailing wealth of briar' in some hedge bottom, and one valley is described as 'rich and pastoral, as if the very home, and haunt, and appointed place of cows.' We must further object that a simile is often used too freely, as for instance mountains regarded as the bones, particularly the ribs, of mother earth,

which enters into nearly every description of mountain scenery in the book; also that a simile is often pressed too far, as thus:—'You look into the very heart of Skiddaw, and see the form of its bones, and *the colour of its blood.*' The word-painting is somewhat in excess for our taste, which is only Ruskinese so far as the master himself is concerned. We have the less hesitation in pointing out these blemishes, because they are errors of excess. The ground is so overrun with creepers that we can hardly see what lies below; and yet if the author would cut away some of the trailing wealth of briar which cumbers her pages, and sweep away some of the gracious throngings therefrom, she would do wisely, for something better lies below. Occasionally there is in few words a true poetic image, as when speaking of the sun at his meridian—the hour 'when the day's cup is filled to the brim, and the yellow flood overflows with largest power and unrestraint.' Or thus:—The setting 'sun had caught a portion of the lake, till it glowed like a cup of red wine spilled on the earth.' And again, what can be more perfect than this description of a waterfall? 'Down below the leap are quiet pools where the water fairies live; and pools less quiet which the passing rush of the torrent disturbs if it does not penetrate; and desolate wastes of pebbles lying dry and many-coloured in the sun; and rocks which the water never wholly covers but is forced to leave midway, falling like a mantle from their shoulders neither crowning nor concealing; and others over which it is just able to lip with an effort and an almost visible strain, as of actual nerve and muscle, each wavelet seeming as if it must fall back before it reaches the edge, but each finally conquering and fretting painfully over; and others, with an unchanging crest of foam as the waters dash on triumphantly, burying them body and soul (!) beneath their flow, and planting that crest of foam as a mark of their victory; types all three, of the power of the will and its several degrees of conquest and tyranny in life.' This description is more than pretty, it is really fine; but we could have dispensed with the moral. The water, for obvious reasons, cannot be a type of the will. But, throughout the book, the philosophy, like the punctuation, is of the order libellously known as feminine. Mrs. Linton, however, writes as a true lover of nature, and with an artist's eye for colour, and the effects of wind and cloud,—just the points which escape the many, or are only noted in their general effects, and are not traced definitely to their cause. To give a few examples:—

'Note the constantly recurring effect of the line of grey stone wall against the golden green of the woods. For the lake livery in the spring-time is gold and grey; the gold of the young oaks and the moss and the broom and the Scotch fir-shoots; and the grey of the stone houses, the stone walls, the boulders and great rocks bared against the green, the blue-grey hills, and the soft grey clouds above them all.'—Page 6.

'The rich and stately trees of Dalehead, the desperate front of Helvellyn, the bounding leap of Brotto's Ghyll and Eagle Crag like a bird's wing, not in its sweep, but in its grey striated lines fringed with growth of wood for feathers,—all by turns appear, loaded with additional colour in the mirror below, and all are suddenly swept out, as an artist would sweep out a picture with one stroke of his brush, when a small light breeze glides swiftly across the lake, and shakes it mischievously into smiles.'—Page 46.

'It is very lovely to watch the ripple of a tarn; a wonderful lesson in wave curvature, if small in scale, yet as true as the wildest ocean storm could give. Ever changing in line, and yet so uniform in law, the artist and the hydrographer might learn some valuable truths from half a day's study of one of these small mountain sheets of water. Now the broad, smooth, silky curves flow steadily across; now a fine network spreads over these, and again another network, smaller and finer still, breaks up the rest into a thousand fragments; then the tarn bursts out into tiny silver spangles, like a girl's causeless laughter; and then comes a grey sweep across the water, as if it shivered in the wind; and then again all subsides, and the long silky flow sets in again, with quiet shadows and play of green and grey in the transparent shallows. It is like a large diamond set in emerald; for the light of the water is radiance simply, not colour; and the grass, with the sun striking through, is as bright as an emerald. We can never get beyond crystals and metals as the image of the supreme excellence of water and earth.'—Page 88.

Equally true to nature is the description of Windermere after a storm:—

'The woods glittered and sparkled in the sun, each dripping branch a spray of golden light, and the light was married to the loud music of the birds flowing out in rivulets of song. Countless flies shot through the air, and vibrated on the water; and the fish leaped up to catch them, dimpling the shining surface with concentric ripples, and throwing up small jets of light in the smooth black bays. Every crag and stone, and line of wall, and tuft of gorse, was visible on the nearer hills, where the colouring was intense and untranslateable; and on the more distant mountains we could see, as through a telescope, the scars on the steeps, the slaty shingles, and the straight cleavings down the sides, the old grey water-courses threaded now with a silver line—those silver lines, after the storm, over all the craggy faces everywhere; we could see each green knoll set like an island among the grey boulders, each belt of mountain wood, each

purple rift, each shadowed pass; slope, and gully, and ghyll, and scaur, we could count them all glistening in the sun, or clear and tender in the shade, while the sky was of a deep pure blue above, and the cumulus clouds were gathered into masses, white and dazzling as marble, and almost as solid-looking.

'And over all, and on all, and lying in the heart of everything, warming, creating, fashioning the dead matter into all lovely forms, and driving the sweet juices like blood through the veins of the whole earth, shone the glad sun, free, cloudless, loving—life of the world's life, glory of its glory, shaper and creator of its brightest beauty. Silver on the lake, gold in the wood, purple over the hills, white and lazule in the heavens,—what infinite splendour hanging through this narrow valley! What a wealth of love and beauty pouring out for the heart of all nature, and for the diviner soul of man!'—Pp. 16, 17.

This is very beautiful, and very graphic. It is like a strain of Christopher North, or even of the arch-magician himself, except that the former would never have used the word lazule. It is these atmospheric changes that give such a charm to a mountainous country. And here we may say that, although at first sight the feeling of a visitor to the lake district may be one of disappointment, especially to a north-country man accustomed to the sight of hills all his life-time,* yet his eye soon discerns that they are true mountain forms he is looking upon. The abrupt inclination; the pointed summits; the change in the character of the vegetation about midway, and its total absence at the top; the rifts and hollows in the mountain sides; and in many cases their wild and confused grouping, show that these are true mountains, though perhaps mountains in miniature. Then the valleys, passes, waterfalls, and especially the lakes, though small, are strictly proportionate, and are moreover the accompaniments of mountains and not of mere hills. It is not a country to be run through at speed, after the manner of most tourists. Though lying in narrow compass, there is much to be seen. The bolder the features, the greater the diversity from several points of view,—lake, and wood, and projecting rock, hill-side and stream, and indeed every cottage of the scattered hamlet, being so many integers which allow of endless combinations. And more than this, the scene from one point of view, if fitly chosen, will change its aspect with every hour of the day; as the light falls on one side of the valley or the other, as the sun is higher or lower in

* As showing the difference of ideas on this point, as between north and south,—a countryman, having come up to town for the first time in his life, was taken to see Richmond Hill. After admiring the prospect for some time, he rose up as though bracing himself for work. 'Now,' said he, to the horror of the cockneys,—'now for *the hill!*'

the sky, as the shadows lengthen, as one distant peak is lighted up in solitary splendour, with nearer intervals of shade, as another is blotted out of sight, or as new tints play over the nearer hills. Indeed, the variety is endless, and can only be understood by those who have had the same view before their eyes for many days or even weeks in succession.

All this is missed by the passing traveller. He sees the view but once, and under that one aspect it always recurs to him. It may be more or it may be less favourable than ordinary, but it is only one of a series. Ullswater is generally seen as part of a day's trip from Keswick or Ambleside, and cannot be otherwise than grand. But Ullswater for a few hours in the middle of the day is something quite different from Ullswater in the ruddy glow of sunset, and especially from Ullswater in a gathering storm. Indeed, half the charm of mountain scenery is borrowed from the rolling glory of the sky. Fairfield, under a bright sun, is a hill, and no more. But in a wild and boisterous day, with a succession of clouds rolling over it, rolling down it, hiding it away from view, and then once more climbing up its sides, and floating off in broken masses, with the sunlight now and then faintly breaking through,—this mountain is itself a study for days together. Our friend who is devoting a week to the district may see it, or he may not. He runs as he reads; and though it is better so than that he should not read at all, yet he often forms a mistaken judgment of what he thus hastily scans, especially as regards comparative beauty. For instance, Ullswater is noble in all seasons, and it is hard to say whether summer, autumn, or early spring suits it best. But Derwentwater needs the full summer foliage and brilliant sunlight to show its true glories; while Buttermere and Wastwater are perhaps never seen to such advantage as in stormy weather. Thus it happens that a landscape which is really inferior in its physical features, if seen under favouring circumstances, is more effective than a finer view seen under precisely the same conditions, but less suited to its character. Who cannot recall some modest landscape which, in spite of its poverty, is fixed for ever in the memory by reason of the splendour of a summer sunset, though a score of nobler views may be forgotten? And in this district, where all is beauty, there are still exceptional scenes which stand apart by themselves, some for their intrinsic value, and some for the value of their accessories. No one who has looked upon Skiddaw, (most perfect of mountains,) and Blencathra, and the rest of the group, with the snow lying thick on their summits, can ever forget the sight. It is almost Alpine in its grandeur, so

strangely does the white mantle elevate and throw back into the distance the familiar forms. So of Kirkstone, which, take it all in all, is the finest pass in the district. On the Ullswater side the mountain walls strike up on either hand from the narrow road at an unusually sharp angle, gaunt and bare, and seamed with watercourses; and, instead of rapidly subsiding, towering aloft for a remarkable distance. But Kirkstone is seen to greatest advantage in winter, with the clouds hanging heavily about the summits of the hills, adding to their apparent height, while the snow, driven into the fissures by the wind, which, in rough weather, sweeps furiously through the pass, leaving the rest of the black rocky sides quite bare, brings out the rugged character of the hills in strong relief. There is nothing to soften the stern character of the scene,—no life, or sign of life, no tree, or shrub, or fern, not even a reed springing in the standing pools. The place is wild enough even on a summer's morning, but in winter it is desolation itself.

Those, again, who have not seen a sunrise from the mountains have a great, perhaps the greatest, sight yet to encounter. There is the previous night ascent, with all its strange experiences, the dim twilight, the weird forms of rock and tree looming large through the mist, the moon struggling fitfully through the white clouds, the oppressive silence, the thin, keen air, and unwonted exercise, the sense of adventure with just a spice of danger in it,—all this strings up the nerves and sends a thrill of excitement and expectation through the whole frame. The eye that has strained for three hours or more through the gloom is quick to detect the first faint streak of grey, and watches it slowly brighten;—so slowly that it scarcely seems to grow. But still the grey spreads upwards, and creeps along the horizon; the stars die out one by one, and the moon begins to pale. The grey brightens into white, the white to primrose, and far up the sky, quite overhead, the light fleecy clouds have changed to an exquisite rose colour, hanging motionless between the black earth and the blue heaven,—the first to catch the beams of the approaching sun. It is not until some time later that the horizon deepens into orange. A solemn feeling steals over one in watching this slow breaking of a summer morning. There is something almost awful in the gradual increase of the light, so slow that it seems to tarry; so silently and irresistibly that it is a fit expression of Infinite Power. There is nothing else like it. A storm at sea is grand, overwhelmingly grand, but the noise and tumult are material, and, moreover, they distract the mind, while the scene is brought close to the observer. Here the silence is more overwhelming than any

uproar of the elements, and the immeasurable, incomprehensible distance adds to the impressiveness of the spectacle. But the heightening colour heralds in the sun; and almost before we are aware, his beams shoot upward into the heaven, and across to our mountain peak. Glorious masses of cloud,—purple, and crimson, and dazzling gold,—fill half the sky, colour such as no painter's pencil, not even Turner's, has ever ventured upon. No longer slowly, but swiftly, he climbs,—his whole disc already free. The peak on which we stand alone receives the fire of his beams, and all below is still in shadow. Very strange is it to watch the line of light pass downwards, until presently one, and another, and another of the neighbouring peaks catch the flame, though the valleys are still in gloom. Soon they too are reached, the trees wave bright and green in the morning breeze, the streams flash in the sunlight, the birds carol on every bough, the cattle rise from their night's slumber and begin to graze, there are signs of human life in the hamlet below as house after house opens wide its doors, and once more man goeth forth to his labour until the evening.

There are, too, experiences of mist and storm, long to be remembered when the small attendant miseries are forgotten. We once reckoned the discomfort of a whole day's walk in the dreary rain cheaply purchased by a couple of minutes on Helvellyn, when the fog suddenly lifted, and disclosed a wonderful panorama. The smiling valley lay at our feet, stretching right and left, with a patch of sunlight travelling over the hills beyond, and then, almost before the scene could be realised, the curtain fell again, as thick and impenetrable as before. So sudden are these changes that, if one were alone, it would be difficult to consider them anything else than illusions. Not a vestige remains of the prospect; and however vivid may be the impression for the moment, yet, in presence of the bewildering mist, one is soon tempted to ask if it was real.

But there are pleasant experiences which precede these; notably the first entrance into the lake district from the south, over a line of country that is first merely hilly, and then sterile and wild, but scarcely noble in its features; and then comes the perfect vision.

'One of the most noticeable features of the lake district is the broad tract of poor land which lies like a way of separation between the loveliness hidden behind the hills, and the more generous beauty of the plains. If you trace on the map the boundaries of this district, rarely will you find the mountains flowing down into richness and fertility on the outer side, but generally subsiding into barren

moors and impracticable fells: generally, though not always, this broad way of desolation between the grandeur of the hills, with the heart of loveliness within, and the generosity of the plains. And so it is that from Lancaster, which may be taken as the gateway of the lake district, the country has been gradually getting more rugged and less populous as it runs up towards the mountains. Past Oxenholme and Kendal, the only human habitations are scattered fell-side hamlets, bleak and bare, where one wonders what the people find to do, and how they live, and what their pleasures and emotions, and what their special uses to the world at large. The land is poor, with stones lying thick among the young crops and over the coarse grass; the railway cutting clean through the solid rock; bare stone walls, instead of hedges, mark the boundaries of the fields and properties; streams as bright as crystal, but streams with no fertility in them—mere brawling expressions of the waste and wet of the place—break in all directions over beds of rock and pebble; the country on either side gets wilder and rougher, the houses fewer and of still poorer character, the masses of yellow broom and golden gorse, and trailing wealth of briar, yet more lovely in their contrast with the grey boulders breaking out through the green grass, but yet more eloquent of the poverty they adorn; the crags and fells are steeper, more jagged and more inhospitable; till, as you steam rapidly on, the dim blue outlines, first seen like darker clouds in the distance across the glistening breadth of Morecambe Bay, and which you have been watching since you left Kendal behind you, assume definite form and stability, and soon you recognise Wetherlam and Coniston Old Man, others coming out from the clouds and unfolding themselves in turn as you rush on. And now the sunlight catches the surface of a small shining tract far to the left; in half a minute more, you see another shining glimpse under the wooded banks of Heald Brow; and then you draw breath at the station, full in the narrow valley, and Windermere, the first of the lakes, lies like a dream of Eden at your feet.'—Pages 1–3.

Who indeed can forget his first sight of Windermere—the long, narrow, placid sheet of water encompassed with loveliness, but as yet seen only imperfectly through the intervening trees? There is just a doubt if that is really the lake itself, just a tinge of disappointment that it has so little breadth, just a hope that higher up it will spread out an ample sheet. But when, after two or three more glimpses, the full view opens out, the eye is satisfied and more. From our feet right up to the water-head, nearly six glorious miles of water, dotted with islands, fringed on both sides with wood, and enclosed by the hills, which to the north rise tier above tier with a gradual increase, giving a magnificent series of mountain forms. To this must be added the many tints of green which brighten every islet, and either shore; all the witchery of sunshine and

shadow which plays unceasingly on wood and water, hill-side and hollow; and the endless panorama of the clouds.

Few visitors do full justice to this Queen of the lakes. If the tourist who comes in by rail, walks up to Lowwood, and down to Bowness, and especially if he adds a trip round the lake by one of the restless little steamers, he has done his duty. But the views from the Storrs, Rayrigg Bank, Belle Isle, the Station, and indeed the western shore for about a mile north of the Ferry, are all fine, and all different, those from the western side especially, while almost every one of the islands gives some decided change. More than perhaps any other, the beauty of this lake grows upon us continually. The islands, which Mrs. Linton prettily compares to a band of broken jewels, are a feature to which only those on Derwentwater can compare. And then there is such an abundance and variety of wood, from the willow to the oak, covering the face of the hills on both sides, and nowhere finer than the woods of Calgarth, for which we may bless the memory of the good, if also ambitious and worldly-wise, Bishop Watson.* But the tourist rarely stays to take in all this. He generally commences here, and is eager to push on, believing that this is only the beginning of beauties. And so it is, but there are many judges who incline on the whole to consider it the chief. Something of its pre-eminence is due to its size, but still more to the gradual receding of its shores, especially at the head. The mountains do not crowd down upon it as upon most of the other lakes, giving the idea of a tarn on a large scale,—a gigantic basin, or fissure, a thing subordinate, cradled in the mountains and their obvious offspring. Here the lake is the predominant feature, the mountains do not obtrude themselves, but, standing at a distance, rise tier behind tier, a host of glorious attendants, but attendants only.

But Mrs. Linton does not seem to be much impressed with this lake, at least it does not kindle her enthusiasm, and the

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* Peace to his memory. But there is a story connected with him that is too good to be lost. They say that a little inn at Ambleside, to wit, 'The Cock,' had gained a reputation for its market dinners and honest ale, and throve accordingly. The landlord, who was looking up a little in the world, grew ashamed of the old sign, and, when Bishop Watson came to Calgarth, took the opportunity to christen his house 'The Bishop's Inn,' ornamenting it with a supposed portrait of his reverence in shovel hat and wig. A rival publican, long jealous of his neighbour's success, saw his chance, and immediately secured the discarded sign. The name, being a favourite, drew away a good deal of custom. Boniface No. 1 endured the loss for some time quietly, but, unable to endure the sight of his neighbour thus obtaining money under false pretences, painted under the episcopal effigy the words "*N.B. This is the old Cock*," to the delight of visitors, and the great scandal of the bishop's friends.

village of Windermere provokes a little touch of sarcasm:—'Wild flowers are sedulously planted on gate-post toppings, on wall copings, and against garden boundaries, to give an air of country-bred simplicity to the whole;—but it is all a wildness creditably laid out—nature under the tuition of a landscape gardener, smoothed, and combed, and daintily trimmed—Wordsworth's mountain child with a perpetual Sunday frock on, and curls newly taken out of paper.' Further south, towards Newby Bridge, we are told that 'nature is left natural, and habitations are made picturesque by accident,—by the loving grace of growing wood and crumbling crag, and not by the scholarly tuition of a landscape gardener understanding the rules of art.' There is truth in this, of course, but let us be thankful that it is no worse,—that the houses, if prim, are undeniably pretty; and if a town there must be, that it is so far down the lake, and can be left behind altogether. But surely there is something more to be said of the Queen of inland waters than the mere tints of her woods in the early spring, and the names of the wild flowers that cluster at her feet. Both from the description itself, and from other incidental remarks, it would almost seem as though this was not very familiar ground, and had only been known to the writer through very occasional visits. Her admiration is reserved for Derwentwater, every part of which she thoroughly explores, and the description of which contrasts in many ways with this. Not that we grudge anything to the beautiful region over which Skiddaw reigns, but the larger lake receives less than justice at our author's hands. The pre-eminence is claimed for Derwentwater, and on similar grounds to those we have just urged. But it might be objected that the margin is here too great all round, the long interval between the head of the lake and the Borrowdale hills, and between the foot of the lake and Skiddaw, giving the impression that it is the residue of a much larger sheet of water. With all its loveliness, the lake itself is subordinate, and is not the ruling and crowning feature. Others claim the pre-eminence for Ullswater. Both are formidable rivals, and make it a difficult task to bestow the apple. But whoever declares for Windermere has on his side the authority of Professor Wilson, who not only placed it before any English, but before any Scottish lake, and declared it to be nothing less than absolute perfection. And by way of supplement,—of all the lovely walks which abound throughout the district, commend us to those four miles between Ambleside and Grasmere from either side of the valley, the western perhaps having the preference, for

the sake of the view over Grasmere from the top of Loughrigg Fell, which, under a westering sun, is the view of views, the very perfection and concentration of beauty. Almost equal to it, though presenting quite a different aspect, from its elevation, is the path along the hills overhanging the road, but which is comparatively little known. It is true that the objection has been urged against this valley that it is as artificial as hands can make it,—the same hands that have 'improved' the Rydal Falls until they are admirable for stage effect; and have dug, and cut, and trimmed the edges of Grasmere lake into the formal stiffness they now present. But the valley, at any rate, is beyond the power of human hands to mar by any act short of tunnelling through the hills. And there is Grasmere, which from its position we still claim as an outlying province of Ambleside, though it now asserts its independence, and is the acknowledged headquarters of the pedestrians. Its being a central point, and the ready access which it gives in every direction, are greatly in its favour; but we cannot help thinking that one principal charm, in the olden days, when it was the resort or settled home of so many poets and men of taste, was its seclusion. The valley itself is much less striking than the views looking down upon it from the tops of the surrounding hills would lead any one to suppose. And there is Easedale, which is still secluded, notwithstanding some signs of recent encroachment,—opening out of Grasmere, as De Quincey says, like 'a closet within a chamber—a chapel within a cathedral—a little private oratory within a chapel.'

Nearer home is fine scenery, which only needs a little search for. If Scandale is not itself particularly fine, it is worth a visit nevertheless; and from the top of Wansfell is a fine mountain view, to be got for unusually little trouble. But, although Stockghyll Force is the standard sight of Ambleside, which everybody goes to see, scarcely any one presses on up Wansfell. So indeed of much of the scenery lying to the north and east of Windermere.

In the other direction,—towards Coniston,—the splendid view from the top of the ascent, looking over Esthwaite Water and Hawkshead, like the ascent out of Malvern, on the Hereford road, is presently matched by the view on the other side, as soon as the road begins to descend. This view towards Coniston is far superior to any thing to be seen from the vale itself. As regards Coniston Water, the fir plantations on the mountain side give it a peculiar, almost a Swiss aspect; but there is a certain hardness and regularity about the outline of the lake, and a corresponding stiffness in its surroundings, which

are not pleasing. Mrs. Linton touches it with a brilliant pencil, but perhaps a long residence on its shores may have rendered her scarcely an impartial judge: we see beauties in the dear home face, which a stranger cannot discover. Perhaps this lake, to receive full justice, should be taken first in the series, so as to avoid unfair comparisons.*

But Derwentwater is our author's chief delight, and we shall not disagree with her taste; for, whether the lake itself stands first or not, there can be but one opinion of the surrounding scenery,—it is unrivalled. The lake is ramparted all round with loveliness. No jewel was ever so richly set. But, although, from the author's residence at Keswick, as well as at Coniston, the whole neighbourhood is familiar to her; yet these chapters are the most unsatisfactory in the book, and serve to strengthen our conviction that Mrs. Linton would write much better if she took less pains. The frequent re-touching makes the descriptions laboured and heavy. Words are expected to perform impossibilities,—to give not only form but character, not only character but colour, not only definite colour, but neutral tints, and even those subtle changes and gradations, seen only under certain conditions of the sky, which defy not only the power of the pen, but of the pencil, and that as completely as does the splendour of the sun. Thus:—'Every tenderness and variety of tone and colour is there: from the richest orange to

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* The route which we should urge on those who are visiting the district for the first time, and who wish to see it thoroughly, would be this:—Enter by way of Ulverston, thus approaching Coniston Lake from its lower end. The vales of the Duddon and Esk can be visited if time allows.

From Coniston, by Hawkshead and Esthwaite Water, to Windermere Ferry, thus coming upon the middle portion of the lake, and so to Bowness or Ambleside. From here Rydal and Grasmere may be taken. And the Langdales.

Then, premising that the pedestrian is in good training, let him proceed by Troutbeck Valley and Kirkstone Pass, climb High Street, and descend on the other side for Hawes Water.

Thence to Pooley Bridge, and to the head of Ullswater.

From Patterdale to Keswick, either over Helvellyn, or by the shorter and easier way through Dockwray and Matterdale.

From Keswick, by Honister Pass, to Buttermere and Crummock.

From Buttermere to Wastwater, if necessary by Scarf Gap and Black Sail; but it is far better to return to the head of Borrowdale, and go round by Sty Head Pass and Great Gable.

This completes the tour. Of course any amount of time can be expended upon it, excursions being made from the various centres, more or less widely, as the case may be. But whether the time be long or short, if the general plan be adhered to, there is nothing of consequence omitted; and the larger lakes are all approached from their lower end, which is a point of great importance, though often overlooked. Say what we will, first impressions are indelible; and it is worth a little inconvenience, especially in the case of the larger lakes, to allow the feeling of admiration to heighten and grow as we advance up the shore, rather than, by arriving at the opposite end, to incur a constant diminuendo of interest as we proceed.

the deepest purple, and all possibilities of red and green and blue between; but all toned down now into an amethystine violet, like a mass of molybdena, or "peacock ore" a little veiled, or the feathers on a dove's throat.' If the reader has kept his footing through the former part of the sentence, and the half page that precedes it, he is certain to be brought up by that mass of molybdena. And when he has got over his wonder, as to what, in the name of the British Museum, the thing may be, the refinement awaits him of 'a little veiled,' which is a tax on his imaginative faculties still more unfair. So in reading of 'a burning purple in the chrysolite-coloured sky,'—burning purple, by the way, being very like a crimson,—we have to stop a moment to remember what colour a chrysolite is, for the stone is not a common one, and should hardly be used as an illustration. And then, what are we to say to the '*cold* green and grey of the shadowed fell, which yet, when we look into it, is full of lingering touches of *warmth;*' or that equally curious black 'which, when looked into, is rich with purple and green, and the *finer tones of orange?*' And so on, until the conglomeration is like that of a painter's palette, at the close of a long day's work. It is a pity to see colour used thus indiscriminately, for there are few who are capable of handling it with such good effect, if only with moderation. 'Pleasures,' of this kind, 'are like poppies spread,'—that is, in the sense of here and there one among the standing corn. But when we come to patches of poppies, acres of poppies, miles of poppies, we cannot but wish that the 'bloom' was indeed 'fled,' and for ever.

Nevertheless, if there be a valley within the three kingdoms that can justify any extravagance of eulogy, it is this Borrowdale, which holds within itself every element of beauty, and so many elements of grandeur. These descriptions fail, as all others have done, to give any clear and definite idea of what the valley really is. If, as Mrs. Linton says, 'the vale of Keswick is the opened rose itself, and all the other lakes and mountains are the leaves and buds;' then 'Borrowdale is the heart of the rose.' And, under this pretty and fragrant simile, we leave it. But the dale, during the storms of winter, presents another aspect altogether, and one little suspected by the summer tourist.

'See it when the rain has fallen for twelve hours, after the rising of the "Borrowdale sop," [a peculiar cloud which foretokens a storm,] and you will find the whole conditions changed. Lodore, which had scarcely a cupfull of water trickling through its stones, is now a turbulent and turbid force, in the place of a limpid stream, rippling

musically from stone to stone. The river into which it subsides—a mere silver line before—is now a boiling whirlpool, white or brown as it holds itself together in its sullen flood or breaks passionately into spray and foam upon the rocks. The fall comes down, parting into three fierce streams before they join again in one; with just one or two black rocks putting out their heads above the waters; but all the rest are covered, and their places marked only by the fiercer rush and the louder roar. The lake-side meadows are standing swamps; and the river by Grange is no longer a waste of stones, but a waste of waters breaking up into thundering waves—not the mere dashing of petulant spray against the rocks. It is the same higher up. There are no stones now in the river-bed by Castle Crag; the larches stand waist-deep in the water; the road is flooded up to the horses' girths, and the waters dash into the carriage and pour through it. The mountains are loud with water-courses; and not a trace of that gorgeous colouring of twenty-four hours ago is to be seen. All yesterday Skiddaw was hidden under a straight-ruled, smoke-coloured coverlet, which came nearly down to Applethwaite; to-day it is washed clean out of the picture as the storm traverses the vale. So with Glaramara and the mountains at the head of Borrowdale. You see nothing but a driving hoary mist, or a fiercer wrath of rain, pitiless as hail; nothing but trees bent in the wind, and waters foaming from the hill sides, and the rain pouring down a level torrent, and the paths of the mountain ghylls filled with raging mountain streams. This is what twelve hours' rain among the mountains has brought.'
—Pages 71–73.

The amount of rainfall in the district is almost incredible. But although there is more wet, there are not necessarily more wet days, here than elsewhere,—the rain, when it does fall, comes heavily, almost literally in sheets, in the more exposed places. The quantity of rain falling in the south of England is on an average between 18 and 19 inches. But as the average for the whole of England is 30 inches, it follows that the increased fall in the northern and more hilly districts is sufficient to raise the whole average more than fifty per cent. Thus, in 1863, the total rainfall at Penrith was 36 inches; at Whitehaven, 51; at Kendal, 55; at Keswick, 72; at Ambleside, 85; at Coniston, 84; while at Seathwaite, in Borrowdale, the figures rise to 173. Thus there is a pretty regular increase at each successive elevation above the sea level, until at about 1,900 feet, and at a point which is almost the exact centre of the mountain system, we find ten times the amount of rain that falls in Surrey or Essex.

Some years ago, Dr. Miller, of Whitehaven,* by a series of experiments, found that the maximum of wet is not at the

* See Appendix to Miss Martineau's Guide to the Lakes.

maximum of elevation, but, as we have just said, at about 1,950 feet above the sea level, there being a marked diminution above as well as below that point. Thus on Scawfell Pike, which is 3,229 feet above the sea, and the highest point of land in England, 81 inches of rain fell; on Great Gable, which is 2,954 feet high, 86 inches fell; at Sprinkling Tarn, which is 1,000 feet lower, or 1,959 feet, 168 inches fell, which was the greatest amount registered;* at Seathwaite, the quantity was 156 inches; and at Styhead Tarn, which is 1,430 feet, the quantity was 124 inches. So that on the top of the two lofty mountains, Scawfell and Great Gable, not more rain fell than on the lower ground of Keswick and Ambleside.

The explanation is, that the heavy rain-clouds hang low, and the highest summits escape the deluge, which falls upon the middle and lower heights. The explanation of the excessive rainfall is, that these mountains, being within a dozen miles of the west coast, are the first to receive the rain-clouds from the Atlantic, which pass over the intervening level country, but break against the mountain tops, while the low temperature of the mountains, often 10 or 15 degrees below that of the clouds, causes such sudden condensation of the vapour, that it is discharged in torrents of rain that are almost tropical in their violence. Even these figures can furnish but a faint idea of the mass of water that is discharged. In four weeks as much as 30 inches of rain have been known to fall, or as much as falls in the south of England in eighteen months. During last year, (1864,) notwithstanding the low average for the entire kingdom, 134 inches of rain fell at Seathwaite. In December, more than 6 inches fell in the course of twenty-four hours, which is within a trifle of the largest quantity known, 6¼ inches having once been marked. This seems immense considered relatively, as being nearly one-fourth of the whole average rainfall of England during twelve months. But it seems still more wonderful considered positively. In actual quantity the mere fraction, the half inch, represents fifty tons of water discharged upon every acre. In other words, within the area represented by this particular register, no less than *six hundred and fifty tons* of water were discharged upon each acre of ground in the twenty-four hours! Here we see the value of the mountain tarns, which are so many reservoirs, or rather dams, which stay the mighty torrent. For if the whole weight of water thus suddenly discharged were at once to fall into the valleys, the streams would

* In 1847, the rain gauge at Sprinkling Tarn marked 207 inches; that on Scawfell, 128 inches. The theory is not perfect, because Seathwaite is only 422 feet above the sea level; but its position is peculiar.

as suddenly overflow their banks, and do serious mischief in their headlong course. But the tarns receive the first rush of water, allowing the ordinary channels to receive no more than a full supply, which having discharged, they are ready to receive the overflow of the tarns,—such heavy rains rarely continuing more than eighteen or twenty-four hours.

But to return from this digression. Our author complains somewhat justly that Borrowdale is not a place of rest and enjoyment to the visitor, and itself the attraction which it deserves to be; but that it is apt to be considered as part of the way to somewhere else. And so, while the visitor makes the circuit of the lake, and duly admires the lower part of the valley, he contents himself as to Borrowdale proper, with the reflection that he will see it as he passes through on his way to Buttermere or Langdale. If the valley were a *cul-de-sac*, it would be seen more at leisure, and be much more thoroughly enjoyed. But it is the very reverse of this; for at its southern extremity it divides into two branches—Seathwaite on the one side, and Stonethwaite on the other. These forks again divide, the former into the passes of Honister, and Sty Head, and the latter into the pass of the Stake into Langdale, and that by Ease Ghyll to Grasmere. Of the four passes the last is but little used, and the first is the one most frequented, there being a practicable carriage-road all the way. Turning off at Seatoller, the ascent becomes at once severe, the more so that the road consists of the loose, slippery stones which abound in this neighbourhood. It winds along the hill-side with a ravine below it, and a torrent in the bed of the ravine, which chafes and rages with even more than the usual energy of these mountain streams, while torrent, ravine, and road are overhung with trees, chiefly birch and mountain ash, through which most lovely glimpses are caught at every turn, especially on looking back over the valley below. When through the wood, a couple of miles over the fells brings us to the top of Honister Pass. The Crag is the finest isolated rock in the district, and the lower part of the pass has quite the sweep of Kirkstone, but it is not equally well balanced, and lacks the grandeur of its rival. From hence there is a gradual descent to Buttermere, with Scale Force and Crummock water beyond. But although these are great attractions, the excursion is not to compare with that to Wastdale by Sty Head. The proof is not alone in the immediate comparison between the two, but in the difference of the impressions left upon the memory after a considerable interval. Whoever will take the two excursions, the ground being, of course, new to him, on two consecutive days, or on two days

equally favourable, and will contrast the two sets of impressions after a long interval, will find that the one leaves only a general impression of pleasure; probably the top of Honister Pass and the head of Buttermere being the most distinct recollections of any; whereas the other remains a series of distinct and ineffaceable pictures of each portion of the way.

No one who is equal to a fifteen miles' stretch over heavy ground, should omit Wastdale from his programme; taking the route through Borrowdale and by the Sty Head Pass. There is, perhaps, no walk like it for the varied and, indeed, ever varying character of the scenery; certainly, none like it for the wildness and desolation of its close. Leaving Seatoller Farm on the right, past the famous yews of Borrowdale, and over Stockley Bridge, once also famous as a picturesque object, but the beauty of which has long since been improved away, the ascent to Sty Head begins. The path is not much frequented, and is little better than a sharp track winding in an eccentric manner up the mountain. Half-an-hour's climbing gives a noble view northward, closed in by Skiddaw and Blencathra. At each step the view widens, but just as the ascent becomes exciting, the path turns off westward. But it is worth while to neglect the path, and ascend to the top of Sty Head, from which there is a glorious view up Borrowdale. Beyond it lies Derwentwater cradled among the hills; beyond this Keswick; then a little higher up to the left the hamlets of Millbeck and Applethwaite, their whitewashed cottages glistening in the sunlight; and the whole Skiddaw range for a background to the picture. And here is an example of one peculiarity of mountain scenery, that it always appears to disadvantage when seen from a low as well as a near point of view. For in looking at Blencathra from the neighbourhood of Keswick, almost at its foot, it seemed nothing extraordinary, though certainly fine: but seen from this point, five miles further off, and a thousand feet higher, its proportions have enlarged most wonderfully.

A little beyond Sty Head Tarn the path begins to descend. On the right is Great Gable, over whose shoulder you are passing; on the left is a terrible chasm, through which, according to the season, flows, or rolls, or roars, a stream, one of the feeders of Wastwater. Across the stream rises steep Lingmell, and on his flank is Great End, with Scawfell and Scawfell Pike behind. This descent is the most trying part of the journey. One of the ancient worthies says that 'beneath the spectator lies a precipice which the human eye can scarcely fathom.' We must make allowance for the nerves of unaccustomed travellers

of those days, and a further allowance for such travellers' tales, which ran little risk of scrutiny; though there is more excuse for their exaggerations here than elsewhere. Mrs. Linton says of this spot: 'If Honister is stern, Sty Head is violent; if Kirkstone is desolate, Sty Head is terrifying—in certain aspects, when the clouds hang low over Wastwater, literally terrifying, as if the road was going down into the home of the Eternal Death. The disruption, the dislocation, the violence of the way, is beyond all that has been seen yet. It is nature in one of her wildest moods, her fiercest and most turbulent.' You almost hesitate at the descent, a path which is a mere line falling down the mountain, over sharp stones lying thick upon each other, and giving way at every step. Add to these discomforts a high wind, which, if it be any month but July or August, will probably meet the traveller, blowing furiously through the gorge; and progress will be found most wearying. The turns are several times so sudden that the way seems closed up both before and behiud; and across the ravine Lingmell rises steep and wild. The view down into Wastdale is cheerless in the extreme. After passing over this great cataract of stones, to say nothing of a mountain heap under which you pass on the right, you find the dale itself a wilderness of stones, cut up by numberless black watercourses, so that it looks in an afternoon sun more like an open sewer than anything else. Indeed, it is with some difficulty you are convinced, that the water is of the same brilliant clearness as that which has crossed or followed your path all day.

As to the mountains here, they have secrets in their hearts which it needs a little courage to wrest from them; but those who have explored Pease Ghyll declare that it is worth any amount of labour and discomfort to accomplish,—and every step of the way to it is romantic. The mountains and the water monopolise the glory of the place. The dale is as dreary as can well be imagined, bare and hungry-looking, with its half-dozen cottages and duodecimo parish church. If a guardsman were to stand against the latter, the window sills would reach to his knee, the top of the windows would be a little above his elbow, and the roof would commence at his shoulder. The edifice contains eight pews, and from the pulpit the priest can lay hands on almost any one of his flock.

Presently the lake comes in sight—the barest of lakes in the barest of dales. It is not that there is no islet—not even a rock—rising above its surface, for other lakes resemble it in this; nor is it that the line of the shore cuts sharp and almost straight down one side for its whole length, and that the other

has scarcely anywhere a graceful curve,—for two other lakes have as hard an outline; but it is the entire absence of foliage, and the absence of life which this occasions. The mountains at its head are bare of trees, so are the Screes along the further side, and on the hither side there is nothing but shingle,—the stones washed down from the hills by the storms of every winter. Even in summer furious winds rush down, increasing at times to a hurricane, against which it is difficult to stand; and the effect upon the water is very fine. We once witnessed a small waterspout formed just at our feet, which went swirling over the surface of the lake for some distance, and then dispersed. Presently another squall struck the water, raising up a great wave, which it drove forward to the opposite shore, where it broke into spray that was carried far up the side of the hills. A still more beautiful effect, and one of constant occurrence, was produced when the wind, sweeping along the lake, drove before it a sheet of spray, sometimes a hundred feet in length, on which were painted by the afternoon sun, one, two, and even three rainbows, as gorgeous as any that span the sky. The storm, in this case, continued for three hours, during which the lake was literally white with foam. Strange to say, while all this fury was raging below, the upper atmosphere appeared quite calm; there were scarcely any clouds in the blue sky, and those visible were motionless.

The scenery now rapidly falls away, and the foot of Wast-water is flat and tame, with merely undulating ground from thence to the coast. And so dies out by this lake to the west, as by Hawes-water to the east, the last ripple of the great central wave of beauty; so roll from side to side the last echoes,—'thinner, clearer, farther going,'—of the music of the hills.

We have every wish to speak kindly of the illustrations to Mrs. Linton's volume. They are careful sketches by a most deserving artist. And yet we do not think that they will enhance his reputation. No one can expect a hundred highly finished woodcuts, in addition to the very perfection of paper, type, and binding, for a guinea. But there are few who would not have preferred a third of the number thrice as well done. There is a scratchy character about them, strongly in contrast with the softness and delicacy which have been imparted to wood-engraving of late years. As regards the choice of subjects there can be no room for complaint: indeed, an artist can hardly be wrong, let him plant his sketching-stool where he will. But surely Windermere deserved a full-page engraving, instead of such scant treatment from artist as well as author.

The view from Low Wood gives but a weak representation of the amphitheatre of mountains at the head, and the view looking back from near Dove's Nest is simply anything or nothing, at the reader's discretion. The large view of Ullswater from Gowbarrow Park is more fortunate, though the lake itself is too solid, and is ice quite as much as water, and the clouds have a curious congested appearance. The large view in Borrowdale gives at first sight the impression of the valley being under water; a second glance shows this to be impossible, and suggests snow; but this again being forbidden by the ample foliage of the trees, the final conclusion is, that the glassy appearance must represent sunshine. The most successful drawing in the book is the view from the top of Helvellyn, looking over Striding Edge. The mountain crests in the foreground, especially the sharp and dangerous Edge itself, the gradually receding hills, the wealthy plain stretching to the horizon, with Windermere lying in the middle distance, form a well-balanced and noble picture, while the play of the sunlight on water and plain is caught most happily. Some of the smaller views are extremely good, as Scale Force, Dungeon Ghyll, Rydal Falls, and Lodore, the last of which gives very faithfully the effect of a foaming cascade. The water is really falling, and the foam is neither wool nor feathers. Honister must be reckoned among the remarkable omissions, being fairly entitled to a place; but it has been done to death by the photographers.

The illustrations have certainly this merit,—that they do not exaggerate; and exaggeration is the fatal defect of all artists in this district. Of the endless series of prints, engravings, and chromo-lithographs which have been issued from time to time to illustrate the Lake Country, there is only here and there one that is free from this blemish. Even such an artist as Pyne cannot always resist the temptation. In his sketch of Brother's Water, for instance, the tarn is surrounded by veritable Alps. Buttermere is delineated just as a thundercloud conceals one summit, and the mountain masses loom unnaturally large and heavy through the moist air.

But Pyne transcribes faithfully in comparison with his predecessors. A series of views very carefully engraved was issued some years ago by a London house, in which there is the grossest misrepresentation. The mountains in some cases are almost double their proper height, the ravines and gorges are deepened, valleys are lengthened or widened, just as in the artist's judgment the picture seems to require. Cascades become waterfalls, and waterfalls cataracts; the woods show a wonderful growth of centenary timber; and eagles and red deer are introduced with a free hand. The book had an extended sale;

but this exaggerated style produced much disappointment when the traveller came to stand face to face with the reality. And the draughtsman ought to be sparing of mere 'artistic effects.' It may seem desirable to deepen a shadow, in order to throw out the parapet of the road in stronger relief; but that shadow just turns a ditch into a precipice; or a figure is introduced to help the distance, but it adds half a mile to the width of the plain; or a skiff is placed upon the water for the same reason, but of such infinitesimal proportions that it swells the tarn into a lake, and doubles the height of the enclosing mountains. There is a large and well executed view in chromo of Buttermere, the effect of which is immeasurably increased by a tiny white sail, but at the sacrifice of all truthful proportion, inasmuch as the lake becomes at least three times its real size, and the bold mountain face is heightened to the same extent.

No such charge can be made against these illustrations, which are often considerably within the truth, as may be seen by a comparison with the photographic views. In many cases the photograph is the more striking of the two as regards proportion; and in going over the whole series, we do not know a single sketch that is open to objection on this head. We close the book unwillingly. Its merits very much outweigh its defects. Of the former our readers are well able to judge by the extracts here given; and if we have dwelt upon the latter, it is in opposition to the system of criticism which is either lavish in its praise, or unsparing in its censure, and is extreme in either case. As the book stands, it will be highly acceptable to many readers; but a free, not to say relentless, pruning would render it acceptable to many more.

ART. VII.—*My Diary in America in the Midst of War.* By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. In Two Volumes. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

IT is a very difficult matter to take all the pugnacity out of the human breast. Ovid's couplet as to the 'emollient' effect of a thorough course of the *ingenuæ artes* is habitually set at nought in the practice of civilised and educated man. If we cannot ourselves fight, it seems to be thought the next best thing to watch our neighbours and friends in active warfare. What interest did that wretched *embroglio*, the Danish war, inspire throughout our land a year ago! and how narrowly did we miss burning our fingers to save somebody else's chestnuts! But, when that question was settled, the Eng-

lish mind reverted, with increased attention, to the great epic of our day and of our race,—the American civil war; a theme which demands the powers of a hundred Homers to celebrate it aright. For the siege of Troy, the study of which occupies so much of our early days, and so little of our riper years,—Earl Derby's case being quite an exceptional one,—was a trifle compared with this gigantic fray. The numbers of men in arms, the vast area of the battle-fields, the swift transport of troops, the unending campaigns, and the destructive implements of warfare, make this war to stand out from all wars for terrible grandeur. Then, again, it is not a strife betwixt utter savages and cannibals, or semi-barbarian Chinese or Japanese, or unmanageable Greeks or Mexicans, who might fight their fill without our home public troubling themselves very much about the matter. But the combatants are of our own flesh and blood, of our build and complexion, of our tongue and religion; differing from us only in a few things; better than ourselves in some respects, and, as we may pardonably hold, not quite so good in others. They prize our literature perhaps even more highly than we ourselves do; and make a great fuss over our 'lions,' when they leave their island den on a show journey. And we, for our part, keep a place in our hearts, and a niche in our shelves, for their many excellent writers,—their Prescotts and Irvings and Hawthornes, their Longfellows, Bryants, and Poes, their Whittiers, Lowells, and Holmes's; while their Childs and Sigourneys, their Stowes and Wetherells, have numbered their gentle readers on this side of the Atlantic by hundreds of thousands, and have had at their feet a fair proportion of the sterner sex.

It is this our brother-land, bound to us by so many ties, that is now bleeding and weeping and wasting with a long war; yet all the while is spending its best blood and treasure with cheerfulness, because it believes—each section, North and South, firmly believes—that it is in the right; that it is fighting for great principles, which lie at the very root of its existence. Regarding the matter *à priori*, one would expect that an Englishman, visiting such a people in its very agony of struggle for national life, would look with sympathy on its throes, grieve for its calamities, and repress any tendency to jeer and tease, and to magnify molehills of defect into mountains of scandal. One would fain hope that any man who might be chosen to represent our country or our press on the other side of the Atlantic, would be specially actuated by that tenderness for those who are in distress, which should characterize us as a Christian nation. Let him sympathize most, as

he chose, with North or with South, still his duty would be to give fair play to each, to turn neither into ridicule, to be calm, candid, and kind to all alike.

Such, however, is not the spirit in which Mr. Sala approached his task. Affecting, in his earlier letters to *The Daily Telegraph*,—of which paper he was sent out as the Special Correspondent,—a freedom from partiality which it was evident he did not really possess, he soon threw off the vain semblance, and became the open and extreme partisan of the South; and now, with marvellous simplicity, he appears both to wonder and to grieve at the supposition that the North does not like him. *Our* only wonder is that the people whom he systematically libelled did not at once ship him off from its shores. 'Brother Jonathan' has always been represented as having a very thin skin; but, if it formerly were so, his quiet endurance in this matter proves that the war has already hardened his cuticle considerably.

It is evident that Mr. Sala himself has been struck—too late—by his own one-sidedness: for not only has he omitted a good deal of his newspaper letters, but he has also felt it necessary to preface this republication with a chapter entitled *Justificatory*. It is a long chapter, but might very well have been compressed into a single sentence: for the real gist of the matter is contained in a few lines on the thirty-seventh page of this long-winded prologue, where he acknowledges himself to be the grandson of a slave-owning West Indian lady. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Hence a determination from the outset to do his best to write down the North, and to write up the South. Yet he tells us that, lest he should be set down as a 'Copperhead' at once, he was cautious in the selection of his hotel at New York, choosing one—the Brevoort—that was 'anti-slavery, but aristocratic.' This was indeed a stretch of liberality on his part. But he could not so far overcome his prejudices as to deliver his letters of introduction to such men as Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes,—of the latter of whom Mr. Sala is an intense admirer,—because, forsooth, they were too earnest abolitionists for him. And this is the principle on which he seems to have proceeded throughout. Accustomed at home to bloom under the fostering breath of a small literary clique, and to fancy that in their active crania were concentrated the brains—the thinking power—of all England, he naturally, when transplanted to the keen atmosphere of the States, sought to be sheltered in some genial conservatory, where flourished a forced flora of his own especial hue, and where such a tender plant might be screened from the rough

winds of liberty. The consequence was, that he saw little of the inner life of the people, spending his time chiefly in narrow scheming coteries, or in 'knocking about' the country; denying himself the pleasure of associating with the foremost literary men of America, lest they should take the pegs of prejudice out of his pro-slavery frame of mind, and so unfit him to be the correspondent of one of the ablest and most unscrupulous apologists of the South in our daily press. The loss was entirely his own; and we cannot but think that, with all his boastful parade of what he did, or did not do, Mr. Sala at heart regrets his folly in having tried to look on America with one eye shut, and so thrown away such an opportunity as may never recur for himself.

It is not needful for us in these pages to combat Mr. Sala's views as to what has been the character of slavery in the Southern States, and what is the place of the Negro in the scale of creation. On the first point we will simply refer him to Mrs. Fanny Kemble's *Journal*,*—a book more damaging to the South than all the novels ever written, inasmuch as its statements cannot be disproved or even disputed. And with regard to the Negro's claim to manhood, we prefer the evidence of such men as Livingstone and Speke to all the stale jokes which Mr. Sala delights in retailing. For he inherits a strong contempt for the African; and probably thinks that the scorching sunshine which congests or addles an Englishman's lordly brains, should warm into energetic and persistent labour the contents of a Negro's woolly skull. It is the natural climate of the latter, and of course must be an excellent one for *him* to work hard in,—just as a countryman might suppose that a dense fog must necessarily be cheering and invigorating to a Londoner, as being *his* natal element. With a gravity that is highly ludicrous, Mr. Sala produces, as the clinching blow of his argument, the story that a Negress, being provided with money for a *layette*, went and spent it on—a silk umbrella! The tale, if true, might be matched by many anecdotes relating to our own fellow-countrywomen. What is the tendency of an unceasing round of dependent drudgery, unlighted by instruction, ungilded by hopes of advancement, unblessed by heavenly aspirations,—we may, in some faint measure, judge by the effect on the lowest class of English servants, among whom are to be found not a few whose intellects are permanently dulled by 'all work, and no play,' by the harshness of heartless mistresses,

* *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838–1839.* By Frances Anne Kemble. Longmans. 1863.

and by the absence of home influences; and from whom, as a class, is taken so large a proportion of the inmates of our asylums. If this be the effect of such causes on individuals possessed of some education and of a fair amount of liberty of action, and protected by equal laws, what is likely to be the result of similar evils, only much intensified, on the dark bondsmen of successive generations, whose masters are at liberty to do what they will with their own? Take any race, and shut it out from the slightest taste of freedom, from the blessed influences of education, from every healthful stimulus to labour, and —so far as man can do—from the free grace of God; make its men beasts of burden, and snap in its women all the heart-strings of natural affection; break up its families by sudden caprice, sending one child hither and another thither, never to be traced and recovered; and, whether its skin be white, black, or copper-coloured, that cannot fail to become, as regards the majority of its members, a laggard, grovelling race. Mr. Sala knows well, however, that *all* slaves are not stupid and indolent; that, in fact, in the bygone days of peace, a large portion of a planter's revenue was often derived from the pay of his skilled Negroes, whom he let out to hire in the neighbouring towns.

Why not, asks Mr. Sala, have waited till some plan was devised for putting an easy termination to the evil of slavery? The South itself answered that question four years ago. It was the fear of constitutional measures tending to the ultimate liberation of the Negro, which urged South Carolina to begin the war that has now at last wrought such disaster to her pride. For many years the South had tyrannized over the North, gaining plot by plot of ground for slave territory, forcing upon it Fugitive Slave laws, and denouncing pains and penalties against all who should aid or shelter the wretched runaways. The Presidents for a long time past had been—in reality, if not professedly—Southern nominees, tools to shape the slaveholders' dirty work. When at length an honest man, determined to do what was right, was elected to the Chair, the South could not brook the portentous change, and broke into open warfare. On it, therefore, and especially on Mr. Jefferson Davis, long the evil genius of the great Republic, lies the guilt of this unnecessary struggle.

Let the English supporters of the South tell us that it is fighting for the vindication of free trade or of State rights: we can judge best for what the South has fought by what its chief aim was when in power. Was it to secure liberty of person, to dignify and defend free discussion, or to throw open new chan-

nels of commerce? Was the energy of its senators, the fire of its orators, or the versatility of its schemers, ever exerted on behalf of the high, the noble, or the useful? Was not its one aim and end, not merely to preserve its 'domestic institution,' but to force it down the throats of the legislators of the North, and to degrade every free citizen into a gaoler or executioner for its slaves? Mr. Sala knows that such was the case. It was but just before the war broke out that the North was taunted for not being sufficiently in earnest to fight, by the very newspapers which now upbraid it for fighting. Its statesmen, unfortunately, had been great only in disastrous compromises,—compromises on a point which should admit of none, the vital rights of fellow-creatures. But, as often happens, the nation was in advance of its statesmen. It was not destitute of earnest writers, whose thrilling words woke responsive chords among the people. The indignation of its poets was deeply stirred by one and another outrage by slave-hunters on the free Northern soil; and, believing that there was a God in heaven who would judge the whole nation for the wrongs inflicted on its weakest part, they poured forth burning words, though almost in despair of ever seeing the right arise and vindicate itself. Years ago Whittier wrote,—

'Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn;
You've spurn'd our kindest counsels—you 've hunted for our lives,
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves!

We wage no war—we lift no arm—we fling no torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin;
We leave you with your bondsmen, to wrestle, while ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies, and God-like soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given
For freedom and humanity, is register'd in heaven:
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand!
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land!'

And Lowell, with true poetic insight into the future, penned these warning lines,—a portion of an immortal poem 'On the Capture of certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington:'—

'We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God has set within our spirit's core.
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then,
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He 's true to God who 's true to man: wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-beholding sun,

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

* * * * * *

Chain down your slaves with ignorance,—ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart:
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 't is decreed our slaves shall go;
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh:
If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red Sea is doom'd to be, whose surges are of gore.'

No wonder that Mr. Sala should have shunned the company of men who could write thus boldly. He might well fear lest their vigorous love of freedom should act mesmerically on his susceptible mind, and lest he should wake up some morning, and find his prejudices and his occupation vanished together. Yes, he certainly acted with discretion in not visiting the literary men of Boston. Their manly 'Bay State dialect' might have invaded his system, and expelled the conceited cockneyism which fancies that Fleet Street is the macrocosm, and that George Augustus Sala is one of its ablest rulers and guides. He was, therefore, perfectly justified in shunning such a perilous ordeal for the principles inherited from his grandmamma.

Mr. Sala tells the 'intelligent American' of the North, to whom he addresses his 'Justificatory' chapter,—

'You have the fanatics, the visionaries, the donkeys and the doctrinaires of Great Britain on your side; you have John Bright and a part of Manchester, and the conceited and cracked-brained sciolists of the *Tom Brown* school; you have Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. George Thompson; but the majority of cultivated Englishmen, albeit they may abhor slavery, and deprecate recognition of the South, do not sympathize with the North.'—Vol. i., pp. 49, 50.

In answer to this modest paragraph, which classes with 'the donkeys' those who have the misfortune to differ from our accomplished author, let us first assure him that we are no disciples of Mr. Bright. But though we differ from that statesman widely on many points, we appreciate his broad and manly cast of thought, his earnest eloquence, and his independent standing in political life; and we venture to assure the Diarist that it would take a great many Salas and Delanes, *et id genus omne*, to weigh down, in the scales of worth and ability, one John Bright.

We freely allow that many intelligent Englishmen have for a time sympathized with the South: but Mr. Sala must not exaggerate the number of the sympathizers, or the value of their sympathy. Among the middle classes, decidedly the greater proportion of those for whose opinion we should care,—men who think for themselves, and decline to borrow all their opinions from hastily written 'leaders,'—have been all along in favour of the North. It is indisputable, also, that the majority of the intelligent working classes, the sober, saving artisans, have distinctly expressed their approval of the course pursued by the North. This is a remarkable feature of the American struggle. Our own hard-handed, clear-headed sons of toil, so far from being jealous of our black fellow-men, so far from straining every point and tittle of anatomic difference into a vital barrier between the Negro and other races of mankind, so far from joining our modern Monboddos, and classing the Ethiop with the monkey or the gorilla, hail the success of the Northern cause as a triumph to the rights of labour throughout the world, and appreciate the noble way in which Mr. Lincoln, fettering himself with no promises, has yet steadily done his best to end the curse of slavery, and to free his country from the one great stumbling-block in the way of its progress.

On the question of slavery, which Mr. Sala considers of such small importance, we will cite two authorities, whose judgment he cannot treat with disdain. The first shall be the gentleman to whom he dedicates his book, W. Howard Russell, LL.D.,—a name which gives additional lustre and dignity to an honourable profession. In his work on *Canada*, just published, Dr. Russell observes, 'Slavery is to me truly detestable: the more I saw of it, the less I liked it. It is painful to one who has seen this system at work, and its results, to read in English journals philosophical—pseudo-philosophical—treatises on the subject, and dissertations on the "ethics and æsthetics" of the curse from which we shook ourselves free years ago, with the approbation of our consciences and of the world.' Our second quotation is from the 'own correspondent' of *The Daily Telegraph* at Richmond, and appeared in that paper on March 1st of this year. The Southern ladies, he observes, 'declare themselves quite ready for emancipation, and are beginning to regard this species of property as a positive encumbrance. They do not feel that they have done the blacks any wrong by holding them in bondage; they do not think that, by giving them their freedom, they are going to confer a boon on this unfortunate race; but they feel *it is useless to hold out any longer against the opinion of the civilised world*, and they

are ready to pay deference to the spirit of the age.' Mr. Sala, we venture to predict, will hereafter regret that the tone of his volume on this subject is beneath the dignity of letters, and behind what even the South partially recognises as '*the spirit of the age.*'

The affair of the 'Trent' happened unfortunately just in time to serve as a pretext for several of our newspapers, from which better things might have been expected, to espouse vehemently the cause of the 'Rebs;' to write in an ultra pro-slavery style to which the Richmond papers themselves have never descended; and, in short, to out-Manhattan Manhattan.* Thenceforth, every defeat of the North was blazoned forth, and dwelt upon, day after day, with an offensive glee; every step of the South was trumpeted as one in advance; every skirmish was enlarged into a Confederate victory which was to close the war. The notorious indifference of the British public to maps was taken advantage of, to persuade careless readers that the North—instead of steadily and surely moving down upon the South, as was really the case—was being narrowed and cramped daily into less and less territory. Not only had such generals as Jackson and Lee—men of whom any people might be proud—their fair meed of praise; but minor warriors, simply because they fought under the Southern banner, were extolled as paragons of chivalry, marvellous masters of strategy, superior in every respect to the best on the Northern staff.

The same tone prevailed on the bills of contents which the cheap 'dailies' furnish for display on the newsvendors' boards. Had a Federal picket been shot down, or a few stragglers captured? a line of bold capitals announced the fact as 'ANOTHER DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS;'—while, if a Northern general had held his ground in a pitched battle, and the Confederates had thought it best to vacate theirs, the retrogression of the latter was mildly put, in very small letters, as 'New position of the Confederates.' When, at length, it became evident that Grant, though not victorious over Lee, was still a match for him, instead of being driven like chaff before the great Southern; and that Sherman, whom they had sadly belied and under-rated, was as gallant a soldier, and as clever

* We must apologize to our readers for coining a verb out of the *nom de plume* of this mendacious scribe, whose real name was Joseph Scoville. The New York papers might well be astonished that any London journal would blemish its pages with his unscrupulous fibs, and that his letters should be 'in any way deemed expositions of the thought or feeling of Americans on political topics. He was, I believe,' says Mr. Sala, in a note which hints more than it expresses, 'by birth a South Carolinian, and in politics a Secessionist.'

and self-possessed a strategist, as any on the opposite side; their tone became a little changed. Yet they still adhered to their un-English tactics. When the news of a Confederate defeat arrived,—and the Southern disasters have followed each other in unbroken sequence for the last six or seven months,—a 'leader' was given, which set forth the particulars of the battle, but threw some slight doubts on the authenticity of the news. Then, when public excitement at the intelligence was supposed to have cooled down a little, these papers would affect to demonstrate to credulous readers that what was supposed at the first blush to be a victory was, in reality, anything rather than that. A most amusing instance of this partisan effrontery occurred in the case of the paper to which Mr. Sala was last year correspondent. Sherman's daring march from Atlanta to Savannah warmed even this pro-Southern journal into admiration; and he was pronounced to have accomplished a feat which would fill a famous page in history. But, only a few days after,—in repentant disgust, we presume, at the truthful panegyric into which it had been surprised,—the same authority gravely informed its legion of readers, that, after all, this wonderful march was *only a retreat!* In like manner Hood and other officers were, as we have hinted, placed high above all the Northern generals, who were mentioned only to be disparaged; but events have proved that even young Sheridan is as gallant and far more dashing,—having been the hero of one of the most difficult and glorious feats of the war, in changing a disastrous rout of his troops into a brilliant victory by sheer personal courage and dauntless presence,—while Thomas has outwitted and thoroughly beaten the much-vaunted Hood, and taken a high place among the consummate captains whom America has schooled and tested in this war.

Such has been the spirit in which some of our daily papers have treated this theme; and, of course, those of their readers who pin their absolute faith on these oracles will have been found decidedly on the side of the South. But the latter has had another advocate, and certainly not its least powerful one, in the circumstance that in a fight an Englishman is generally disposed to 'back' the smaller of the two antagonists. It was this feeling that very nearly impelled us into the Danish war, as it had helped to urge us into the contest with Russia. So, in the case before us, the doughty way in which the Confederates have fought, their victories over larger, though less effective, bodies of troops, their dashing cavalry raids round the rear of the foe's encampments, and their unflinching readiness

to face the worst, have gained them many partisans among the sons of John Bull, who care nothing about the merits of their cause. This is a phase of feeling which is by no means discreditable to those who espouse the side of the South.

We cannot but wish that all our newspapers had acted fairly in this matter. We ask nothing more of them than to give us impartial reports. If they choose to advocate the cause of the South, let them do so openly and honourably, and not combine the pettifoggiug of a County Court practitioner with the brasen assurance of a 'thieves' lawyer.' We want no jot of Southern bravery or skill to be expunged from the record; but let justice likewise be done to the unflagging energy and the tardy but crowning successes of the North. We would not have them pluck a single spray of laurel from the brow of Jackson or of Lee; but let them not affect to ignore the cool, unswerving tenacity of Grant, or the fertile resource and the effective but bloodless strategy of Sherman,—men who at the darkest hour rightly persisted in declining to despair of the Republic. Let them, if they please, extol Captain Semmes as a naval hero:—he may be a gallant man; but the greater is the pity that he should, during most of the war, have confined himself to exploits just as heroic as that of the hawk, when he poises himself in mid air, and swoops down upon a sparrow. Yet, if they must exalt him, let them not forget the talent and courage of Farragut and Porter, and many another sea-going worthy of the Federals; nor, when they jeer the North for having employed such a boasting, blustering, yet over-cautious general as Butler, let them forget that the South has a Bragg, and that we once sent out a noisy, 'after-dinner' admiral to the Baltic, who, instead of taking Cronstadt and 'crumpling up' Russia, took credit to himself for bringing home his fleet intact; the 'gallant Charley' Napier being the first naval commander who ever preferred such a claim on the gratitude of England.

We have no desire to depreciate the gallantry of the South, or to forget its many noble achievements in this war. The position of Southern slaveholders is much to be pitied, and does not excite the abhorrence raised by the needless fervour of English defenders of slavery. The Southern gentleman finds himself born proprietor of certain beings very much like men, but whom he is taught from childhood to consider but as brute beasts, whose highest calling is to increase his revenue and add to his pleasures. He is brought up looking on this dire evil as good and right, and on every one who does not approve of slavery as a man that would rob and plunder him. We heartily commiserate those who inherit such estates and

such views,—views in which they are confirmed by governess and schoolmaster, by priest and politician. We would fain hope that terms may be devised for reunion without fighting to 'the bitter end.' Both North and South have a sufficient roll of heroic names: both alike have proved themselves capable of such brave endurance as Europe had never yet given them credit for. The War of Independence, and the exploits of Washington, are now thrown into the shade by the many battle-fields of this later and gigantic strife. Henceforth, we fancy, we shall hear less of Bunker's Hill, of New Orleans, and of small campaigns in Mexico.

Of 'Stonewall' Jackson the North will, we doubt not, cherish the memory almost as proudly as the South. When he fell, fatally wounded by his own soldiers, the Confederates lost in him more than a host. His perfect acquaintance with all the landscape of his native State, his familiarity with the Shenandoah Valley, his knowledge of 'gaps' and fords, 'runs' and ravines, high roads and hidden paths, gave him great advantage when closely hemmed in by the foe, and enabled him many a time to save his little army from utter destruction. Quick in the movement of his troops, and keen in the detection of any weak point in the enemy's lines, he seemed ubiquitous both in campaign and in the thick of battle, and his name became synonymous with victory. Scarcely equal, perhaps, to Lee or to Grant in the qualities necessary for a commander-in-chief, his steady courage, strict discipline, enthusiasm in action, and readiness of resource in dilemma, rendered his soldiers almost invincible; while the pure, modest, practical piety of his life, in peace and in war, his earnest efforts to instruct the poor Negroes, his constant reference of all his ways to Divine guidance, mark him as a pattern for every Christian, soldier or civilian. In English memories his name will be linked with that of the brave and saintly Havelock. We may wish that he had thrown his influence into the other scale; but we honour him none the less that, having by long and painful thought made up his mind to take the field under the Confederate flag, —while others of his family adhered staunchly to the North,— he never swerved from his duty to those who had intrusted him with command, but fought on unflinchingly to the last.

It had been noted years ago that the position of Southern gentlemen, while it was encumbered with disadvantages which were often fatal to purity and chivalry alike, yet fitted them to excel in military office, from the habits of unhesitating command and quick decision involved in their daily life. When war broke out, this prognostication was found to be correct; and

the officers of the South proved abler commanders, and their men were in better drill and ten times more available in the field, than those of the North. At the beginning of the war, the latter had yet to find what we ourselves experienced in the Crimea,—that generals are not made in a day; and that it is as foolish to remove them for every reverse as for children to dig up their plants to see why they do not grow faster. The contact of the firm soldierly forces of the South with the unwieldy ranks of the North resulted in the panic of Bull Run,—a disaster which deprived the North for a time of that prestige of victory which is as essential to the common soldier for an effective charge as applause is to the actor or the orator. But now the tables are turned, and victory favours the other side; while prolonged campaigning has welded the Federal masses into steady veteran forces, no longer scorned by the Southern troops, who hail them as foemen worthy of their steel. A kindly feeling of respect has grown up between the contending armies,—a precursor, we trust, of a lasting bond of love and better appreciation between North and South.

We fully agree with Mr. Sala that war is a great, a very great evil. But there is a calamity more dreadful even than war: and that is when a nation, for the sake of the money-making ease of peace, belies its conscience, and becomes the abject instrument for perpetuating a wrong, of the criminality of which it is too enlightened not to be uneasily aware. Such *was* the condition of the North,—lowered in its own estimation, and to some extent demoralised, by yielding point after point to the slave-holding South. Such would be its condition once more, did it seek peace on any basis which did not involve the ultimate extinction of slavery in the South. Were peace proclaimed to-morrow, and the South recognised as an independent republic, with slavery intact, there would be war again almost immediately: for the question of fugitive slaves would of itself afford a constant *casus belli*, independent of the endless and inevitable discussion of frontier.

Mr. Sala sometimes—unwittingly, we presume—answers his own statements and arguments. For instance, he informs us in his first volume, (p. 33,) he 'was told by politicians, by newspaper editors, clergymen, by private gentlemen, by ladies, that the one great object of the war was to set the Black Man free;' and that 'there had gradually arisen in the minds of even moderate men a firm conviction that slavery was at the bottom of this trouble, that it was the root of the evil, and that, ere ever the Union would be restored on its former basis, slavery must be demolished root and branch, and utterly

stamped out.' And, after piling up a pyramid of what he has heard and read, he puts it all contemptuously on one side, and gives us to understand that all that sort of thing could make not the slightest impression on such a philosopher and logician as himself; and that he believes in the evil of slavery as only a very small one, and that the object of the war is *not* 'the liberation of the oppressed and enslaved African.' But in his second volume he cannot mention Henry Ward Beecher without trying to pillory him in a parenthesis as '(the brother of the lady who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and who by her wicked exaggerations and misstatements has done more than any other human being alive towards plunging a once glorious and prosperous and united nation into an abyss of blood and tears and unextinguishable hatred.)' (Vol. ii., p. 12.) Now, the one view or the other must be incorrect. Either Mrs. Stowe did not fan the anti-slavery feeling into a flame; or the chief end of the war is the abolition of slavery in all the United States territory. Mr. Sala's vituperation of 'the lady who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*,'—and thereby won immortal honour,—is a sufficient answer to his own sophisms, and a confirmation of the views which he found to be so rife in the North. Of course it is not to be supposed that the President of the great Republic should cease to aim specially at the restoration of so large and important a section of the body politic. The whole territory, North and South, was intrusted to his care at his election; and it must perforce be his primary object to re-annex its centrifugal fractions, taking care at the same time to remove the evil excrescence which prevented their perfect consolidation with the sounder mass. And in this course he is sustained by the whole intelligent part of the community, who feel that now is the time to root up the upas tree of slavery, and who, believing in his thorough honesty and straightforwardness, have belied the predictions of our journalists, and firmly reseated him in the presidential chair.

Before we leave this subject, let us observe that much has been written, on this side of the Atlantic, about 'State rights.' Where these rights begin, and where they end, have, from the foundation of the Republic, been disputed points with its foremost men; and such illustrious names as Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Madison, and Jay, might be quoted as authorities in favour of a vigorous central executive, and of the views held by the North generally on this subject. That any one of a cluster of States joined under a federal head can be free to break away from the rest whenever the whim seizes it, would be a dogma fatal to the existence of any such confederation.

It is, too, a tenet which Mr. Jefferson Davis himself was glad to repudiate, as soon as there was a danger of Georgia and North Carolina freeing themselves from his domination, and making peace for themselves. 'Circumstances,' the Confederate President no doubt is ready to allow, 'alter cases.'

We gladly turn from politics and warfare to the literary characteristics of the work before us. We have no wish to detract from Mr. Sala's merits as a writer. He is the author of works on various topics; and is master of a lively style, which, though making no great demands on the thinking faculties, will not allow the reader to go to sleep over his books. We need hardly mention his *Life of Hogarth*, which appeared in the early numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and on which he spent much labour, ferreting out of obscurity many particulars respecting the great realistic painter. In it he betrayed his besetting sin,—a tendency to digress, and to dilate on minor particulars to such an extent as to cut the thread of discourse, and damage the effect of the whole. This failing, however, becomes a virtue in some of Mr. Sala's works, where there is no necessity for keeping in view one leading topic, or making all the incidents tend to one catastrophe. Of such a class are his *Twice Round the Clock*,—a tolerably accurate picture of certain phases of London life, and not pretending to penetrate beneath the surface,—and his *Lady Chesterfield's Letters*, a book abounding in good sense, and in illustrations of bygone manners. In his Russian travels,—*A Journey due North*,—this digressive tendency, at first amusing, became at last a positive bore; and few readers, we should suppose, had patience enough to carry them to the end of papers which seemed to have come fresh from the Circumlocution Office. On the vodka-drinking Ischvostchik and his droschky, and on his favourite topics, hotels and railways, our author was painfully diffuse; while he dilated so long and loudly on the Nevskoï Perspektiv and the Gostiunoï Dvor, that the very names on which he doted so much became a standing joke against him. Not that he was unaware of this tendency: for in one of these papers he says, 'I am incorrigible. If you want a man to explore the interior of Australia, or to discover the North-West Passage, or the sources of the Niger, don't send me. I should come back with a sketch of Victoria Street, Sydney, or the journal of a residence in Cape Coast Castle, or notes of the peculiarities of the skipper of a Hull whaler.'

Of his *bonâ fide* works of fiction we cannot profess high admiration. So far as we have perused them, he seems to love

to depict vixens and vagabonds, and not to be aware that an interesting tale may be constructed out of the every-day affairs of common-place people, as—to take a recent instance—in Miss Manning's little story, *Belforest*. In his preface to his last novel, *Quite Alone*, Mr. Sala furnishes matter for an amusing addition to the elder Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*,—or rather, perhaps, to his *Calamities of Authors*. When embarking for America, he appears to have disposed of his MS., then unfinished, to the proprietors of *All the Year Round*. His incessant duties and peregrinations in the States prevented him from putting the finishing stroke to his story; and when he arrived at home, he had the mortification of finding that, to appease the weekly public, it had been finished by another hand. He now implores the literary world to suspend its judgment till the tale comes to a second edition, when they will see—what they will see. In plain words, if people will only buy up this maltreated edition, the next shall be better:—a remarkably modest request, offering unique inducements to present purchasers! In a former instance of incompleteness, his *Seven Sons of Mammon*, if we mistake not, turned out to be only *five*.

It is pretty evident that Mr. Sala has some notion that he himself is a second Thackeray; or else the great master's genius fascinates him into following the same paths to literary fame. In treading in the track of that eminent man, our author has at least this advantage,—that his model wrote a good deal of slip-slop before he executed any work that had force and vitality in it. Thackeray's early pieces would not now be collected and treasured up, but that it is interesting to trace the progress of such a consummate artist, and even his uncouth and abortive attempts have a value of their own when the brilliancy of his perfect works is reflected upon them. Whether Mr. Sala will ever accomplish something that shall take standing as an English classic, and gild with the splendour of its renown the imperfections of his previous efforts, we will not presume to say. At all events, he is not disposed to lose the chance of a lofty position through too much modesty in pushing and climbing. Thus, as Thackeray wrote *A Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, so Mr. Sala indites *A Journey due North*; *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* are matched by *The Baddington Peerage*, &c.; *Esmond*, as an antiquarian tale, has a parallel in *Captain Dangerous*; and *The Roundabout Papers* are surpassed—in roundaboutness—by *Breakfast in Bed*, where a spice of original thought is imbedded in such a mass of commonplace as to yield but a sorry savour.

In the two handsome volumes before us there is much to amuse; and we do not doubt but that they will have a wide circle of readers. There is, in fact, scarcely a dull page in them; and of how few books can this be said! It is quite astonishing to observe how much Mr. Sala can make out of a trifle,—into what an endless web he can spin his little packet of gauzy threads. Indeed, it is for trifles that his genius is best fitted. We get from him no particulars of the higher religious and intellectual life of New York; but, as a compensation, he gives us ample details of hotel breakfasts, of the dresses of ladies and children, of the chat and charges of his car-drivers, and constructs a diverting chapter out of a very dull and dreary railway journey. Throughout, the first word of the title-page plays an important part; and the book would be poor indeed, were it not for the strong individuality —the '*my*'—which pervades it, and adds the charm of personal interest and of piquant character to otherwise trivial details. We feel, it is true, that Mr. Sala need scarcely have crossed the Atlantic to learn that the lowest kind of work generally falls to the lot of the lowest class of the people, whether native or immigrant. Nor did it require such a voyage to ascertain the fact that railway officials are seldom overburdened with politeness. The difference between English and American railway servants seems to be chiefly this,—that here a fee, or the hope of one, will make them civil; while in the States it requires the ceremony of an introduction to get much attention from guard or agent. The latter, therefore, would seem to have the advantage over our own officials, as being less mercenary in their scanty dealings in politeness.

Mr. Sala is quite pathetic in his confession that the Yankees are one so like another that he could discern but few salient points to make a note of. The more credit is due to him for making so much out of a little. He gives them high praise, throughout his volumes, for their shining excellence in the virtue of hospitality. But, curiously enough, the chapter headed with that especial topic is devoted chiefly to an account —interesting, though out of place—of the New York police: as if his happy recollections of departed banquets had died away into reminiscences of the station-house. Our author, indeed, does not seem to have moved in the most refined circles of American society. On the contrary, he leads us to the conclusion that usually his associates were not far above the lowest, when he assures us that such words as 'cuss' and 'hell' were the favourite 'condiment' of their highly seasoned discourse. (Vol. ii., p. 335.)

Of course he visited Niagara: his account of his trips thither, and emotions there, is very characteristic; containing little of the serious and less of the sublime. Nor can we blame Mr. Sala for this treatment of the subject. The great Falls and their adjuncts have been so often depicted from the highest stilts, that we fear the Niagara chapter is generally 'skipped' in any new work on America. Yet one bit of description is worth quoting, showing, as it does, that our author could have described the glorious scene in a higher style, if it had not been already done to death.

'I stood on the brink of Table Rock and gazed once more on the great, dreary, colourless expanse of water, foam, and spray. And this was Niagara, and there was nothing more.

'Nothing? With a burst like the sound of a trumpet, the sudden Sun came out. God bless him! there he was; and there, too, in the midst of the foaming waters, was set the Everlasting Bow. The rainbow shone out upon the cataract; the sky turned blue; the bright clarionet had served to call all nature to arms; the very birds that had been flapping dully over the spray throughout the morning began to sing; and, looking around me, I saw that the whole scene had become glorified. There was light and colour everywhere. The river ran a stream of liquid gold. The dark hills glowed. The boulders of ice sparkled like gems. The snow was all bathed in iris tints—crimson, and yellow, and blue, and green, and orange, and violet. The white houses and belvedere started up against the azure like the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, and, soaring high behind the Bow, was the great pillar of spray, glancing and flashing like an obelisk of diamonds. And it was then I began, as many men have begun, perchance, to wonder at and to love Niagara!'—Vol. i., p. 177.

Next follows the episode of a goose which gazed at the Falls, and hissed at Mr. Sala; and then a Red Man appears on the scene, and affords the fertile writer a subject to expand into a few pages of curiously mixed mirth and melancholy,—the former emotion being the ruling one.

'I have nothing favourable to say about the war paint, or the war path, or the war dance. The calumet of peace has, I know, been smoked to the last ashes. I give up the Noble Savage morally. I confess him to be a shiftless and degraded vagrant, who does not wash himself—who is not at all scrupulous about taking things which do not belong to him—who will get blind or mad drunk on rum or whiskey whenever he has a chance—who is not a much better shot than a white man, and who has only one special aptitude—that for playing at cards, at which he will cheat you. But, fallen and debased as he is, not much more picturesque than an English gipsy, and quite as dishonest, nothing can rob him of a certain dig-

nity of mien, a composure of carriage, and an imperturbability of countenance, which the descendant of a hundred European kings might envy. Nothing moves him, nothing excites his surprise, nothing excites him to merriment. A friend told me, that travelling once in Nova Scotia he came on an Indian village, where a chief was being installed in office. He was invited to take part in the festivities, and was regaled at a grand banquet composed of one dish. What do you think it was? Conger eel, cut into pieces about four inches long, Indian corn and molasses; yet the manner in which the chief ladled out this horrible mess *from a tin slop-pail* was, according to my friend, the most dignified and imposing performance he had ever witnessed since, in days gone by, he had seen a Royal personage presiding at a public dinner.'—Vol. i., pp. 184, 185.

In August, 1864, Mr. Sala had to wait an hour and forty minutes at Schenectady, in the State of New York; and he certainly made good use of his eyes and wits in those hundred minutes, framing out of his short experience in the little town a most amusing chapter; which, in addition to a minute description of the place,—including its bridge, 'constructed apparently from lucifer matches and half-inch deals, tied together with twopenny twine,'—contains a harrowing account of the republican devotion to *pie*, and the awful effects thereof. Poor Schenectady will not feel complimented when it sees itself as Mr. Sala saw it.

'Schenectady! There are throughout the North five hundred Schenectadys feeding like one. A broad, dusty main thoroughfare, bordered with trees and irregularly paved. No three houses of the same size together; but the same types of many-windowed factory, tumble-down shanty, shingle villa whitewashed, and packing-case-looking shop of dun brick, repeated over and over again *ad nauseam*. To the whitewashed shingle villas green venetians. No knockers to the doors; but the bell-pulls and name-plates electro-silvered. At some gates a ragged, dirty negress, dully babbling with an Irish help—not ragged she, but dirtier. High steps or "stoops" to the private houses, and towards evening the entire family sitting, standing, or lounging thereupon.....

'An Irish carman, driving a dray, with palings to its edges, like a Smithfield pen on wheels; one of the two dandies of Schenectady in a trotting waggon so bright and shiny with varnish, and whose big wheels revolve so rapidly as to remind you of a cock pheasant getting up—whir! there is a blaze of splendour, and then the astonishing vision is gone; a knot of young town hobbledehoys, or "gawks," in felt hats and grey suits, chewing, swearing, and indulging in horse-play at the street corner; two young ladies, one apparently nineteen, the other twenty, coming home from school, with their satchels full of books and their japanned tin lunch-boxes swinging to straps—they go to school to a master, and he ferules them till they are

fourteen or fifteen; the never-failing, weasel-faced, ferret-eyed newsboy vending his quires; many more hotels than you would imagine there were guests for, all dirty, all full, all with piazzas in front, in which are seated men in their shirt-sleeves, loafing, reading newspapers, and spitting, and with their feet perched on the rails before them—a pair of soles, in fact, looking out of every other window; the "City Bakery," where I observe they sell wax dolls; the "Photographic Hall," to judge from the frame in front of which every inhabitant of Schenectady had had his or her portrait taken half a dozen times; the "Daguerrian Rooms," a rival establishment, with a life-size photograph of the negro boy who carries about the operator's show-boards—young Sambo grinning hugely, as though in delight at being photographed for nothing; a wounded soldier, on crutches; an idiot, more than half "tight," who hangs about the bars and the railway-station; some flaming woodcuts, announcing the approaching advent of a Hippotheatron—in plainer English, a horse-riding circus—with that admired equestrian and favourite, Miss Carrie Smithers; any number of white stencilled laudations of "Sozodont" and "Plantation Bitters," "Brandreth" and "Herrick's" Pills, and "Old Doctor Ragabosh, the world-celebrated female's physician;" ice-cream saloons—in winter devoted to the sale of oysters.'—Vol. i., pp. 242–3, 246–8.

Surely the inhabitants of the rising 'city' will think that the stranger taking notes must, himself, have had a surfeit of pie, and looked on them and their surroundings with jaundiced eye. But, in another place, he compensates, in some degree, for his Hogarthian plainness, by an astonishing catalogue of the conversational accomplishments of the belles of America. As this is in our author's pleasantest vein, we shall quote a portion of the long paragraph devoted to the fair talkers.

'That beaming belle in the balcony, with the cataract curls and the illusion waist, despises such mean and mechanical trumpery as needles and thread. She has plenty to say for herself. Nay, conversationally, she would give you fifty and beat you easily at a hundred up. She never stammers, she never hesitates. If now and then she is at a loss for a sentence—she is never at a loss for a word—she giggles; and what can be more delightful than giggling? You mustn't swear when you are conversing with a Yankee young lady; but, apart from profanity—which is intolerable in all conversation—you may talk to her about anything and everything. Don't be nervous; she understands it all.....Try her on any topic, and you will find her well posted up. Astronomy, Rénan's Life, differential duties, the Monroe doctrine and the Schleswig-Holstein question, the Old Red Sandstone and the fossil man of Abbeville, the miracle of La Salette and *Les Mohicans de Paris*, Swedish gymnastics and the Turkish bath, the Origin of Species and the Venus of Milo, photo-sculpture and Pennsylvania oil-stocks, Meissonnier's pictures and the Seven-Thirty Loan, Bishop Colenso and the abolition of slavery, miscege-

nation and the Pacific Railroad, the last novel and the next comet —she has something smart and sparkling and voluble to say on every one of these subjects, and on a great many more. In all seriousness and sincerity, I render to the young ladies of America the tribute of being the most accomplished talkers in the world. Their readiness of diction, the facile flow of their ideas, their quickness of apprehension, are really and truly astounding. I have talked to a good many ladies, both old and young, in my time. I have found some that were difficult and some that were easy to hold parley with. In talking to an English young lady the most sensible plan to adopt is to endeavour to find out her strong point, if she have any; be it Puseyism—with which are incorporated the arts of illuminating on vellum and embroidering ecclesiastical vestments—Broad Church, Low Church, poor men's kitchens, décalcomanie, the collection of postage stamps, or the arrangement of British ferns; the which, stuck in albums, always remind me of so many highly elaborate preparations of pickled cabbage. Then, having discovered her forte, hie you home and read up the subject in the Encyclopedia Britannica, or one of Mr. Weale's handbooks; and the next time you meet her "sport" the knowledge you have acquired.....But none of these will serve your turn in talking to a young lady in the United States, who is armed at all points. She is a very porcupine of sharp sayings. It is not that she is inordinately witty, or humorous, or sarcastic, or profound; but she bristles with facts, or at least with assertions culled from newspapers or other ephemeral publications, which she assumes to be facts. She is the most overwhelming conversationalist in the world. Balzac used to say that there were fifty thousand Madame de Sévignés in France; and I am certain that there are at least half a million Madame de Staels in the States. One can imagine the terrible loquacity of Necker's daughter. Why did Napoleon exile her forty leagues from Paris? *Because she talked him down.* Why did the Duke of Wellington declare that she was the only person who had ever made him know fear? Because she was too much for him in conversation. Beware of the American young lady, unless you have the tongue of the Angelic Doctor, the eloquence of Mirabeau, the wit of Jack Wilkes, the wheedling ways of Lauzun to back you up. Her facts—real or assumed—her readiness, her confidence, her unextinguishable volubility, will otherwise rout and utterly discomfit you. Did I speak of Madame de Stael? The comparison is wholly inadequate. She is a combination of Mesdames du Deffand, Recamier, and d'Epinay, of Sophia Arnould and Delphine Gay, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. Thrale, and Lady Morgan. She is a wonderful result of civilisation, free institutions, and the female seminaries, where the fair students graduate in honours. She is as fair, as polished, and discourses as brilliant music as the ivory keys of a grand pianoforte—and she is quite as hard.'—Vol. ii., pp. 296–300.

In reading these volumes, we have been struck with many points of resemblance and contrast between them and Nathaniel

Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*. There is in each writer, as was to be expected, a decided preference for his own national peculiarities. Thus, the worthy and much-lamented American author is very severe on our English beauties, as being too coarse in feature and too stout in build for his æsthetic refinement. But such discrepancies of taste we overlook, setting them down to the same patriotic perversity which complains of there being no flavour in English apples, (forgive the wrong, O Devonshire!) and longs for a Transatlantic *turnip* in preference. Mr. Sala was justified in taking up arms to vindicate English grace and loveliness: but still greater credit is due to him for having expunged the sharp words from his *Diary*, when he heard of Hawthorne's death. That excellent writer, when collecting the notes on England which he had jotted down from time to time, found that they bore on their surface a certain bitterness which he had not intended, but which was natural in one who was looking down on us from a certain pinnacle of (supposed) national superiority; and with the kindness which formed so large a part of his character, he makes a *quasi*-apology in his prefatory letter 'to a Friend.' But the two authors differ widely in tone. The American is at times severe, but he is at least in earnest, and wishes us well; while the Englishman's rebukes, when just, are spoilt by their flippancy or spitefulness. The former is full of veneration for most of what he sees; the latter is replete with sarcasm on nearly all visible objects in the States. The one pays reverent pilgrimages to the Stratford of Shakspeare, the Lichfield and Uttoxeter of Johnson, and the Dumfries of Burns; gazes with rapt delight on the tapering spires or broad towers, the arched windows and vaulted aisles, of our minsters and abbeys: while the other seems to have little liking for the magnificent in nature or art, and is happiest when dwelling on the piled up luxuries of an hotel surfeit. Certain points, however, struck both writers alike; and the curious coincidence of their observations, each upon the nation of the other, seems to prove that after all we are not so very different from our Transatlantic brethren. For instance, Mr. Hawthorne was struck by the depressing silence of the waiter at the Black Swan at Lichfield,—'who,' he says, 'like most of his class in England, had evidently left his conversational abilities uncultivated.' And Mr. Sala writes: 'The extreme taciturnity of the working-classes I have dwelt upon over and over. In the cars, or on board steamboats, it is a matter of the extremest rarity for a stranger to speak to you; and, if you speak to him, quite as rarely does he deign to give you a civil answer.' A stranger, of course, in either country,

when travelling alone, feels more need than usual of kindly intercourse, and, sensitive and unaccustomed, is less likely to get the pleasant chat for which he longs. So the Englishman sets the Americans down as 'a shy and uneasy people,'—using the very terms which they are disposed to apply to ourselves. We need not quote either writer to show that the Yankees are generally sharper-featured than we are: but it is highly amusing to observe how Mr. Hawthorne's patriotic tastes became corrupted by a long residence in England, so that he admits that, after a time, the 'tones, sentiments, and behaviour' of his countrymen, 'even their figures and cast of countenance, all seemed chiselled in sharper angles than ever I had imagined them to be at home;' and, finally, he allows that he 'saw much reason for modifying certain heterodox opinions which' he 'had imbibed, in' his 'Transatlantic newness and rawness, as regarded the delicate character and frequent occurrence of English beauty.' The whole passage is worth study for the laughable perplexity in which he wrote, between his desire to ease his conscience of an injustice, and his nervous fear of seeming to slight 'the ethereal charm of American beauty.' *

There is much in Mr. Hawthorne's book that at first taste is disagreeable to an English palate: but the bitterness is medicinal; and the sharp home-thrusts dealt by the hand of this observant stranger are far preferable to the flattery which we receive from our own writers and politicians. Mr. Sala was much struck by the absence of pauperism and rags in the States. 'The Americans,' he says,† 'are the best-dressed people in the world: from the very top to the bottom of the tree, all are comfortably and decently clad. The first thing that struck me when I landed in Cuba, after three months' stay in the States, was that I had arrived in a country where the poor go in rags. The first thing that struck me when I landed at Liverpool, after twelve months' absence from my own country, was the astonishing and indecent raggedness of the lower orders of the population. In vain do you look for tatterdemalions in America.' In like manner Hawthorne was shocked at the dreary streets of 'low' neighbourhoods in our large towns, and at the wretched objects which there crowd upon the scene. Had we space, we would transfer to our pages the striking passage in which he describes the gratuitous Easter marrying of a mob of tattered couples—'my acquaint-

* *Our Old Home*, vol. ii., pp. 280–1.

† In a communication on 'Low Life in New York,' published in *The Daily Telegraph* for March 13th last.

ances of the poor streets'—in the cathedral at Manchester; and then the grand wedding of a handsome and wealthy pair in the same venerable edifice. The contrast is sketched with a master's hand, and is coloured with that tenderness and sympathy for the forlorn which throughout characterizes and adorns this the last completed work of a great author. But it is the moral to which we would draw attention, as one which it behoves us all to lay to heart, lest some day revolution in its worst form,—the outbreak, from lane and alley, of the long-suffering thousands of our cities,—should burst upon street and square, and sweep away all law and order. 'Is, or is not, the system wrong,' writes this acute American, 'that gives one married pair so immense a superfluity of luxurious home, and shuts out a million others from any home whatever? One day or another, safe as they deem themselves, and safe as the hereditary temper of the people really tends to make them, the gentlemen of England will be compelled to face this question.'

Such rebukes we would, as Englishmen, take in kindly part. And we trust that our American friends, reading as they will do Mr. Sala's lively pages, will not quarrel with us because of his satire; but will garner up whatever truths, even though unpleasant, may lie hid amongst the accumulation of chaff; and, on the advent of peace, apply themselves heartily to remedy all defects of constitution,—still in its infancy,—and remove all abuses of administration, whether in city, state, or nation.

Mr. Sala devotes a chapter to Canada, into which he made a very brief Christmas trip. We join him in regret that Englishmen know so little of this noble part of their empire; and we would call attention to Mr. Haliburton's *Season Ticket*, published some three or four years ago,—a book which, under an absurd title, gives an admirable account of our Transatlantic possessions, from the hand of the shrewd author of *Sam Slick*. Yet we question whether these colonies will ever be regarded by the working men of England with such eyes of favour as they have for some time cast on the United States. We have often found in conversation with one artisan and another how strong a hold that republic has upon their desires; and we believe that, as soon as the war is over, such a stream of emigration—not merely of Irish cottiers and pig-jobbers, but of skilled English workmen—will set in towards the West as has never yet been seen. Nor do we wonder at the existence of this preference; for, while Canada is not a bad place for an active farmer or tradesman, who has money enough to sup-

port himself till he becomes accustomed to the country and its new modes of business or agriculture, it is not a tempting location for any man who depends on the labour of his own hands, provided he can get moderate employment in the old country. The States, on the other hand, hold out small inducement to our middle classes,—who, sharp as they are, are scarcely sharp enough to stand their ground there,—yet allure strongly the skilled artisan, and the hardy countryman, who there gain such a chance of rising into masters, and becoming well-to-do tradesmen or landholders, as seldom occurs to them in England. We entertain no fear of an invasion of Canada by the States. Notwithstanding the tirades of party writers in both countries, our own government and that of Mr. Lincoln will, we are persuaded, maintain peaceful relations; and the bond of union between us, instead of being rudely snapped on the conclusion of internal strife, will be strengthened and perpetuated.

We would, in conclusion, assure our friends across the Atlantic of our hearty goodwill. Let them be confident that England wishes them well; that, whatever may be the utterances of selfish shipbuilders and conceited journalists, the nation as a whole breathes only peace; and that nothing will please it better than to see North and South once more united, and leading the van in a bloodless crusade against the many evils that afflict and enslave mankind. The world cannot afford to lose their influence for good: it needs—not instruction in the science of warfare, but—the renewed action of American Mission Boards and Bible Societies, and all that mighty apparatus of benevolence which has for a time been paralysed in its operations, or limited in great measure to its native shores.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Works of* WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. In Two Volumes. London: Moxon. 1846.
2. *The last Fruit off an Old Tree.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. London: Moxon. 1853.
3. *Dry Sticks Fagoted.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edinburgh: Nichol. 1858.
4. *The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. MADDEN. Vol. II. London: Newby. 1855.

NEVER did church bells ring in a more eventful year, than

that which was heralded by the midnight peal of December 31st, 1774. Before the New Year was three weeks old, Lord North, yielding reluctantly to the obstinacy of George III., had announced that the government intended to proceed to extremities with the American colonies. In spite of Burke's magnificent defence of the colonies eight months before, in spite of Lord Chatham's eloquent protest then just delivered, the ministry had determined to violate the first principle of constitutional government, that taxation and representation should go together. By sixty-eight votes against eighteen, the House of Lords had decided to force the rebellious subjects of the king into obedience. While Benjamin Franklin was sitting entranced by the eloquence of the great peer, and was listening with sorrow to the ministerial statement, which he knew full well was the announcement of a long and bloody war, George Washington had just presided over a meeting of the men of Fairfax County, Virginia; and had formed an association to defend their religion, laws, and rights. The days were fast hastening to that bloody and terrible drama in many acts, which began on Lexington Common at dawn of April 19th, 1775, and did not close until the sun went down over Waterloo, on June 18th, 1815. But, as yet, few men in England had the dimmest foresight of the events that were before them. A week after Chatham's memorable speech, James Boswell wrote to Johnson as follows:—

'I am ashamed to say I have read and thought little on the subject of America. I will be much obliged to you if you will direct me where I shall find the best information of what is to be said on both sides.....The imperfect hints which now float in my mind, tend rather to the formation of an opinion, that our government has been precipitant and severe in the resolution taken against the Bostonians. Well do you know that I have no kindness for that race. But nations or bodies of men should, as well as individuals, have a fair trial, and not be condemned on character alone. Have we not express contracts with our colonies, which afford a more certain foundation of judgment, than general political speculations on the mutual rights of states and their provinces or colonies? Pray let me know immediately what to read, and I shall diligently endeavour to gather for you any thing that I can find. Is Burke's speech on American taxation published by himself? Is it authentic? I remember to have heard you say that you had never considered East Indian affairs, though surely they are of much importance to Great Britain. Under the recollection of this, I shelter myself from the reproach of ignorance about American affairs.'

To this letter Johnson did not reply directly, but published

his pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyranny*, in which he took the extremest Georgian view of the rebellion, and urged 'an insulted nation to pour out its vengeance.'

It was while Boswell's letter was on its way through the post from Edinburgh to London, that there was born in the town of Warwick an infant, who lived to see the revolted colonies grow up into a colossal empire; and the descendants of Washington and Franklin, ninety years after the commencement of their own War of Independence, engaged in repressing the attempt of one portion of those colonies to establish their separate independence as a new Confederate Republic, with Slavery for its 'corner-stone.' As we write, he who was laid in his cradle during the first year of the war of American Independence, has but a few days been laid in the grave, in this the fourth year of the war of American Secession. Between the cradle that rocked, and the grave in which now sleeps, Walter Savage Landor, there lies a history of countless revolutions, of the rise and fall of kingdoms and governments in every quarter of the world, of the most astonishing national progress that the world has ever seen, of the most bloody wars that history has known. When Landor was born, the first Napoleon had not been heard of. Yet Landor lived to see the son of the third Napoleon, and to offer a pension to the widow of Orsini. At Landor's birth, the loathsome corpse of Louis XV. had but a few weeks been placed in the royal sepulchre at St. Denis, amid the jeers of the populace; and the new king was but a youth of one-and-twenty, though five years wedded to the beautiful Marie Antoinette. Wellington, Napoleon, Robespierre, were children of five years old. Pitt was an under-graduate at Cambridge. It was on the eve of the most stirring epoch of modern times that Landor saw the light; and he had passed his forty-first year, before England had emerged from that tremendous struggle on which she was then about to enter.

The literary times were not so stirring. It was not till more than twenty-five years later that the two rival schools of poetry arose, and that the modern essay and critique had its birth in the pages of the two quarterlies. Johnson was indeed playing the autocrat of the supper table. Goldsmith had died only nine months before, bewept by the beggars of Brick Court. Mason was editing his departed friend Gray's works. Beattie had just brought out the second part of his *Minstrel*. Poor Cowper had not yet written his best poetry. Fergusson, the 'Laureate of Edinburgh,' had just drunk himself to madness and to death, and had been buried in Canongate church-

yard. 'Junius' had but lately ceased to write the letters which were the terror of political culprits. Chatterton's untimely death had lately made manifest, what had before been more than suspected, that 'Rowley's' poems were forgeries. Thirteen days before Landor's birth, Sheridan had brought out the *Rivals* at Covent Garden. But the subjects of greatest interest at that time were the dispute respecting the authenticity of 'Ossian's' poems, and Lord Monboddo's attempt (in which he forestalled some modern philosophers) to prove that man was a developed monkey. One really great and permanent work there was which appeared about this time. A year after Landor's birth, Edward Gibbon brought out the first volume of his *Decline and Fall*, and everybody was reading it, from the don in the University to the fine lady in the boudoir. But on January 30th, 1775, the men who, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, enriched our literature, were either in the school-room or nursery, or were yet unborn. Crabbe was the only one who had attained to man's estate. Rogers was twelve years old, Wordsworth five, Walter Scott four, Coleridge three, Southey one. Lamb was born eleven days after Landor, Campbell two years and a half, Moore four years, while Byron was Landor's junior by fourteen years, and Shelley by seventeen. Burns was sixteen years older than Landor, but he had not yet begun to win for Scottish bards an imperishable renown; nor had Gifford begun to win for English reviewers an unenviable name. How far away this time and these men seem now! The youngest of them died forty-two years before Landor. Lamb, who was born before Landor's monthly nurse had resigned her charge, was laid to rest in Edmonton churchyard thirty years before Landor breathed his last in a bye street under the walls of Florence. Byron died forty years before Landor; and the man who remembers the shock of grief which thrilled England at his sad and sudden death, cannot be much less than fifty years old. Yet Landor, as we have seen, was fourteen years Byron's senior. Some few of Landor's associates outlived their three score years and ten; and it is but nine years since Samuel Rogers slept his last sleep at the patriarchal age of ninety-two. But of all of them there is none save Wordsworth who has written during the past twenty years, while it is not twenty months since Landor was writing tersest English and purest Latin. But, after all, that which will most clearly convey the idea of Landor's longevity is the fact that he was the contemporary of both Paoli and Garibaldi, of both George Washington and 'Stonewall' Jackson;

that he saw the first installed lieutenant-general of his native Corsica, the second enter Naples in triumph, the third presiding at that meeting at Fairfax, of which we have spoken, and the fourth dying at Chancellorsville, within a few miles of the same place.

There is no doubt that the circumstances of Landor's position tended to this longevity. A literary man who has enough of this world's goods to make him indifferent on the matter of copyright, is likely to survive his colleague who is compelled by poverty to serve the publishers and the public. The first may choose his own path, and walk at his own pace. The second has to toil in haste on roads that are wearisome and fatiguing. Rogers, the banker poet, and Landor, the country gentleman, lived to be nonagenarians; and the liberality of the Calverts and the Beaumonts kept Wordsworth from want, and enabled him to lengthen out his serene and tranquil life to his eighty-first year. On the other hand, Goldsmith's career was no doubt shortened by his bondage to Griffiths in the early part of it; Scott worked himself into a paralysis in endeavouring to pay his creditors; Burns's fate was still more hapless. Kirke White and Keats were cut off in their springtime by the frosty winds of poverty. Certainly Rogers's poetry would never have brought him in a sufficient income, and he did wisely to stick to the banking, and to his luxurious bachelor's quarters in St. James's Place. Wordsworth's admirers were audience fit, no doubt, but too few to have enabled him to dream for thirty years on the banks of Rydal Water. Neither Landor's Latin, nor his English, would have furnished him with the money that he spent in buying pictures of every school, from Fra Angelico to J. M. W. Turner.

We have not dwelt upon the length of Landor's career because of any participation in the popular admiration of longevity for its own sake. As a rule, the statesmanship of the politician, the writings of the man of letters, the theology of the divine, are less worthy of esteem when their authors have passed their grand climacteric than before; and it is only a very vulgar love of novelty which secures the octogenarian an audience which he would not have had twenty years earlier. But Landor was noticeable for the intensity with which he gave himself to the study of current events. He was a keen politician, not as Parliamentary whips would understand the word, but in the far higher sense of the critic of men and things. As a young man, he fought for the Spaniards, in their War of Independence; and, when too old to fight, he used his pen, a more effective weapon than his sword, in behalf of Italian independence. In him were combined the

rarely united characteristics of the student and the politician. A constant reader and imitator of the classical writers of Greece and Rome, he was also the censor of contemporary ministers and diplomatists. Porson and Bentley might have envied his scholarship; 'Junius' might have wished to be the author of some of his political strictures. Few men who have so imbued themselves with the spirit of the ancients have devoted themselves so ardently to the study of contemporaneous events. So far as the subjects of them go, his writings might have passed for the works of two very different men. Yet there was no division in his career. He was a politician when he wrote the *Letters of Pericles and Aspasia;* he was a scholar when he wrote epigrams on the third Napoleon. The Marquis of Wellesley and Mr. Canning in the past generation, and Sir George Lewis and Mr. Gladstone in this, have shown that it is as possible to combine the profession of politics with literary recreations, as it is to combine the profession of literature with political recreations. Judging from experience, we are bound to admit that the first combination is more satisfactory than the second. Landor's political writings are deformed by extravagance and bitterness, while no one can, *per contra,* accuse the eminent statesmen we have named of inaccuracy or inelegance. Literary graces may be acquired in the study. Political amenities can be acquired only in the forum. It needs the actual conflict with men and parties to 'rub down' the 'angles,' which, however 'picturesque,' are very prejudicial. Landor never entered Parliament, much less took office. Had he done so, he might have learnt to mitigate his animosities, and to bring his ideas, borrowed from the days when Harmodius and Aristogeiton were deified, more into accordance with these times when Greco is sent to the galleys and Orsini to the guillotine.

Walter Savage Landor was the son of Walter Landor and Elizabeth Savage his wife; and was born in Warwick, January 30th, 1775, in an old house, the best in the town, surrounded by venerable chestnuts and elms. The father was the descendant of an old county family that had resided in Staffordshire for some centuries. The Landors claim descent from the Norman De la Laundes. A Landor or Launders held a captain's commission in the army of Charles I.; and the great grandfather of the subject of this article was High Sheriff of Staffordshire in the reign of William and Mary. The mother of Walter Savage Landor was the daughter of Charles Savage of Tachbrooke, in the county of Warwick; and from him inherited considerable property.

Of Landor's childhood we have no account. At an early age he went to Rugby. Laurence Sheriff's school was then becoming favourably known. The long and inglorious mastership of Mr. Burrough had ended two years after Landor's birth; and the new regulations had attracted to the school Dr. Thomas James, a Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge; of whom King George III. said, in his usual tautological manner, 'Good scholar, Dr. James, very good scholar.' Among Landor's schoolfellows were the late Lord Lyttelton, most inveterate of practical jokers; Charles Apperley, better known as Nimrod; and Butler, the wonderful scholar who never seemed to work, but who knew more Greek, perhaps, than all the rest of the sixty-four put together, except one boy. That boy was Walter Savage Landor himself, who would beat even Butler in Latin versification. But this was not his only claim to schoolboy fame. He was the most expert boxer, the boldest rider, the most adventurous despiser of school bounds, of whom the Rugbeians of that day boasted. He, in turns, astonished masters, schoolboys, and the townspeople. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has described him as

'without a rival in boxing, leaping, and all sports allowed or forbidden; now seen on horseback out of bounds, galloping beyond the reach of pedestrian authorities; and now, after the fashion of a Roman *retiarius*, throwing his casting net over the head of the miller who had demanded possession of that illegal implement, and reducing his enemy to abject submission under those helpless circumstances; and when good Dr. James, (on whom he was always writing squibs, Latin and English,) with the intention of offering serious remonstrance, knocks for admission at his study door,—the recognised castle of every Rugbeian, which no master dreams of entering without leave,—affecting to discredit the reality of the visit or the voice, and devoutly ejaculating from within his bolted fortress, "Avaunt, Satan!"'

There was a rebellion in Landor's time, not the great one under Dr. Ingles, which did not take place till 1797, but the lesser one of 1786. We can only make a shrewd guess that Landor the boxer took an active part in it, for we have no proof thereof. His tutor, the learned Bentell, seeing his ability, endeavoured, but in vain, to make him compete for a prize Latin poem. From Rugby he went to Trinity College, Oxford. There he made no long stay. His contempt for dons and decorum led him into a difficulty. One day, during chapel, he fired a gun across the quadrangle, to the no small alarm of all that heard it; from the principal down to the

bed-makers. The offence was not mortal, yet not sufficiently venial for the offender to escape the penalty of rustication. The place for repentance given to him did not avail him. He did not return to the university; and thus Oxford has small claim to any part of the reputation which the scholarship of her erratic *alumnus* might have claimed for her; while Landor himself lost the opportunities of distinguishing himself which Oxford offers to the student. It is possible that theology had as much to do with this rupture as his shooting exploit. All through life, Landor was the foe of formulas, the enemy of creeds. The satire upon dons and dignitaries, in which he dealt long afterwards, when unprovoked by immediate contact with them, shows how bitter must have been his antipathies when he was surrounded by them. High Church and High Tory Oxford could have had no charms for a youth who was at the same time a pagan and a republican. The signing of articles, the enforced attendance at chapel, must have been a galling bondage to him, even though the first was a mere formality, and the second a piece of mere routine. Oxford was not the place for him any more than it was, five and twenty years later, for the author of *Queen Mab*, and *The Revolt of Islam*. To Oxford, therefore, Landor did not return; but, instead, wrote a volume of poems. At this time, Landor was looking out for a profession. His godfather, General Powell, promised that if the young republican would keep his sentiments to himself, he, the general, would obtain for his godson a commission in the army. But Landor replied that he would suppress his opinions for no man; and he declined the offer. His father then promised him £400 a year if he would study for the law, and only £150 a year if he adopted any other profession. The law was less to Landor's taste than the army; and so, after a brief residence in London, he put the Severn sea between him and his friends, and retired into Wales. Here he studied Italian and the classics; and it was here that the only four years of his life which, as he himself tells us in one of the *Imaginary Conversations*, he gave up to study, were passed. Even at this time, he adds, he debarred himself from no pleasure; and seldom read or wrote within doors, excepting during a few hours at night. He had read Pindar and the great tragedians more than once, before he had read half the plays of Shakspeare. 'My prejudices,' he says, 'in favour of ancient literature began to wear away on *Paradise Lost*, and even the great hexameter sounded to me tinkling when I had recited aloud, in my solitary walks on the seashore, the haughty appeal of Satan and the repentance of

Eve.' It was apparently while Landor was at Swansea, that he wrote his first important and, perhaps, his best poem. 'Never,' he says in a letter to Lady Blessington, 'were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year when I wrote *Gebir*, and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed by copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with box roses and thousands of nameless flowers and plants trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless.' That he did not cultivate the Graces so much as the Muses we gather from another letter. Writing from Florence in 1833, he laments in a humorous way over his son's indisposition to learn. 'I can hardly bring him to construe a little Greek with me; and, what is worse, he is not always disposed to fence with me. I foresee he will be a worse dancer than I am, if possible. In vain I tell him what is very true, that I have suffered more from my bad dancing than from all the other misfortunes and miseries of my life put together.' *Gebir* seems to have had a narrow escape from an untimely end. Taking his manuscripts with him on a shooting expedition to North Wales, he left them in his game bag, forgot them, and did not recover them for some months. Thus sixty years later he told the tale.

'Sixty the years since Fidler bore
My grouse-bag up the Bala Moor;
Above the lake, along the lea,
Where gleams the darkly yellow Dee;
Thro' crags, o'er clefts, I carried there
My verses with paternal care;
But left them and went home again,
To wing the birds upon the plain—
With heavier luggage half forgot,
For many months they followed not:
When over Towey's sands they came,
Brighter flew up my winter flame;
And each old cricket sang alert
With joy that they had come unhurt.'

This portion of Landor's career has been most inaccurately related in the biographical notices which appeared after his death, as well as in the biographical dictionaries, and in the notice of him appended to Mr. Madden's *Memoir and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*. It was said that he sold hereditary estates in Staffordshire and Warwickshire which had been in the possession of the Landor family for seven hundred years, and that with the money thus obtained he bought an

estate in Wales. The Warwickshire estate, where it was erroneously stated that he was born, was neither sold by him, nor had it belonged to his family for any long period. His father was the first of the Landors to own it; it was strictly entailed, and it has descended to his son. It was not until about ten years after Landor went to Wales that his father died, and that he inherited the entailed property. This was not of any great extent, and it was so encumbered that the outgoings were larger than the income. Previously to that he passed some years at Swansea, Bath, and Clifton, and, when his allowance had run short, would pay a visit to his home, where he always had a friendly reception. The Staffordshire estate which descended to him, when on his father's death he became the head of the family, and which was of small value, he sold. The price paid for it he expended in the purchase of Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire. Llanthony was a place well fitted to attract a young man and a poet. It lay among the Hatterell Hills in the Vale of the Givias, thirteen miles from Brecknock, and was surrounded by scenery of great beauty. It was this place which according to tradition, David, the patron saint of Wales, and uncle of King Arthur, chose for his retreat from the world. The name embodies the tradition; for Llanthony is a contraction for Llan-Devi-Nant-Honddy, four words signifying David's church in the vale of the Honddy. Here in more recent times Walter Lacy, having received a grant of land from William, Earl of Hereford, erected a 'priori of blake chanons,' to use Leland's words. 'This priori was fair,' he adds, 'and stood betwixt ii great hills.' These hills from their chair-like shape were called Mienith Cader. Of the Abbey itself there were but few remains, but of the conventual church attached to it there were some fine ruins in the early pointed style. The ruins combined with the romantic situation attracted many tourists and artists thither. They had reason to regret Landor's exchange of his Staffordshire estate for Llanthony Abbey. Although a poet, he took a utilitarian view of his new purchase, and proceeded to make it habitable. 'Its artificial beauties are nearly destroyed,' lament the Rev. J. Evans and John Britton in their *Beauties of England and Wales*, 'as the present proprietor of the estate has directed many alterations to be made in the ruins, and fitted up some parts for habitation.' This was written in 1810, when Landor was thirty-five years of age, and when he had been about five years in possession of Llanthony. Though so far utilitarian, he was by no means prudent in the management of his affairs. On this estate he spent an inordinate sum of money. He employed scores of

labourers in planting and making new roads. He built a house which is said to have cost him £8,000, and which it is to be lamented he did not build before he adapted the priory chapel. He set his heart on game preserving, and was infinitely disgusted, when, in spite of his twenty keepers, the peasants poached and left him never a grouse on all his twelve thousand acres of land. Greatly enraged he left England; and finding subsequently that his steward and tenants had combined to cheat him, he pulled down his new house, out of consideration, as he said, for his son's future ease and convenience, which would be best preserved by being quit of so vexatious a property. All through life, indeed, Landor was most imprudent in pecuniary matters. Before he inherited his mother's property, he had got rid of the patrimony left him by his father. When more advanced in years, he looked back with kinder feeling upon these days. During his residence at the villa at Fiesoli, which he had bought of the Count Gherardesce, he wrote in these strains:—

'Llanthony! an ungenial clime,
And the broad wing of restless time,
Have rudely swept thy massy walls,
And rockt thy abbots in their palls.
I loved thee by thy streams of yore,
By distant streams I love thee more:
For never is the heart so true,
As bidding what we love adieu.'

While nursing his wrath against the Welsh thieves who had proved so ungrateful, an opportunity presented itself of offering his presence and assistance to those who it might be hoped would better appreciate their value. Just at the time, the scandals of the Spanish Court had excited the inhabitants of Madrid into insurrection. They vented their chief anger on Godoy, 'Prince of Peace,' and paramour of the queen. But the weak and wretched Charles IV. was also involved in these discreditable affairs, and that miserable sovereign was compelled to abdicate. The Prince of Asturias then became the popular idol, and ascended the throne as Ferdinand VII. But he had a long and weary struggle to go through before he became *de facto* King of Spain. Napoleon had set his covetous eyes on the South Western peninsula, and had determined that the Escurial should be occupied by a Bonaparte. The recent disturbances had been fostered by the French; and Murat, though France and Spain were on friendly terms, had most treacherously seized upon the chief Spanish fortresses. Joseph Bonaparte was set upon the Spanish throne: the people rose

against their new king; and then followed that famous war, which has been chronicled, as no other war has ever been chronicled, by one who took part in it. One of the most distinguished of the Spanish leaders was General Blake, the descendant of an Irish family which had settled in Malaga. He was appointed to the chief command of the army in Galicia, and to him Landor joined himself, having raised a small troop at his own expense. He was the first Englishman to land in Spain and take part in the long struggle that followed. The ten thousand men lying at Cork waiting their orders to set sail for South America, whither a mad expedition had been planned by the Grenville and Fox administration, had not then received instructions to place themselves under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley for work on this side of the Atlantic. But Landor, though he thus early went to the help of the Spaniards, did not take part in any engagement. He was not present at Blake's disaster at Rio Seco, which the obstinacy of the Galician Junta and of Cuesta brought about. Nevertheless, for the aid which he offered, in the shape of his little troop, and of a considerable sum of money, he was rewarded with the thanks of the Supreme Junta, and with a colonelcy in the Spanish army. This he continued to hold until Ferdinand, like a true Bourbon, forgot his oath, suppressed the Constitution, persecuted the Liberals, and restored the Jesuits. Full of indignation Landor returned his commission, and wrote to the king, that though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the great enemy of Europe, he 'would have nothing to do with a perjuror and a traitor.' How great Landor's disappointment was may be gathered from the ardent aspirations which he thus breathed forth in behalf of a regenerated Spain:—

'Thou whom the wanderings comets guide,
O turn awhile to Virtue's side,
Goddess by all adored! and deign
Once more to smile on rising Spain.
No secret pang my bosom wrings
For prostrate lords and captive kings;
I, mighty Power, invoke thy aid
To valour crost and faith betray'd.
O leave the marshall'd ranks of war,
Nor blindly urge Bellona's car,
When hearts so generous, arms so brave,
Resist the conqueror, spurn the slave,
And striking home for equal laws,
Pray Fortune to sustain the cause.

Not such is theirs as wafted o'er
The crescent and the crafty Moor;
No tears for virgin honour flow,
No father calls the avenging foe;
Napoleon leads no faithless host,
Nor tears the heart that trusts him most;
A rescued son, a prince restored,
Against his country draws the sword,
And wily priests in vengeful mood
Surround their fires with dykes of blood;
Turn then, O Fortune, and sustain
The cause of Freedom and of Spain.'

In 1811, Landor was married to Mdlle. Julia Thuillier de Malaperte, the beautiful daughter of the Baron de Nieuveville, a descendant of the nobleman of that name, who had been first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles VIII. of France. Of his married life there is unhappily little that is satisfactory to be said. We shall not revert to it, and, therefore, will anticipate the course of events in this our only reference to it. After his marriage he went to Tours, Pisa, and Florence, and resided there many years. He had three children born to him, two sons and a daughter. A domestic difference, arising, we believe, from his impetuous temper, led him to separate himself from his family. He left them in the full enjoyment of the luxuries with which he had surrounded himself and them, and came to England alone. A reunion with his family was followed by another separation. It was during his first absence in England, and apparently shortly before his return to Italy, that he wrote the following lines:—

'TO MY DAUGHTER.

'By that dejected city Arno runs,
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons;
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes
Returned as bright a blue to vernal skies;
And thence, sweet infant wanderer! when the Spring
Advanced, the Hours brought thee on silent wing,
Brought (while anemones were quivering round,
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground)
Where stands fair Florence: there thy voice first blest
My ears, and sank like balm into my breast.
For many griefs had wounded it, and more
Thy little hands could lighten were in store.
But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.

What then the bliss to see again thy face
And all that rumour has announced of grace!
I urge with fevered breast the coming day.....
O could I sleep and wake again in May!'

For a short period after his marriage Landor resided at Tours. From thence he moved to Pisa. It was in the city of Busketus's wonderful achievement, and in the year 1820, that he brought out his *Idyllia Heroica*, with a dissertation on the reasons which make modern Latin poets so little read. It was at Pisa that a touching incident took place which he himself relates. He say, 'My children were playing on the truly English turf, before the Campo Santo, in Pisa, when he to whom is committed the business of carrying off the dead, and whose house is in one corner, came up to them, and bade them come along with him, telling them he would show them two more, such pretty little ones. He opened the door of a cart-house, in which were two covered carts: the larger contained several dead bodies, stark-naked; in the smaller were two infants with not even a flower shed over them. They had died in the Foundling Hospital the night before. Such was their posture, they appeared to hide their faces one from the other in play. As my children had not been playing with them, this appearance struck neither: but the elder said, "Teusa, who shut up these *mimmi?* I will tell papa. Why do not they come out and play till bed-time?" The "*mimmi*" *had* been out, poor little souls! and *had* played till bed-time.' From Pisa he went to Florence, and for more than seven years he resided in a palace which, in past times, belonged to the Medici. Between 1824 and 1829 appeared many of his Imaginary Conversations. Two complete volumes were published in 1823, and the *Edinburgh* of March, 1824, contained Jeffrey's famous article which described the *Conversations* as 'an edifying example of the spirit of Jacobinism, flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with his own.' A paradox both startles and offends, and Landor delighted in paradoxes. He defended Tiberius and Nero, spoke scornfully of Pitt and Fox, and denounced all kings as crowned traitors. It was not surprising that even Jeffrey was shocked by opinions so extravagant; and Landor may reckon among his other achievements, that he made the *Edinburgh* for once Conservative.

One of the Conversations, written probably in the year 1824, gives us a pleasant insight into Landor's opinions and mode of life, and presents us with a lively picture of Florentine society under the then just deceased Grand Duke (Granduke, Landor

wrote it). In the Conversation entitled 'Landor, English Visitor, and Florentine Visitor,' he represents himself as descending the staircase of Palazzo Medici, which he inhabited, when a venerable old gentleman, a Marchese, and the proprietor of the Palace, appears with tears running down his cheeks. Landor asks how the 'Granduke' is; and the Marquis, taking Landor's hand, lifted it between his on a level with his heart, and said, 'He is in his last agonies.' The streets were silent. Not a song was to be heard. 'It was probably the first hour, by daylight at least, since the building of the city, unless in the time of siege or plague, or under the Duke of Athens, that you could have heard none, for the Florentines by nature are joyous and noisy as grasshoppers.' Landor then questioned the porter at the gate. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I hope you do not think me wanting in respect; I can hardly tell you.' 'Let us hope, then, he is better.' 'He is with God.' It was so. The good Ferdinand III., the only one of the Italian dukes who, on their restoration after the Treaty of Vienna, did not give way to a brutal reaction, the kind and generous sovereign and friend of his people, had departed, though Napoleon still lived. While Landor was still feeling the first shock of regret, friends came, an Englishman and a Florentine, and they fell into conversation about the dead man, and, indeed, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. The Englishman rallies Landor upon his regard for Ferdinand, and tells him that he will live to become a 'king's friend.' Landor, after some further converse, says that he himself was the only Englishman at Florence who neglected to attend the ducal court, and the only one the 'Granduke' ever omitted to salute. The cause of this slight is explained. Meeting in a church at Pisa one day, Ferdinand bowed to Landor; the latter, through inadvertence, did not return the courtesy; and though he afterwards endeavoured to atone for the unintended incivility, Ferdinand thenceforth saluted Mrs. Landor and the children only. But if he was thus strict in matters of etiquette, the Duke was prompt to forgive other offences which other men would have remembered longer. On one occasion he was watching some workmen at the Poggio Imperiale, when one of them emptied a basketful of rubbish on the 'Grandnke's' head. 'Something of pain,' says Landor, 'was added to his surprise, and, uttering an exclamation, he walked toward the palace door on the side of the garden.' The labourer, hearing a voice and seeing a hat on the ground, was prompted by curiosity to see who the owner was. When he discovered that he had just been shooting rubbish at his sovereign, he fell on his knees and implored forgiveness. 'It is well it was

I,' replied the good man in the midst of this, and, still wiping his shoulder and his sleeves, he added, 'Say nothing about it.' Had it been one of the ministers, the unlucky mason would have been dismissed. Subsequently the 'Granduke' made special inquiries to ascertain if the man were still at work. Ferdinand discountenanced the flattering poetasters. He was not, indeed, a patron of literature at all. He was accused of parsimony, but apparently only by would-be leeches, for his praises were constantly on the lips of the poor. His last hours were worthy of a man who always thought of others before himself. He suffered much, but was so calm and collected that on the day before he died he sent for his family, and talked with each member of it privately. On the last day he desired that all would come together. 'He alone was calm; he alone could utter one word; he consoled them in few. He told them that his Maker had called him, that he was ready, that he was going, that he knew the road. "Leopold, take care of my wife, of your poor sister here, and of my people." Then, after a pause, "On these occasions the theatres are usually shut a long time; many live by them; shorten the period." Leopold fell upon the floor. The women were carried from the apartment.....He, so soon to be a corpse, was the least like one..... He opened his eyes again, and said, "I have yet one duty; call my physicians." They entered. "Gentlemen," said he, "three nights of watchfulness at my bedside, where you, together with my beloved wife, have been constantly, ought to be followed by some repose. But I wished to tell you with my own lips how certain I am that everything you have done for me has been done wisely. I thank you." Yet he knew it was by their mismanagement he was dying.' Well might Landor say, with reference to Ferdinand's last delirious words, in which he said, 'I have now seen all my friends,' 'Beloved Ferdinand, thou hast not seen them half, even in vision; but thou shalt see them hereafter; they will press around thee from all countries, in all ages.' This was perhaps the only crowned head of whom republican Landor spake thus kindly. Perhaps if he had seen others as closely as he saw this one, he would have been less harsh in his invective.

Of the Florentines Landor held no high opinion. 'Parsimony,' he says, 'is the vice of the country. The Italians were always, far exceeding all other nations, parsimonious and avaricious; the Tuscans beyond all other Italians; the Florentines beyond all other Tuscans.' He then goes on to tell how Prince Corsini married a woman of immense fortune, by whom he had several children, and how he took a mistress, and the

wife languished and died; how thereupon the Prince had an auction in the palace of his wife's old clothes, which fetched fourteen pounds, and how she had been only 'seven days in her grave when prostitutes paraded the street before her palace, wearing those dresses in which the most exemplary of mothers had given the last lessons of morality to her daughters.' Of the Tuscans out of Florence Landor speaks more favourably; and at a distance of twenty miles from the capital, he says, 'I have met with some of the best persons I have ever conversed with.' But the specimen he gives of their conversation does not redound to a reputation for modesty. In spite, however, of these disadvantages, Florence was always a favourite city with Landor. When he separated from his wife and family, and left them in the enjoyment of the works of art which he had collected, he chose Bath as his residence because of its resemblance to Florence. And when he was compelled to quit England, he once more returned to the Tuscan capital, though it was not then, as in the days of the good Ferdinand, free and happy, but was smarting beneath the yoke of the last of the 'Grandukes' and his Austrian mercenaries. He lived to see Florence more free than ever, and two days before his death that Convention was signed by which Florence became the capital of Italy.

Florence was always much frequented by English travellers, and thus Landor maintained constant intercourse with his own countrymen. The Blessingtons, the Hares, the Gells, were among those with whom he became intimate. Between the Countess of Blessington and himself there was an attachment of the warmest kind, which a man of letters may honourably entertain for a beautiful and accomplished woman. The correspondence which passed between them, and which Mr. Madden has published in his Life of the Countess, are eminently characteristic of the writers. Landor's letters are vigorous criticisms on men and things, set off with graceful praises of his correspondent. Lady Blessington's are clever pictures of the society in which she held a most conspicuous place. Landor made the Countess the *confidante* of all his literary schemes, and sent her early copies of all his works. She, when the sudden death of her husband deprived her of a considerable portion of the income she had enjoyed, and compelled her to write in order to maintain the boundless hospitality which made her house one of the most famous resorts in London, constantly asked Landor to write in her annual, the *Book of Beauty*, and Landor never refused. It was in these once popular publications, that several of his lighter

compositions first appeared. The intimacy was increased when Landor came to England. He was often a visitor at Gore House, whither the wit and beauty of the hostess, and the great popularity of her clever son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, attracted all the rising men of the day,—men like Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli the younger, John Forster, Fonblanque, and many others, who have since obtained more or less renown. In April, 1841, at the time that Sir Robert Peel came into office, Landor wrote playfully to his friend,—'Perhaps you may have interest enough with the Tories, now they are coming into place, and I am growing old, to obtain me the appointment of road-sweeper from Gore House across to Hyde Park. You can present them a proof in print that I avowed myself a Conservative.' Unhappily, neither Lady Blessington nor Count D'Orsay had any idea of the value of money. Both lived far beyond their means. The first wrote novels and other works, the second occasionally took to painting; but neither pen nor brush could prevent the final crash. Creditors pressed; the splendid furniture of Gore House, with its costly plate, pictures, and wines, was announced for sale. Count D'Orsay had to escape to the Continent. Lady Blessington went to Paris shortly afterwards; and a few weeks later she was stricken with the same illness, at the same place, which had proved fatal to her husband just twenty years before. It proved fatal to her also; and she had no sincerer mourner than Landor. He wrote the following epitaph upon her originally in Latin, afterwards in English:—

'To the Memory of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington. Underneath is buried all that *could* be buried of a woman once most beautiful. She cultivated her genius with the greatest zeal, and fostered it in others with equal assiduity. The benefits she imposed she could conceal. Elegant in her hospitality to strangers, charitable to all, she retired to Paris, in April, and there she breathed her last on June 4th, 1849.'

How thoroughly Lady Blessington reciprocated Landor's admiration, we have ample proofs in her letters to him; but better than these is the following tribute from her *Idler in France*:—

'He has one of the most original minds that I have ever encountered, and it is joined to one of the finest natures. Living in the delightful solitude that he has chosen near Florence, his time is passed in reading, reflecting, and writing: a life so blameless and so happy, that the philosophers of old, with whose thoughts his mind is so richly imbued, might entertain envy towards him, if envy could enter their hearts.'

In the Hares thay had common friends. In January, 1837, Lady Blessington wrote to Landor, 'Have you seen poor Augustus Hare's Sermons? I got them a few days ago with a pencil note written on his death-bed.' With Julius Charles Hare, Landor maintained a long friendship, terminated only by the death of the former. He was Hare's guest at West Woodhay, and afterwards at Hurstmonceaux, where his host's wonderful memory with respect to the exact place for every book of his immense library used to astonish and amuse Landor.

Between Landor and Southey there was an intimacy in many respects remarkable. Byron made the alliance between the Republican and somewhat Pagan censor of bishops, and the high Tory staunch churchman, a matter for jest. But, though so different in their opinions, the friendship was not the less sincere. Southey, indeed, formed the very highest opinion of Landor's works. Thus he wrote in a letter to Landor, dated February 12th, 1811,—'I am not disappointed in *Count Julian*. It is too Greek for representation in these times; but it is altogether worthy of you.....Never was a character more finely conceived than that of *Julian*. The image of his seizing his horse is in the very first rank of sublimity. It is the grandest image of power that ever poet produced.' Again, on July 15th of the same year, Southey wrote: 'I look upon *Gebir*, as I do upon Dante's long poem in the Italian, not as a good poem, but as containing the finest poetry in the language. So it is with *Count Julian*, and so it was no doubt with the play you so provokingly destroyed.' Two years later, writing in reference to another of Landor's poems, he compared them, oddly enough, with Jeremy Taylor's writings. The friendship was long continued. In 1817, Southey visited Landor at Como. They were but three days together, yet the remembrance of the meeting was strongly impressed on the minds of both. Southey frequently referred to it in his letters. Landor has perpetuated the event in his *Imaginary Conversations*. The admiration that Southey felt and expressed for his more masculine-minded friend, is one of the most pleasing instances of the friendship of authors. There was but one thing to lessen Southey's admiration, Landor's predilection for Latin. He frequently lamented that the man whose English was perfect, should resort to a dead language. Of this fault, as Southey deemed it, Landor was not to be cured. With the other poets of the Lake school, Landor was less intimate, and of them he had a less favourable opinion. Wordsworth he parodied at one time, and praised at another. Such pieces

as the 'Idiot Boy,' and 'Peter Bell,' were, in his eyes, fit subject for laughter and satire; and he made mock of this kind of poetry in some lines entitled 'New Style,' of which the last verse may serve for a specimen, premising that 'Peggy' had been newly married to a miller.

> 'I told my sister and our maid
> (Anne Waddlewell) how long I stayed
> With Peggy: 't was until her
> Dinner time; we expect, before
> Eight, or at most nine, months are o'er,
> Another little miller.'

Wordsworth's nobler poems Landor fully appreciated; and Southey, in one of his letters to Landor, thanks him for the kind things he had said of the chief of the Lake-ists. Subsequently, in writing to Lady Blessington, he said: 'The surface of Wordsworth's mind, the poetry, has a good deal of staple about it, and will bear handling; but the inner, the conversational and private, has many coarse intractable dangling threads, is fit only for the flock-bed equipage of grooms. I praised him before I knew more of him, else I never should; and I might have been unjust to the better part, had I remarked the worse sooner. This is a great fault, to which we are all liable, from an erroneous idea of consistency.' With Coleridge's hazy metaphysics, Landor's mind was not likely to sympathize; yet he was moved to deepest indignation by the manner in which that 'old man eloquent' was treated by the British Government. Writing to Lady Blessington in 1833, he said: 'I find that Coleridge has lost the beneficent friend at whose house he lived. George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a year; enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg a day! Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to show William that his brother was not the vilest, by dashing the half egg and the three turnips from the plate of Coleridge.' For the author of the most classical poem in the English language, *Hyperion*, Landor naturally felt a warm admiration. 'There are passages in the *Endymion*,' he wrote, 'in which no poet has arrived at the same excellence on the same ground. Time alone was wanting to complete a poet who already far surpassed all his contemporaries in this country, in the poet's most noble attributes.' For Shelley he had a similar admiration. It was to his lasting regret that through 'a false story about Shelley's former wife, related by Mackintosh,' he had refused to visit Shelley at Pisa. 'I blush in anguish at my prejudice,' said Landor, in mentioning the fact. And in another place he

says: 'If any thing could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her scarred and awful ruins, telling their stories on the ground, in the midst of bell-ringers and pantomimes; if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and popes, tribunes and cardinals, senatorial orators and preaching friars, clash in my mind, it would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude where the pyramid of Cestius stands against the wall, and points to the humbler tombs of Keats and Shelley.' Of another of these contemporaries, Landor writes on hearing of his death: 'Poor Charles Lamb! What a tender, good, joyous heart had he! What playfulness! What purity of style and thought! His sister is yet living, much older than himself. One of her tales is, with the exception of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the most beautiful tale in prose composition in any language, ancient or modern.....Did you ever imagine that a fresh source of the pathetic would burst forth before us in this trodden and hardened world? I never did; and when I found myself upon it, I pressed my temples with both hands, and tears ran down to my elbows.' It is pleasant to read such hearty admiration of his more successful rivals, from one who received far less praise himself than he deserved, and who felt the injustice.

It was in the summer of 1835 that Landor returned from Italy to reside in England. He did not remain in London, but went on to the West. For some time he stayed at Clifton and Bath; and from thence he made frequent excursions. He visited Plymouth in 1837 and 1838, and made the acquaintance of the well known Colonel Hamilton Smith. He went also to Torquay, Oxford, and to his friend Julius Hare's, in Berkshire. More than once he visited Lady Blessington in London. In July, 1841, he writes to Lady Blessington from Bath, that he had been to see his brother Robert in Worcestershire, and says: 'He possesses a most delightful place at Berlingham. All the money he receives from his benefice, he spends on the education and comforts of the poor.' Between the two brothers there was much affection. Robert Eyres Landor, the author of the *Fountain of Arethusa*, and the *Fawn of Sertorius*, was very proud of the better known author of the *Imaginary Conversations*; and, with singular modesty, apologized to his brother, when his own books were attributed to Walter. What the elder brother thought of the younger, we may gather from the following lines addressed to the latter:—

'We two, alike in studies, we have toil'd
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,

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'We two, alike in studies, we have toil'd
In calmer fields and healthier exercise,

Not without Honour: Honour may defer
His hour of audience, but he comes at last.
* * * * *
Thine is the care to keep our native springs
Pure of pollution, clear of weeds; but thine
Are also graver cares, with fortune blest—
Not above competence, with duties changed,
Which with more zeal and prudence now perform.
There are who guide the erring, tend the sick,
Nor frown the starving from the half closed door;
But none beside my brother, none beside,
In stall thick litter'd, or on mitred throne,
Gives the more needy all the church gives him.
Unaided, though years press, and health declines,
By aught of clerical or human aid,
Thou servest God, and God's poor guests alone.'

Some time after his return to England Landor took up his settled residence in Bath, the only city, he used to say, except Edinburgh, which was tolerable after Florence. Bath, soon after that time, was at the lowest ebb of its prosperity. Formerly the most popular of watering places, and the resort of the *crême de la crême* of society, it had suffered much through younger rivals, Cheltenham, Leamington, Buxton, and Harrogate. It had ceased in great measure to be the temporary resort of the gay and the wealthy, while it had not then become, as it is now yearly becoming, the settled abode of those who seek for quiet, natural scenery, and cheap living. Since then lodging-houses have become private houses, and handsome villas have sprung up in the neighbourhood, especially on the steep heights of Lansdowne. Nevertheless, even at the time of which we speak, Bath used often to be the winter abode of men of mark. The late Earl of Ellesmere, the late Duke of Northumberland, the late Earl De Grey, and other notabilities, used to reside for four or five months in the Royal Crescent, or the Circus which will hand down the fame of Wood to many a generation. Bath too possessed a permanent resident of royal blood,—James O'Brien, Marquis of Thomond, the heir to the throne of Ireland, had Ireland still been ruled by her old race of kings. There was another visitor at this time, not much thought of then; a foreigner by no means handsome, somewhat heavy, decidedly needy, and in the opinion of some persons half mad. He had perpetrated some extraordinary escapades, and had been sent to gaol for them. He used to take up his quarters at the Pulteney or Sidney Hotel, as it was indifferently called. That hotel is now a proprietary college, and its former inmate now resides at Compiègne, Biarritz, Fontainebleau, or the Tuileries, as the

humour suits him. His name is Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French. In a boarding school twelve miles off, on the Clifton downs, there was at about the same time a pretty girl, receiving what was no doubt a good education. She was the grand-niece of a Miss Kirkpatrick, a maiden lady living in a very small house at Dumfries. The grand-niece is now supreme arbitress of fashion, and Empress of France. William Beckford died in Bath in 1844, and connoisseurs from all parts of Europe came to purchase the paintings and the china which the author of *Vathek* had stored up in his tower at Lansdowne, built after the model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, and which now serves as a chapel to the cemetery, in which he lies entombed in a massive granite sarcophagus. Of *Vathek* Landor spoke in his usual extravagant style of eulogy, and of its author he said, 'I doubt whether any man, except Shakspeare, has afforded so much delight, if we open our hearts to receive it.' Other less noted celebrities still paraded Milsom Street, or sauntered through the Victoria Park, and avoided the pump room and the baths. To such society Landor was a welcome acquisition, and he generally made himself agreeable to it. But he could say a rude thing when he pleased. The Literary Club invited him to become a member, and he replied by asking who the Literary Club were, and by asserting that there were not three literary men besides himself in Bath.

To those who saw Landor as he climbed the Bath streets, it would not have occurred that he was the rich *Signor Inglese*, who had inhabited the palace of Medici, and purchased Michael Angelo's famous villa at Fiesole. It was not, as Beau Brummell used to say, that he did not dress well, but that he did not dress at all. Clad, indeed, he was; but as regards dress in its highest sense, he the artist, the worshipper of all beauty, knew nothing. He would wear a hat whose black had become brown, a coat whose surface had become shining, trousers that were certainly meant by their maker for legs of lesser length and girth than those of the well-proportioned 'Gebir Landor,' as Coleridge used to call him. He carried at all seasons a gingham umbrella, (alpaeca had not then learnt to flatter its owner that it looked like silk,) and thus he would toil sturdily up the steep streets somewhat slowly, with back somewhat bent, but still with gait wonderfully steady for a man who would never again see his seventieth year. One attendant he had, a native of Florence, the most faithful, the most cherished attendant that ever poet and scholar was blessed with. This was a black-eyed, sharp-faced, long-haired Pomeranian dog of purest breed. The affec-

tion between 'Pomero' and his master was beautiful to see. Landor would break off in the middle of some witty criticism, some extravagant political heresy, to say a few words of caressing Italian to the little animal that lay beneath his chair with front paws stretched out, and sharp face resting upon them, and small ears restlessly moving to catch the first signal that the visit was at an end. But on hearing these kind words he would rush out to leap into his master's lap, barking madly in the ecstasy of his joy. 'I shall never survive thee, *carissimo*,' Landor would say; and while Pomero barked out a similar promise, his master would turn to those around him, and say: 'I do not intend to live after him. If he dies, I shall take poison.' Alas! it was Pomero who was poisoned, by some malignant rascal. Landor felt the loss acutely, and it was not until after he returned to Florence that he would console himself by getting another Pomero.

His morning calls used to be events to the friends he visited. His favourite subjects of conversation were politics and literature, and the former was a more frequent topic than the latter. He used to enounce the most *outré* opinions; and when some sentiment more extravagant than the rest had excited the laughter of his audience, he would sit silent until they had finished laughing, then he would begin to shake, then to laugh aloud, *piano* at first, but with *crescendo* steadily advancing to the loudest *fortissimo;* whereupon Pomero would spring out from his lair, leap into his master's lap, add his bark to Landor's roar, until the mingled volume of sounds would swell from the room into the sleepy streets, and astonish, if not scandalise, the somewhat torpid Bathonians who might be passing by. To those who knew Landor, Dickens's portrait of him as Mr. Boythorn in *Bleak House* would seem a more faithful, and at the same time more friendly, likeness than the same author's portrait of Leigh Hunt in the same book, who is there represented under the character of Harold Skimpole.

Landor was a republican, but, in spite of his denunciation of kings and queens, he was no democrat. 'I would cut off the head of every sovereign in Europe,' he would say, 'except Queen Victoria; and I would spare her, because she is a lady.' Yet he was no admirer of mob rule. His republicanism was of the Miltonic and the Platonic type. He thought highly of the Venetian Republic. He composed pæans in English, Latin, and Greek, upon Louis Napoleon when he became President of the Republic. After the *coup d'état* there was no invective too fierce, no denunciation too tremendous, for his old Bath friend. So that the new made emperor himself expressed concern and astonishment at the bitterness of Landor's wrath.

There was one old resident of Bath, gone to his rest now these fourteen years, with whom Landor was accustomed especially to debate on the perjury of their common friend. Worthy disciples of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, whom they both admired, they would say the one to the other, 'Why did we not kill him when he was here?' and Landor would add, 'I wish to God we had!'—He greatly scandalised even those who knew him best, and made allowances for his exaggerations, when he published in a newspaper his proposal to pension the widow of the man who should assassinate Napoleon, and might suffer death in consequence. What sort of language he used of his wished-for victim in the *Examiner* and some other papers which used to insert his most outrageous effusions, may be gathered from the following specimen:—

'Hast thou forgotten, thou more vile
Than he who clung to Helen's isle,
Rather than fall among the brave?
Hast thou forgotten so thy flight,
When sparing Philip's peaceful might
Disdain'd to hurl thee to thy grave?
Forgotten the chain'd eagle borne,
Shaken by ridicule and scorn,
Up Boulogne's proud columnar hill?
Twice traitor, ere a nation's trust
Raised thee a third time from the dust;
For what?—To be a traitor still.

After this it will scarcely be believed that Landor came to address Napoleon as one of the wisest and greatest of sovereigns. The Anglo-French alliance in 1854 completely altered his ideas. The revolution of 1848 had raised up idols for Landor's homage; some of whom, like Pio Nono, he afterwards trampled under foot with every mark of ignominy. The Russian war gave him new heroes to reverence, and new wretches to execrate. With Landor, all men were either angels or devils. Every one was bad or good in the superlative degree. He was madly enthusiastic about the war. He considered Nicholas, the 'Tzar,' as he used to call him, a fiend incarnate. He swallowed all the huge *canards* of the *Morning Advertiser* about the Prince Consort, and was quite ready to send His Royal Highness to the Tower, and from thence to the scaffold. For Lord Aberdeen he had the utmost contempt. It was a Parliament of mediocrities, he declared; 'and,' he added, 'I doubt whether in the last three centuries the world ever contained so few eminent men as at present, literary or political. "The vales shall be exalted, and the hills

laid low," is come to pass. There is a wide and verdant surface of well irrigated plain, but not a cedar nor an oak in sight.' He made, however, two exceptions to his strictures; one in favour of Mr. Gladstone, of whom he said, 'Never had England so able and so honest a Chancellor of the Exchequer;' and the other in favour of the man whom, but a few months before, he had vilified in the above quoted lines. Now he says of the latter that he is 'the wisest and most consistent of rulers, who may acquire a far more glorious name in history than the proudest and mightiest of his predecessors. His title may be the Napoleon of Peace.' Landor had forgotten all about December 2nd, 1851: he remembered only March 12th, 1854, and that Napoleon had allied himself with Victoria to annihilate Russia, and to rescue the Turks, whom he declared to be the finest gentlemen in Europe. 'Neither of us can expect to see the termination of the present war; I should rather say, of the series of wars inevitably coming,'—he makes Jonas Pottinger write to Ephraim Maplebury, in the *Letters of an American*. If Landor had had the conduct of the war, his presentiment would probably have been fulfilled. He declared that Russia must be deprived of all that she had taken; that a Kingdom of Poland, stretching from the Baltic to the Euxine, from the Vistula to the Dnieper, must be established; that Austria must be despoiled of Hungary and Lombardy, and be left with only 'a dinner-table, a whist-table, and a billiard-table.' He deemed all this work not only practicable, but easy. He had a truly British contempt for an enemy; and when the news came that Nicholas was suffering from erysipelas, Landor descended, for once, to a pun, and declared that the disease might be only a violent rash. He little foresaw the long and obstinate resistance which the genius of Todleben would enable the Russian emperor to make; still less did he expect to see the successor of Nicholas returning insulting answers to the ministers of England and France, when they protested against the extermination of the Poles.

It may be readily imagined that Landor took a warm interest in the affairs of Italy. No politician so keen as he could have failed to do so. Moreover, his long residence of about thirty years in that country made him feel himself half an Italian. 'It is worth all that remains of life to have lived one year in Italy,' is the sentiment which he puts in the mouth of one of his conversationalists, and which, at the time he wrote, expressed his own ideas. He had not, indeed, that high opinion of the Italians which he had of the Poles. He did not suppose that Italy would ever play such a part in Europe as he

assigned to Poland. The latter he described as 'the natural barrier of civilisation against barbarism, of freedom against despotism.' All that ever was Poland must again be Poland, and much more. Power, predominating power, is necessary to her for the advantage of Europe. She must be looked up to as an impregnable outwork, protecting the nascent liberties of the world. To Italy he ascribed no such high position. Perhaps it was long residence in Italy which made him less hopeful of her future. If so, a much shorter residence in Poland would have dispelled his dream of a great Polish kingdom 'extending from the Euxine to the Baltic, from the Vistula to the Dnieper.' However that may be, Landor does not seem to have ever contemplated the possibility of an Italian kingdom. Italy was, to his mind, a geographical expression only. He had passed the greater part of his life in the little Florentine capital, or in towns like Pisa, Lucca, Venice, with occasional visits to Rome and to Naples; and he had not noticed the small sub-Alpine kingdom of Piedmont, that 'little horn' of these latter days, 'waxing exceeding great toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land.' He did not know that there was a statesman quietly tilling his rice fields, and waiting for the time when his dream would be fulfilled, and he should become the minister of a united Italy. He little thought that the heir to one of the most ancient and one of the smallest kingdoms of Europe would become the sovereign of the newest, and well nigh the noblest. It was Italy that felt the first shock of the revolution which, seventeen years ago, made every throne in Europe vibrate; and Landor, on hearing of it, at once took his pen in hand, and wrote for the pecuniary benefit of the widows and orphans of the insurgents who had fallen at Messina his 'Imaginary Conversations of King Carlo Alberto and the Duchess Belgiojoso, on the affairs and prospects of Italy.' Extravagant as Landor's dreams generally were, they fell very far short of the reality in this instance. He had little faith in Carlo Alberto, he had a hundred times more in Pio Nono. He describes the Princess Belgiojoso (that admirable woman who raised a troop of two hundred horse, and led them herself against the Austrians, and to whom he addressed some spirited lines) as urging the King of Piedmont to take a step. 'Italians,' she says, 'are superior to all the nations round about. It is supposed that your majesty is ambitious of being King of Lombardy. Supposing it practicable, do you imagine the people of Turin will be contented to see the seat of government transferred to Milan, or that the rich and noble

and ancient families of Milan will submit to become the footstools of the Turinese?' How well Landor understood the local jealousies which hitherto had prevented common action among the States of Italy! How little he foresaw that astonishing revolution which would suppress all these jealousies; and for the love of a common Italy induce the Piedmontese themselves in their own chief city to vote for its degradation, and for the removal of the seat of government from the capital where, from time immemorial, the kings of the ancient house of Savoy had held their court! Twelve years ago, Landor wrote of Italy in January, 1853,—

> 'Gloomy as droops the present day,
> And hope is chilled, and shrinks away,
> Another age, perhaps, may see
> Freedom raise up dead Italy.'

It must have eased his bed of death to know that 'dead Italy' had been raised to newness of life.

About the year 1849, Landor moved from St. James's Square, Bath, to No. 3, River Street, in the same city, and there he remained during the rest of his residence in the Queen of the West. It was a somewhat dingy abode for one who had been accustomed to reside in the palace of the Medici, and among the groves that Horace frequented. It overlooked a sort of square, in whose roadway the grass grew thick among the stones. He did not rent the whole house; but every room that he occupied, and the staircase, was covered from floor to roof with paintings. In these, as in his much larger collection at Florence, he took great delight. He endeavoured to find in the gilt frames a substitute for the sunlight of Italy; and he used to say that English artists would never be able to do without such frames, by reason of the absence of that sunlight. As with most other collectors, one way to win his favour was to praise his pictures. It is probable that he was often deceived when he made a purchase. It would be more correct to say, that he deceived himself. He would enter a picture dealer's shop, and if he saw anything which pleased him, he would order it, and often find an illustrious parentage for it to which the seller had not aspired. He cared not to know the history of the work. It was enough for him that he believed it to be a master's, and he was ready to place his own judgment against that of all the world. 'That is a Paul Veronese, that a Gaspar Poussin, and this is a Nicolas Poussin,' he would say to his visitors. They had but his word for it. He deemed this quite sufficient. It is probable that Landor thought

more highly of his taste as a connoisseur than of his ability as an author. To question the authenticity of his pictures was to incur his abiding displeasure. He himself was the first to speak about his unpopularity as a writer. 'I suppose there are some half dozen persons in England who possess my books, and, perhaps, three are capable of understanding them.' And yet Landor did not despise fame. He never forgot a compliment, and he generally returned it with compound interest. It was generally possible to find the origin of his panegyrics in the flattery of those whom he eulogized. He was seriously angry when some one in his presence spoke slightingly of the works of G. P. R. James; and he extolled that novelist to an extent that would have been suitable only for Scott. James he had probably known at Venice; at all events James had praised Landor, and Landor repaid him a thousand per cent. Bulwer, who spoke of him in his *Last Days of Pompeii* as his learned friend, and Dickens, who dedicated one of his novels to him, were remembered in like manner. He remembered his literary detractors equally well. The flippant N. P. Willis, with whom he had a personal quarrel about the less of some manuscripts which the American wished the Englishman to read, took his revenge by speaking of Landor, in one of his poems describing London society, as

'Savage Landor, wanting soap and sand.'

And Savage Landor fulfilled his patronymic, or matronymic, rather. Byron spoke of him as 'deep-mouthed Bœotian Savage Landor;' and Landor gave Byron a good deal more than he brought.

'Byron was not *all* Byron; one small part
Bore the impression of a human heart.'

And again, and, sharper still, the following lines sent with a copy of his own poems:—

'Little volume, warm with wishes,
Fear not brows that never frown!
After Byron's peppery dishes
Matho's mild skim-milk goes down.

Change she wants not, self-concenter'd,
She whom Attic graces please,
She whose genius never enter'd
Literature's gin-palaces.'

Landor's praise, however, was not always given in exchange. He often gave it as a free gift to men to whom the gift was very valuable. There is nothing more generous in the annals of

modern criticism than his review in the *Morning Advertiser* of a volume of poems written by a then unknown mechanic, but whose works have now, probably, thousands of readers who never heard of *Gebir* or *Count Julian*. The critique is well worth quoting.

'I purpose to review the works of no ordinary poet—Gerald Massey. It appears that his station in life is obscure, and his fortunes far from prosperous. Such also was the condition of Keats, to whom he bears in many features of his genius a marvellous resemblance. Keats has found patrons now he is in his grave. May Massey find them on this side of it! I have not the honour (for honour I should think it) to know him personally; and, therefore, if I should err in my judgment of his merits, the cause of my blindness will not be attributed to an over-heated partiality.....I am thought to be more addicted to the ancients than to the moderns—wrongfully; for I never, since I was able to compare, preferred the best of them to Shakspeare and Milton. And at the present time I am trying to recollect any ode, Latin or Greek, more graceful than one in page 24.' (This was, 'Ah, 'tis like a tale of olden!' which Landor did not know was very similar to a poem by L. E. L.) 'The reader of this criticism will, I hope, test its accuracy by the perusal of a duodecimo which contains a larger quantity of good poetry than threescore ostentatious volumes by "eminent hands." I feel almost as much of pleasure in bringing it farther out into public notice, as I should of pride if I had written one of its pages. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation, as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces with despair. Can anything more or better be said for it?'

This last sentence is thoroughly Landor's; for he had not forgotten the strictures of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* thirty years before.

He was always generous to the new race of poets and writers who were rising around him. He did not believe that the former days were altogether better than these. While he praised Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Moore, Campbell, and the other men who were young when he was young, he could see something admirable in writers so different from each other as Ebenezer Elliott, Aubrey De Vere, Margaret Forbes d'Ossoli, Eliot Warburton, Eliza Lynn, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Dickens, and 'Festus' Bailey. To all of these, verses more or less flattering, but all sincere, are to be found addressed in the *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*. For Alfred Tennyson he felt something more than admiration; with him he had such intimate friendship as the following lines imply:—

'I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have, too, a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Though 't is only a small bin,
There 's a stock of it within;
And, as sure as I 'm a rhymer,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson!'

At the time that Landor wrote so generously of Gerald Massey, he was in his eightieth year. He was still hale and hearty, but an octogenarian must *respicere finem*, and he hoped to end his days in Bath. He wrote the following lines, addressed 'To Bath.'

'The snows have fallen since my eyes were closed
Upon thy downs and pine-woods, genial Bath!
In whose soft bosom my young head reposed,
Whose willing hand shed flowers throughout my path.
The snows have fallen on more heads than mine,
Alas! on few with heavier cares opprest:
My early wreath of love didst thou entwine,
Wilt thou entwine one for my last long rest?'

There seemed no reason why the residue of his days should not be spent in his favourite English city. He had gathered round him a circle of friends, who, if their names have 'not been heard of half a mile from home,' were able to appreciate his published writings, and his clever talk. Even for those who were not able he had a liking. He delighted to scandalise them by his political or religious extravagances; and, next best to seeing the kindling eye of an intelligent listener, was seeing the lengthening face of a horrified one. From time to time he would run up to London, from which Bath is but three hours distant. Here he would spend a few weeks among his literary friends, the men of the present generation, who were babes or unborn when he was marching under Blake; or the friends of his own age, Rogers, Kenyon, Crabbe, Robinson, whom he declared to be the best talker that ever lived, and who, of that generation, alas! alone survives him, to tell of the time when he and Goethe used to discourse together. When at home in Bath, Landor received visits from men he loved and honoured,—John Forster, Charles Dickens, Sir William Napier, who had a seat in the neighbourhood,—and friends whom he had made in Italy. When left alone, his pen was not idle. The *Examiner* constantly appeared with some

Latin epigram, bearing the well known name. The *Athenæum* frequently contained some Imaginary Conversations, many of them afterwards republished as *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans.* Now he wrote a pamphlet on *Popery, British and Foreign.* Now he indited a series of ten letters to Cardinal Wiseman. Now he wrote Essays on Theocritus and Catullus, and now on Francesco Petrarca. Classical literature, mediæval poetry, modern rhymes, were all a part of his study. Social questions, politics, and polemics, were all themes for his pen. Religious questions, except so far as they assumed a political aspect, he avoided. He was sarcastic on the wealth of the bishops, and found room for satire in the Gorham controversy; but questions of doctrine he shunned. 'I hope to be always a Christian, never a theologian,' is the sentiment he puts in the mouth of 'Jonas Pottinger.' Then, with one of those hits which he was for ever dealing at the ceremonies and regulations of Rome, he continues: 'There are things which I believe, things which I disbelieve, things which I doubt. Among the latter is this, that I can ever be carried to Heaven on the shoulders of a cod-fish, or get forward a good part of the journey on a smooth and level road, on a couple of eggs for rollers.'

These Miscellanies he republished in one volume, which he dedicated to one of the noblest of Italians, the Marchese di Azeglio. To it he gave the name of *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree;* and for *Envoi* the following lines:—

> 'I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:
> I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.'

Both title and epigraph were touching, and kindled a regret in many more hearts than Landor supposed, that this was in all probability the last work of one who had been writing for more than half a century. Unfortunately for Landor's fame and happiness, this was not to be his 'last' writing. Unfortunately he did 'strive,' and with those who were not 'worth his strife.' A miserable squabble arose between two residents of Bath about a governess. The squabble came into that most undignified of all tribunals, the County Court. Landor had to give evidence; and in January, 1857, in spite of the medical certificate of his physician that his state of health did not permit him to appear, he did appear, and gave his evidence in such a manner, that the present Recorder of Bath, one of the attorneys in the case, was compelled to make some painful

observations as to the unsoundness of Mr. Landor's mind. The case aroused the greatest interest in Bath; and in Landor, unfortunately, it led to such disorder of the brain, that for several days his life was despaired of. It was during this period of cerebral excitement, that he issued abusive and foul publications against several persons; and, in spite of his promise that he would abstain from all allusions of any kind to the objects of his aversion, he republished the libels in a collection of short pieces; which, carrying out the metaphor involved in the title of his last preceding work, he called *A Bundle of Dry Sticks Fagoted*, by W. S. Landor. One short piece in the book, which we believe his usual publisher, Mr. Moxon, declined to bring out, was so grossly insulting to a lady who had been the plaintiff in the County Court case mentioned above, and whose witness Landor had been, that an action was brought against him at the Bristol assizes. One of his most intimate friends has stated that on his recovery from his mental infirmity, he refused to make any defence at the Assizes, believing that his tongue had been tied by the solemn promises, which before, in his illness, he had omitted to keep. A verdict was therefore found against him, with a thousand pounds damages. This he resolved not to pay; and he thereupon sold the whole of his paintings at Rivers Street, and in his eighty-third year became a self-banished exile from his native country. It is understood that his friends afterwards made a pecuniary arrangement with the lady whom Landor had libelled.

After these unhappy events Landor returned to Florence, and for a time lived with his family at his own residence, the Villa Gherardesca, Fiesole. He did not continue there, but took apartments in the city itself. The year after his arrival in Italy, began that glorious drama which far exceeded the very highest aspirations that he had ever entertained. Ever impetuous, it is easy to imagine how he would laud to the skies, as the greatest of all sovereigns, Napoleon, when he announced his programme of a free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, and proceeded to fulfil it in person; and how Landor's praise would be converted into scorn when he heard of the peace of Villafranca. The events that followed stirred to their depths the hearts of Englishmen who had never crossed the Alps, much more the large and generous heart of him who had twice made Italy his adopted country. What he thought of the chief actor we may gather from the following eulogy written after Garibaldi's return to Caprera in 1860:—

'Garibaldus terrâ marique præclarus, miles strenuus, acer, impiger; dux identidem sagax atque audax, pericula providens pedibus subjecit. Sanguinis coram hostium parcus, profusus sui, imperator clemens, dictator modestus, titulis ipsique gloriæ virtutem prætulit. Regem bene meritum populo dare quam rex esse maluit, et qui imperaverat novit obtemperare. Quum alii per dolos ac perjuria regiones exteras et vicinorum domos occupaverant, suam "egregius exul," sero rediturus, dereliquit. Neque hoc sæculorum neque vetus, quod assuefacti sumus magis admirari, parem Garibaldo tulit: multos Roma, plures Græcia, celebravit; at vos, O Itali, propius vidistis clariorem. Adulationis vocabula ea trita, levia, virum adeo excelsum non attigerunt; laudes vel proborum, pariterque eloquentium, defecere. Sed Fama non silebit. Ad insulam suam reversus est, parvæ Ithacæ dimidio minorem, ibi terræ sterilis incolas agriculturam exemplo docet. Abiit desideratus omnibus, abiit inter fletus fortissimorum.'

But Landor had discovered Garibaldi to be a hero long before he was 'accredited' in this country. The following lines were addressed to the children of Garibaldi, and were published in 1858, and probably written nine years before that:—

'Children, be not too proud, altho' the man
Whom ocean smiles on with parental love,
And earth from every coast with loud applause
Hails a deliverer, children, is your sire.
O what vast empire have ye to defend!
A name so high, so inaccessible,
Virtues so pure, and courage so humane,
All are your heritage.'

To the last year of his life Landor maintained his intellectual powers. Surrounded by his books and papers and some paintings in his house with 'four habitable rooms, and a terrace overlooking two gardens,' as he himself described his residence, 93, Via della Chiesa, with another sharp-witted Pomeranian dog to supply the place of the lamented Pomero, he often remembered the friends he had left behind him in England, and would write to them from time to time on the chief events of the day. He took a deep interest in the American struggle. Seven years before the great struggle began, he made 'Jonas Pottinger,' the fictitious writer of the *Letters of an American*, write, 'I have sometimes heard Englishmen say, and apparently not without satisfaction, that our States would split; probably they will. Pomegranates split when they are perfectly mature, and not before. The beautiful seeds fall only to germinate, while the seeds of the flower pots in the close court yard are

fit only to manure the exhausted soil they sprang from.' Far otherwise was the 'split' that actually took place. Landor had small sympathy with the North. He held that the Northerners had violated the constitution, by which slaves were as much a property as house or land. He considered that the only way to settle the slave question was to decree, that all slaves should, after fourteen years' work, become free, and that no families should be separated and no slaves sold. He adds, 'I hope our rulers will continue pacific in spite of provocations. We never had wiser men at the head of affairs.' He then goes on to express his belief, that sooner or later the United States will attack Canada, and that it would be wise to declare our North American Colonies independent States.

A year after the letter was written in which he expressed these opinions, Landor lay upon his death-bed. To the end he had enjoyed robust health, and to the verge of ninety years his sight remained good, his digestion perfect, his intellect almost unimpaired. Though he had lived separately from his family, he was constantly visited by members of it. He died on Saturday, September 17th, 1864, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery, close to where lies England's greatest poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He is survived by two brothers, both of them past fourscore years; and the younger of them is the Rev. Robert Eyres Landor, author of the *Fawn of Sertorius* and the *Fountain of Arethusa*, already referred to.

Of Landor's writings incidental mention has been made in the course of this article, and there is little space left for further notice of them. It is probable that they will be hereafter more highly esteemed than they have been by Landor's contemporaries. That he had many admirers, intimate friends like Lady Blessington and Southey told him frequently, and they did not deceive him. But that he was a general favourite no one could pretend to say. This absence of popularity was due to the severely classical style which he adopted, and to the bitterness with which he often spoke of men whom the rest of the world respected. The irritation excited by this second cause will no longer be produced when a generation has arisen to whom the events and the actors of the present day will be historical. If Mr. Landor's works are read in the twentieth century, it will not be his pungent epigrams upon, or his fierce invectives against, a Pitt, a Castlereagh, a Pius, a Nicholas, a Napoleon, that will be studied, but those masterpieces of English, the *Imaginary Conversations;* those revivals of the purest classic literature, the *Letters of Pericles and Aspasia.* These, the ripest fruits of seventy years of cultivation, will show

how noble was the stock of the 'old tree' which continued bearing 'fruit' far into the winter of age, into a season when other trees have either dried up and withered, or fallen upon the ground, as they have fallen to lie.

We have already pointed out one very remarkable feature of Landor's writings, the classical mould in which they are shaped, and the modern elements of which they are composed. Imbued with the style of the ancients, he was the keenest observer of contemporaneous events. His writings combine the learning of Porson with the wit of 'Pasquin.' His studies of the dead languages seemed but to give fresh life to his own. Although extravagant in his opinions, he was rarely betrayed into extravagance of style. Another characteristic, often absent when wit and vigour abound, was not wanting in Landor. There was a grace and tenderness in him, which showed that there were times when this knight, so ready to do battle on all occasions against all comers, was not proof against gentler feelings. When writing of women, his whole nature seemed to soften. Lady Blessington told him that he was 'the most genuinely polite man' she ever knew; and Landor's politeness was most genuine, for it was of the heart. It was something more than a compliment to the gentler and, as Landor considered, better sex, when he reproved the present writer for saying that he had been in the company of a lady, and remarked, 'We are in the company of men, but in the presence of angels and women.' Milton's Eve, Shakspeare's Cordelia, were not more perfect creations than Landor's Jane Grey and Vittoria Colonna. His reverence for womanly purity was fitly associated with his admiration of manly heroism. With Hofer, Kosciusko, Kossuth, Garibaldi, for his theme, he kindled to enthusiasm; just as their opposites, Haynau, Görgey, Ferdinand of Naples, Talleyrand, men destitute of heart or destitute of conscience, awoke his most indignant wrath or his most trenchant sarcasm. The patriot had the first place in his Pantheon; and it was his only fault that he did not admit men who, while they differed from him as to the mode, agreed with him in the desire to serve their country. Satire and humour do not always go together, still more rarely satire and pathos. All these qualities existed in Landor. He could appreciate real comedy, and help others to enjoy it. His Conversation between the Emperor of China and Tsiug-Ti is most humorous; his 'Five Scenes' are most tragical. Taking him altogether, there have been few men at once so many-sided and so crotchety, so much admired and yet so little read, as Walter Savage Landor.

ART. IX.—1. *Das Christenthum der drei erster Jahrhunderte.* Von CH. F. BAUR. Tübingen.
2. *Das Apostolische und das Nachapostolische Zeitalter: mit Rücksicht auf Unterscheid und Einheit in Lehre und Leben, dargestellt von* GOTTHARD VICTOR LECHLER. Stuttgart.
3. *History of the Apostolic Church.* By PHILIP SCHAFF. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
4. *Histoire des Trois Premiers Siècles de l'Eglise Chrétienne. Le Premier Siècle.* Par E. DE PRESSENSÉ. Paris: Libraire de Ch. Meyrueis et Cie.
5. *The Tübingen School and its Antecedents.* By R. W. MACKAY, M.A. London: Williams and Norgate.
6. *The Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament. The Bampton Lectures for* 1864. By THOMAS D. BERNARD, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.
7. *Five Lectures on the Character of St. Paul. The Hulsean Lectures for* 1862. By REV. J. I. HOWSON, D.D. London: Longman and Co.
8. *A critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council.* By J. DONALDSON, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

IN studying the past history of the Christian Church, four great epochs are defined, not by its relation to the nations of the earth, or by its own internal organization and divisions, but by the uplifting, expanding, and luminous manifestation, in successive order, of the four cardinal truths of our Christian faith. To consider and designate these developments of Apostolic Doctrine in the consciousness and creed of the Christian Church, is of itself to testify to the in-dwelling Spirit who is leading the people of Christ into all truth by a way that is well ordered and sure. (John xvi. 13: *ὁδηγήσει ὑμᾶς εἰς πᾶσαν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.*) There is a simplicity, order, and harmony, like the growth of organic life, in the method by which the doctrine of the Scripture has been realised and unfolded amid the bewildering divisions, contests, and confusion of the 'ages of Christendom,' that plainly mark the presence and infallible guidance of Him whose mission it is to show 'what He has received of Christ.' The mind of the Church is filled first with the glory of the Lord. The doctrine of Christ is fittingly the first that is exalted and defined in the Confessions of the Church. After the nature of the Saviour, the nature of him who is saved, *i.e.*, of man, fixes the attention, and rouses the controversies of the Church. Augustine has established the

doctrine of human depravity, and the consequent doctrine of salvation by *grace*. The Middle Ages slowly developed in articulate form the doctrine of the Atonement, which, like all the other truths that have been successively lifted into prominence, minutely examined, carefully separated from error, and then distinctly enforced, was always an article of Christian faith; but it was not till then evolved in dogmatic form. Never, since Anselm's exposition of the Redemption of Christ, has that theme lost its place in the system of Divine truth. It remained lastly for Luther to bring forth to the light and magnify that Pauline doctrine, whose elucidation seems to follow naturally from the preceding doctrines which had been so firmly established, viz., the doctrine of Faith. These four doctrines of Christ's glory and man's depravity, of Christ's work and man's faith, are, we have said, the cardinal elements of the economy of grace revealed in Scripture, so far as it relates to our salvation; and such has been the development of these great elements that were, from the first, imbedded in the teaching of Scripture, and in the hearts of believers. Now, whether we consider the relative importance of these truths, or their sequence and dependence upon each other, we cannot but recognise a wonderful harmony in their successive rise and ascendancy in the Church out of the tumult of blinding controversies, from which they emerged. The Spirit of God has brought a glorious order out of the chaos. The footprints of the Divine Guide of the Church glow brightly as we trace her history, though 'clouds and darkness were round about Him.' Nor, though the Church be rent by contentions as fierce and divisions as manifold as in the earlier times, can we lose the faith which this rapid survey revives; for 'God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved.'

In this age, the controversies of the Church within herself, and against her adversaries, have been turned in a new direction. Another epoch in church history is being formed, the results acquired in which are necessary in order at once to substantiate and verify the heritage of doctrines acquired in and bequeathed by former epochs, and also to give a more profound appreciation and more exact apprehension of these doctrines, both separately, and in their vital relations to each other, as parts of one system of truth, one ministry of life. Many tendencies of our times have necessitated the direction of modern theological studies. These now bear upon the Bible itself. It is not the subject-matter of the Bible that has to be explored, discussed, formulated. It is the authorship, authority, structure, congruity, and development of the different books of

the Bible, that incite the laborious study, and provoke the vehement contradictions, of biblical scholars. We cannot doubt that the issue of these modern controversies, however long and furious they may be, will be as 'silver tried in the furnace of earth, purified seven times.' The Church has every thing to gain by inquiries that will open for her more profoundly the inmost nature, the constructive method, the reality, the true humanity, and the true divinity of that Book upon which her faith has rested, and by which her life has been moulded during all the centuries of her existence. Now, whilst these inquiries could not be avoided,—the literary, historical, and scientific criticism which characterizes our age claiming to search, test, and judge the Bible, like every other book,—it is plain, (1.) That this searching, independent, and complete criticism of the Bible is necessary to authenticate most surely to the Church those Divine truths which she has deduced from the Bible. The scrupulous examination of the title-deeds is necessary to vindicate her rights to the rich property she holds. (2.) That this critical process cannot but unfold more distinctly the meaning of revelation in analysing its methods. In knowing *how* God has spoken to men, we shall both feel the nearness and reality of His inspiration, and learn more accurately what He has revealed. We have occasionally discovered in these pages in how many ways this has been already done; and fresh results in the verification and vitalising of those things 'most surely believed amongst us,' we hope to bring for our readers, from time to time, as *opima spolia* from the field of this present controversy.

It is true, however, that in the critical studies which distinguish the theology of our time, the adversaries of the orthodox faith of the Church have gained the immediate advantage of precedence in time. This has generally been the case. The assault precedes the defence. Seldom has the Church spontaneously, and with systematic manifold labour which has been evoked and sustained by her own purpose, elaborated, sifted, and defined any one of the great Christian doctrines. An Arius is necessary to call forth the Nicene Creed. Pelagianism must precede the expositions of Catholic faith by Augustine. In like manner, the doctrine of the Church with regard to the Bible, though it has existed as a mighty inarticulate faith, has never hitherto been minutely examined, or exactly formulated. It needed the attacks of unbelieving criticism to rouse the attention, and to concentrate the labours, of Christian scholars upon this subject, in order

that, after their investigations and discussions, the *communis sensus* of the Church may express, in clear, well-grounded, and articulate language, the doctrine of the Church upon this subject. The providence of the Spirit continues to use the hostility of men who attack and repudiate the faith of the Church, in order to awaken a profounder consciousness of that faith, and to stimulate such combined and thorough investigations as shall define that faith in accurate terminology, and establish it on a secure basis.

A striking example of this fact is presented in the resolutions passed at the Kirchentag or German Evangelical Diet held last September in Altenburg, in Prussia. The recent assaults made on the authenticity and veracity of the Gospels, and on Him who is Himself 'the Life of men,' by writers like MM. Renan and Michelet, in France, and Doctors Strauss and Schenkel, in Germany, whose genius and reputation have lent brilliancy and fame to their writings, drew together one of the largest assemblies that ever met in this famous Diet. It was known that the 'Life of Jesus' in relation to these hostile criticisms would form the main theme of its deliberations. M. E. De Pressensé thus describes the assembly, which he had himself attended, in the *Revue Chrétienne* of November last:—

'Men of faith and science came from all parts of Germany to take part in the Kirchentag. Among the thousand members whose names were inscribed, there was a considerable number of pastors and professors, as also some of the most eloquent evangelical preachers of Germany, the principal directors of churches, illustrious theologians, such as Dorner and Tischendorf, and laymen eminent for their standing and intelligence. I do not think that a religious assembly could be convoked in Europe, that would contain a greater amount of talent, learning, and enlightened piety. All these distinguished representatives of the different Churches of Germany had come together to press around the common standard, and to affirm, before their country and their age, their unchanging belief in a certain folly, which, from St. Paul's days to the present, has called forth a smile of pity from the wise men of this world, and to confess their faith in that Jesus of Nazareth, whom high criticism disdainfully sets on one side, substituting for Him some strange product of reason made in its own image and likeness.

'The question brought forward was thus worded: "What profit will the Church obtain from the recent attack on its faith?"

'First of all, the chief arguments of opponents were refuted with as much vigour of reasoning as moderation of language. The most certain results of Christian science were brought to view with rare

power of demonstration; nothing was more calculated to strengthen faith. The authenticity of the Gospels, the incomparable worth of the primitive testimonies, the fruit that may be obtained from recent discoveries of texts, particularly from fragments of the writings of the great heretics of the second century, all these different points were taken up in succession, in discourses of great power and fulness, by men like Tischendorf, the illustrious explorer of Biblical MSS., by Koëstlin, Dorner, and others. The slight scientific baggage of the adversaries of the faith, the poverty of their psychology, their degrading theories respecting the origin of humanity, and respecting the movement of history, the frivolity of their attacks on the supernatural; all this aggressive portion of the subject was handled with a firm and close logic, without bitterness, and without declamation.

'This consideration of the new duties imposed on the Church by the present crisis was of special importance. Instead of uttering loud cries of terror, and taking refuge in idle affirmations; instead of having recourse to the old confessions of faith as a sort of palladium, evangelical Germany showed itself at Altenburg full of courage, and more determined than ever to ask Christian science to repair the damage caused by anti-Christian science. Thus, in a special but well-attended Conference, men of authority strongly insisted on the necessity of reviving the higher philosophical studies, the decline of which would tend to the detriment of the faith. Bad criticism and bad theology impose on the Church the duty of revising and looking thoroughly into its criticism and theology, and of seeking a new scientific impulse.'

This animated description of the Kirchentag by the eminent theologian, who took a prominent part in its discussions, prepares the mind to appreciate the notable resolutions passed at this assembly, to which we have referred, and which indicate at once the service which unbelief renders to the Church, and the new domain of investigation on which the Church enters, in order to determine with precision, and to maintain on impregnable grounds, the authority of the Bible.

'1. Recent works on the life of Jesus have given of this life pictures, the flagrant incorrectness of which can only be explained on the supposition of a false criticism of history, or of a superficial treatment of the sacred documents: a serious historical criticism must do justice to them.

'2. The Church has not yet given an exposition of the life of Jesus that satisfies science on the one hand, and the exigencies of faith on the other. This imperfection in its theology has facilitated the attacks of a false criticism. This criticism takes, besides, as its starting-point a false notion of God and of the world, and a view of man's moral nature radically opposed to the truth.

'3. The Church *should congratulate itself on having been called by the attack on an essential point of its faith to define itself on this point.* For this defence it must make a serious appeal to Christian science, which, as well as faith, is a work of the Holy Spirit. Nor will it neglect to employ in this labour a dispassionate historical and literary criticism, to which it will devote itself without anxiety or fear. This labour of reconstruction will not fail, in our opinion, to be found in harmony with the Confessions of Faith of the Evangelical Church, when considered in their true spirit.'

'5. It is also a blessing for the Church to have comprehended the necessity of considering as a whole the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament, and not of separating the epistolary writings of the apostles from the evangelical narratives which do not proceed from an apostolical source, and of their reaching a greater depth in the understanding of Scripture.'

These are four out of the seven resolutions passed at the German Kirchentag. It would be most interesting and profitable to show how, since the critical inquiries into the origination and the composition and internal economy of the Bible began, results of unspeakable value to the cause of vital Christianity have been acquired,—first fruits only of the harvest yet to be reaped. Even with regard to the Gospels, for the exposition of which the German theologians desire more exhaustive scientific inquiries to be instituted, what progress has been made! Not only has their accuracy in many disputed historical statements been conclusively proved, and the specific characteristics of the several Gospels closely examined, but, further, the peculiar purport and value of their individual testimony, the mutual complementary fitnesses which lock them together in one complete testimony, and the development of that testimony, as it links itself on the one hand by Matthew to the Old Testament which precedes it, and on the other hand by John to the apostolic history and letters which follow it, have been discovered or more fully ascertained. Also, the secret formative method of the Gospel records is being laid open, and therewith the life of our Lord is growing more distinct and palpable to the mind. Along with a clearer understanding of the causes that explain the subtle harmonies and peculiar variations of the Gospels, a true harmony of the events of our Lord's history is being evolved.* The miracles of the Gospels discover a

* See *London Quarterly Review*, No. xliii., p. 251. In this inquiry a new work by Dr. H. J. Holtzmann, of Heidelberg, commands attention. Its title is *Die Synoptischen Evangelien, Ursprung und Geschichtliche Character.* Leipsig. 1863.

profounder sense and a more essential place in the substance of the Gospel than have been previously discerned.*

They reveal themselves in a glorious light to the student, as not only the evidences for a revelation, but themselves constituting a revelation of God. They are not merely works by Christ, but works of Christ in which His nature is revealed, and the order and manner of these miracles, like every part of His manifestation upon earth, have a Divine significance. They are 'pledges of a redemption wrought, and foreshadows of a redemption realised.' The parables, too, serve a distinctive and wonderful purpose in the economy and unfolding of Divine revelation. Why, it is asked, the mixture of light so bright, and shadows so dark, in the Gospel? What explains the parabolic and hidden teaching of Him who is the 'True Light?' The reason is found when we discriminate the kinds of truth that are placed respectively in the light and shade. The comprehensive spiritual law of the kingdom of God is announced without any abatement of its force, or concealment of its meaning, though it shock the ritualistic feelings of the rigid Jew, and repel the carnally-minded. On the other hand, whatever concerns the redemptive mysteries of the

* See 'The Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles,' by B. F. Westcott, M.A. The following passage gives the keynote to this most suggestive little book: 'The miracles are not isolated facts; they are not vain repetitions. In *meaning* as well as in *time* they lie between the Incarnation and the Ascension. They look back to one event and forward to the other, now bringing God to man, and now raising man to God, as signs of the full accomplishment of Christ's earthly work. In this sense they are all one, and yet they are all different. Each has its proper lesson, each has its proper place. They are a treasure rather than a bulwark. They are in their utmost sense instruction and not evidence. And yet as the Christian rises to a clearer perception of their distinctness and harmony; as he traces their simplicity and depth; as he sees their comprehensive variety and infinite significance, they do become an evidence of his faith,—an evidence of power and wisdom, which issue not in the silence of repressed doubt, but in the thanksgiving of grateful praise.' In his preface to this book, Mr. Westcott bears a remarkable testimony, which we quote because it so aptly confirms what we have written, and because it expresses what should be the confidence of the Church in the present ordeal of her faith: 'Without any desire to overrate technical criticism, I cannot refrain from expressing with the deepest earnestness my belief, that a study of the sacred texts which rests on the laws of the most rigorous scholarship, and is carried out with the most candid appreciation of the various elements combined in the apostolic age, will lead to the only convincing answer to the objections against the essential doctrines of Christianity, which are at present most current.....Let the student take any group of lessons recorded in one of the Gospels,—miracles, parables, discourses: let him notice their salient points and most minute traits: let him regard them in their relation to the whole narrative: let him then combine them with similar recitals contained in the other Gospels: and his feeling will be a wonder, which increases with time, at the fulness and subtlety of the connexions by which each part of Holy Scripture is bound to all others: and this feeling is the noblest homage to its inspiration.'—'Preface,' pp. 11, 12.

spiritual kingdom, the agencies at work in its formation and administration, its progress and its destiny on earth and in heaven, are hid by Jesus under the figured veil of parables: and this, for similar reasons with those which led Jesus to forbid His disciples to proclaim Him as the Christ. Such are some of the lines of inquiry that are opened up by the inexorable and daring probe of criticism; and such are some of the treasures on which its piercing queries have struck.

All scientific criticism of the Gospels, however, involves a prior investigation concerning apostolic doctrine, because the Gospels were written in the apostolic age. They are not records left by Jesus Christ concerning Himself. They are memoirs of Jesus Christ written by the apostles, or by apostolic men. They have, consequently, an apostolic origin. They constitute the Gospel of the apostolic preaching. This is the belief of Christendom. Even if this belief be wrong, under any circumstances, criticism must explain the formation of these writings, and must accept them as a record of the things 'surely believed' by those among whom they circulated. It constituted one of the fatal defects of Strauss's criticism that it was sheerly negative. It criticized and ridiculed the events of the Gospel history, but the records were there,—a fact which no ridicule could ignore,—and no satisfactory criticism was given of them. No account was given even hypothetically of the origin and order of the Gospel writings. Dr. Baur and the Tübingen school which he has formed have attempted to supply this great deficiency, and thus to substantiate by positive results the huge negation of Strauss. This school has endeavoured to trace the growth of apostolic and post-apostolic doctrine, and of the New Testament writings in which that doctrine has been preserved.

The opinions of the Tübingen school deserve greater attention than they have yet received in this country, because these opinions have been the subject of the chief theological controversies in Germany for the last twenty years, and they have coloured the whole mass of theological literature, both in England and on the Continent, relating to the origin of Christianity, during that time. The foundation of Baur's entire system lies in his assertion, that four Epistles of Paul, viz., those to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians, are the only genuine books of the New Testament. These four, however, being thus accepted, give him the *πού στῶ*, from which he is enabled, as he imagines, to demolish the authenticity of all

the other books of the New Testament; and also to indicate the processes of antagonism and reconciliation between two parties in the primitive Church, by which he explains the occasion for, and the peculiar subject-matter of, each of the spurious books. He supposes himself to descry, in the Epistle to the Corinthians and Galatians, the evidences of a deep hostility between Paul and all the other apostles,—a hostility that was not merely personal, but was grounded on the antagonism between the doctrines which they respectively taught. There were, therefore, according to Baur, in the apostolic age, two religious parties radically opposed to each other in the Church. On the one side are arrayed the twelve apostles, whose doctrine consisted in the maintenance of Judaism, together with faith in the Messiahship of Jesus. Paul, on the other hand, proclaimed the abolition of Judaism, and was the founder of the spiritual universal doctrine of Christianity. The twelve apostles were faithful to the preaching of Jesus, which had been only an enlightened and spiritualised Judaism. Paul's doctrine was original, and opposed even to the teaching of Jesus. There were, indeed, it is confessed, germs of Paul's doctrine in the sayings of Jesus. By exalting a righteousness which consisted not in the formalism of the life, but in the obedience of the heart, Jesus had almost approached the doctrine of a universal religion, a religion of the spirit and of Divine grace, which was bound to no external code or locality. These views were but glimpses of the true idealism, yet, as germs or hints of thought, they were most fruitful. They rapidly developed their significance in Stephen and the Hellenists of Jerusalem, and they brought forth their full fruit in the pure Christianity of Paul. Paul secured the freedom and independence of Christianity from all Jewish restraints. The doctrine of Divine grace, and whatsoever elements we have been accustomed to deem peculiar and essential to Christianity, are, in fact, the creation of Paul. But in establishing the new system, apart from and in defiance of the faithful followers of Jesus, the twelve apostles and the Churches which they founded, he awoke a bitter contest which lasted for upwards of a century, the settlement of which, in mutual doctrinal concessions between the two antagonistic parties and their personal reconciliation, gives us the Catholic Christianity and the Catholic Church of the second century, whose faith is exhibited in the remaining books of the New Testament after the four genuine Pauline Epistles are abstracted. M. De Pressensé has sketched with a vivid brevity which suits our

space Dr. Baur's account of the reconciliation between these parties:—

'There is no trace of reconciliation between the apostles during their life. Only Paul in his Epistle to the Romans makes a first step with a view of conciliation, in avowing his love for his own people, and in predicting for them the most glorious future. He makes a second on his second voyage to Jerusalem in joining some Judaising Christians who had made a Nazaritish vow. But this attempt at approximation was too premature to succeed. The Judaising party was wroth even at the memory of the great apostle, who is plainly designated in the second century under the name of Simon Magus in *the Clementines*. Nevertheless, even in that curious writing one can recognise the symptoms of an approaching reconciliation. The Jewish party makes some concessions. First, baptism is substituted for circumcision. Afterwards Peter is represented as the apostle of the Gentiles. The Epistle attributed to James continues the great work in combating both the exaggerated Jewish tendency and the school of Paul: that school responds to these advances. The Epistle to the Hebrews is intended to conciliate the views of Paul with Judaism, interpreted or rather allegorized in the Alexandrian manner. The Epistles to the Ephesians and the Colossians are written with the same view: for their purpose is to show that the death of Jesus Christ has wrought a reconciliation between the two sections of humanity—the Jewish and the Gentile. But the document which carries most clearly the proof of these conciliatory intentions, is the writing attributed to Luke known under the name of The Acts of the Apostles. The author endeavours to create a sort of retrospective reconciliation between the apostles; and he does this with an infinite skill by exhibiting Peter as a satellite of Paul, and by putting into his mouth words which suit only the apostle of the Gentiles. The legends concerning Peter's residence in Rome, his relations with Paul, and their common martyrdoms belong to the same system. The pastoral letters which denote with so much vigour the dangers of the antijudaical Gnosticism, as well as the letters given under the name of the apostolic Fathers, are inspired by the same spirit. The last result of all these efforts at reconciliation is the fourth Gospel, which resolves all contradiction. It moves in the high regions of transcendental philosophy,—above the antagonisms of the past. For its authors, the Jews belong to one and the same category as the heathen; they belong to the region of darkness, which makes incessant war against the kingdom of light.'*

The excessive arbitrariness of this system condemns it. It is purely a fantastic creation, derived from arbitrarily assumed data. The necessities of the tableau which Dr. Baur has so

* *Histoire des trois premiers Siècles de l'Eglise Chrétienne*, vol. ii., pp. 106, 107.

dexterously contrived, determine the chronology, and arrange the material, of the several New Testament books, four Epistles excepted, quite irrespective of all external and internal evidence to the contrary. If the book of Acts must be written at a certain time, and for a certain object, in order to suit Dr. Baur's picture of Primitive Christianity, then let it be so written; though the evidences of Luke's authorship abound in the style of the work,* in its relation to the Epistles of Paul,† in the minute accuracy of all its historical statements and of its various incidents,‡ and in the concurrent evidence of antiquity. In equal despite of all evidence, Dr. Baur repudiates, as he pleases, the different books of the New Testament. Further, on what ground shall we credit this ingenious and successful diplomacy, which produced the reconciliation of hostile parties in the two first centuries of the Church? Where is the record of it? How was it possible? How can antagonism so complete be harmonized, or Churches so numerous, so widely scattered and independent, so opposed in national feeling and action, and by this theory in doctrinal views, be brought under a plastic omnipotence that shall unify their faith, annul their differences, and knit their sympathies in a true Christian fellowship? Or again, does the New Testament bear upon its face the marks of such delicate and crafty finesse or subtle compromise? To believe in the Tübingen school, it has been composed in the style of the protocols of a congress. 'Singular explanation of that sublime simplicity which yields it all its charm and force.' Against, then, the Tübingen theory of primitive Christianity and of the formation of the New Testament canon, it is sufficient to adduce the evidence which establishes irrefragably the authenticity and genuineness of the several books of the New Testament, and to open these books, that by their transparent truthfulness they may confute and belie their impugner. We have great pleasure in quoting a passage from a work which we have awaited with anxious interest for many months; knowing with what patient toil its author has prepared himself for an undertaking, which, in the present stage of biblical inquiries, is of the highest importance. We refer to the *Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine, from the Death of the*

* See De Witt's *Einleitung*, and article on 'Luke' in Herzog's *Cyclopædia*, vol. 87.

† See Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*.

‡ See Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, part ii., chap. 6; Smith's *Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul*.

Apostles to the Nicene Council, by J. Donaldson, M.A. After a brief but accurate outline of the Tübingen speculations, drawn from Schwegler's *Nachapostolische Zeitalter*, Mr. Donaldson concludes in these terms: 'I need not say that I regard the whole of the Baurian scheme to be a pure fiction, as Bunsen has justly named it. The differences between Peter and Paul on which it is based, I believe, vanished very soon; and, as I have said, I do not think there is the slightest proof that two Gospels were preached by the apostles, the Pauline by Paul, and the Petrine by the rest of the apostles. They all preached one and the same Saviour, and, therefore, one and the same Gospel. The only circumstance that gives a colour to Baur's theory is this: the apostles continued in the practice of their Jewish rites, as far as we know, to the very last. The point is by no means a settled one; but the most likely opinion is, that they did observe the Jewish law in, at least, many of its institutions. But this fact gives simply an appearance of feasibility to the Baurian theory. When we look at the real state of affairs, every such appearance vanishes. The essential belief of Christianity was a belief in Christ—a confidence in Him that He would save from sin.* Whoever in early times had this belief, was reckoned and treated as a Christian. He might continue his Jewish practices, or he might not. That was a matter of indifference. Faith in Christ alone was absolutely necessary. There is not the slightest shadow of a proof that any of the apostles, or, subsequent to the Jerusalem conference, that any of the members of the Church within the first two centuries, insisted

* We must correct a narrow and most mischievous error in this statement, because it perverts and, indeed, hinders our apprehension of the nature and development of apostolic doctrine. The essential belief of Christianity, that which makes the centre and bond of unity and identity, alike of doctrine and spirit, to the apostolic body and the whole Church, is belief in Christ. But it is not belief in Him that He will forgive sin merely. Forgiveness of sin follows from faith in Jesus, but that faith does not limit or direct itself to that end. It is to be interpreted by its own words: 'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.' It is a faith identical with the faith given to God, only enlightened and vivified by their personal knowledge of Him, and by the Spirit's revelations of Him and His work. As understood and witnessed in the apostles and the early Church, this faith bound the soul in complete dependence upon Jesus Christ, and opened the soul to partake of the blessings of His mediation, and the fulness of His own life. To this subject we again refer, in our own exposition of apostolic doctrine, as it is of cardinal importance. Meanwhile, we ask Mr. Donaldson and our readers to peruse the Epistle to James. There, faith is directed to Jesus Christ, but it is not so much the forgiveness of sins to which it is directed, as the fulfilment of the law. It is faith in Jesus Christ as the Law-giver and the inspirer of that life by which His own law is willingly obeyed.

on the observance of Jewish rites, as essential to salvation. On the contrary, we have the best of proof that those who did insist on the essential nature of the Judaistical rites felt the Church too liberal for them, and left it. The proof of these statements will appear in the course of this work. But the fact is that both Baur and Schwegler might have seen this if they had defined their Jewish Christianity and their Pauline Christianity. If Jewish Christianity did not insist on the practice of Jewish rites as essential, then it was not opposed to Pauline Christianity. Only on the supposition that it did will the Baurian theory be of any use. . But the Tübingen school have entirely failed to prove this point: indeed, have intentionally or unintentionally not attempted the proof. In fact, in none of the writings which shall come under our notice shall we find the least indication that any of the writers were so Jewish-Christian as to condemn the Pauline party for not observing the Jewish rites. And all that Baur and Schwegler have done is simply to point out the traces of certain beliefs which, to their minds, indicate a Jewish origin. But these very beliefs were perfectly consonant with Paulinism; nay, many of them were the very beliefs of the Apostle Paul.' (Pp. 43–4.)

The refutation of the Tübingen theories being so ample and decisive on many grounds, two questions arise,—

(1.) What has given such prestige, influence, and persistency, to a scheme so fantastical, and opposed by such overwhelming evidence? We reply, The fact which the critical theology of the Church had not previously examined, and the importance of which it had not realised, that there are diversities in the modes of exhibiting the truth 'as it is in Jesus' manifest in the apostolic letters. The cause, the measure, the meaning of these diversities, and the higher unity, in which they are not only reconciled but mutually completed as parts of one comprehensive doctrine, had not been distinctly and adequately considered by the Church. Dr. Baur, therefore, and his followers, had so far a firm ground for their theorizing in the irrecusable affirmation, that differences do exist in the apostolic writings, and that those differences were not appreciated or explained by the biblical theology of the Church. (2.) What is the value of these erroneous speculations to the Church, and what gains are likely to be derived through them? Now, error is never wholly confuted by the mere exposure of its inconsistencies and want of substantial evidence. It is only confuted when the measure

of truth which it contains is allowed, and the faith which it allured by its plausible half-truths, is satisfied by the adequate exhibition of that portion of truth in a complete system of truth, where it finds its proper adjustment, and its fulfilment with other correlative truths. Error serves always a double function in the advance of knowledge; first, by serving to enlarge the boundaries of truth, which is made to comprehend important elements, which had been thrust into caricatured prominence in a system of error; and, secondly, by defining truth by new adjustments and relations to facts that had been overlooked. It is on these grounds that we hold Dr. Baur's works to have been, and to be still likely to be, most useful in the development, enlargement, and definition, of critical biblical theology; and that we conceive their study to be most important to English scholars in pursuing a critical investigation into the New Testament books; for though these writings deal chiefly with the apostolic letters, yet the determination of apostolic doctrines, as deduced from them, bears directly upon the origin, import, and authority of the Gospels which came from the apostolic age, and contained, according to the catholic faith, the substance of that 'Evangelic' preaching upon which the apostolic doctrine was based. Now, the questions which have been raised into prominence by the critical speculations of Dr. Baur, and which seek solution, are plainly of the utmost consideration. They have been succinctly stated, though with some exaggeration, in the thesis announced for a prize essay by the *Teyler'sche Theologische Gesellschaft;* which thesis was handled so ably by Lechler in the work whose title we have placed at the head of our article, and which gained the prize. The announcement is as follows: 'It is acknowledged that the so-called Tübingen school seeks to ground its opposition to Christianity expressly on the fact, that it assumes an absolute difference between the doctrine and aim of the Apostle Paul, and of the other apostles; as also, that it deems itself able to show, by historical evidence, that a conflict between two parties proceeding from these separated apostolic sources developed itself, which parties were finally reconciled and settled their mutual differences. It appears, moreover, to be subject to no doubt whatever, that, hitherto, the individuality of the Apostle Paul, in contrast with the other apostles, as well as the differences of the Gentile Churches founded by him, in comparison with the Jewish Churches founded by the other apostles, have been too little regarded, or, at any

rate, confessed; on which account, it is to be feared that, in this case, the old experience will be renewed with many, according to which we must abandon too much, if we have previously attempted to defend too much.

'The *Teyler'sche Societat*, convinced that only an impartial, exact, and absolutely free inquiry can lead to the acknowledgment of the truth, and that this acknowledgment can have no other result than the defence and confirmation of the good cause of Christianity, has decreed to lay these questions before the theological world for solution, which are briefly the following:—

'1. Wherein consisted that Gospel which Paul preached, which he called *his* Gospel? Was it in its essence different from the Gospel which the other apostles preached? Can all difference be denied? If not, wherein lay the points of difference, and wherein the points of agreement?

'2. What was the true state and the mutual relation of the two Church communities which were founded respectively by Paul from among the heathen, and by the other apostles from among the Jews?

'3. What influence had the Jewish Church during and after its existence, by its example as well as its opposition, on the Gentile Church, both in its doctrine and its organization? And how can the disappearance of the Jewish Church be historically proved?'

Now, in answering these questions, we assume the authenticity and genuineness of the several books of the New Testament—the evidence for which, it is enough to say, transcends vastly the evidence for any other ancient writing;* and we confine ourselves simply to apostolic doctrine—its diversity and harmony.

In dealing with this subject, we can only traverse rapidly or indicate lines of argument to be pursued. Our space forbids ample discussion. These lines of argument fall under two distinct divisions, of which one is preparatory to the other. They hold the same relation to each other as exegesis and systematic theology; for the first division concerns wholly the correct exposition of the various apostolic writings, both as to the facts

* For the external evidence, Isaac Taylor's admirable manual on *the Transmission of Ancient Books*, and B. F. Westcott's *History of the Canon of the New Testament*, or his shorter and more popular volume, *The Bible in the Church*, are perhaps the most accessible and satisfactory works of reference. For the internal evidence, the numerous introductions to the New Testament and to its several books are available.

and truths therein recorded, and also as to the occasion and manner in which these are communicated. The second sums up the results that have been thus carefully and critically attained, and shows wherein a unity prevails throughout, and harmonizes the diversities that are thus revealed; and further, how these several diversities all of them imply each other, and, by their complementary correlations and vital harmonies, present, when united, a many-sided but integral and complete doctrine, which could not be attained save by these various manifestations of it, and which could not, conformably to the mode of the Spirit's operations, be fully exhibited by one mind. A fourfold witness is necessary to reveal in His full-orbed glory the Son of man on earth. A fourfold witness is also necessary in order to reveal the full-orbed glory of His redemptive and mediatorial work, carried on by His Spirit on earth, and by Himself in heaven.

A. Under the first division, it is necessary at the very outset to refute an axiom of interpretation which has gained very general currency in Germany, and which, by reason of its specious ambiguity, is misleading and confusing many of our biblical students in England. Mr. Jowett has popularised this maxim in his famous essay in *Essays and Reviews*, in which he reiterates it as of cardinal moment, and phrases it thus: 'Interpret the Bible like any other book.' All other precepts or rules of biblical interpretation he considers to be the expansion of this one.

Now, in one rendering of it, this cardinal precept is most just and wise; in another, it is most erroneous and mischievous. If it be meant that the Bible is to be interpreted, as every other book ought to be, with reference to the character of its author, its own special purport, the peculiar or diverse modes of its composition, and those circumstances of its origin which affect its structure, and give a colouring to its language, allusions, &c., in this sense, doubtless, the Bible should be interpreted like any other book. But if it be meant that the Bible, irrespective of its Divine authorship, of the unique and authoritative function it proposes, and of the originality which these high differences impress upon it in every detail, distinguishing and separating it from all other books, is to be interpreted universally by the same canons of interpretation as we apply to all human productions,—then this precept, being fundamentally erroneous in principle, will lead to manifold and flagrant error in application. The precept, as Mr.

Jowett announces it, is susceptible of either rendering. Consequently, it receives the assent of the unsuspecting reader, who conceives, though it may be vaguely, the sense in which it is right, but, having assented to it, yet recoils, without perceiving the sophism by which he is ensnared, from the inferences and applications that devolve from it, by which his Bible is degraded, and travestied, and ridiculed, made to show as infinitely less trustworthy than any human productions. The fallacy from which this sceptical conclusion results lies in the double meaning of that canon of interpretation which is announced by Mr. Jowett as supreme, and which he, though with saving clauses, and all modern Rationalists, apply in the sense which every believer in Revelation must, of necessity, repudiate.

We grant that, according to the sense in which we accept and apply the canon of interpretation laid down by Mr. Jowitt, we assume that the Bible has the sanction of Divine authority,—is the vehicle of a Divine revelation,—and that the modes of conveying a Divine revelation are likely to be diverse in certain respects from the usual mode of communicating ideas and emotions adopted by men. This assumption is made, and governs our entire system of biblical interpretation; but it is not made without satisfactory evidence; and, in fact, there can be no stronger evidence in its favour than the results attained by those who interpret the Bible on any other supposition. It is evident that, if the Bible is in any respect what it claims to be, then all attempts to interpret it as we interpret other books, that are purely of human origin, must prove abortive; or, if pursued, must exhibit the Bible as a disordered map of contradictions and absurdities. The fundamental misconception vitiates the entire interpretation. Enter the wrong opening of the labyrinth, and its maze is inextricable. Let a piece of Phidian sculpture be set in a wrong focus, and into what a hideous monstrosity its fair proportions are broken! So will it be with the Bible. If it be Divine, and if, consequently, the objects and the mode of its instructions are unique and incomparable, then, inevitably, every mode of interpretation which does not acknowledge the fact, and is not determined thereby, must convert the Bible into incoherent jargon; and from its proper elevation, which is infinitely above all human achievement, must degrade it as infinitely below the works of man, with which it is compared, and by whose standard it is tried. The Fata Morgana of the Mediterranean gives a figure of the

result of neological criticism, whose fundamental error has been subtly introduced into English literature, under the specious guise we have unmasked. The world,—bright intermixture of heaven and earth,—the earth rising toward the heavens, with its colours illumined and its shadows cast by the heavenly light, whilst the changeless glory of the heavens bends and sweeps vastly over and above the earth,—is seen, full of its marvellous harmonies, when we look directly at it lying in its expanse before us. But look at it in the Morgana, and the same world appears sunk below the line of the horizon, in inverted form and outraged proportions, generally blurred into a motley chaos by the troubles of the medium in which the spectre is visible; through the vague immensity, a toppling world is seen falling away into the fathomless abyss. So, assuming for the present that the Bible is Divine, it is plain that only if we contemplate and study it as being what it actually is, will the noble harmonies of its meaning be disclosed to our view. If we ignore its true nature, its heavenly aspect, we shall then look down upon it as a spectrum, sunk below the level of the human mind, an explicable, maddening mystery of confusion. Deny gravitation, and what vortices gyrate throughout the universe! what discordant theories attempt to explain its structure and movement! Deny inspiration, and the same revelry of antagonistic theoretic impossibilities will clamour and riot over the Bible. This principle for which we contend is too self-evident to need further exposition. It is conceded, in fact, with regard to human compositions. Until the key of a poet's meaning be found, his work remains a riddle, a sphynx, the subject of a thousand misapprehensions, accused of a thousand absurdities. These are afterwards found to be its essential excellence when the key is discovered; and the ridicule is turned on those whom its manifest power cannot awe into silence. Or, again, a poet's work, whether it be an epic, a drama, a lyric, is never judged by the same canons of interpretation as a prose narrative. The aim of the writer moulds the character of his composition: consequently, it is imperatively required that the composition be interpreted by the author's aim, and by the peculiar laws which that aim imposes, alike upon his production and upon our interpretation of it. Now, we only insist that this same principle be carried upward to the higher sphere of a Divine revelation, and that if the Bible claims to be, and has evidence of being, a Divine revelation, it be inter-

preted by those laws which can only be discovered by a study of the book itself. On this assumption, the Bible is manifestly a book *sui generis*, upon the structure and composition of which, therefore, we are incompetent, *à priori*, to decide. We are able, however, to decide that such a Divine book, if it exist, must have a special aim and characteristic model of composition; that if men have written under a supernatural inspiration, then canons of interpretation will be requisite, whereby to discover the ways in which this superhuman capacity and knowledge have expressed themselves through the medium of human language. But in the study man 'must be the minister and interpreter' of the book; for he will neither know, nor is he capable of knowing, more of it than he can gather from his faithful observation of the book itself.

Our way being cleared from this misleading ambiguity, we are able to look distinctly at the facts presented to us in the Apostolic History and Letters, and to judge them on the only legitimate ground upon which any work can be judged; viz., on the ground of their own self-witness—of what they declare themselves to be. It is thus alone their truth or falsehood will be discovered. On any other assumption they will be simply incomprehensible: *e. g.*, if they declare themselves to be Divine facts, then, to determine *à priori* that they are human, will make them for ever unintelligible; for if they be Divine, no human cause can explain them, and the Divine cause is, *ex hypothesi*, denied. In the Apostolic History and Letters we have, I. A description of the early Christian Churches, of their religious faith, and their manner of life; and, II. A revelation of the truth 'as it is in Jesus,' by those who claim to be, and are acknowledged to be, qualified to announce it authoritatively. These two elements are not separated in the writings, but may be considered separately. I. Now, in the first respect, we learn that the one distinctive and essential principle, which gave admission into the Christian community, bound that community together, separated it from the rest of the world, and led, necessarily, to all spiritual blessings announced in the Gospel, was *faith in Jesus Christ*. To understand the subject we now discuss, every thing depends upon this vital point,—What was this *faith* in Jesus Christ? To answer this question we must again ask, 1st, What was meant by it when its necessity was so urgently enforced by Peter and the apostles in the very first preaching of the Gospel and afterwards? What did they, and what did their hearers, understand by it? And,

2nd, What is seen to be involved in this faith as actually exercised by the first believers?

1. In answer to the first question, we cannot speak explicitly; nor, indeed, perhaps, can an explicit answer ever be given to it, as it would imply an explicit apprehension in the mind of the preacher and hearers of what is really a movement of the heart. But we affirm, that this faith, demanded and given, was a faith akin to that given by men to God. The words, πιστεύειν εἰς, are peculiar and expressive. They are never used by the Jews respecting Moses and the prophets. The expression is used, 'Believest thou the prophets?' (Acts xxvi. 27;) meaning, 'Believest thou what the prophets say?' But we never have the phrase, believing *in* or *on* the prophets, as it is used continually by Jesus with regard to Himself, or by His apostles with regard to Him. On the other hand, the expression is used as the appropriate phrase to denote 'faith in God;' and it is applied throughout the New Testament with a manifest equivalence in relation both to God the Father and to Jesus Christ. The faith which was to be given to Christ is to be interpreted by His own significant commandment, 'Ye believe in God, believe also in Me.' (John xiv. 1.) Even if, however, this statement be thought to need qualification, it must be conceded at any rate, that in this reiterated cry of the apostles to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, if it be taken in connexion with their declarations of the power, glory, and effectual working of Jesus, there was a call for an obedient and willing trust in Him as One having a present and infinite power to command and bless men.

But, 2. When we come to consider what this faith actually was in the consciousness of these early believers, we are able to discover more clearly its nature. It has established a very intimate and wonderful union between each believer and his unseen Lord and Saviour. It is the door into a spiritual sphere, of which Christ is so wholly the prevailing Presence that they are said to be 'in Jesus Christ.' And when we examine the compass and virtue of this faith more narrowly, we see these four elements distinctly named as conditioned upon it. 1st. The early believers hold themselves under the authority of Jesus Christ, and deem themselves to enjoy His personal direction and guardianship. 2nd. They consider that in Jesus Christ they have entered a new relationship with God the Father; they are saved by grace; their sins are forgiven; they are 'accepted of God in Christ.' 3rd. They feel themselves to

possess a new spiritual life in Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit has come down on them. This is to them a Spirit of love, of power, and of a sound mind. Courage, moral energy and freedom, and great joy are theirs in the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of Christ. And lastly, in Jesus Christ, and through the messengers appointed by Him, they receive revelations concerning their salvation, the person and work of their Redeemer, and the glory of His kingdom, which they are enabled to apprehend by the illumination of the Spirit of promise. These various elements, which form the new spiritual consciousness of all these believers, may be said to be blessings following after faith; but still they are conditioned upon it. It is their faith in Jesus Christ which has immediately opened their soul to this new world of spiritual life, and given them its possession. The faith of the believer is given distinctly and consciously to Christ with regard to each spiritual privilege or blessing he enjoys. It is drawn from Him, but it is received by faith, and according to the measure of faith.

In summarising the elements of the Divine life possessed by faith in Jesus Christ, we have been obliged to deal didactically, rather than by way of exposition. But let the life of the Church, and of single believers, as it is portrayed so radiantly in the Acts of the Apostles, or as it is incidentally disclosed in the apostolic Epistles, be truly appreciated, and faith in Jesus Christ will be seen to have the marvellous power and significance, in varying measure, which we have indicated. We can well understand how a faith which wrought such a living union with Jesus Christ, and wrought such a change in the nature of these believers, (even if all it is said to have done was only a delusion, being the product of faith in a self-created phantasm,) would separate them from the rest of the world, and bind them closely to each other in Jesus Christ. But we desire to point out the comprehensiveness and wholeness of this faith. It is not merely 'a belief in Christ, a confidence in Him that would save from sin.'* It is rather, as old formularies express it, confidence in Him, in all the offices wherein the Holy Scriptures present Him, as Prophet, Priest, and King. And yet how coldly and inadequately do such words describe that faith, demanded by the apostles, and enjoyed by believers, in the Lord Jesus Christ, which brought them into immediate union with Him, and into the fulness of the salvation which He gave them!

* Donaldson's *History of Christian Literature and Doctrine*, p. 48.

Now it is this faith, with all it involved and produced, which constituted in early times a Christian. Whoever had this faith in Christ, was reckoned and treated a Christian. And this faith constituted the Church.

II. The Apostolic History and Letters contain a revelation of the truth 'as it is in Jesus,' by those who claim to be and are acknowledged to be qualified to announce it authoritatively. We do not purpose to note all the main characteristics of the Divine revelation given to the Church of it in this form. We only note those that bear directly upon our present subject, the Diversity and Unity of Apostolic Doctrine. (1.) We must, as a point of high significance in this question, insist upon the cardinal fact that the apostles distinctly assert Divine guidance and authority in their teachings. 'They speak as men would do who were conscious of a ground of certainty which could not be questioned, who could say that things seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to them; (Acts xv. 28;) that their word was "not the word of man, but the Word of God;" (1 Thes. ii. 15;) that it was "the Spirit that bore witness;" (1 John v. 6;) that they "preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven;" (1 Peter i. 12;) that "things which eye had not seen, nor ear heard, and which had not entered into the heart of man, had been revealed to them by the Spirit;" that "they had received, not the spirit which is of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that they might know the things which are freely given of God;" that they "spoke those things, not in words which man's wisdom taught, but which the Holy Ghost taught;" and that "they could be judged by no man," because none knew the mind of the Lord so as to instruct Him, and they had the mind of Christ.'*

We do not for a moment touch on the great theme of inspiration, but simply conclude that if these men, however diversified their nature and experience, yet had one mind—'the mind of Christ,' and were the ministers of one Spirit, then, whatever diversities appear, these must be the diversities of gifts, administrations, and operations; (1 Cor. xii. 4, 5, 6;) of which it is expressly written, 'But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will;' (1 Cor. xii. 11;) and that their differences must reveal the unity of that Divine mind from which each received 'according to the grace given to him.'

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* *The Progress of Doctrine*, pp. 109, 110.

(2.) As a matter of fact we find that the apostles retained their natural characteristics, which are imprinted conspicuously upon their writings. The supernatural is not based on the natural, as it is sometimes absurdly phrased in theological literature; but the supernatural vitalises every distinctive mental and moral faculty of man, and lives within the human soul it thus quickens, as the soul lives within the body which it animates. Every word the apostles speak, they speak most truly of themselves, whilst yet it is 'the word of God.' All this is conceded with regard to their manner of speech, because their respective idiosyncrasies of style are too patent to be overlooked. It is also conceded with regard to their modes of presenting, arguing, or illustrating truth; but we must carry this concession further, in order to understand the sovereignty of the Divine Spirit and the ministry of His servants. By their aptitudes and spiritual affinities the apostles, severally, were more or less receptive of certain portions of that truth which, in all its fulness, exists only in the Divine mind. The apostles, indeed, enjoyed that Divine life in Christ which was received through faith in Him. No element of that life, no element of its truth, was withheld from them; and yet, together with this agreement and oneness in Christ, they each received according to a differing grace. And as they received of the Spirit, so they gave to the Church.

This important fact is now allowed with respect to the Gospel histories. Each historian mirrors for us one aspect of the life of Christ. No one mind could embrace and reflect every aspect; and in this variety of representation—yea, because of this variety—a stereoscopic and realised image of our Lord's life is secured, which otherwise could not have been given. The same fact must now be learnt with regard to the mediatorial and spiritual work of Jesus Christ. Human minds that accept and rejoice in that work in its infinite completeness, are yet adapted to apprehend most accurately, and are therefore used by the Spirit to represent certain phases of the Divine Truth. Nowhere is the spontaneity and variety of abounding life more apparent than in the apostolic Church and the apostolic writings. The law of the Spirit of life is the law of freedom; and nowhere is the Spirit of Christ more manifestly the Spirit of freedom than in His highest manifestation in the Church—in His revelations of the 'things concerning Jesus Christ to His apostles.' We must carry up to the highest sphere of Christian service the great law of that service, as proclaimed in 1 Cor. xii. 4–11, and

Rom. xii. 8–7. The Spirit is one, but the gifts are divers, but not diverse; for if the object of revelation—the truth concerning Christ—be one, and if the Teacher be one, there must be unity prevailing throughout His manifold witness, a glorious harmony must subsist among these parts of one Divine theme, declared by one Spirit.

(3.) As the differences between the apostles themselves have been the conditions of a variety in the truth they teach,—the truth that each administers is not itself the complete testimony of God, but implies, and even requires, those truths which other apostles have fully displayed,—so do the circumstances of the apostles frame and determine the mode and the matter of their teaching. Their teaching is always relevant to the occasion; but how varied and contrasted are the circumstances in which those whom they address are placed! To be natural and appropriate to these differing circumstances, corresponding differences must feature their thought and language. How monotonous and repulsive would the ministry of the Divine Spirit be if it were not thus changeful and varying, as it sweeps the magnificent compass of the full treasures of 'wisdom and knowledge hid in Christ,' and applies them with Divine skill and aptitude to the manifold and complex conditions of human experience! Peter speaks with perfect naturalness and with cogent aptness in his addresses at Jerusalem. Paul speaks with equal fidelity to himself and his Master in his sermon on the Areopagus. But these occasions, however casual, or even extraordinary, they may be, that elicit and mould the inspired teaching of the apostles, are believed not to be fortuitous, but to occur according to the administration of one Lord, who has both selected His inspired messengers and devised the opportunities in which their message, varied and seasoned by present circumstances, might yet be fitly spoken for all time, and be a harmonious development of the truth which the Spirit Himself ministers in divers manners through men. It is thus that, according to the doctrine of the Bible of one Lord who rules in many administrations, we should expect that along with the manifest diversity of the apostolic message, it shall bear the shining evidence of its Divine unity.

(4.) Certain great lines of harmony are easily traced in the New Testament, knitting it, as the joints and bands of life, into one compacted system. We have already noticed the harmonies that thus interweave the Gospels, and bind them together. (See Note

on p. 213.) Mr. Binney, in a powerful and characteristic sermon, entitled, 'The Words of Jesus, with What underlies them,' has recently argued from the text, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' that these and other pregnant and enigmatical words of Jesus demand an explanation—a solution, which is only found in the apostolic writings. They are anticipative utterances, the disclosure of whose meaning was reserved for that hour when the Spirit of Truth came to guide them into all truth. With an unfaltering logic, Mr. Binney has not flinched from saying, 'Looked at alone, and as uttered by one in the circumstances of Jesus, the words of the text are sufficient to excite unutterable wonder, to occasion, in fact, painful perplexity as to the mental condition, the moral and spiritual character of the speaker, unless light is thrown upon them from without, light that may pierce into the depths of the enigma, and reveal to us the idea that is hidden in it.' That light comes from the apostolic doctrine. Only by the doctrine that "He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him," only by this and its correlative truths is it possible, as it seems to us, to redeem the text from presumption and absurdity, as the claim of a teacher and prophet, and to give to it anything like an intelligible meaning.' In harmony with the fact that so many words of Jesus are dark and mysterious to us, and were so to His disciples, until the revelations of the Spirit of promise were given, we remember that Jesus closed His instructions with the assurance, 'The Spirit of truth, whom the Father shall send in My Name, shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you;' together with the explicit announcement of new revelations which they were not then able to bear. Ought we not to expect, therefore, that the enigma discovered in the Gospels will be solved in the Epistles, and that in other ways the Gospels will prepare for the Epistles, and the Epistles explain and fulfil the Gospels? The two divisions of Divine truth rest and lock upon each other as the bending segments of the arch. The harmony of a Divine system is thus found to underlie their structure, and to develope itself in their spontaneous and fragmentary production. Mr. Bernard, in his admirable Bampton Lectures on The Progress of Doctrine, has fully exhibited this complementary relation of the Gospels and Epistles, at which Mr. Binney only glanced, in a series of striking propositions which are argued with con-

summate force. The following indicate their nature and order. 'First, the teaching of our Lord in the Gospels includes the substance of all Christian doctrine, but does not bear the character of finality. Second, the teaching in the Gospels is a visibly progressive course; but on reaching its highest point announces its own incompleteness, and opens another stage of instruction.' (P. 63.) The first part of the second proposition is proved by placing side by side the first discourse in St. Matthew and the last in St. John. 'There is a greater interval between these two discourses than there is between the teaching of the Gospels as a whole, and that of the Epistles.' And when we are brought by Jesus Himself to the elevation of His own last discourse, He there makes us understand that this discourse is transitional; it announces not an *end*, but a *change*; and, in closing one course of teaching, it, at the same time, opens another. 'As the first discourse linked the personal teaching of Christ to the Law and the Prophets which went before it, so the last discourse links that teaching to the dispensation of the Spirit which is to come after it.' (P. 82.) In the following passage Mr. Bernard presents the relation of the Epistles to the Gospels.

'The facts are finished when Jesus is glorified and the manifestation of the Son of God is perfect, the redemption is accomplished, and the conditions of human salvation are complete. The history must now be treated as a whole, of which the plan and the purpose have become apparent. The time is come for the full interpretation of the facts, of their effects in the world of spirit, and of their results in human consciousness.

'A doctrine is then needed, which shall sum up the whole bearing of the manifestation of Christ, which shall throw a full light on its spiritual effects, and which shall guide the minds of men in their application of it to themselves. Such a doctrine might be given from God in one of two ways,—by voices from heaven, declaring what view men ought to take of the history which had passed before them, and what their faith and feelings ought to be concerning it; or by voices from men themselves, expressing the view which they *did* take, and the faith and feelings which were *actually* in their hearts. In the one case, we should have apostles who would be to us the messengers of God, *only* while they testified that they had received such and such revelations, and while they revealed those revelations to us word for word; but all the other words would come to us on their own merits, as simply the words of holy and enlightened men. In the other case, we should have apostles whose representations of their own view of all which they had heard or

seen, whose expositions of their own considerations and feelings, and of the processes of their own thoughts concerning the things of Christ, would be to us so many revelations from God of what He *intended* to be the result of the manifestation of His Son in human hearts. Who does not see that this kind of teaching would exceed the other in completeness and effectiveness?'—Page 114.

Again, who does not realise the harmonious position and character of the book of Acts? Dr. Howson speaks the feeling of every diligent student of the New Testament in his closing lecture.*

'How well this book binds together those two portions of the New Testament, portions so singularly diverse, yet so essentially in harmony, the four holy Gospels, the circumstances of the writing of which are veiled in so much mystery, and the Epistles of St. Paul, letters as circumstantial and as business-like as any that were ever written! How, without any formal effort at constrained symmetry, the book gives us exactly what we want for their connexion!.....A careful consideration leads us to think of the Acts of the Apostles as the key-stone of the arch of the New Testament, as the open roadway by which we pass from the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, on the one hand, to the hard detailed work of building up the Church among the heathen on the other.'—Lecture vi., pp. 223–225.

The book of Acts has indubitably this significant place in the New Testament, and serves the purpose Dr. Howson has intimated in three ways: (*a*) Because it traces for us the gradual loosening and expansion of Christianity from its Jewish birth-place to the wide Gentile world. How shall we pass from the upper chamber in Jerusalem to the Church at Rome in which Paul's Epistle is read, save for the guidance of this book? (*b*) Because it shows to us the rise and spread of those Churches to which the Epistles were written, and whose faith and life they directed; and (*c*) Because it gives us evidences and assurance of the abiding presence of Jesus Christ with His disciples. In unsymbolic fact we see in this book One like unto the Son of Man in the midst of the seven candlesticks. This manifestation of His presence is our witness that He commanded and protected His chosen servants, and that His authority seals the doctrine which they taught the Churches which they formed, and thus carries forward His authority, to which we are trained in the Gospels, to the Epistles. But now, if all these lines of harmony interweave these portions

* Hulsean Lectures on *The Character of St. Paul.*

of the New Testament, and draw them into a systematic unity; if the *four Gospels* unconsciously integrate each other; if the Gospels and Epistles are thus correlated; if the book of the Acts hold this central position not by chance, but in virtue of this pre-ordained harmony, shall the Epistles of the different apostles fail to show a like result? shall their diversities fit and arrange themselves in some unexpected symmetry, so that they too shall thus fulfil each other in one vast and orderly synthesis? We regard it as the failing in Mr. Bernard's book, that its title provokes the criticism that just where Doctrine properly appears, viz., in the Epistles, there his pursuit and discovery of progress ceases. This subject we know is comparatively new, and will need reverent handling. Moreover, it transcends our inquiry, which simply insists on the *unity*, and not the progress, of apostolic doctrine.

Lastly. In logical order we ought now to give an analysis of the doctrine taught by the several apostles, both in its fundamental principles and its applications, to trace accurately the diversities of every kind that are noticeable, to discover their probable cause in so as far they originate in the manner we have explained above, and then to weigh carefully their amount and value. This critical inquiry we must forbear. As we have stated, our argument cannot be detailed, it is only suggestive. Every Bible student will, however, supply for himself this deficiency to some extent, and leave us free for a rapid survey of our second division.

B. It remains for us now to indicate some points exhibiting the profound and complete essential unity of the doctrine of the Apostles.

They are *one* in their faith in Jesus. Up then to the full measure of what that faith involved, the apostles are one. The importance of the question, What did faith in Jesus imply? will now be seen. We stake the whole of our argument upon it. Take the early portion of the Acts of the Apostles, which reports the preaching of Peter, and narrates the history of the infant Church in Jerusalem, and we are made to feel the immense range and sublime import of this faith in Jesus. Their dependence upon Him—communion with Him—obedience to Him; new spiritual energy and freedom, blessed and instant acceptance with God, the assured forgiveness of all sins, and a triumphant hope which laid hold on everlasting glory—all enjoyed in Him: such is the wonderful spiritual state revealed in this bright picture of those who first believed in Jesus Christ.

Their faith gave them all this, and at once. Now, faith which brought the soul into such a relationship with Jesus Christ, and wrought such a new spiritual consciousness in the soul, certainly produces two results. (1.) It discriminates those who possess it from the rest of mankind. See by what a wide gulf the first Christian community is separated through their faith from the Jewish people. It is not merely that a new prophet is added, by these Christian disciples, to the roll of many prophets who have gone before, a prophet who has only drawn their hearts a little nearer to the God of their fathers. The sentiment of their heart in this case would still remain essentially the same as before. Their relations to God would not be changed. They would only be much closer and dearer. But now their souls are wholly drawn out and centred in the one Being, Jesus Christ, who has sought and won their faith. Their life is drawn from and given to Him. The Spirit of Christ has awakened them as from the dead; and their faith has saved them, so that they accept Peter's declaration at the council of Jerusalem, 'We believe that, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be saved, even as they.' (Acts xv. 11.) To describe these men and women as being still Jews religiously on the ground of the observance of Jewish ordinances, is to ignore every principle of Jewish faith and worship. But, (2.) Another result is, that those who are so widely distinguished by this faith in Jesus from other men, are to the same extent identified with each other. Consider the elements of that life of faith in Jesus as made known in the early history of the Church, before even the conversion of Paul,—the position which Jesus holds, the relation of the believer to Him, and the salvation enjoyed, consisting in the remission of sins, and the quickening of the Holy Ghost:—then by the compass of this vast faith we measure the unity which embraced all the apostles and all the churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor, if this compass be adequately surveyed, shall the doctrine of Paul be found to surpass the boundaries of this primeval faith.

The identity between the first doctrine preached by the twelve apostles, which is in modern nomenclature styled the Petrine Gospel, and the doctrine preached by Paul as *his* Gospel, may be further illustrated by a comparison of the discourses of Peter in the Acts, and the Epistle of Paul to the Romans. We must not forget the difference in the occasion of the discourses of Peter, and indeed of all the discourses recorded in the Acts, save those reported in the fifteenth chap-

ter as delivered in the Council at Jerusalem, and Paul's address to the Ephesian elders at Miletus, (Acts xx. 17–36,) and the letters of the apostles. The former are spoken to those who are not Christians, Jews or Greeks, that they might believe. The latter are written to Christian believers, that 'they might be filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding.' Marking then this important critical consideration, what do we discover in these discourses of Peter, and the events connected therewith?

Primarily, and constantly, (see early chapters of Acts, *passim*,) the command to believe in Jesus Christ. Secondly, That salvation is in Him and in no other. (Acts ii. 21; iv. 12.) Thirdly, That the salvation given by Jesus contained the instant and full remission of all sins. (Acts ii. 38; v. 32, &c.) Fourthly, That it also brought a new Divine life to men, by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. (Acts ii. 17; ii. 38; v. 32; and all other passages in which the reality, power, and blessedness of the operations of the Spirit are manifested.) Fifthly, That this salvation is wholly of grace. This is involved in the two preceding elements of the salvation: but it is intimated or expressly announced in many passages. (Acts iii. 26; iv. 33, &c; but especially xv. 11.) Other elements of doctrine contained in these discourses might be named—such as the exaltation and glory of Jesus Christ, and the new relation in which the souls of the believers were placed before God, through Christ. But we note, lastly, the extension and free proclamation of this salvation to the Gentiles. (Acts x.; xv.) Now let not only the great truths here announced, but the very order of them in this first proclamation of the Gospel, be compared with the substance and the order of the Epistle to the Romans, in which these truths are unfolded to believers. (1.) Faith in Christ the condition of salvation, which is of grace. (2.) This salvation to consist of justification before God, (3.) And of the inspiration of a new life by the Holy Spirit, (4.) And the offer of this salvation to all men equally. These are the headings of the great argument which the apostle conducts. The first truth is expounded in the first four chapters. The second, in the fifth chapter. The third is the theme of the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters; and the fourth, of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters, with which the strictly doctrinal portion of this Epistle ends. To develope this harmony more fully, greatly tempts us. We simply record the remarkable fact which iterates with so clear an emphasis the harmony of the Petrine

and the Pauline doctrine, and of the faith of the mother Jewish Church in Jerusalem, and of the Gentile Churches—that the Epistle of the Gentile apostle to the Gentile Church in the capital of the Gentile world, minutely, and *au pied de la lettre*, follows and fulfils the doctrinal outline of the preaching of the Apostle Peter in Jerusalem.

The four great typical systems of apostolic doctrine are those of James, Peter, Paul, and John, as contained in their respective Epistles; illustrated from other sources, such as the discourses of James, Peter, and Paul, in the Acts of the Apostles, and the Apocalypse and Gospel written by John. The doctrinal representations, in so far as they are disclosed in these records, bear indisputable marks of variety, individuality, and diversity. Each mind receives and gives its own measure of 'the Truth.' It has been said that their differences from one another are determined by the mode in which they regard the relation of the Gospel to the Jewish economy. We think this is not their source, but only one manifestation of the modes in which they severally regarded the truth of Christianity, modes which were determined by the fundamental difference of their moral nature, and which were all necessary to the adequate setting forth in the world of this Infinite Subject.

When examined closely, one principle seems to prevail in the mind of each apostle; not to the exclusion of others, but including them, and yet giving prominence by its strength to one or more great truths on the Divine economy. We are aware of the evil of hasty generalisation, and wish to guard our readers against receiving our brief affirmations without the qualification we should give them, if this were the suitable opportunity. Yet, with this proviso, we venture to say that James in faith looks at Jesus as the Giver and Administrator of the Spiritual Law of the New Economy. Peter, in faith, glories in the great victory, and the mighty work Jesus has accomplished, and will still accomplish. Paul, in faith, looks on Jesus as the Revealer of the Righteousness of God, and the Giver of Righteousness to man. John, the beloved apostle, lying on the breast of Jesus, drank from the heart-fountain there; and proclaims evermore the life of God the Father manifested in the Son, which is *Love*, for God is *Love*. It is these distinctive but not exclusive aspects of the New Spiritual Economy, which dominate in the Christian consciousness of the several apostles, and are mirrored in their writings, which determine the points of view in which they regard the con-

nexion of the New Dispensation with the Old. James may be styled the Apostle of *Law* and *Obedience*. With him the moral law of the Old Testament has been transformed, with a glory that excelleth, into the spiritual law of liberty. Peter may be styled the apostle of *Prophecy* and of *Hope*. The achievements of Christ have fulfilled all that the Prophets have foretold: 'unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister the things, which are now reported unto you.' And his ardent spirit gazes ever in prophetic hope upon 'the glory that shall be revealed.' Hope flashes her radiance over the brief pages of his letters; for the Victory and Glory of his Lord are yet to be consummated. Paul may be styled the Apostle of *Righteousness*, and reconciliation with God in Christ. The mighty synthesis of his doctrine we cannot even sketch, nor is it needed. And John is the Apostle of *Love:* God's love and man's love.

In this arrangement of these great systems of doctrine, we recognise unity, and more, progress; a harmony which swells with ever rising tones, till it is lost in heavenly Hallelujahs of love. But it is the agreement and unity of these systems that we now maintain. Paul's doctrine, as the most fully expounded, is taken as the standard; and with it we have reserved space only to indicate, in a few words, the argument of the Apostle James. We note then, in the Epistle of James, these points: The foundation of his argument is Faith. He is a servant of God and of Jesus Christ, to whom his faith is given; and he addresses his brethren of like faith. (James ii. 1.) This faith is to be perfected by trial, (i. 3,) and by works. (ii. 22.) This faith, when real, and perfecting itself by works, is imputed for righteousness; (ii. 22;) this faith works by love. (vi. 27; ii. 13.) Salvation is by the word of God. (i. 18, 21.) The forgiveness of sins is of the Lord. (v. 15.) The soul is born anew of God. (i. 18.) Every good gift is of God; (i. 5;) so that our salvation is wholly of grace. (iv. 12.) Faith gives the energy to obey the law, and perfects in this obedience the entire soul. (i. 4; ii. 17–26.) The law becomes thus the 'law of liberty,' (ii. 12,) the 'royal law.' (ii. 8.) The Lord Jesus Christ is his own Lord, and the Lord of every believer. He hears prayer: He is the Lord of Glory, before whom all believers humble themselves. He regards now the iniquity of the wrong-doer. (v. 4.) He shall reward those who love Him 'with a crown of life;' (i. 12;) 'for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.' (iv. 12.)

We believe that this analysis suffices to prove the identity of this doctrine with that of Paul. We need not adduce the passages from Paul which discover this identity. Faith, indeed, is here regarded in relation to the Lord's righteous law, which must be obeyed; there is no explicit reference therefore to the atonement of Jesus, but the whole scheme of salvation, based on that great fact, is distinctly set forth, so that it is continually implied. In Peter's Epistles, the doctrine which is recognised as Pauline is so clearly enunciated, that they are set down by the Tübingen school as writings by one of the Pauline sect in the second century. We need not expound this agreement in detail. Our space forbids our exposition of the grand doctrinal system of the Apostle John. Yet, assuredly, there is here the same Gospel,—having one Lord, one faith, one hope. This concord of faith insures the triumph of the Church, which this apostle reveals. Had the faith of the founders of the Church been antagonistic, as some suppose, then the growth of the Church becomes an impossibility. But no; the Church, in the unity and energy of its faith, has and will overcome all antagonism. Of this the Visions of the beloved apostle have assured us; for by him we are told of those who 'overcome by the blood of the Lamb.' We hear their shout of triumph, and see the palms in their hands; until, in the last crisis, the conquering armies of heaven sweep into sight, following the Victor, who has 'on His vesture and on His thigh the name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.'

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Divine Plan of Revelation: an Argument from Internal Evidence in Support of the Structural Unity of the Bible. By the Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1864.

THE question at issue between the orthodox Christianity of our times and its impugners of the 'critical' school, is whether the Bible is the work of the Holy Ghost. The *general evidence* of the historic truth of its contents and of its substantially uncorrupted preservation being what it notoriously is, it is vain to argue against the received view of its character in the style of Colenso and Davidson, provided sufficient ground can be shown for accepting it as a Divine creation. In this state of the case, geological difficulties as to the cosmogony, doubts as to how a host that had gone through the Red Sea on foot could find pasture for their cattle in the Sinaitic peninsula, puzzles arising out of the construction which the New Testament puts upon certain passages of the Old: these and their whole genus are nothing to those who are assured, not by intuition merely, but by broad and adequate proofs, that God wrote the Bible; and they ought to be nothing to scientific criticism, her own acknowledged principles being judge. There are objections to a *vacuum;* and there are objections to a *plenum;* but nature is either full or empty, and in all reason that should stand which has the greater weight of argument on its side.

The author of the well-timed and forcible book to which we here call attention has exactly hit the point of the great contemporary controversy, and in these his Boyle Lectures for 1863, printed 'with slight additions and revision from the original manuscript,' has made an important contribution to the cause of Christian truth as at present disputed and assailed. His object, as he himself expresses it, is to assist in vindicating the Bible against sceptical attack, and in consolidating the evidences of its Divine authority, by showing that it exhibits throughout marks of intelligent design, such as can only be accounted for upon the hypothesis of a supernatural origin. Granting what the infidel science of the day, in the pangs of its hopelessness, is just now beginning to deny,—the doctrine of final causes; the phenomena of Scripture compel us inevitably, the author maintains, to this conclusion. Viewed as a whole, the Bible is related to Christianity as means to end; and 'specifically—the dealings of God recorded in the Scriptures, and the Scriptures which record them,

consist of an unbroken series of causes and effects, involving the adaptation of means to ends at every stage.' The existence of plan is 'implicitly stated' in the Scripture doctrines respecting the personality, attributes, and providential and moral government of God. 'Amid such truths there can be nothing fortuitous or undesigned.' Besides, the Bible itself declares 'the plan on which revelation has been constructed,' not by formal exposition in any one place, but by 'a variety of statements, which, in their combination, form a logical, consistent, and perfect whole.' These statements scattered up and down the Bible, bar the theory of a merely human intention, and argue one which is Divine. 'Existing controversies,' Mr. Garbett observes, make it 'desirable to substitute for the Christian instinct, which accepts the unity of the Bible, a more formal and logical conviction;' and we shall have this, if we are only careful to mark 'the objects contemplated by God in His dealings towards mankind, and the plan' upon which He proceeds 'for their accomplishment.' We must first recognise the objects, 'because the perfection of a work consists not in any theoretical completeness, but in its relative adaptation to the contemplated end.' Now God's primal object towards man is 'declared to be His own glory and the happiness of His creatures,' while 'His immediate purpose was the salvation of man from the ruin of the fall, through the meritorious atonement of the Son of God and the efficient operation of the Holy Ghost.' Such a purpose necessitated a revelation—a revelation, too, which, if fully effective, might be expected to consist of 'successive revelations adapted singly to the generations immediately receiving them, and yet so constructed as to make in the aggregate one complete and indivisible revelation for the whole world.' A revelation, however, involves moral probation, and this in its turn demands 'a graduated development of revealed truth adapted to enlarge the religious capacity, and to meet it when enlarged.' Both the fact and the importance of such a moral probation are seen in the state of preparedness for the Gospel, in which the world was found at the coming of Christ, a state which all thoughtful men admit to have existed, and which was mainly due to the Old Testament Scriptures, and the religious truth which they conserved and propagated amongst mankind. Then 'to give and maintain a revelation under such conditions as would serve the purposes of moral probation and preparation required an elected nation as trustees—witnesses'—and 'illustrations' of the truth, and 'as a defined channel for the provision of its evidences.' Finally, 'this nation would afford an example of the dealings of Divine Providence on a large scale, not only by virtue of their special commission and miraculous history, but also by virtue of the revelation which supplies God's own interpretation of them.' 'These five conditions,' the author argues, 'are necessary to supplement each other, and yet constitute together one plan, every part of which moved on at once harmoniously towards its completion:' 'distinct but never separate,' they 'are gathered with unbroken consistency round that manifestation of the Divine glory in the

good of His creatures, which constitutes the central purpose of them all.'

In the Third Lecture Mr. Garbett contemplates this Divine plan 'on its human side,' and shows at length that, supposing God to reveal Himself to man, the revelation 'could only be made through the vehicle of human language,' and by human instruments, and that, as matter of fact, this arrangement 'gave to revelation its human side, and opened the door for possible unbelief.' Hence the probation of faith and the permission of unbelief and disobedience, conditions agreeing precisely with what the Scriptures themselves teach respecting the present constitution of the world and the principles and modes of the Divine government.

The Divine purpose and method in revelation being thus determined, the author proceeds, in Lectures Four to Eight inclusive, to 'compare the plan with the execution,' and, by a detailed and elaborate argument, covering the whole field of Scripture from its earliest to its latest records, shows with much clearness and force how every part of the Sacred Volume accords with what has been found to be its scope and object. The Book of Genesis was not intended to be a scientific treatise, or a secular history. 'It could not have been a book of science without contradicting the very purpose for which it was given.' But, regarding it as addressed in the first instance to 'the generation of the Exodus,' and as framed for the purpose of furnishing them with 'the information they needed both for the duties of personal religion, and for the discharge of the trust to which they were nationally elected,' every part of it breaks forth into significance, and, alike from what it contains and from what it does not contain, we derive authentication and illustration of that great directing purpose which ordained and moulded it. In like manner the after books of the Pentateuch, and of the entire Old Testament, are all seen to be consistent with themselves and with each other, when we view them as Divinely appointed expositors and organs of a marvellous plan of moral and religious administration, under which it was the purpose of God to give a definite stamp to the Hebrew nation, to perpetuate that stamp upon it through a long series of ages, and eventually to provide that the people so prepared and fashioned should become the instruments of conveying to mankind at large the untold blessings of the Gospel. On this hypothesis, the successive books of the Old Testament convey an intelligible meaning; and carry on their front indubitable signatures of a Divine original. Moreover, 'the New Testament books exhibit the same characteristics as those of the Old, and fit in consistently to the same plan. The foundation of the Church is recorded in the personal work and ministry of Christ contained with admirable order and method in the Gospels. The commencement of its aggressive enterprise upon the world, and the nature of its instruments, human and Divine, are given in the Acts of the Apostles. Its grand doctrines are comprehensively, and yet minutely, explained in the Epistles: while its sufferings, conflicts, and final triumph are pre-

sented for the guidance and consolation of the saints in the book of the Apocalypse.'

We have not done justice to Mr. Garbett's argument in the foregoing draft of it. Much is omitted which could not be passed over in a complete syllabus of his Lectures; and much more is exhibited in a fragmentary form, which should have appeared in full, if our space had permitted. As it is, we cannot lay down his very solid and thoughtful book without quoting the scheme of his concluding Lecture as given by himself at the beginning of the volume. 'The argument,' he says, 'pursued in the preceding Lectures requires one admission only to be made by the rationalist. This is an admission which he cannot refuse, inasmuch as it is involved in the theory on which his own system of thought rests. It is that the Bible is not an imposture of any one date, but consists of documents written by different men at very different periods. For whatever the number of these documents may be, the unity of design proved to pervade them all remains the same, and the greater the variety of human authorship and date, the more irresistible is the conclusion that the action of the Divine mind alone can possibly have produced this unity. For the books as they exist exactly follow out the plan obtained by combining the various statements of the Bible, and which commends itself to our own minds as the only conceivable plan by which the revealed objects of God could be secured. However the Bible was composed and compiled, at all events, it is so indissolubly connected throughout, that of the books no one could be omitted without making the others unintelligible; and this is especially true of the five books of Moses. Or if we turn from the record to the dealings of God recorded, the same moral sequence meets us, so that no part of them could be taken away without rendering the dealings, before and after the facts omitted, incredible and impossible. An examination of the supposition that the Pentateuch was probably composed by Samuel illustrates the statement, and shows the inextricable difficulties produced by breaking either the literary, or the chronological, or the historical sequence, by which the scriptural books are as matter of fact pervaded. This unity is traceable: 1. In the plan itself and the detailed statements which make up its completeness. 2. In the orderly construction of the various books comprised in the canon of the inspired Scriptures 3. In the historical sequence of the dealings recorded. 4. In the mutual dependence and reaction of the dealings on the record, and of the record on the dealings. These points being proved, the argument for the Divine authorship and authority of the Bible rests on the doctrine of final causes, and the confession that design proves a designer, whose action must be coincident with the formation and execution of the design. I. An intelligent plan pervades the whole books. II. The design is found to exist just where *à priori* reasoning would lead us to expect its existence. III. The Divine origin of the plan is proved by its very existence in books of widely different dates and secondary authorship, and by the fact of its exact accomplishment.

But the authority given to the Bible must extend to the whole of the books comprised within the plan without exception or limitation. The distinction drawn between the religious portions of the Bible and its secular portions is lost in the common design comprehending them both. As the parts of some delicate machinery may differ in their respective offices and importance, and yet may all be equally necessary to the perfection of the whole, so portions of the Bible may differ in their immediate subject-matter, and yet the infallibility of each portion be equally involved in the Divine authority of the whole. It follows, lastly, that objections against the supernatural character of some portions of the Bible cannot be maintained where the whole is supernatural, and involves, by the very hypothesis of a revelation from God to man, the miraculous and spiritual elements throughout. Without them the Bible could neither be *a faithful saying* nor *worthy of all acceptation*.'

We make no apology for the length of this extract. It supplements our necessarily imperfect exhibition of the author's polemic, and enunciates or points to principles the importance of which can hardly be overrated in the struggle now going on between the defenders and the opponents of a Divinely-written Bible. In view of the recent attacks upon Holy Scripture, there appear to us to be three positions which the ingenuous and loyal supporter of its authority is entitled and bound to take. 1. A large mass of the 'critical' objections to the truth and Divine inspiration of the Bible are utterly childish and ridiculous, and such as would not be listened to for a moment where any purely human literature was concerned. 2. There is a multitude of objections, diplomatic, historical, scientific, and religious, which have been urged against the Bible, but which have been met and disposed of so as fully to satisfy the demands of candid and reasonable inquiry. 3. A comparatively small number of objections remain, which either in the nature of things do not admit of answer, or to which, at least, no satisfactory answer has as yet been given. The Mosaic cosmogony, viewed in its relations to the discoveries of modern geologists, may serve as an example of the latter class. But what then? Mr. Garbett, and men of his intellectual and moral nobility, tell us what then. Do not deny the sunbeams, because there are motes in them. Do not reject gravitation, because there are movements in the universe yonder which do not square with your algebra and trigonometry. You doubt the inspiration of the Bible, because you cannot reconcile the six days' creation with your readings of the Laurentian rocks, and the gravel beds at Amiens. What do you say to the argument for the truth of the Old Testament drawn from the fact that Jesus Christ was what he was, and taught and did as we know Him to have taught and done? Or to that vast order of proofs of the Divine authorship of the Bible, of which Mr. Garbett's Lectures present an example? In the name and interest of science, scarcely less than of religion, wise men will pause in the presence of the ancient, grand, multitudinous, and cumulative evidence, historical, metaphysical, and ethical, upon which

the proper inspiration of the Bible rests, before they allow even real scientific difficulties to shake their faith in it. Let the lower yield to the higher, not the higher to the lower. It is no disparagement of what is popularly known as *Science* to say, that the character and circumstances of the Sacred Volume being what they are, it is for the Bible to put a check upon the finality of *her* conclusions, not for her conclusions to arraign the Divinity of the Bible. Mr. Garbett deserves well of the Christian public for the able and scholarly manner in which he has developed and illustrated his great thesis. Thoughtful and earnest readers will rejoice in the good sense, the theological acuteness, and the manly, serious tone which distinguish every part of the work; and no one, we are sure, can digest it into his intellectual substance without immediate and lasting benefit. We commend it to young ministers in particular, as one of a class of books, only too scarce among us, which are adjusted to the latitude of the times, and which furnish them with arms, both of offence and defence, worthy of the cause they represent and the vocation they are called to fulfil.

The Roman and the Teuton. A Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge. By Charles Kingsley, M.A., Professor of Modern History. Macmillan. 1864.

Our readers need not be told, that we are not disciples of Mr. Kingsley. If we rehearsed the Articles of our Belief together, the sense which he would attach to some of the chief of them would differ as greatly from the sense which they would have for ourselves as if the words expressed dissimilar, or even incompatible, doctrines. And dogma apart, there are questions of ecclesiastical and social life, questions, too, of topic and tone in the department of Christian literature, upon which we make bold to differ most widely from Mr. Kingsley. In the present volume we note a series of points, at which Mr. Kingsley appears to us to abandon the lines, if not of sound faith, at least of the caution and discreetness which befit a writer whose teachings, both as to their matter and manner, are gospel to a crowd of fervid readers. Every one who is familiar with *Hypatia* knows the position in which Mr. Kingsley takes pains to exhibit the most awful of all Christian doctrines in that remarkable book; and we regret to observe, that in the Lectures before us the same polemic is carried on, though with less vigour and subtlety. We marvel at this. We do not say that there is no ground for Mr. Kingsley's hostility; but, considering that our Lord has again and again used the language which, under the form in which the Church has sometimes employed and applied it, Mr. Kingsley so strongly repudiates, we think he is bound to distinguish more carefully between things which differ, and not to run the risk of demolishing a truth while he is caricaturing or satirising a falsehood. So, again, in this volume, we are sorry that he should let down the value of a

most just and noble eulogium upon the Methodism of the last century by suggesting that its preachers often appealed to 'low hopes and fears, which we should be ashamed to bring into our calculations'—as if there were more than a very small grain of truth in this; and that he should indulge in perpetual appeals to heaven in his pages, where earth would be quite as impressive and abundantly more reverent.

But Mr. Kingsley is a noble writer after all; nobler and nobler, we venture to think, as he goes on writing. There were some fine sentiments in his little work on the Pentateuch, published a short while since,—sentiments, which, as coming from Mr. Kingsley, would have greater weight against Colenso and his school than octavos of Hebrew and Algebra from some men. And we honour him for those sentiments; both for the holding and for the enunciation of them. And this *Roman and Teuton*, notwithstanding certain reserves which we cannot but make in commending it, is one of the most brilliant, powerful, and grandly Christian books which we have recently met with; as lofty in its principles, as it is suggestive in its philosophy and bewitching in its style and colouring. Mr. Kingsley's subject is the Overthrow of the Roman Empire by the Northern Barbarians, and the Formation of that New European Life to which the great catastrophe gave birth. His aim, however, is not to re-write Gibbon, or simply to delineate character and action after his own picturesque and graphic manner. He pitches his ambition higher. He wishes to show that Rome fell and the Teuton conquered, not by any inevitable operation of natural causes, but under the direct 'strategy of Providence;' and that, in fact, this marvellous crisis of human history is a never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of those 'eternal judgments' of God, to which the prophets of the Old Testament attribute the downfall of kings and states. This is what we want:—men of Mr. Kingsley's powers and breadth of view calling things by their right names, first proving and then saying plainly, that God did this or that, and not re-action, and not necessity, and not chance, or any other god of our nineteenth century pantheon. We trust a large number of our readers will make themselves acquainted, if they have not already done so, with Mr. Kingsley's unanswerable argument against the doctrine of a necessary development in the history of mankind, contained in the Inaugural Lecture of this Series. The Lecture is entitled, *The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History*, and is one of the most weighty and forcible 'words in season' to which we have had of late the opportunity of listening. We lament our inability to reproduce the main points of this masterly vindication of the prerogative of the human will; and hardly less, that our limits forbid us likewise to furnish some general idea of the contents of Mr. Kingsley's work as a whole. The Forest Children, the Dying Empire, the Human Deluge, the Gothic Civiliser, Dietrich's End, the Nemesis of the Goths, Paulus Diaconus, the Clergy and the Heathen, the Monk a Civiliser, the Lombard Laws, the Popes and the Lom-

bards, and the Strategy of Providence, are the titles of the Lectures; and to those who know Mr. Kingsley's writings, they will serve as hints of the affluence of thought and of striking language to which they point. His work, however, must be read to be appreciated; and of those who do read it, we believe few will lay it down without sensible enlargement of their intellectual horizon, most wholesome quickening of their social and moral sympathies, and vastly deepened convictions of the truth, for nations, as well as for individuals, of the solemn yet blessed doctrine of that Divine Book which is destined to outlive all the philosophy in the world which it does not baptize: 'Verily, there is a reward for the righteous; there is a God that judgeth in the earth.'

The Threshold of Revelation; or some Inquiry into the Province and True Character of the First Chapter of Genesis. By Rev. W. S. Lewis, Author of 'Landmarks of Faith,' &c. London: Rivingtons. 1863.

This book is the production of a thoughtful and well-trained mind. Addressing himself to one branch of an inquiry which now occupies so much attention, Mr. Lewis brings to it much originality of treatment and vigour of reasoning. The first chapter of Genesis is the threshold of Revelation. How do its contents suit the place which it fills? Does it contain such elements of religious teaching about God and man, as are agreeable to the Mosaic dispensation, and consistent with the fuller light afforded us in the later pages of Holy Writ? Does it make such statements on scientific subjects as may be fairly reconciled with the conclusions to which our growing knowledge on these subjects is leading us? These are the questions which Mr. Lewis proposes to solve.

In the performance of his task, Mr. Lewis adopts the mode which natural philosophers very frequently employ. When the student of science has obtained a sufficiently wide basis of induction, he sums up the phenomena, which he has recorded, under a general law, and he then tests the law so arrived at by the phenomena. In like manner, Mr. Lewis urges, we are entitled to deal with Scripture. The effects which the Bible has produced are well known and established. The influence which it has exercised wherever it has been allowed free scope, has been manifested in the higher tone of morality which has been diffused through human society, as well as in the deeper blessings conferred in a countless multitude of individual cases. For this multitude of carefully observed facts, Mr. Lewis accounts by a general law,—the Divine origin or inspiration of the Scriptures. On the assumption, therefore, of this inspiration, as the basis of his inquiry, he would investigate the contents of the first chapter of Genesis and meet the objections urged against it.

The religious teaching of Genesis i. is very ably handled by Mr. Lewis, who brings out in a striking manner the points of contact between the rudimentary instruction here afforded, and the fuller

manifestation of truth through the inspired writers of a later period. The question of its scientific value naturally involves a more elaborate discussion; and there may be greater variety of opinion as to the accuracy of the author's reasoning. For our own part we do not see how, *on the supposition with which Mr. Lewis starts*, it is possible to evade the determination at which he arrives. The chapter claims to be inspired. Its statements as to the work of creation admit of explanations which accord with the discoveries of modern science; and there are several hypotheses, supported by men of high scientific attainments, which meet even those portions of the Mosaic cosmogony that have been deemed most at variance with the conclusions of natural philosophers. The chapter was not intended to teach men science; and it is enough for our purpose if it be not directly and irreconcilably in contradiction to any scientific truth, which can be regarded as indisputably established. At the same time, both absolutely and in comparison with the stories of creation contained in the sacred writings of false creeds, it discharges ably and fitly the part in revelation that is assigned to it.

Such is the position which Mr. Lewis takes up. The objection will, doubtless, be raised that the book is written to establish a foregone conclusion, and that the inspiration of the chapter is the whole question at issue. We can only reply, that it matters little if a conclusion be foregone, provided that it be really proved. A theory cannot be more than true. At any rate we are sure that many of our readers will thank us for calling their attention to this volume.

The Syntax and Synonyms of the Greek Testament. By William Webster, M.A. Rivingtons. 1864.

We echo much of what Mr. Webster says, as to the comparative value of English and German scholarship. Germany is tedious, ponderous, pedantic. It drones, and dreams, and, where religion is concerned, is often shockingly frivolous and profane. On the other hand, our native English learning and criticism, nowhere more at home than within the sacred precincts of Divine revelation, are marked by a reverence, a congruity, a robustness, an elegance, and a delicacy of finish, such as German erudition rarely exhibits. And we entirely agree with Mr. Webster, that the prevailing passion for the biblical literature of Germany, as against our own, is unwarranted, wild, and baneful.

At the same time, our author hardly does justice to the real merits of our continental neighbours; and in particular, we cannot subscribe to the disparaging language which he uses in speaking of the New Testament Grammar of Winer. Every one is aware that Winer is wanting in right Christian tone, that he often gropes about in the dark for he knows not what, and that many parts of his book are cumbrous, overcrowded, and impracticable. But we do not like to hear so respectable a scholar as Mr. Webster say, that he has 'made very little use' of Winer, and that on the ground, that he has 'found

more reliable matter' in English writers of later date. Surely he is not ignorant, how deeply his chosen authorities are indebted to the work which he abjures. To say nothing of Donaldson, we are satisfied that, if 'Ellicott, Alford, Wordsworth, and Vaughan' were called upon to name the book which, of all others, has aided them most in the study of the New Testament Greek, they would unhesitatingly and unanimously pronounce in favour of Winer. When Mr. Moulton, of the Wesleyan College, Richmond,—now engaged, as we understand, in re-editing Winer for Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh,—shall have given us the first adequate English translation of this hitherto ill-represented work, we shall be able to form a better estimate, than at present, of its real value; but even as it is, the Grammar of Winer is unrivalled for scientific precision, for logical coherency and proportion, and for full and, on the whole, successful treatment of the phenomena which fall within its range.

Mr. Webster's book is a valuable one, less for what it contains, than as an indication and sample of what is required, of what, as we believe, when the true Winer appears, will still be required by English students of the New Testament Greek. Winer will never be English enough for England. What we want is a work, which, unlike Mr. Webster's, shall both avowedly and actually make *great* use of Winer, and yet shall recast, and modify, and light him up into the genial, free, vigorous, and reverent life of our home-born Christian learning in its highest walks. Our author looks this way; and, in fact, notwithstanding his professed independence of Winer, does something to purpose towards meeting the necessity we speak of; but his work, with all its excellence as to spirit, structure, and the sensible English fashion after which it puts things, is too superficial, vague, and incomplete to answer the demands of a criticism, which, like that of these times, works with microscope in one hand, and telescope in the other. Mr. Webster's doctrine of the Hebraisms of the New Testament needs to be remodelled. There is many an idiom in the Gospels or Epistles, to which a parallel may be found in some remote corner or other of the classical Greek literature, which yet is genealogically and historically Hebraic, and would never have occurred where it does, but for the direct influence of the Old Testament working through the Seventy and similar agencies. If features of this class are not recognised as Hebraisms in the strictest sense of the term, they ought to be sharply distinguished from the ordinary phrase and style of Greek composition, as they obtain where no Shemitish element can have had place. This, however, is a secondary point. What is more important is the lack of well-wrought philosophical basis, which we remark in Mr. Webster's volume: the passage, for example, in which the use of Θεός with and without the article is expounded, the doctrine of the genitive as stated and developed by the author, and the views which are given of the value and force of the prepositions, lack that simple and clear exhibition of first principles, which the study of comparative language, and a deepening knowledge of the relations of human thought and

speech, have of late thrown open to us. We fear that the sections of Mr. Webster's grammar, for which Winer has no equivalents, will not be thought to add much to the worth of his volume. The long chapter on 'Synonyms,' and the series of 'Hints on the Authorised Version,' contain abundance of interesting matter; but they are too miscellaneous and too loosely strung to be of great service; and with respect to the 'Hints,' we could scarcely desire an assemblage of amended texts, which should argue more forcibly the desirableness of leaving our translation unamended.

With all this, Mr. Webster's New Testament Syntax is a good and useful book. It brings together and, to a certain degree, digests and summarises what the latest and ripest of our biblical scholars have written on this subject. If it is not profound and exhaustive, it has the merit of being much better adapted to the English mind than any foreign grammar of its class; and, in many cases, it is marked by a simplicity, a luminousness, and a vigour, which leave nothing to be desired. Younger students of the New Testament, especially, will be thankful for Mr. Webster's chapter on the formation of nouns, and for the canons to which he refers the various use of the moods and tenses of verbs. Indeed, students of all ages and grades will either find something new, or be suitably reminded of something old, in every part of our author's work; and we advise that no Christian scholar allow it, if possible, to be absent from his bookshelves. Only let those who use it do so with the knowledge that Winer cannot be dispensed with; and if to this they add the hope that Mr. Webster may hereafter perfect what he has so well begun, our best wishes go with them.

A Grammar of the Latin Language. By Archibald H. Bryce, L.L.D. Nelson's School Series.

LATIN grammars are legion; but the force will suffer nothing by admitting this respectable recruit. He is an honour to the High School of Edinburgh, from which he comes. Persons familiar with the series of school books published by Messrs. Nelson will be prepared for the firm, white paper, the clear, bright type, and the plain handsome binding, which this new Latin grammar exhibits. But these are not its best qualities. It is neither too large nor too small; its statements may be relied on; the arrangement of the contents is simple and judicious; the distinction between the essential and formal parts of words is carefully and conspicuously noted; and by the use of different kinds of letter, the proportionate importance of the matter is pictured to the eye, while the impression produced by the print throughout is uniformly easy and grateful. It is a good book for the pocket; and we recommend it to young clerks and others, whose Latin must be studied on railways, as one with which neither brain nor eye will have cause to quarrel.

A Hebrew Grammar, with Exercises. By M. M. Kalisch. In Two Parts. London: Longmans. 1862–3.

It is no detraction from the merits of previous writers to affirm, that Kalisch's is the prince of Hebrew grammars. It combines the excellences of the best and most approved of its predecessors, and adds to them much which the student of Hebrew, and particularly the self-taught student, needs for the rapid and sure acquisition of the sacred tongue. More minute than Gesenius as known to English readers, more luminous and popular in its cast than Ewald, more comprehensive and strongly knit than Nordheimer, it has wrought up the material furnished by these great books into a form which gives it the advantage of them all; while the carefully constructed series of Exercises, which the author interweaves into his text, will prove a most important ladder for the learner to use in his struggle upward. The two parts of Dr. Kalisch's work are related to each other as manhood and age. The first part contains a full and complete view of the phenomena and principles of the language, —elements, forms, and syntax—with accompanying exercises; so that the student who masters it, though he go no further, will be possessed of the substance and mass of all Hebrew grammar. The second part is the complement and crown of the first; it answers section by section to the contents of its companion volume; and, dropping the exercises, it exhibits with much precision and fulness the exceptional forms and constructions of Hebraic speech. The value of this second division of the book is heightened by a copious and scholarly history of Hebrew grammar, beginning from the earliest periods, and reaching down as far as the labours of Stier and Luzzatto. Dr. Kalisch makes no secret of his obligations to foregoing writers; and is careful, above all, to render to Gesenius and Ewald the meed of honour, which their profound and brilliant researches in the field of Shemitish learning demand of those who come after them. Gesenius's Grammar, as published by Messrs. Bagster, is not a book to be laid aside even in the presence of Kalisch: yet Kalisch will be found to contain a good deal of matter which Gesenius does not furnish; and for a progressive and thorough course of Hebrew reading, the English scholar will perhaps do well to use the work of the child in preference to that of the father.

The Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Pentateuch; with the Fragments of the Jerusalem Targum: from the Chaldee. [Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.] By J. W. Etheridge, M.A. London: Longmans. 1865.

In our number for January, 1863, we called attention to this important and interesting work—the first translation into our language of those ancient Aramaic Paraphrases of the Pentateuch, which the Christian, the biblical scholar, and the philologist, alike must regard as among the most venerable and precious monuments

of antiquity that have come down to our times. The unassuming but truly learned author of the translation has now completed the work of which the former half was given to the world two years ago; and we congratulate him, and with him the cause of Scripture scholarship among us, upon the accomplishment of his undertaking. The Targums on the Mosaic Books are now in the hands of Englishmen; and they may safely avail themselves of them, as presented by Dr. Etheridge, for all the historical, doctrinal, and other purposes to which they are capable of being applied. Prefixed to this second volume, the reader will find a useful Glossary of Hieratic and Legal Terms occurring in the Pentateuch, arranged under the heads of 'The Divine Names,' 'Notices of the Messiah,' 'Names of Heathen Gods,' 'The Sacred Place,' 'Sacred Persons,' 'Sacred Things,' 'Holy Seasons,' and 'Miscellaneous Terms relating to the Civil and Religious Life of the Hebrew People.' The Glossary, however, is more than a Glossary. It contains many valuable criticisms, and illustrations of points of doctrine or ritual connected with the sacred literature of the Jews; and, not unfrequently, it lights up a circle of investigation, proverbially obscure and dreary, with the gentle outbreaks of a fine Christian genius and feeling. Off the ground of the translator, Dr. Etheridge will not be a favourite with the literary school which blinks at every thing higher than the materialism of the dictionary and the grammar. He is too thoughtful, too much alive to the subtle combinations and grand analogies of truth, too full of tender and delicate sentiment, too cautious in his critical judgments, too reverent, too devout. With our readers these stumbling-stones will be the author's highest commendation; and we point to them for the purpose of showing, that while Dr. Etheridge does ample justice to what is technical and external in his topic, his readers will never be long in his company, without finding themselves face to face with some of the loftiest objects of human thought and interest. At the close of the present volume, Dr. Etheridge announces as in course of preparation for the press, *The Targum of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. Translated from the Chaldee.* We trust he may be able to publish both this and after works of the same class, to the yet further advantage of the cause of Christian learning and piety.

Grammatical Analysis, with Progressive Exercises. By Walter Scott Dalgleish, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 1865.

The author of this little work designs it as an Introduction to his *English Composition in Prose and Verse, based on Grammatical Synthesis*, of which the third edition is just published. It is an ingenious and useful book, well worthy of the attention even of those who are familiar with Dr. Morell's masterly *Analysis of Sentences*. Opinions will always differ as to the view which should be taken of the Syntactical relations of a language, and as to the terminology

which may most fittingly express and indicate those relations; and Mr. Dalgleish will be prepared to see some of his judgments on these points questioned and set aside. We do not admire, for example, the distinction which makes *spring returning* a 'phrase,' while *when spring returns* is called a 'clause;' especially in a work which avowedly gives function the pre-eminence over form: nor are we content with the doctrine which raises the word *there*, in a sentence such as 'There are Six Richards in the field,' to the dignity of the 'subject' of the sentence. Here, and elsewhere, the author provokes our interrogativeness in the interest of history and science. But for the most part his treatment of his topic is excellent; he is suggestive, even where his conclusions may be doubtful; considering the size of his book, and the dimensions and complexity of the organism which he has dissected, he is wonderfully clear and exhaustive; and we advise all young explorers of the mysteries of English speech, to avail themselves of his help in the prosecution of their mining.

The Early Scottish Church: or, The Ecclesiastical History of Scotland from the First to the Twelfth Century. By the Rev. J. M'Lauchlan. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1865.

THE Church History of Scotland, for the first millennium of the Christian era, is a *terra incognita* to most Englishmen, probably to the great majority of readers and scholars throughout the world. What with the ominous contiguity of the country to the rim of the earth, the hopelessness of the Gaelic language, and the briers and thorns of ethnological and traditional controversy which threaten the wanderers on this enchanted ground; few writers have had the courage to address themselves to the *origines* and ancient history of Christianity in Scotland, nor has any one hitherto furnished 'a consecutive and connected view' of the period embraced by the plan of Mr. M'Lauchlan's volume. We congratulate the Christian literature of our age upon the accession of territory which it now receives. Mr. M'Lauchlan has the advantage of being a Scotchman, without the disadvantage of being narrow-minded and prejudiced; the feet of his Gaelic are disentangled from the meshes of empiricism and antiquarian conceit; and he has produced a work, which, for width and carefulness of research, for soundness and temperance of judgment, and for all solid excellences of matter and style, is every way worthy of his subject, and of the honourable relation in which he stands to it. After a few pages devoted to the planting and extension of the Roman power in North Britain, the author discusses the vexed question of the races of the Scottish area during the Roman occupation; and, availing himself of the much-neglected help afforded by the names of places, arrives at conclusions, which appear to us to be not only defensible, but, in the main, satisfactory and certain. The mystery of the Picts is a chief point, upon which he endeavours to throw the light of his topographical torch; and he expounds it by

the theory, which finds in them an intrusive people of Celtic stock and language, 'lying midway between the Gael and the Cymri—more Gaelic than the Cymri, and more Cymric than the Gael.' The primeval ethnology disposed of, Mr. M'Lauchlan labours to picture the Christianity of Scotland under the Romans, and then proceeds to the less difficult task of describing the missionary toils, successes, and institutions of those remarkable men, who, in the earlier post-Roman times, became the second founders of the Christian Church in Caledonia. Ninian, Palladius, Patrick, Serf, Ternan, and Kentigern,—with all their weaknesses, brave confessors and soldiers of Christ,—pass one by one before us, not as the legends make them merely, but as judged and defined by the skill of a discriminating and sensible criticism. This section of the work will be read with an interest only equalled by that which belongs to the account of Columba, and of 'the doctrine and discipline of Iona,' as given by the author. At the same time, the well-written sketch of the civil history of Scotland during the eighth century, which prepares the way for the Dove-saint and the Culdees, should not be overlooked by the student. The chapter on Iona, with its woodcuts representing the ancient oratories of the Hebrides, is as charming as it is important, and deserves the best attention of all who would use the Christianity of the past either as a guiding-light or as a beacon for the future. Mr. M'Lauchlan's next three chapters are occupied respectively with 'events succeeding the death of Columba,' with 'the mission of Aidan,' and with 'the controversy regarding Easter, &c.;' and thus we are introduced to a continuous narrative of the Church History of Scotland from the eighth to the twelfth centuries inclusive, which, with some twenty pages of 'closing notices,' forms the latter half of the volume. All this—and, indeed, the entire book—is for the student of history, not for the literary lounger. There are parts where unpronounceable Gaelic names bristle from the text; and the historian, against his will, is sometimes forced to sink his loftier functions in those of the chronicler and annalist; but, for readers who are willing to eat nuts as well as peaches, there is nothing to fear in our author's story; and we will answer for it, that the pains they take to master it will not be thrown away. We do not respect Mr. M'Lauchlan's work the less, because he has not striven to tickle the ear of his readers. Who is not weary of the tinkle and jingle of the word-jugglers? The writer of the first Church History of ancient Scotland has something to say; he says it in intelligible, plain, but not dull and tedious language; and we heartily thank him for his investigations, and commend the results of them to our readers.

The Foundation of our Faith. Ten Papers read before a mixed Audience of Men. By Professors Auberlen, Gess, and others. London: Strahan and Co.

A CUSTOM prevails in France and Switzerland which we should like to see introduced, or rather adapted, to our English Churches.

Lectures on prominent religious topics are delivered before audiences composed wholly of men. These lectures aim at more than a popular and sensational effect. They are a medium between the theological lecture of a college-hall, and the sparkling but superficial popular lectures with which we are so familiar now-a-days. These lectures go by the name of Conferences; and in the towns of Geneva, Lausanne, Basle, as in Paris, some leading men give series of lectures or Conferences on the great subjects of religious inquiry which are uppermost in the mind of the people. The solid and careful preparation, as well as the rhetorical handling, given to these lectures, makes them very instructive to the educated classes in the community. Only such classes are likely to be drawn by them. Why ladies should be forbidden to attend them is a puzzle for Englishmen, especially when we recollect how ladies are admitted to the college lectures, in the Collége de France. But this bar being withdrawn, such lectures appealing to the highest intelligence in our Churches, and dealing with the highest themes, are at once a splendid discipline for those honoured to give such lectures, and for those privileged to hear them.

Well assured we are that intelligent and religious families need such kinds of instruction to supplement Sunday teaching, and to guide their thinking amidst the Babel confusion of popular irreligious literature which bewilders and saddens even those whom it cannot pervert from the faith. Till, however, our own divines furnish us with this intellectual nutriment, we must borrow it from our brethren on the continent. The Messrs Strahan have done well, accordingly in publishing these 'Conferences.' They were delivered by Professors of great repute and influence, both in North Switzerland and the South of Germany,—men who are profoundly versed in modern speculations and learning, and adepts in putting forth their own thoughts in lucid and harmonious form. These Conferences deal with the whole range of questions now at issue between the Christian Church and its assailants: and for those who have little time for theological study, and yet want to see these questions put fairly and answered fairly by learned, yet clear-witted and eloquent divines, let them buy this book and master it. Faith;—The Nature and Consequences of Sin;—The Old Testament Dispensation and the Heathen World;—The Person of Christ;—Christ's Atonement for Sin;—The Holy Spirit and the Christian Church;—Justified by Faith:—these are the titles of the main lectures, and of themselves allure a religious thinker to an attentive perusal of what is written.

The Penalties of Greatness. By the Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.R.S.L. London: Ward and Co.

Consecrated Heights: or, Scenes of Higher Manifestation. By the Rev Robert Ferguson, LL.D., F.R.S.L. London: Ward and Co.

It is held by some writers that a book may be too full of thoughts. The majority of readers are not accustomed to continuous mental

exercise; and, to meet their case, it is judged expedient, after giving them one really original idea, to divert the mind by a series of smooth sentences that sound well, but mean little. By this method the attention of the reader is relieved, and he is braced up for the arduous effort of comprehending another thought. On this principle the books before us are written.

The Penalties of Greatness aims to show that 'he who would be great must lay his account with sacrifice and suffering up to their last possible point.' In illustration of this, we have sketches of Moses and Socrates, Paul and Dante, Wycliffe and Columbus, Luther and Xavier, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, and Galileo, the Pilgrim Fathers and Oliver Cromwell. It must not, however, be understood that the author condescends to call his heroes by their plain proper names; Luther is 'the monk that shook the world,' and Cromwell is 'the name at which the world grew pale.' In the sketches there is nothing striking or original. The information given concerning these great men is such only as may be found in any 'Life' or 'Cyclopædia.' There is not even the attempt to argue upon tangled circumstances, or to light up the dark places of history. Speaking of Charles and Cromwell, the Doctor says, 'Nor can we see how Cromwell can be charged with the death of the king. No man of the day was more sincerely anxious to save his life. It was with him an effort—a business. If the thing could by any possibility have been done, Cromwell would have done it. It was not till Charles rendered his own salvation hopeless, that Cromwell consented to the death of his sovereign. Would that he had not consented, that he had thought of some other expedient at the moment when he dipped his pen in that black, black ink with which he signed the death-warrant! It would have invested his character with seven-fold glory, and overpowered his bitterest enemy. Here he failed:—and the failure can never be repaired.' In this style great facts are discussed.

The principle that heavy penalties are inseparable from greatness is not established. On the showing of the author himself, the misfortunes of Dante were attributable quite as much to his infirmities of temper as to his undoubted greatness. Many a little man has been worse used by the world than was Wycliffe. Tycho Brahe and Kepler found many princely friends, whose very names they might never have known but for the greatness which made the astronomers famous. The Pilgrim Fathers had a rough beginning; but their position, when settled in the New World, does not illustrate the penalties of greatness. As to Cromwell, he was recompensed in the earth; Oliver was no martyr. In other of the cases, it is certain that true greatness brought with it sacrifice and suffering; and of these Socrates is the fairest example. Still, as a whole, the principle of the book is not sustained; and its title is misleading.

In the preface, the author says, 'The materials were found so abundant that the difficulty was to keep within the proper limits; not a few of even the rarer and more instructive examples have been very unwillingly left out.' We naturally ask, Why leave out

the best? If there are at hand more instructive examples, why not give them? But in passing from the preface to the book, we find that this is an idiom peculiar to Dr. Ferguson; he uses the comparative for the positive. We have noted scores of instances in each volume where the positive form of the adjective is needed, but where the writer prefers the comparative. It may be that he thinks the stronger word strengthens the style. Looking at the passage in the light of this idiosyncrasy, we take it that he means, not that the examples left out are *more* instructive than those given, but only that they *are* instructive. He adds, 'Nor would it be difficult to compose a second series of equal character and interest:' in this opinion we perfectly concur.

Dr. Ferguson's *Consecrated Heights* are thirteen mountains of the Bible, beginning with Ararat and ending with Olivet. The idea of the book is to 'connect some one specific moral or spiritual truth with each of these physical heights.' *Mount Moriah; or, the Heroism of Faith*, is a fair example. By the help of occasional quotations from Headley's *Sacred Mountains* the geographical and descriptive part is well done, and the reader may gain a correct notion of the physical geography of the Holy Land. Both books bristle with quotations which are unacknowledged, except by inverted commas. In one of these volumes the author avowedly quotes from the other; and we infer that the unacknowledged quotations in *Penalties of Greatness* and in *Consecrated Heights* are from a third volume published by Dr. Ferguson, entitled *Sacred Studies*. The style is so similar that, were it not for the inverted commas, we should not be conscious of the presence of quotations.

The sacred narrative is not in every instance correctly reproduced. The question which Isaac put to his father, 'Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?' was asked on the summit of Mount Moriah, when 'Abraham stood silent and sad' as he paused before beginning to build the altar! In describing the appearance of Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration, the author suggests that 'the soul passes at death into a vehicle which is the rudimental or seminal portion of the resurrection body; and this explains how it was that the two eminent and illustrious prophets appeared in a visible, bodily form.' Whatever may be said of this theory in its application to Moses, it is clear that Elijah would not be dependent upon any such 'vehicle' in order to become visible to the chosen three. It does not occur to Dr. Ferguson that there was anything uncommon in the manner in which either Enoch or Elijah left the world. Perhaps, as the subject of the volume is *Consecrated Heights*, we ought not to expect the writer to be conversant with what took place in the lowly vale. Be this as it may, he says, 'Other than Christ's, there is no glorified body in heaven.' Probably not. We incline to think that Enoch and Elijah are with the spirits of just men in Hades. The presence of the glorified bodies of these two prophets in the spirit-world may be serving some high and gracious purpose. It

would keep before the attention of those who dwell there the fact that redemption takes hold both of soul and body; and in those two glorious human forms the spirits of the just have a pledge and pattern of what they themselves will one day become. But Dr. Ferguson gives no intimation that the doctrine of an intermediate state has entered into his thoughts. According to these volumes, 'heaven' is the place to which the spirits of good people go immediately on leaving the body,—the present home of all saints,—and in that world there is no glorified body, save Christ's. The spirits of Enoch and Elijah are there, but their bodies are not! It is quietly assumed that these two prophets died the common death of all men.

In the chapter on *Mount Tabor; or the Principles of the Inner Life*, the author enunciates with considerable formality seventeen 'sublime principles included in the profoundest of all addresses,'—our Lord's Sermon on the Mount. We quote two sentences to illustrate the aptitude of the writer in simplifying what is profound. 'In all this the Redeemer takes His stand far above the limitation of law, brings into immediate and inspiring view the plenitude of Divine grace, and connects the most incipient development of the Divine life in the higher conditions of final moral perfection; He, in fact, makes the germ of this new and exalted life identical with its consummation in a state of future glory: the one flows out of the other, and may therefore be said to be one and the same.' 'The doctrines of Christ, possessing in themselves all essential and life-bestowing power, lay hold of the heart in its very inmost depth and centre; and hence in whomsoever there lies dormant the echo for truth, there this echo is at once awakened.' In reading Dr. Ferguson's exposition of the Sermon on the Mount, we felt thankful that the Great Teacher did not speak as our author has written. The verse, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' is thus explained: 'For the spirit to be so emptied of everything as to be susceptible of being filled with all the higher elements of heaven—with its light, its life, and its love—is something too grand for created utterance, and which it will take the consciousness of endless ages to consummate and perfect.' We may understand the original saying as it fell from the lips of the Lord Jesus; but if Dr. Ferguson's readers do not understand what he has written, they are probably in much the same state of mind as the author himself.

The literary style of both volumes is uniformly vicious. It is scarcely possible to read a single page and not meet with something offensive to a pure taste. The atoning death of Christ is spoken of as 'the matchless doings of Calvary,' and His sufferings in the garden as 'that piercing agony, with its bloody testimonial.' At the meaning of the author we are frequently left to guess. 'The eye must be sunny to see the sun;' and round the mount of transfiguration angels hovered on light-related wing;' when Moses died, 'he had fulfilled his mission and to receive his spirit, the

world of light threw back its leaves;' and when Paul was about to depart, 'the crown of righteousness dazzled before him in the light of heaven.' Single words would not be able to bear the weight of meaning with which the writer would fain charge them, and so they are sent forth yoked together. We meet with a 'fountain-fulness' of spiritual life, and listen to 'the terror-tones of the ancient seers,' and watch Simon Peter on the holy mount, when 'from the lowest depths of his living soul there came up the pure, the warm, the not-to-be-kept-down gushings of holy and elevated feeling.' In the use of adjectives the author is singularly prodigal; and then, having spent all, he is straitened in his choice; and, in the latter half of the second volume, a certain vigorous adjective has to do the work of several. Everything becomes 'mighty.' It matters not much what the thing is; it is pretty sure to be described as 'mighty:' and we are assured that in heaven the redeemed make a 'mighty circle,' and that a crown of glory is a 'mighty prize.'

There are figures and phrases of which the author never seems weary:—we cannot say so much for the reader. Abraham returned from the slaughter of Chedorlaomer with 'victory sitting upon his helmet,' and this is the third time within a few pages that we meet with victory in this posture. Three times we read of a 'most unique manifestation' of the Divine glory on Mount Horeb, and the work of Christ on earth is described as a 'unique and unrivalled undertaking.' Three times we are told in confidence that 'God lays His essence on infinitude;' but what this may mean, we dare scarcely guess. Dr. Ferguson's pen is a slave to alliteration. Reason or none, the rhyme must be had. When Elijah commanded the people to pour water upon the sacrifice, 'the act was extraneous and extraordinary.' It was Simon Peter's mission to toil 'for the world's weal and welfare.' 'The glory of the Cross absorbs every thought and every feeling of the rapt and enraptured soul.' Commercially, America and Great Britain are both standing at the same time 'upon the very point and pinnacle of power:' a critical position. In the construction of sentences the author displays considerable originality. There are three methods in which he sets at nought the ordinary laws of composition; we give an example of each. 'Poor things these Papal Bulls all, against God's living truth.' 'They made immediate preparations for their departure, and gladly.' 'Such was the inward peace and quiet of which he was conscious that from death shrunk not he.' Both volumes abound with sentences equally barbarous and slovenly in their construction.

In *Consecrated Heights* there is much that reminds us of *Heaven our Home* and its two companion volumes. There is the same wearisome repetition, the same crude notions concerning the future home of the good, the same uncertain sound in regard to preparation for heaven. Many sentences have the same doubtful ring, and many paragraphs the same impotent conclusion intended for a climax. Although Dr. Ferguson's faults, as a writer, are akin to those of the renowned author of *Life in Heaven*, they are not of the

same magnitude, neither are they aggravated by the same ignorant dogmatism. If literary castigation were administered according to their respective demerits, the writers of *Penalties of Greatness* would be chastised with whips, and the author of *Meet for Heaven* with scorpions.

A Cyclopædia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths, &c. By John Bate. Second and Revised Edition. Now publishing in Parts. London: H. J. Tresidder. 1865.

We were not mistaken in anticipating for this publication a wide circulation and more than a little popularity. We are glad to find that our hints have been taken, and that the work as now publishing is carefully revised, and is improved both by subtraction and addition. We are glad to learn also that Mr. Bate is not, as we had been informed, retiring from the work of the itinerant ministry, but flourishes in unabated strength.

Inspiration: The Infallible Truth and Divine Authority of the Holy Scriptures. By James Bannerman, D.D., Professor of Theology, New College, Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. 1865.

Here is a portly and goodly volume—learned, elaborate, and well composed. With the exception of Professor Gaussen's work, we doubt whether it be not the most elaborate treatise on its all-important theme which has yet appeared. We are compelled to say, however, that it establishes nothing except the incorrectness or inadequacy of certain theories of inspiration; in all that belongs to positive result it is feeble and inconclusive. The author will not admit the theory of general providential superintendence, combined with various modes of inspiration, as advocated by such writers as Doddridge and Henderson; nor will he allow, in any form or however guarded and supplemented, the modern dynamical theory; nor is he bold enough to adopt, except now and then parenthetically or by implication, the rigid theory of verbal inspiration, which, notwithstanding, it is throughout evident that he favours. He insists that, without any theory, we must maintain that Holy Scripture is a Divine revelation, that the sacred writers were all equally and alike inspired, and that every book of Scripture, in every part of it, is in the same sense the Word of God. That a treatise, of which this is the sum, should work any deliverance on the subject of inspiration is, of course, impossible. Meantime, where there was but little need of any theory or any distinctions, he favours us with one, setting up what appears to us a very questionable sort of discrimination between inspiration and revelation. That there might, in a certain sense, be the former without the latter, is, we suppose, generally conceded. Professor Bannerman's peculiar point, however, is, that a man may be the recipient of a revelation without possessing the inspiration proper

to its being placed on record for the benefit of others; and on this he much insists.

We believe that Professor Bannerman's own conclusions, so far as we can make them out, would break down altogether, if tested by an actual application to many parts and passages of Holy Scripture. His book seems to us to be too much a mere logical exercitation and theological polemic. It is not a real grappling of thought with fact, a living book, every principle and argument of which has been verified by an honest and thorough collation with the various parts and points of the great problem to be solved. The author has not tried his keys on all the locks to be opened. It is easy to answer words with words, easy verbally to define and distinguish, easy to lay out a comprehensive argument in sections, and chapters, and heads; but to look at facts face to face, to fill all the words which are used with living thoughts, to realise everywhere the actual difficulty, so that the book throughout shall live in the thought of the reader, that is another matter, and herein Professor Bannerman has failed.

It is of no use for any man to write a treatise on inspiration who contents himself with a merely negative dogmatism, or reserves his theories for non-essential points. And we are persuaded that any final theory of inspiration which shall cover all the facts of the case must be one which, while maintaining the conclusion of Professor Bannerman as to the truth and divinity of Scripture, combines and mutually harmonizes the various elements of truth which are contained in the theories of Doddridge, and Gaussen, and Hare, holding that God has revealed His one saving truth not only 'at sundry times,' but 'in divers manners.'

The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated. By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, &c. New and Revised Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1865.

WHEN the first edition of this work appeared, we expressed our judgment that 'no philosophical student could afford to be ignorant of its contents.' We further described the volume as, 'in part, an attempt to classify and explicate our fundamental faiths, by a fuller induction and stricter analysis than have hitherto been given; and, in part, a protest against Hamilton's corruption of the true Scottish faith, against his doctrine of the merely relative and phenomenal character of all our knowledge.' We added, that 'no philosopher before Dr. M'Cosh has clearly brought out the stages by which an original and individual intuition passes, first, into an articulate, but still individual, judgment, and then into a universal maxim or principle;' and that no one before Dr. M'Cosh had 'so clearly or completely classified and enumerated our intuitive convictions, or exhibited in detail their relations to the various sciences which repose on them as their foundations.'

Let us now say, further, that this edition bears the marks of very careful revision, so as to render inapplicable some strictures as to the style of the work with which we presumed to abate our commendation of the first edition; and that the author has also taken some hints we ventured to offer in regard to the fuller explanation of his views on certain points. The work, as it now appears, is fully worthy of the distinguished Christian philosopher whose *Method of the Divine Government* has so long been a standard with theological students.

The amount of summarised information which it contains is very great; and it is the only work on the very important subject with which it deals. Never was such a work so much needed as in the present day. It is the only scientific work adapted to counteract the materialistic school of Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer, which is so steadily prevailing among the students of the present generation.

We are still, indeed, convinced that a fallacy lies at the bottom of Dr. M'Cosh's chapter on 'the Infinite;' indeed, that the very phrase, '*the* Infinite,' arises out of a pernicious confusion of ideas, and is utterly misleading, and that Locke was much nearer the truth as to this matter than any in later times who have descanted respecting 'the Infinite' and 'the Absolute.' We hold the word 'infinite' to be merely an attribute, and to be properly applied only to Deity. We denounce the ever-recurring confusion between the mathematical infinite, (so called,) and between the infinite of space, which, if it were anything, would merely be a mathematical and quasi-material infinite of three dimensions, and the Infinitude of our Lord God. We would explode utterly all such headings, in works of metaphysics or philosophy, as 'The Infinite.' Mr. Calderwood has, *in effect*, all but come to our position on this subject. We doubt not that he will be compelled to come to it fully, and to alter the title of his well-known work. And we hope that Dr. M'Cosh will some day alter the title of his chapter. As to causation, again, we still trace, as we think, somewhat too much of the influence of J. S. Mill on Dr. M'Cosh's views. Nevertheless, we repeat that the present is a work of very high value, and indispensable to the student. Dr. M'Cosh seems to be the only champion at present in the field against the metaphysical and moral scepticism of the English school of Positivist philosophers.

The Collected Writings of Edward Irving. In Five Vols. Edited by his nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle, M.A. Vol. III. Strahan. 1865.

No one can read these volumes without being impressed with much more than the eloquence of Edward Irving. Eloquent he was, with a rich and stately eloquence rising at times to the height even of those great models,—Taylor, Hooker, and Barrow,—from whom he seems to have sought his inspiration. But, besides this, he was a fine expositor, seeing deeply into the pregnant sense of

Scripture, and applying most closely and practically the truths which he brings out. The present volume will enhance the general estimate of his gifts and power in this respect. It contains, we must not fail to note, several of his greatest efforts, his sermons preached on public occasions.

Money: a Popular Exposition in Rough Notes, with Remarks on Stewardship and Systematic Beneficence. By T. Binney. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1865.

THESE unpretending, but excellent, expositions declare with great discrimination and judgment, but with unflinching fidelity, 'the whole counsel of God' in regard to money and property, stewardship and beneficence. We trust they will be candidly and carefully read by all who can obtain the volume; especially by the wealthy, and by the members and promoters of the Systematic Beneficence Society. We cordially subscribe to the teaching of this book.

The Genius of the Gospel: a Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew. By David Thomas, D.D., Editor of the 'Homilist.' Edited by the Rev. W. Webster, M.A., Joint Editor of Webster and Wilkinson's 'Greek Testament.' Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1864.

HERE is a rare sight, indeed! Discourses by a Nonconformist minister sent forth into the world under the hand of a minister of the Established Church! Pity that such examples of Christian sense and good feeling are so rare. They will be plentiful enough when our eyes are all open, and we can distinguish between men and trees walking. The substance of Dr. Thomas's book has already been published in the pages of his well-known periodical 'The Homilist;' but the discourses, as printed there, are scattered over more than twelve years, and they are now for the first time brought together, and issued as the stout handsome volume before us, with certain corrections and additions by the author, and with an introduction and occasional notes by the accomplished scholar who edits them. The work consists of a hundred and twenty separate homilies on the Gospel of St. Matthew, designed to bring out the great religious and moral truths, which it suggests and teaches. Dr. Thomas does not profess to write a learned commentary on the Gospel. Nor does he labour, in treating of particular passages, to furnish either the theological or practical results of a severe and exhaustive interpretation. What he proposes and accomplishes is, without neglecting the labours and conclusions of modern criticism, to rise to something higher, and to seize and present in clear and forcible language some of those grand verities, which the Spirit of God opens to mankind by the Evangelist, and which biblical scholars, so called, too frequently see afar off. This is just as it should be. The work of the preacher and expositor begins where that of the critic ends. Tischendorf and

Winer, Ellicott and Ebrard first, if you please: then the diviner task of Chrysostom and Calvin, Howe and Bengel, Wesley and Doddridge. We do not recommend Dr. Thomas's discourses as absolute models for the pulpit. They want the yearning and tenderness of the highest style of preaching; there is an intellectual fling and elation about them which we do not admire; they fail to exhibit the meaning of the sacred text with sufficient fulness and symmetry; and, in respect of style, ugly words like 'man-pictures,' 'ignorement,' and others of their school, which stand out from the pages, serve rather as beacons to bid us beware than as sign-posts leading us to follow. But the book is not a common one. It is full of noble thought, set forth and illustrated as a man of genius and mental muscle alone knows how; it everywhere lifts the reader to a sphere of things, in which preachers and congregations alike are too seldom used to revolve; and no serious man can study it without receiving abundant impulse and assistance in all that is high and worthy, whether in Christian sentiment, in moral effort and habit, or in godly, pure, and honourable living. While there is a kind of pulpit eloquence which rises above anything to be found in this volume, we have rarely met with a series of discourses more remarkable at once for wealth of Gospel truth, for vigorous and original thinking, for forcible and trenchant speech, and for the comprehensiveness, variety, and practical importance of the topics with which they deal.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. Vol. I. London: Heaton and Co. 1864.

Mr. Beecher is as popular in New York as Mr. Spurgeon is in London; and is a far greater power in the American republic than Mr. Spurgeon is, or is ever likely to become, in this country. He is less evangelical and less awakening than our Tabernacle preacher; but there is much more thought and reasoning power, there is also more of general beauty and of various culture, in his preaching. We wish, however, that his sermons were as full of the true Gospel spirit and unction as those of the English preacher. There will be no difference of opinion as to the bad taste of many things which Mr. Beecher says, and as to his delicacy and reverence of feeling, especially in regard to the holy words and truths, and the sacred and venerable customs and conventions, of our religion. It is certain that Mr. Beecher has sometimes rudely shocked the sensibilities of English Christians. We know one gentleman of high distinction in the English world of letters, but, (we must own,) of a somewhat over-dainty refinement, who, liberal as he is both in politics and religion, speaks of Mr. Beecher as a 'painted barbarian.' But there can be no doubt as to Mr. Beecher's remarkable gifts as a speaker, and his great power, both logical and oratorical. There can be no doubt, also, we are bound to add, that he has ever been an eminently truthful and courageous man, bold to witness, at any cost, for what he believed to be just and right. Few men, for instance, have sacri-

ficed more for abolitionism than he. The style, the method, the utterances, of such a man, must be worthy of study. It is unwise in Ministers to neglect the sermons of such men as Spurgeon and Beecher. Much may be learnt from both men.

Home in Humble Life. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THE Tract Society is pre-eminently the friend of the poor. This excellent and interesting little volume is full of wholesome and encouraging lessons, both for the godly poor who are bravely struggling to bring up their families aright, and for the earnest Christian friends of the poor, who wish to do what they can to comfort and aid those whose low estate and many disadvantages make the 'battle of life' for them peculiarly hard and distressing. We can cordially recommend it for Sunday School libraries, whether in villages or towns.

The Life of Wesley; and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. A New Edition. London: Bell and Daldy. 1864.

METHODISM has not as yet produced any adequate biography of Wesley. We have often wished that the same hand which matured so admirable a history of Charles Wesley had done the like service to the memory of his brother. Now, we fear, it is too late to hope that this wish might be fulfilled. Mr. Jackson can hardly be expected, at his age, to carry out so onerous an undertaking.

The public, therefore, must perforce content themselves, at least for the present, with Southey's able and valuable, although in several cardinal respects mistaken, presentation of a character and life which he could not but admire, but altogether failed to comprehend. Notwithstanding Southey's serious errors in his estimate of Wesley, his is a charming work, and, so far as regards the details of the history, is, on the whole, remarkably correct.

The 'new edition' now before us is published by Messrs. Bell and Daldy as one of the double volumes of Bohn's Standard Library, that excellent series of volumes having become their property. It possesses one feature which gives it a special value, and goes some way towards correcting the essential defects in the work itself to which we have adverted. The editor has added, in foot-notes, many extracts from Watson's well-known and very valuable *Observations on Southey's Life of Wesley*, relating to those principal points in Wesley's character, and those important particulars in his life, which Southey, mainly from a want of spiritual sympathy, was incapable of correctly appreciating. It is to be regretted that this edition does not contain Alexander Knox's *Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley*, which, as we know from the laureate's own testimony, convinced Southey that he had radically misconceived the

character of the man whose biographer he had undertaken to be. These, however, as well as Coleridge's notes on this Life, are the copyright of Messrs. Longman, whose edition of this work will therefore still possess a special value. Watson's *Observations*, however, more than compensate for this deficiency; and altogether the present is not only by much the cheapest, but also the best, edition of this biography which has yet been published.

The editor, indeed, appears to be a Churchman, and now and then lets fall in a foot-note some slight indication that he is not fully at one with the Methodist view, *i. e.*, with Wesley's or with Watson's view, on some point in question. But Methodists cannot expect editors invariably to agree with their own positions or opinions, and are bound heartily to recognise the attempt which is made in the present edition, in honesty and in good feeling, to do justice to the character and principles of their Founder.

We regret, however, that this edition should have been allowed to set forth again, uncorrected, those errors as to the earlier history of Samuel Wesley, sen., at Oxford and in London, which have been so fully exposed and corrected in this Journal, (see in particular the Number for last April,) and also, for the most part, in the authentic, widely circulated, and easily accessible, Life of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, by Mr. Kirk.

After all, Mr. Wesley's own interesting, although too much neglected Journals, notwithstanding their *lacunæ* and their necessary reserve on many points,—having been with the exception of a few pages published by Wesley during his lifetime,—are as yet by far the best biography of Wesley himself which can be read. Let us say, in passing, that we are glad to find that of these a cheap edition is now published at the Wesleyan Conference Office.

Lost Friends Found Again. Edited by E. S. Smedley. London: Hamilton and Co. 1865.

This is a book for Christian mourners, and consists of select paragraphs from the works of well-known authors, intermingled with poetical quotations. The extracts are generally beautiful and truly impressive; and the volume, as a whole, is well adapted to the end designed by its benevolent compiler.

The Parables of our Lord. By the Rev. William Arnot. London: Nelson and Sons. 1865.

This is an admirable series of expositions, not merely worthy to rank with Archbishop Trench's volume, but, in some important respects, superior to that standard work. Mr. Arnot's investigations are more thorough, and his interpretations more guarded. The texture of his expositions also is singularly close; here is not a word to waste. And his applications of the principles involved, and the lessons taught, in the parables, are most practical and searching.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM NICHOLS, 46, HOXTON SQUARE.