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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Les Moines d'Occident; depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* Par le COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT. Tomes iii. iv. v. Paris et Lyon: Jacques Lecoffre. 1867.

2. *The Monks of the West.* Authorised Translation. Vol. III. Blackwood and Sons. 1867.

3. *La Légende Celtique; en Irlande, en Cambrie, et en Bretagne.* Par le VICOMTE HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUE. Paris: Didier. 1864.

4. (*a*) *The Church of Iona.* By the BISHOP OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES. 1866. (*b*) *The Antiquities of Iona.* By J. and H. BUCKLER (Architects). London: Day and Son. 1867.

IT is exactly six years since we noticed the Count of Montalembert's first two volumes;* and on the three which are now before us we can in general terms pronounce the same verdict which we then enunciated. While we cannot read his books without the liveliest interest, while we are by no means insensible to the charms of his style, and feel that he has brought to bear on his subject an amount of out-of-the-way learning seldom equalled by members of his, or, indeed, of any communion, we still "have no sympathy with some of his notions, nor much respect for the logical powers which he puts forth in their defence." If in the highly-finished portrait of St. Columba, which fills nearly the whole of the third volume, and brings the man more closely before us than almost any biography with which we are acquainted, he better fulfils his purpose of writing not "a

* See *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1861.

panegyric, but a history," than he did in his two previous volumes, the reason manifestly is, that, while St. Benedict and his followers were unquestionably the devoted servants of the Papacy, there is grave doubt (that has led to endless controversy) as to how far the Columban Church was under Rome. Of Papal influence the early Lives say absolutely nothing. St. Columba works for God by himself; and at the bidding, not of the Bishop of Rome, but of his own conscience, moved by the advice of some of his own Irish countrymen. The legend that he went to Rome towards the end of his life, M. de Montalembert himself admits to be "without foundation," * "merely invented to account for the gratuitous assumption that he was on intimate terms with Pope Gregory the Great:" and as to the statement† that "his 'rule' dissipates all the delusions about a primitive Protestantism developed in Iona," we can only accept our author's statement in a qualified sense. He asserts that "auricular confession, the invocation of saints, the celebration of the mass, the real presence, the sacrament of fasting, prayers for the dead, the celibacy of the clergy, the sign of the cross, and, above all, the duty of a deep and diligent study of the Holy Scriptures, are all proved to have been enjoined by him." Even granting this, it would not at all follow that the Church in Iona was Popish. Confession in primitive times was very different from the system of elaborate pruriency which the author of *Le Maudit* so justly exposes. The invocation of saints has also grown to be something quite distinct from the ancient reverence which in the early commemorations coupled the names of the departed with those of the great and good still left upon earth.

On every point which M. de Montalembert names, the usage of Rome (stereotyped, we thought, at the Council of Trent, but unhappily still open to alteration, as the doctrine of the immaculate conception, forced down the throats of an unwilling clergy, proves) has sadly deteriorated. It is so in regard to vows of celibacy, which (as our author allows elsewhere) were at first only taken for a time, and chiefly by people advanced in life. It is so not less in regard to the reading of the Word, which St. Columba enjoins so strictly, and which the modern Romish Church certainly neglects of deliberate purpose. We wish, by the way, that our author had been more free with his authorities in regard to these important questions. It seems a little disingenuous that the man who gives us half a page of Latin quotation about the danger

* iii. 289. † iii. 300.

to a coracle from some terrible sea-monster, should, just where the text of the old Lives is the very thing we long to see, content himself with a loose reference to Libranius ii. 39, and that only about auricular confession, the reverence ence for saints (resolving itself almost wholly into that deep belief in the supernatural which in every age so many minds like Columba's have felt), and the real presence. How, by the way, can anyone have the face to assert that the real presence, as a modern Romanist understands it, is implied in this, the only quotation which our author makes on the subject: "A sancto jussus Christi corpus conficere. . . . Eucharistiæ mysteria celebrare pro animâ sanctâ" ?* This is not exactly our Protestantism; but a Lutheran could use the words just cited, at least as well as a Papist can. M. de Montalembert does not venture to say a word about Mariolatry or the Papal supremacy, the two marks *par excellence* of the Popery of today. And as to Mariolatry, we shall find, by-and-by, how it is wholly wanting in the hymns, where, if anywhere, it surely would appear. We have thought it right just to show what we consider the chief—almost the only—instance of *suppressio veri* in these volumes. It is but trifling, considering that our author holds a brief for Rome; but it is very important in the eyes of those who look to see in the Ireland of the future a national church, Patrician or Columban, but certainly not Papal.

One other point we will notice, in which we think M. de Montalembert's anxiety to exalt the monastic system leads him into unfairness. He certainly makes the old Celtic pre-Christian civilisation worse than it was, and stamps the Celtic character with a barbarism quite foreign to it, in order to show over what stubborn stuff the early Irish saints won such a remarkable triumph.

"War and religion," says he, "have in all ages been the ruling passions in Ireland. At the time when Saxon scholars were thronging over to the great Irish seats of learning, when (amid the darkness of the time) the country was emphatically the Isle of Saints, there were on all sides constant wars, degenerating too often into massacres and assassinations. Even the women fought as furiously as the men, until Adamnan, ninth abbot after Columba, moved by the entreaties of his mother, passed, in a great meeting at Tara, the Lex Adamnani, or Lex Innocentium. While, as for monks, they fought as fiercely as laymen. In 760 two hundred of Columba's monks at Durrow fell in battle against their neighbours of the Great Abbey of Clonmacnoise. The entries in the old Irish annals are much after this fashion:—

* iii. 12.

Bellum ingens.
Bellum lacrymabile.
Vastatio.
Strages magna.
Jugulatio.

This last above all. Scarcely a king dies in his bed, unless at the close of his life he assumes the monkish habit. What would this wild stock have been but for the monastic graft?"—iii. 317.

On which we will only remark that annals like those of the Irish chroniclers, confined to the driest summary of yearly facts, will generally in all countries be made up in great part of the record of wars and their consequences. We are quite sure that the history of almost any state in Europe during the greater part of the enlightened eighteenth century would be quite as bloody as that of Ireland in the eighth century. There would be less slaughter of kings—for kings in Ireland were as common in that day as "generals" in an American army; but, considering the thousand years of "progress" which had intervened, we cannot find any superiority in the one over the other. Let M. de Montalembert remember that the tribal state is necessarily a state of war; and that, if quarrels were common among the Irish Celts, the family treachery and household massacres, which give an almost Oriental horror to the history of some of the Anglo-Saxon royal families, and notably to that of the Merovingian kings, were strangely and happily wanting in Ireland. Further, let us remember that at the time when the savagery deepens, the invasion of the Norsemen had begun. It was from these ruthless plunderers, who, with their strength and cunning, and matchless audacity, must have seemed to the people of that day less like men than like fiends incarnate, that the Irish learnt to plunder holy places. We do not remember in the old annals the record of a single religious house being plundered until "the Gentiles" came in. Unhappily the Irish were apt scholars, just as, after the Sacred War, the Greeks took to temple-robbing with comparatively little compunction. As to the fact of women fighting, M. de Montalembert is at issue with the great Celtic antiquaries. Mention is sometimes made in early Irish legends of Amazons as female warriors; but it is doubtful, says Mr. O'Grady,* whether combatants are meant, or "Druids' daughters," and others interested in the struggles, whose efforts to help are poetically described as actual fighting. The only females who were undoubtedly

* *Ossianic Soc. Transactions*, vol. iii.

present on the field were the "runners" in the service of the different kings. These are described in the legends as "hovering about the fight, wheeling round and round," and, when it is over, hastening off with the news. But they are never spoken of as taking a part in it.

These things, unimportant in themselves, warn us that in reading we must be on our guard lest the fascination of his style should lead us to forget that our author is a special pleader. He does not attempt to conceal his bias and his purpose. In the grand opening of his third volume he states what he assumes to be the value of monasticism to the people of these islands. The passage is so characteristic, and gives such a sufficient sample of the writer, at once at his best and at his weakest, that (though it has been already seized on by all the reviewers) we must quote a portion of it. Frenchman-like, he describes the English character as a mass of contradictions.

"Richest and manliest of the nations, boldest and most submissive to rulers, liberal and intolerant, pious and inhuman, it unites a superstitious respect for the letter of the law with the most boundless practice of individual independence. . . . Sometimes it measures out by the yard its profits, or its whims; sometimes it kindles into enthusiasm for a disinterested idea. Fickle it is in its affections and judgments, but it almost always knows how to stop itself in time. Greedy of conquests and discoveries, it runs to the ends of the earth, and then comes back all the more in love with its own fireside, all the more jealous of maintaining its dignity intact. Implacable foe to all constraint, it is the voluntary slave of tradition or of hereditary prejudice. No nation has been oftener conquered; none has better known how to absorb and assimilate its conquerors. None has persecuted Catholicism with more bloodthirsty fierceness; even nowadays none seems more hostile to the Church, and yet none has more need of the Church, and none is more needed by it. Its falling away has left a void which only it can fill. . . . Neither the sometimes wild self-conceit (*l'égoïsme parfois sauvage*) of these islanders, nor their cynical indifference to the sufferings of others, ought to make us forget that among them, more than anywhere else, man is his own master, his own ruler. There it is that the *nobleness* of our nature has reached its highest level. There it is that the generous love of independence, joined with the genius of association, and the constant practice of self-control, has brought forth these prodigies of indomitable energy, of stubborn heroism; which, triumphing over nature and tyranny, have excited the constant envy of all nations and the enthusiastic pride of the English. . . . England owes nothing to her kings. On her alone weighs the responsibility of her history. . . . She acts and wills for herself, inspiring her great men, in place of being led astray, or 'managed' by them."

Then he compares us with the Romans, and the way in which we have treated Ireland with the way in which Old Rome treated her dependencies. But he allows that,

"Happier than Rome, England after two thousand years is still young and fruitful. A slow, obscure, but uninterrupted progress, has created in her an inexhaustible fund of life and strength. . . . Despite a thousand inconsistencies, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, this of all Christian nations is the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases on which all society worthy of the human race must rest—the spirit of freedom, of family, and of religion."

This is frankly as well as beautifully expressed. We rejoice to find in M. de Montalembert a breadth which puts the narrowness of many of us to shame. He can recognise goodness in the members of another creed; and his testimony is not in the least impaired by what he says just afterwards.

"No people in the world has received the faith more directly from Rome, or more exclusively by the ministry of the monks, than the English."

Of British (or, as it is sometimes called, Cambrian) Christianity, our author's survey is very rapid. The subject, many of us know, is an exceedingly obscure one. How far Roman Britain was Christian, how far what Christianity there was in the country was due to Rome—these and many like questions are still *sub judice*. The extreme paucity of Christian remains among the many Roman antiquities; the legends connecting Glastonbury, &c., directly with the East; the notion (strong in the minds of some Irish scholars) that there was in Ireland a pre-Patrician Christianity—not Roman, but Spanish or Syrian—such things make us pause before we accept at once the old idea that in Roman Britain Christianity was the established religion, and that it had come in in the wake of the conquerors. Having read M. de Montalembert, we were amused to read the sceptical Mr. Hill Burton,* in whose opinion

"The Welsh saints slip away as we search; the only two who stand out as authentic, being Lupus and Germanus, the howling of whose hallelujahs frightened their foes at the battle thence named."

Of course St. Ninian is mentioned; Bede's account, "that he had been regularly trained at Rome," being unquestioningly accepted. But, if this was the case, it only proves that others sometimes succeeded where Rome failed; for St. Columba, direct from Ireland, really converted these Picts, on whom St. Ninian's labours, A.D. 380, had left little or no

* *Scotland*, vol. i.

trace. St. Ninian was not likely to do much, if to him is due the monstrous picture of savage ferocity, which Jerome repeats with unction, respecting these Scots and Picts or Attacotti as he calls them. It was by sympathy, such as we shall see Patrick and Columba showed, and not by contemptuous scorn, that these wild men were to be won.

After telling us the very little that is known of St. Ninian, our author flounders about through a very long chapter, in what he well calls "The Ocean of Celtic Legend." The extraordinary thing connected with which is, that in all the Celtic countries, even in Wales, where Romanism has been most completely rooted out, the memory of these early apostles still lives in the popular tradition. It is strange, at a place like Llantwit, near Cowbridge, in Glamorgan, to hear the whole story of Iltutus, just as M. de Montalembert has given it, from the mouth of one whom that writer would look on as worse than an Anglican.* St. Cadoc or Kadoc (whom those who remember our article on Brittany† will hardly have forgotten) is remarkable because, though undoubtedly born in South Wales, and trained by an Irish monk, his fame is greatest in Brittany, of which he may almost be called the patron. A full third of *La Légende Celtique* is taken up with him, who, though his name means "warrior," and his glories in Brittany are chiefly warlike, was so tender-hearted that he would not be comforted till he learnt that his favourite author, Virgil, was not damned, but only in purgatory, where he might (it was hoped) be relieved by fervent and unwearied prayer.

Of St. Patrick our author tells us very little; and in this respect his book is a great contrast to that which we have set side by side with it. Of course he is very strong on the point, hinted at in the Confessions, that Patrick's rite, being thoroughly Roman, differed from that of the Welsh monks who laboured with him. If so, all we can say is, that between Patrick and Columba, the Irish Church must have deserted the Roman rite, and gone back to that of the other Celtic churches—a most unlikely supposition. The only point (we believe) in which Patrick and his successors differ from the British clergy, is their freedom from exclusiveness. The Welsh and Britons would by no means preach Christ to their "Saxon" neighbours, lest their hated foes should

* The people are mostly Methodists of the Welsh form; yet the writer found scarcely any one among them who did not delight in going over the old stories. There is at Llantwit one of the "Saints' bells," of which a few still remain as heirlooms in Irish families.

† July, 1865.

believe and be saved; but of Patrick, a very old panegyric (the *Amhra*) says "he preached to all—to strangers, to barbarians, to Picts." We leave antiquarians to determine the worth of the canon quoted from the Book of Armagh by O'Curry,* stating that if disputes cannot be settled by *reference to the Irish Archbishop* (!) they are to be carried "ad sedem apostolicam, id est ad Petri Apostoli cathedram, *auctoritatem Romæ urbis habentem*," merely remarking that no one shows more clearly than our author himself that for a very long time bishops and archbishops had no ruling power whatsoever in the Scotic church. And, having said this, we pass at once to the grand central figure of M. de Montalembert's third volume—St. Columba. He and his doings take up more than half the book. Beside him, the patron saint of Ireland quite sinks into insignificance. And we think our author is right in fixing on the Apostle of the Picts as the model Irish saint. He is, in his weakness as well as in his strength, the true type of the Scots, the men of the *perfervidum ingenium*, who set a more durable mark on Europe by their religious and literary labours than even the Norsemen did by hard work at the sword's point. Besides, with Adamnan's life before us, we seem to know much more about St. Columba than we do about St. Patrick. So long, indeed, as we are content to accept lives like that of M. de Villemarqué, St. Patrick, too, stands before us in a very tangible shape. Born at Boulogne, of Roman father (hence the name Patricius) and Gallic mother, we have his own confessions about his early sins in the loose household of his soldier father. We trace him all through his slavery and his wanderings, and his success in converting those whose old laws he had the good sense to confirm when they were based on principles of justice, saying of the Brehon code: "It was the Holy Spirit who spoke and prophesied through the mouths of the just men who were formerly in the Isle of Erin. For the law of nature had prevailed where the written law did not reach; and this law of nature had been quite right except the faith and its obligations."†

There is a golden rule for the missionary. We say to ourselves, "His breadth of thought comes of his Roman extraction; he was one of the grand law-giving race." But then we look into Dr. Todd, and begin to feel a little doubtful as to all we have read about St. Patrick being quite certain. Or we open

* *MS. Materials of Irish History*, p. 611.
† *Seuchus Mor, Ancient Laws of Ireland*: Longman, 1865.

Mr. Hill Burton's *Scotland*, and find him claiming the saint as a Lowland Scotchman, born close to Kirkpatrick ; and then cynically adding, "The things recorded of him are so incongruous that many fancy there were two Patricks, and even three." But there can be no doubt about Columba, born (like so many other of these Irish saints) of royal race—the Nialls of the north, to which great sept both the O'Neill and the O'Donnell belong. His grandfather was one of the eight sons of Niall, of the nine hostages, who reigned from 379 to 405. His mother was a princess of Leinster. Indeed there was no reason why he, by the rule of tanistry, should not have been called inductive to the throne. His birth and his future greatness were foretold to his mother by an angel, and his childhood was full of visions. But, though Columba chose "virginity and wisdom," when all the virtues were offered to him by his guardian angel, the old Adam was still strong within him. Brought up at the great monastery of Cluain Evaird (Clonard), he began founding religious houses at the age of five-and-twenty, fixing himself at Derry, in honour of the oak-woods of which he wrote one of his best poems. Here he became very found of copying books—Irish illumination in those days was something marvellous; Messrs. Marcus Ward, of Belfast, prove, by what they are exhibiting at the great Paris show, that the art is not wholly extinct. In connection with this fondness for copying happened the circumstance, trifling in human eyes, which changed the current of his life, and transformed him from a wandering monk, full of poetry and intensely fond of literature, into a veritable apostle. While on a visit to his old master, St. Finian, he privately made a copy of the saint's psalter. The story goes that he stole at night into the church where the precious book was kept, and there wrote (as legends tell us other holy men were at times enabled to) by the light which emanated from his left hand. But the "inevitable traitor" (as he has been called in these Fenian troubles) was present on this occasion also. Somebody saw the strange light through the keyhole, put his eye to the orifice, and had it judiciously gouged out by a crane which happened to be on the other side; but not till he had seen enough to enable him to denounce "the theft" (as a copy made without leave was styled) to Finian. Columba insisted on keeping his copy, and the matter was referred to King Diarmuidh (*Anglicè*, Dermot or Jermuth, or, more corruptly still, Darby in Limerick and Tipperary, Jerry in Kerry and Cork). The apparent plethora of vowels and consonants in Gaelic spelling is not really superfluous, by the way, any more than it is in Arabic. Each

letter-combination is an attempt to express sounds to which the English speech-organs lend themselves very imperfectly. Dermot, who had been an exile during his youth, was a friend of holy men. He and St. Kieran together had founded the great abbey of Clonmacnoise. He was, moreover, Columba's kinsman, sprung from the same great Niall. His decision, however, was against the copyist. "Le gach boin a boinin, le gach leabhar a leabhran" (to every cow its calf, to every book its copy). That was the verdict. "Thine is an unjust judgment, and I will have my revenge," said the impetuous and as yet unconverted Scot.

Just then, too, a son of the King of Connaught, fleeing on account of some "justifiable homicide," took refuge with Columba. Diarmuidh, as over-king, had him taken from the saint's protection, and put to death. This act filled up the measure of the saint's wrath, and, if the Life from which our author quotes is to be believed, he resented the affront in language becoming a Hildebrand or an Innocent. Then he flees away towards his native land of Tyrconnell, composing as he goes the beautiful "hymn of trust in God," the great antiquity of which is proved by its not containing one word of saint-worship or Mariolatry. M. de Montalembert translates it from O'Donovan's text (in the first volume of *Transactions of the Irish Archæological Society*); but he prudently abstains from noticing this peculiarity.

We must quote a few lines, though the spirit will hardly survive a triple translation:—

"Oft what is spent cometh back to the hand which gave,
And what hath not been spent
Hath disappeared all the same.*

* * * * * * * * * *

'Tis not from omens that our fortune hangs,
Nor from the bird upon the bough,
Nor from the knots in an old tree-trunk.

Better is He on whom we rest our faith;
He is the King who hath made our bodies:
He will not let me wander all night shelterless.
I dread not the cry of birds,
Nor the stranger whom I may meet; nor the lot
Thrown forth; nor the wise woman:
My Druid is Christ, the Son of God;
Christ, the Son of Mary—the High Abbot."

* Surely there is a reminiscence here of the wise man's saying, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth," &c.

But, though his trust in Christ was strong, Columba was still thoroughly an "Old Testament Christian." "Of Thy goodness slay mine enemies," is his prayer. He works against Diarmuidh till he rouses the Hy*-Niall of the North against their brethren of the South, and the king is defeated, because Columba prays and fasts against him, and, moreover, takes on himself the responsibility of all the blood that is shed. His war-song, the *Saltair* (Psalter) *of Battles*, remains still in the hands of an O'Donnell, who permits it to be exhibited in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. O'Curry, no mean authority, thinks the existing MS. (fifty-eight parchment leaves in a silver binding) is in the handwriting of the saint himself. Like the Jewish ark, the precious relic used to be carried into battle; and in 1497 the O'Donnell lost it in a fight with the MacDermott, who, however, generously gave it back again two years later.† In this struggle Diarmuidh seems to have had recourse to the *Druid-charms* (as they are called by the monastic writers), in which the Tuatha de Danaan, the earlier people, subdued by the Milesians (Hy-Milidh), are said to have excelled. In the *Chronicum Scotorum*, at the date A.D. 561, we read: "Fraechan son of Tenusan it was that set up the Druid Erbhe to Diarmuidh." The only man slain on Columba's side was one who passed beyond this "Erbhe." Next year a synod is held at Teilte (Telltown, near Kells), where Columba is excommunicated for having caused the shedding of Christian blood. But at the intercession of Brendan, founder of Birr Monastery (not St. Brendan of the famous voyages, the probable discoverer of America), the sentence is commuted, and he is bidden win as many heathen souls to Christ as he had caused Christians to die in the battle against Diarmuidh. Still Columba long resists conversion. To the many confessors who urge on him the enormity of having, monk as he was, avenged himself, he replies, "Injustice makes a man mad. I fought, too, for the honour of the Church." At last St. Molassius, whose cell is still seen on the wild isle of Innishmurry, on the coast of Sligo, tells

* O, Ua, or Hy, is grandson. Hence it comes to be the ordinary Gaelic patronymic. *Mac* (we must remember) simply means son.

† The after history of this talismanic MS., which deserved its name (*Leabhar Cathac*, Book of Battles) by ensuring the victory to the clan if it was carried thrice round the host, and then laid on the bosom either of one of the descendants of its first owner or of a sinless priest, is curious. Daniel O'Donnell owned it at the Boyne, where it did not bring victory. He retired to the Continent, and had an elaborate silver case made for it, bearing date 1723. When he died he left it to some Belgian abbey, where a Mrs. Molyneux saw it some forty years ago, and told Sir Neal O'Donnell, of Westport, the recognised head of the clan, who claimed it, and whose son now possesses it.

him plainly, "You have so many heathen souls to convert. Begone, and never see the shores of Ireland again." Twelve of the O'Neills of Tyrconnell go with him, among them Mochonna, son and heir of the King of Ulster, whom Columba in vain tries to dissuade from joining him.

Their landing in Iona and the aspect of the country afford M. de Montalembert scope for one of his most graphic pieces of description:—

"Wild Scotland, the land of hunger, where even the Romans failed to fix themselves, and where the old Christianity of Ninian had died out almost as soon as it was established—that was the seat of his mission. He is the first in that grand catalogue of great names, among whom Charles Edward Stuart is the last."—Vol. iii. p. 145.

Very touching is the way in which the landing at Oronsay is described. Columba climbs a hill, and finds he has a clear view of the Irish coast. "This will not do; I can never live in sight of what I have vowed to quit for ever." So Iona is chosen, because from no part of its low surface was Ireland visible. Here, being then forty-two years old, in the little bay, still called Porth 'a Churraich (the harbour of the coracle or wicker-boat), the saint lands, and builds his house and church of reeds and basketwork, on the very spot where, thirteen centuries later, Dr. Johnson "pitied the man who does not feel his patriotism kindle on the plain of Marathon, and his piety glow amid the ruins of Iona." At this time, at any rate, Columba had none of the glorious hopes which often gladden a missionary's solitude. The one burden of his song is regret for Ireland. "Better death in that blameless land than endless life here in Albany." Everything in Ireland is dear to him, "*except the princes who there bear rule.*"

Quoting Reeves, our author gives passages from some very ancient poems describing his home-sickness:—

"There is a grey eye here which is never tired of turning towards Erin; but that eye will never more in this life see the oakwoods which I love, nor the white foam on the beach, nor the stately handsome men, nor the women so comely. There is a big tear in my eye when I think that I shall never more hear the song of her birds, and of her clerics who sing like birds. What joy to turn my prow towards Erin, and run over the bounding billows till I see its shore and its cliffs! But no! my heart is breaking within me: if sudden death overtakes me, it will be because of my great love for the Gael."

We do not apologise for these details; they are necessary to understand the man, and the man is one who will repay the effort to understand him. One point is worthy of note:

it is often counted among the many sins and shortcomings of the Celt that he is no sailor, and this in the face of such positive evidence as that the French navy is nearly half manned with Bretons, and that St. Malo is about as famous for old maritime exploits as any town in Europe. Now the old Irish seem to have been remarkably fond of the sea. The saints in particular were great sailors. We know that they went to Iceland long before the Norsemen. St. Columba's friends are constantly flitting about in their coracles; such frail barks, by the way, that when a whale is passing some of them are afraid he will swallow boat and all. It is the old story: keep a people from the appliances of civilisation, and then scoff at them for being barbarous. The Irish were for ages pent up in the interior; what trade they had was ruined by prohibitive laws for the "protection" of the English manufacturer, and then they are laughed at as being no sailors; just as, when all the timber had been cut down, that it might not shelter the "rebellious" native, the country was found fault with on the score of bareness.

In Iona, Columba rapidly grew in spirituality. In an old Life it is told how he, the proud scion of the kings of the Hy-Niall, used to wash the feet of strangers, and then print the kiss of charity on the feet that he had washed. Harder still, he "laborabat cum laborantibus, cum infirmantibus infirmabatur;" wept, too, with them that wept, yea wept more abundantly over those sinners who had no tears for themselves. He worked hard at field-labour like the rest; the amount of produce they used to get out of that miserable little island and the neighbouring shore of Morven passes all belief, until we read in Mr. Burton's *Scotland* how much produce was grown on the group of islands about Lindisfarn by this same assiduous monk-labour. It is just another instance that man is better than brute-matter; that all the guano in creation will not make up for the loving care which perhaps no set of men in the world give to the land nowadays, except the Shakers of Mount Lebanon in the United States, of whom Mr. Hepworth Dixon tells us that they believe a tree gets to know and love you if you are kind to it. Compare the picture of Iona in these old times with the view of its modern wretchedness and sterility (brought out strikingly some years ago in *Blackwood*, in a contrast between the seat of early Christian light and a modern Chinese town), and you are forced to confess that "progress" has not moved evenly over all our British empire. Columba is very strict in admitting monks. He picks and chooses the crowd of applicants who throng to the island as soon as his fame

gets abroad. "Stay with your old father and mother," he said to one eager postulant, "till you have closed their eyes;" thus showing that he understood the sense of the words "Let the dead bury their dead" in a way different from most of the commentators.

But, though strangers thronged to Iona in constantly increasing numbers, Columba felt that his work was not bounded by the limits of that little island. He has to go to the heathen, not to wait till they come to him. These heathen are the Picts, the inhabitants of the whole north and east—*i.e.* by far the largest part of what is now called Scotland. The Scots, who afterwards gave to the country its name and its ruling families, had already come over from Ireland; their chief immigration having been subsequent to the preaching of St. Patrick. Hence most of them were nominal Christians; though in passing across their territories Columba found plenty to be done in the way of enlightening those who had carried away nothing beyond the merest outlines of the faith. Who the Picts were is strangely uncertain. They are always distinguished from the Britons of Strathclyde, one of whose capitals was Al-Cluid, the modern Dumbarton. Mr. Burton, in his recent history, rather inclines to the opinion that they spoke a Teutonic language. They are the *terrarum et libertatis extremi* of Tacitus, that is all we can say; and their stubborn character made it much more difficult to Christianise them than the more impressible Celts. Their magi oppose the saint; but he disarms them by healing a spring of deadly water, and by intoning the sixty-fourth Psalm, "My heart is inditing of a good matter," with such a voice that the priests who were watching him fled amazed.

Very remarkable, in his dealings with these people, is his respect for native goodness. Those who had been a law unto themselves he encourages to proceed to more perfect goodness. There are many stories which at once testify to his feeling in this respect, and to that "second sight" which (quite apart from his assumed power of working miracles) is always attributed to him. One day he is preaching in Skye, when suddenly he cries out: "My children, this day there will come to us an old chief of the Picts, a man who has kept all through life the precepts of the natural law. He will come here to be baptised and to die." By-and-by, a boat was rowed to land, bringing the old man, to whom it befel even as the saint had foretold.* This tenderness towards good

* It is impossible to judge how far M. de Montalembert believes in St. Columba's power of "second sight." We are told of his falling suddenly to prayer in the

heathens was a legacy from St. Patrick. It was with him the pivot on which all his teachings hinged. Over and over again, in the *Brehon Law*—re-edited with his help soon after his arrival in Ireland—the old statutes are described "as the just judgments which the Spirit spake by the mouths of the wise men of Erin who lived before Christ was preached, which judgments are right in all matters, except, of course, those things concerning the faith, with which they do not deal." Would that Christianity had always been brought in in this way. So lovingly did St. Patrick deal with the old Irish, and so well did they answer his kindness, that we believe for the first century after Christianity was preached in the island there was not a single Irish martyr.

Among the most celebrated of Columba's fellow-workers was Malruvius (Maelrubha), after whom one-and-twenty parishes in North Scotland were named, besides several in other parts. In later times, when Mariolatry grew up, the name was often changed (as Mr. Burton shows by instances) to Mary; but Maelrubha still survives in places enough to show that he was a personage of considerable note in the Columban Church. Like so many of the early Irish saints, he was of royal blood. Pride of race, indeed, was the besetting sin of these self-denying missionaries—a noble pride, so far as it kept them back from everything mean, and moved them to maintain a high standard both of work and of personal holiness. It has been frequently noticed that great abbacies were almost heirlooms in certain families; and the heads of monastic foundations were invariably very superior in rank and importance to bishops. A bishop's use was solely to ordain; he was sent for when wanted, just as a notary public is sent for to see deeds attested; unless, indeed, one of the monks happened to be (as was often the case) in episcopal orders, for "the bishop did not show himself when not wanted. His orders were like the degree of M.A.—useful at times, but not always on the surface."* It is noteworthy, that in Adamnan's life

midst of his monks at Iona, in behalf of a poor man who had just fallen (he said) from the tower of Durrow in Tipperary. Many instances of the same kind of prescience are recorded of Swedenborg. For instance, while at Gottenburg, he was aware of a great fire at Stockholm, in which his own house, among others, was burnt down. While it was raging, he kept rushing wildly about, telling those near him how it was going on. Of many of the "miracles," our author gives what is, no doubt, the true explanation. The saint came among semi-savages from Ireland, then a comparatively civilised country. Many of the arts of life were as "miraculous" to the Picts as they are nowadays to Hottentots. Grafting trees, for instance, which he did with great success, is spoken of as a miracle.

* *Burton*, vol. i.

a layman, however wealthy, is always called *plebeius*. As to the weakness—nay, the absolute nullity of the episcopal power (except for purposes of ordination, in these early times, it is amusing to compare M. de Montalembert* *passim* with the quotation, already referred to, from O'Curry, which is supposed to prove so much about the supremacy of Rome by making it a court of reference after the (then non-existent) archiepiscopal court.† This is one of the little inconsistencies into which our author is led by the conflict between his earnest love of truth and his devotion to the Roman cause.

We wish we could follow Columba all through his labours among the Picts, and on his useful visits back to Ireland to settle disputes. It is through him, for instance, that the corporation of Irish bards is remodelled, and once more placed under that royal protection which they had forfeited by yielding to what was the besetting sin of Simonides. He, too, is the "grand referendary" at the Synod of Drumkeath in Londonderry, where the independence of "the Scotic colony in Albany" is fully recognised. We are fond of laughing at the barbarism of this old Scotic race; but the contrast between the peaceful way in which the Scots in North Britain got rid of their subjection to their elder brethren in Ireland, and that in which the wrongheadedness of our Government forced the United States to assert their independence, is by no means flattering to "modernism." As we noticed, St. Columba's life is scarcely at all disfigured by any of those records of miracles which our author details respecting other saints in a way which sometimes leaves us in doubt as to what amount of credence he gives to the narratives. He shows the rude Highlanders marvels, which they take to be miraculous; but they are (as M. de Montalembert himself explains them) the marvels of a higher culture. He had his visions; so has every good man in the like circumstances; so had great and good men of our own special communion. And (as we remarked six years ago when speaking of Gregory's passage of arms with Satan):—"We would rather be a Gregory than a Priestley. A Wesley is better for the world's health than a Kant. Human life can never gather genial and salutary influences from a Sadducee."‡

With this feeling we do not hesitate to call the final scenes of Columba's life in a high degree edifying. There are some things—very little in this case—which the right-minded

* For instance, iii. 196—"*Episcopacy is wholly in the shade.*" † iii. 84.
‡ *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1861, p. 230.

reader puts aside without comment—the worn-out garments of the past; but the spirit which breathes through it all is the Spirit of Him "who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore." We will not mar the scenes by extracts, but recommend all who can to read the chapter for themselves. We think the life and death of this truly great man might, profitably, be separately published;* so that many who will not read the whole work may learn how, having reached in his transcription of the Psalter as far as those words in Ps. xxxiv., "they that seek after the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," he calmly said, "Baithen must write the rest," and died before the altar of his church, with his head on his kinsman Diarmid's knees, and these words, "Hæc vobis, filioli, novissima commendo verba, ut inter vos mutuam et non fictam habeatis charitatem, cum pace," on his lips. How Iona kept the supremacy over the Scottish Church, more fully even than M. de Montalembert is willing to admit, all Celtic antiquarians know well. It was not "the gradual acquiescence in the claims of Rome," so much as the cruel ravages of the Norseman, which destroyed its prestige.† It was plundered and burnt in 801, then in 805, again in 877; and so on, till at last the saint's body was carried across to Down in Ireland, that it might escape what seemed inevitable destruction. Verily the Norsemen were bound to do a great deal in the way of "giving new life to the worn-out races in our islands," seeing that they did so much to destroy the good which had already been organised both among the Celt and the Saxon. Bede and Notker of St. Gall both testify to a supremacy exercised by the abbots of Iona *over Scottish bishops*, which, being contrary to Roman ideas, our author says, "would appear fabulous but for the unimpeachable veracity of these two historians."‡ And then he goes on to explain the origin of—

"This strange anomaly, which results from the fact that in Ireland and Scotland the ecclesiastical organisation rested wholly on the cœnobitic life. There were no regular dioceses nor parishes till the twelfth century, and bishops are quite thrown into the shade (*effacés*), not only beside men like Columba, but beside merely ordinary abbots."

The Celtic monastery, in fact, was a clan of celibates—nay,

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* Since this was written, it has been separately published in French.

† Shakespeare (in *Macbeth*) testifies to the feeling even in his day—

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colmeskill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors.

‡ iii. 296.

in some cases, to judge from obscure hints about early Irish Church customs, it was a clan without the celibacy. The men who were looked up to in the world still retained their position in the cloister. Just as women held rank in the clan, so women had great power in the Church. The *comarbh*, or hereditary impropriator (so to speak) of the abbey lands—a greater personage than even the abbot, unless, as was most usually the case, the two offices were united—was in some cases a woman. We confess, however, that (apart from the spirit of clanship which was always so strong in the race) we can see nothing in the Celtic monasteries distinct from their great Anglo-Saxon successors, except the one great point kept out of sight by the Ultramontanes, that, while the Saxons were meekly subservient to Rome, the Celts stubbornly maintained their independence. Monasteries were the natural outgrowth of that age; just as "Phalanstères," Happy Families, Socialist Communities, Shakers' settlements, Mormon cities, and the like belong to an age of vague aspirations, which has broken the bands of faith, which is not satisfied with the world, and yet will not accept God's revealed solution of the world's riddle. These are a protest—a mad one, we grant—against worldliness, against the crushing weight of modern society, under which the individual withers, while the world is more and more, and which, at times, makes us all feel how worthless is our boast that we are free, while we are so often led captive by the power which nothing but God's Spirit prevents us from being wholly enthralled by. So it was in that old world, Celtic as well as Saxon. The subtle power which now works with the craft of the serpent, then wrought with the fury of the lion. The holy walls were a refuge, for which men and women amid that wild life longed as the Psalmist for the Temple, when he said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Thinking people, too, felt the powerlessness of individual effort compared with the resolute working of a community, labouring freely, heartily, under self-imposed rules more strict than the sternest tyrant ever dared to dream of. In countries in the state in which our islands, and Germany, and large parts of Gaul were from A.D. 250 downwards for some four centuries, skilful steady tillage was one of the great needs of society. Fancy the difference between a Thane trying (even if he knew how) to teach his unruly ceorls, or to get a little steady work out of unwilling theows, and a swarm of monks settling down on some wild Yorkshire valley or Highland strath, and digging with a

will—the weakling who should presume to ask for a little *animal* help being rebuked by the stern yet cheery words, "Everybody here must be his own ox, brother." On the subject of the monastic life we recommend the reader to some remarks in Professor Kingsley's *Saint's Tragedy*. As usual, we cannot wholly agree with him; yet we heartily acquiesce in the general truth of his picture, as his chorus of novices walks in procession, singing,

> "All without is mean and small;
> All within is grand and tall."
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> * * * * * *

That was one charm; the other was the delight of belonging to a society which is giving visible evidence of success. We are sure that this, far more than the sensual life, is the grand attraction of Mormonism, just as it is the grand attraction of the republican form of government, and accounts for the immense energy which republics so constantly display at the outset. This principle of association, this fondness for taking a share, first hand, in the work of the society to which we are attached, is strong in a very large class of minds, and has scarcely scope enough under the conditions of modern society. Many men have in all ages rebelled against the notion of merely filling their place like pegs in a machine, and are ready to welcome any system which gives room for individual action. We are sure this is one cause of the strength of Methodism—it makes its members "lively stones," gives all who seek it a real part in its work; it has been, too, one great source of weakness to the Establishment, that its "iron rule" has prevented any development of the kind. The moment the Evangelical and High-Church movements gave life to the Established Church, we began to see Sunday-schools, district visiting, sisterhoods, guilds—"lay agency," as it is called, utilised in ways which the old-school parsons never could have dreamt of. The fault we find with M. de Montalembert is, not that he exalts this principle overmuch—it has surely been underrated in the modern world—but that he tacks on to it as essentials the mere "accidents" of celibacy and subjection to Rome. What we said six years ago of the Benedictines, we repeat now of all the monastic corporations which arose in these isles:—

> "Our country owes much to them. . . . We are not blind to the true evils of the system, but we cannot refuse to acknowledge the benefits which Providence bestowed on Christendom through their agency."

We feel that they were the pioneers of civilisation—to them we owe high-farming, sacred music, window-glass, a much larger number of useful arts than many of us think; to them, too, we owe the first efforts against that slavery on which both Celtic and Saxon society was based. But with all this good was mixed evil, just because of those very practices which M. de Montalembert thinks "essentials"—such as the compulsory vow of celibacy, the corporate tyranny, and, by-and-by, the abject subjection to Rome. The way in which decay settled on the splendid Italian foundations (such as Monte Cassino) when the Popes had managed to become real masters instead of abbots freely chosen by the communities, is well pointed out by M. de Mazade in a recent paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.* It is true of England as it was of Italy; the great men who, in our author's estimation, were doing God's work by forcing every brotherhood to adopt the Roman rule, were really preparing that state of rottenness which tempted the finger of Henry VIII. to break it down with a touch. The Moravians have shown us that a community need neither be celibate nor anti-Christian. Would that those who feel so strongly moved to adopt a cœnobite life that they must either be monks or American fanatics, would calmly consider the scope which the tenets of that interesting body give to its members.

As to the biblical ignorance of monks in later days, we do not think this can fairly be laid to the charge of the members of Celtic or Saxon monasteries. St. Columba devoted his whole leisure to transcribing the Scriptures: he is always magnifying the Word of God. Of Aldhelm we shall have something to say on this subject hereafter. And Ceolfrid, Abbot of Wearmouth and Jarrow, had two copies of the whole Bible made and placed in his two churches, that all might read and study them (ut cunctis qui aliquod capitulum de utrolibet Testamento legere voluissent impromptu esset invenire quod cuperent).†

It is necessary to state clearly what we hold to have been the truth respecting monasticism; that there was connected with it some seasonable and precious good at the first, as well as from the beginning deep, essential wrong and evil, the curse of which ate like a canker, and grew from age to age.

But it is time to return to our author. After completing his picture of Columba and Iona by a glowing tribute to the wonderful missionary spirit and missionary successes of this

* La Question religieuse en Italie, 15th April, 1867.
† Bedæ, Appendix, vita Ceolfridi.

Scotic (Irish) Church, he passes on to Augustine of Canterbury and the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons. Of this part of his work we need say less, because the subject is so much more generally known among us. We are struck at once with the way in which the radical difference between the free, loosely organised Celtic churches and the compact Roman system makes itself seen at the very outset. As soon as Augustine announces his first successes, Pope Gregory gives him "and his successors on the archiepiscopal throne" the right of wearing the *pallium* at mass, and makes him metropolitan of the twelve bishoprics into which he bids him divide the south of England. We are no fervent admirers of Augustine. He was appointed to do a great work, but how sadly the way in which he did it contrasts with St. Patrick's kindly allowance for others! So great was his pride, that Gregory writes to beg him not to be puffed up by what God had wrought through him, nor by the miracles which He gave him power to do, and quotes for his warning the Master's words: "At this rejoice not, that the devils are subject to you, but that your names are written in heaven." We all know the differences between the Welsh Church and Augustine—differences as trifling in themselves as any of the nothings on which the ritualists insist now-a-days —matters like the time for keeping Easter, the right form of tonsure, &c. These, combined with national hatred, were enough to make the Welsh ill-disposed towards the converter of the Saxons; and when, at the second conference, seven bishops and seven of the wisest doctors of the great Monastery of Bangor came to argue with him, they found the Roman sitting ("More Romano," says Henry of Huntingdon), and he does not rise to receive them. Hence still deeper discontent, and a peremptory refusal to concede any of the moot points—"not (our author gratuitously informs us) because they wished to reject the supremacy of the Holy See, but because they would have none of St. Augustine—of the man who was devoting himself to the conversion of their hated foes." Hence, a little later, the murder of the Bangor monks, with Augustine's approval; "for if," said King Ethelfrid, "these men pray to God for my enemies, they are just doing me as great a mischief as if they were to take up arms against me."

Augustine's successor, Laurentius, is milder in manner than his predecessor, but he is not less firm in asserting the pretensions of Rome against the Irish clergy. It was probably this determined "Ultramontanism" which was the ruin of most of the churches planted by these Italian monks. M. de

Montalembert is right in saying that English Christianity is wholly due to the monks; but then he has at once to add that Celtic monks did more towards the work than the Italians. Paulinus failed, and Christianity was ruined in Northumbria; the same happened in East Anglia—everywhere, in fact, except in Kent. And so scanty was the supply even of individual converts of merit, that, while the first twenty-eight archbishops of Canterbury were all monks, more than a century elapsed before an Englishman was found fit to be made even an abbot.

In Northumbria and elsewhere, the Celts succeeded where the Romans had failed. Oswald, exiled among the Scots, and baptized according to their usage, plants the cross in his kingdom as soon as he is restored to it. He sends to Iona for missionaries; and, after getting one incapable, secures Aidan, a man whose real greatness wins honour even from the most bigoted Romanisers. Bede, no friend to the Celtic Church nor to the Celtic race, is loud in praise of Aidan. His life at Lindisfarne, where he sought to establish an Eastern Iona, his relations with Hilda, the famous abbess of Whitby, whose herdsman was Ceadmon, the divine poet—on all this our author enlarges. Aidan is the grand figure here, as Columba was awhile ago in the North and West. We almost forget that James, the deacon, still upheld the Romish rite in Deira, of the consequences of which act we shall hear more anon.

Then comes Wilfrid, the great champion of Rome, the first Anglo-Saxon who ever visited the Holy City. Young Wilfrid was one who "won golden opinions from all sorts of men." As he is going to Rome he stays at Lyons, where the archbishop is so charmed with his calm beauty that he offers to give him his niece in marriage, and to make him governor of a whole province. But he has other work to do. He goes his way, receives the tonsure, and, returning, argues against the Celtic monks at the synod of Whitby with such effect that Bishop Colman gets angry, gives up his see, and goes back to Iona with the bones of his predecessor St. Aidan. Wilfrid's life is a chequered one. The question of Rome *versus* Iona is by no means settled. It becomes political. In vain Wilfrid, determined to have the full advantage of the apostolical succession, goes over to France, and is consecrated by the Archbishop of Paris. A Celtic reaction takes place, and King Oswy removes him, and puts Ceadda, an Irish monk, in his place. The appointment of Theodore the Greek (A.D. 668) by the Pope to the see of Canterbury is an era for English churchmen; for Theodore was made Primate of all England, and one of his first acts

was to reinstate Wilfrid in the see of York, and to transfer Ceadda to Mercia, where he is still held in high honour as St. Chad. Theodore, too, was the author of the division into parishes; and he too held the first Anglo-Saxon council at Hertford. Bede becomes enthusiastic in his praise of Theodore; and undoubtedly a great impulse was given to art and literature, as well as to ecclesiastical unity, during his life in England.

Wilfrid, who loses in middle life his power of winning men, quarrels with Theodore, or rather Theodore is gained over against him by King Egfrid and his Queen Ermenburga. Egfrid was his implacable foe, because, marrying the Princess Etheldreda, he found (like Clothaire) that he had married a nun and not a wife, while Wilfrid, when appealed to by the king, strengthened the lady in her resolution not to break her vows. The second queen hates Wilfrid as much as the first had loved him; and so Theodore is persuaded that the Archbishop of York is getting too wealthy and powerful, and is moved to divide his see into four—York, Hexham (where Wilfrid had built the finest church yet seen north of the Alps), Mercia, and Lindisfarne—which last, the poorest of all, he leaves to the mortified prelate. Wilfrid appeals to Rome, and is reinstated in his archbishopric; but the division into separate bishoprics is maintained, the appointment to them being placed in Wilfrid's hands. But he is not to rest yet. He is put into prison by the Northumbrian king, then he is driven from his see for the second time, and has to appeal again to Rome, where his case drags on through four months; and when he does return successful it is to find that King Aldfrid will not recognise the decision of the Roman Court, and (worse than all) to be driven out in a week by Aldfrid's successor. Of course Wilfrid is a saint in the Roman calendar, though strangely enough his opponent Theodore is so none the less. M. de Montalembert naturally enlarges in glowing language on his character and position.

"His motto was, 'Dieu et mon droit.' He is the first in that noble line of prelates at once apostolic and political, champions both of the Roman unity and of the independence of the Church, among whom are to be reckoned Dunstan, Lanfranc, Becket, Langton, and many more down to Reginald Pole. Such a set of men is not to be found out of England."

Next to him stands St. Cuthbert, whose special friends were the eider ducks ("St. Cuthbert's geese"), which used to swarm on Fern Island; and next to him comes Benedict Biscop,

"who represents science and art, as Wilfrid did public and Cuthbert spiritual life." Our author closes his fourth volume with an eloquent summary of what Christianity had done for the England of the eighth century:—

"See what these savage men have been brought to. Not all of them, doubtless, but the foremost, the most powerful, those among whom the abuse of power and wealth was likely to give birth to the greatest excesses. . . . Christianity has shown them peace, and gentleness, and truth, and holiness, and diligence; it has taught them to love one another and to love souls."

And now comes that enormous development of the monastic life which doubtless weakened the Saxons in their struggle with the Danes, and, eating away, so to speak, the life of the nation, unfitted it for any prolonged contest with the Normans. The number of kings and royal personages who became "religious," is exceedingly edifying to M. de Montalembert, who gives the record of their pious doings in his fifth volume; but we are sure it was not for the good of their people.

We have not left ourselves much space for this fifth volume, and yet it is in some respects the most interesting of the three. Less borne along by the stream of incident, the author has more time to work out his peculiar views on the social effects of monasticism. Here, of course, we join issue with him. We feel the force of his triumphant remark that, in the century and a half between Augustine and the creation of a second metropolitan see at York, the whole of Great Britain had become Christian, and the earlier churches had submitted to Papal rule, "and this great victory was wholly won by the monks." Yes, the monks have the very doubtful credit of destroying the independence both of the Columban and of the Cambrian churches. The Picts are the first to give in; with no great love for their Scotic neighbours (possibly, as Pinkerton thinks, they were of Teutonic race), they adopted the Roman usage, about A.D. 710, under the guidance of Abbot Ceolfrid. The monks of Iona were more stubborn; they gave up their monastic colonies rather than conform; they even refused to listen to Adamnan, Columba's biographer, "the last great man (says our author) in the Celtic church." Egbert, the Anglo-Saxon, succeeded eleven years after Adamnan's death in bringing them over; and now the only "dissenters" were the Welsh, whom their hatred of the Saxons kept firm in their peculiarities. St. Aldhelm makes great efforts to bring them over; but it is only after his death, at the instance of one of their own bishops, Elbod, of

Bangor, that about A.D. 780 they submit to the Roman form. Aldhelm, by the way, was fond of circulating the Scriptures. A story is told that when a ship came in from Gaul, as soon as he heard of the arrival, down he came expecting to find some valuable books among the cargo. One book he fixed on and tried to buy. "Oh, that's too dear for you by a great deal," said the sailors, looking at his rough poor garb. By-and-by a storm came and threatened to drive their ship on the rocks. Aldhelm put out in an open boat to help them, and by his prayers the waves were calmed, while by his efforts the ship was towed into a sheltered place. The sailors begged him to accept the book, which was a copy of the Bible. So again, Bede during his last illness is always copying the New Testament, "that you may not read lies, my children, and may not when I am gone give yourselves up to unprofitable works." Of this fondness for Holy Writ our author makes a great point: "How wicked (he says) to say, in the face of evidence like this, that the Church denies God's Word to her children." He forgets that her having given up her good old rule in this respect is one of the grounds of our Protestant controversy with his church.

The whole chapter on Bede is very interesting. It will amuse most of us to hear that he was currently accused of heresy. He rejected the current belief that the world was only to last 6,000 years, and he did not satisfy the orthodox in the date which he assigned to the Incarnation. We cannot say whether Colenso and the Essayists and Reviewers have got into the ballad literature of our day; we fancy in these degenerate times both the buyers and the makers of halfpenny ballads are alike innocent of any acquaintance with heresiarchs, and utterly careless of dogmatic questions in general; but in those days it seems poor Bede's heresy was sung of by the peasants. He complains about it to Wilfred II. of York: ". . . me audires a lascivientibus rusticis inter hæreticos per pocula decantari." This seems to have nettled him more than the strictures of his brother ecclesiastics. Anyhow, it is worth while to note that scriptural knowledge and an interest in polemics do not necessarily keep pace with what we call civilisation. We are very sure that the Bible was more deeply read, and its argumentative portions more appreciated by the masses in Puritan days than by the same class of people now. This is less strange, because those were days of questioning and upheaving, and yet at the same time of thorough reverence. But it is a little startling to find Saxon boors in the first half of the eighth century discussing over their cups questions which now would send

a congregation to sleep if introduced into a sermon. M. de Montalembert does not note this contrast between England then and England now; between the inquiring spirit of freshly-awakened hearts eager for the truth, and the spirit of Mammon which has so nearly killed out among our masses what we may call the intellectual part of religion, so that even godly persons are in general content if they can be tolerably satisfied that they are saving their own souls, and cannot "spare time" even to think of the great questions which have exercised men's minds in all ages; but he does take occasion from Bede's death to contrast the state of the Northumbrian coal-field then with its state now. And we must confess that, all allowance made for his naturally preferring for stately abbeys and "sanctuaries of prayer and virtue and moral and intellectual life" to "industrial progress," the present condition of the district is not one which we can contemplate with unmixed satisfaction. Let us thank God for what has been done, and let us take courage much has been done. Our author fully admits* the value of Lord Shaftesbury's noble efforts in the cause of our poor miners; but still, as he tells us in his picture of Wearmouth as it is,† there are there, as alas elsewhere, too many victims and ministers of Mammon-worship, living without hope, without ordinary decency, a standing menace to the blind and routine selfishness of the materialists of our day. We may well pray in our author's words—though not exactly in the sense in which he uses them—that

> "The day may soon come when, as of old, we shall see lighted up, amid the marvels and the dangers of this restless modern life, new fires of charity, and light, and peace, like so many heavenly beacons to guide souls, and to draw them upwards to life eternal."

From "the coal country as it is," the transition is easy to a view of the social good wrought by Anglo-Saxon monachism. We have already given our opinion that (other evils apart) there was far too much monasticism in the country. The system sapped the life of the people, and prepared the way for that strange collapse which came in the reign of Harold II. M. de Montalembert is very fair. He records the services rendered by the monks to agriculture (especially in the Fen country) and the part they played as landlords: ("that word *landlord*, which connotes along with the feeling of territorial ownership a tutelary and almost fatherly care for those on the land, seems, as

* iv. 457 *ante.* † v. 103.

well as the word *improvement*, which is so closely connected with it, to have been invented on purpose for the monks. They were the best of *landlords*, the first who understood that property has duties as well as rights"). He shows how, in politics, they greatly helped to form that national unity which was so strong in England at a time when France was still but a collection of discordant parts. He enlarges on their zeal for the enfranchisement of slaves, and their efforts for education;—so that by the close of the seventh century the English monasteries had become, like those in Wales and Ireland, centres of instruction, where crowds of young laymen spent a merry* and (we believe) a by no means useless time of study. But at the same time he warns us that "the age of gold is a chimera, in the history of the Church as elsewhere." Saxon kings indeed thronged to Rome, filling the *Vicus Saxonum*, while not one Merovingian ever made his way across the Alps. Saxon monasteries brought light and culture into the dark corners of the land; but there were false monks and false nuns, who founded sham monasteries, and, when they went abroad as pilgrims, scandalised the faithful in France and Germany by the looseness of their lives. The picture drawn by Boniface, the great apostle of Germany, is a dark one, but our author does not hesitate to transfer it intact to his pages.

"Perpacæ sunt civitates in Langobardia vel in Francia vel in Gallia in qua non sit adultera vel meretrix generis Anglorum: quod scandalum est et turpitudo totius ecclesiæ."—*Epist. ad Cuthbertum Archiepiscopum.*

M. de Montalembert adds some very pertinent remarks of his own, which the Jesuits, and others so fond of hunting after legacies and inheritances, so given up to the maxim that "Money is power," would do well to take to heart. "Deadly riches," he exclaims,† "child of faith, of charity, of generous and spontaneous virtue, mother of covetousness, envy, spoliation and ruin;" and then he goes on to deplore the prodigal munificence of the Anglo-Saxon nobles and its results, and the abuses which councils (like that of Cloveshove, A.D. 747) vainly strove to put a stop to. Many of these establishments soon became lay, many were formed by laymen who pretended for the nonce to be monks, and gathered round them some monks and nuns expelled from the true abbeys; with what results we can well imagine. The same thing went on, in fact, which Mr. Burton notes in the case of the Culdees—lay

* Witness the story told (v. 165) about their love of horse-racing.
† v. 216.

impropriation, or rather appropriation of by no means an honourable kind.

We wish we had space to follow our author through his chapters on female saints, and on the influence and position of woman in the English monastic system. He admits that in "emancipating woman by means of the ideal of Christian virginity," the Church was superadding to the virtues of woman-kind something unthought of among the Jews—something, in fact, he hints, rather heathen than biblical in idea. We quite agree with him in this. We think this "transformation of the little isolated groups of vestals, sibyls, and druidesses, into a splendid and immortal host,"* was a mistake in many ways. Our forefathers of the Reformation felt it to be so. The false notion that virginity was the highest state degraded marriage, and led inevitably to consequences like those which we see where it has been carried out "to its logical results," as in our "logical" neighbours across the Channel.

Not that we believe for a moment that Anglo-Saxon nunneries were the nests of pollution which some suppose. There were (as we have said) loose livers among the pilgrims (like Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* of a later day). There were false nunneries, answering to the smaller houses at the time of the suppression. But in nunneries like Coldingham (the only one, by the way, where any "disorder" is complained of) the scandals were about the breach of small matters of convent rule, and the wearing of fine linen and "scarlet and violet tunics, and hoods and sleeves lined with silk or fur;" and it is notable that these same Coldingham nuns, so fond of neatness and so careful in their toilette, cut off their own lips and noses in the hope of escaping the brutal outrages whereby the Danish plunderers usually made death more bitter to the inmates of a nunnery.

For pure and high-minded affectionateness the correspondence of Boniface with Eadburgha and Cynegilda and other abbesses, of Winefrid with Brigga, &c., will bear comparison with that of any holy women in any age. Not a Madame Guyon herself could express more plaintively the longing of the soul for God; not a Mary Hutchinson could have a stronger sense of right and determination to maintain it. But these were choice souls, such as must always be rare in all societies. To the mass of Saxon nuns we fear the culture of the cloister did not make amends for the destruction of the

* v. 240.

purpose of their existence. And the stringent laws (*i.e.* those of Theodore of Canterbury and Egbert of York, as well as those of the Saxon kings, *e.g.*, Alfred's law *de concubitu nunnæ*) show that the weariness from constantly repeated routine and the unappeased longings which the young girl who adopted the celibate life perhaps had never at the time suspected, often led to public scandals. The system was bad in itself, and worse in that, indirectly (as we said), it threw a slur on married life, and therefore made married people content with a low standard. Very dangerous (one would think) must have been the double monasteries, formed after the Irish plan; for the Irish, "strong in that exceptional chastity which (says our author) belongs to their temperament," were fond of planting a monastery close by a nunnery, and *vice versâ*. Thus it was that at Whitby, Ceadmon grew up under the rule of St. Hilda; thus at Wimborne, Telta's nunnery of 500 nuns (who hated her so much, by the way, for her severity, that they are described as dancing wildly over her fresh grave till the earth gave way) had a monastery attached to it. M. de Montalembert compares the boys'-schools in the United States managed by female teachers, and seems to think that there was no more scandal in the one case than in the other. But instruction lasted later in those early days, and so dangerous did such establishments appear that they were forbidden by Archbishop Theodore, and Muratori is very anxious to prove (against evidence) that none of the kind ever existed at Rome. One thing we are ready to admit, the strong and intrepid character of many of the famous Saxon abbesses; but we cannot agree with our author that they drew this strength from their cloister life. It was natural to women of high rank, born and trained to command.

And now we have followed our author, carefully and conscientiously, through these long and most interesting volumes. "That old world has," he says, "passed away with all its belongings, except," he adds, "this very monachism whose wonderful work in England I have been tracing. Every day young men and maidens still sacrifice themselves—still give up all the hopes and enjoyments of life for the sake of the heavenly Bridegroom." We have not patience to follow M. de Montalembert through his (to our view) very feeble conclusion. After having told us so much that was new—so much in rejoicing at which we can heartily go along with him—he ends with a common-place dithyramb in praise of virginity, in which we cannot find a new thought—nothing but the old arguments which have been scores of times confuted. But

we will not part from so pleasant and painstaking a writer on ground on which we cannot agree with him; rather let us turn back to what he says in three several places in his fifth volume about his own regard for truth:—

"I shall have ill succeeded in making people understand the history of these times, and I shall have sadly neglected the interests of truth, if my readers are not struck throughout with the singular mixture of good and evil which, from the first dawn of Anglo-Saxon Christianity, is apparent in all the relations of the Church with society. Good carries the day at last; but evil is powerful and multiform. Misdoers are always more numerous than saints."—Vol. v. p. 142.

And again:—

"We are tempted to exaggerate in past times no less than now-a-days the peace and sweet calm of the religious life, in the midst either of the storms of the old society or the frivolities and greediness of the modern world. . . . Heaven forfend that in any point I have deceived my readers. The further I advance in my laborious task, the nearer I approach my grave, the more do I feel myself overmastered by a strong and ardent love of truth, the more I feel myself incapable of betraying it, even for the sake of those whom I most love and reverence in this world. The bare idea of adding one more to the clouds whereby truth is still veiled causes me indescribable horror. Timid souls may think I have admitted too much, that I throw too much light on the Church's secrets; but 'Truth before everything' should be the historian's motto, and it has been mine."—*Ibid.* p. 324.

There, that is a noble speech, and we fully believe it. We think no one can read our author without being struck with his candour. Some things which we should wish to see more prominent he cannot help putting a little in the shade, and *vice versâ;* but, on the whole, we feel that a more full and satisfactory collection of facts it would be impossible to make. Though with the author's conclusions from his facts we differ, as we have shown all along, not once only, but continually, the facts themselves are clearly displayed; and, as we saw in regard to the miracles attributed to St. Columba, there is in M. de Montalembert's mind an undercurrent of common sense which preserves him from extravagance, and makes him, in all cases where the position of the Roman pontiff is not concerned, a thoroughly trustworthy guide.

ART. II.—1. *The Church and the World: Essays on Questions in* 1867. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

2. *The Ritual Reason Why.* Edited by CHARLES WALKER. London: J. T. Hayes.

3. *Tracts for the Day; Essays on Theological Subjects.* By Various Authors. Nos. 1—5, edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

4. *The Union Review.* July, 1867. London: J. T. Hayes.

5. *The Charge of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.* 1867. London: Rivingtons.

6. *A Plea for Toleration in the Church of England, in a Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D.* By WILLIAM J. E. BENNETT, M.A. London: J. T. Hayes.

7. *Protestantism and the Prayer-Book.* By the Author of the "Autobiography" in the "Church and the World." London: Thomas Bosworth.

8. *The Church Times.*

THE progress of events has corrected many popular fallacies relative to the new Anglican movement. At first it was supposed that the Ritualistic extravagances, so offensive to the feelings of English Protestants, were nothing more than the eccentricities of a few young and hot-headed enthusiasts, influenced partly by a childish love of parade, and partly by a strong tendency to ecclesiastical æstheticism. The attention which was given to their proceedings was deprecated, as giving them an importance to which they were not fairly entitled, either by their numbers or by the weight and earnestness of conviction which they represented. Comparisons were sometimes made to their disadvantage between them and the Tractarian leaders, and by many they were regarded as the mere residuum of what had once been an influential party. It is now evident, that in all this there has been a serious mistake, and that we are in the presence of an earnest, powerful, and conscientious body of men, who have formed a distinct theory as to the true character of the Angli-

can Church, and who have taken the course which they have adopted, as that most harmonious with their inner convictions, and best fitted to give them practical effect. They object themselves, and with some degree of justice, to the title of Ritualists, as "conveying a false impression, and misleading people into supposing that they are mere æsthetics, fighting for forms and ceremonies, and nothing more." We certainly cannot assent to their desire to be denominated "Catholics;" for nothing can be less Catholic than the exclusiveness of spirit which they cherish, the arrogance of the pretensions which they advance, and the intolerance which they display towards those who do not bow down to their idols. But we should be deceiving ourselves, as well as misrepresenting them, were we to suppose that they are the champions of a mere ceremonialism, valued and preserved solely for its own sake. They certainly magnify the importance of Ritual, even down to its most minute points, in a way which to outsiders seems extremely puerile; but their writers are never weary of telling us that "Ritualism without doctrine is mere formalism, and worse than valueless;" and that the whole controversy turns on the question "whether the religion taught by the system of the Church of England, honestly and consistently exhibited, is a sacramental or non-sacramental religion." They contend for the revival of certain practices, partly because they believe them to be "Catholic," but still more because they hold that sacramental teaching must be accompanied by a symbolic Ritual. All the outward and visible signs of their system are nothing more than the proper embodiments of its inward and spiritual ideas. The first feeling of a Protestant stranger, going into one of their churches, or visiting one of their extraordinary exhibitions of vestments and church furniture, would probably be one of extreme astonishment at the childishness of the promoters of such spectacles; and he might be disposed to indulge in that ridicule which is naturally so offensive to men who feel that they have an earnest purpose even in things which to others appear absurd, simply because they are not understood. Subsequent reflection, however, would teach a candid man to recognise the fact that, whether right or wrong, the system is something more than a mere piece of ecclesiastical millinery, and that vestments and incense, banners and processions, and all the other Ritualistic extravagances, become intelligible and natural enough when viewed in connection with the distinctive ideas of the system to which they belong.

Strong yearnings after reunion with Catholic Christendom, exalted conceptions of priestly prerogative and power, a superstitious, not to say idolatrous veneration for sacraments, a tendency to exalt the objective above the subjective in religion, and to value symbolism not only for itself, but for the influence it is expected to exert over the popular mind, are the leading characteristics of the party. They would wage war against the power of sin in the heart by means of sacraments; they hope to provide a powerful counteractive to some of the greatest evils of our modern civilisation by the confessional; they seek to attract the masses of the ungodly to the worship of the sanctuary by means of gorgeous spectacle and imposing rites. Every subject is regarded by them in its bearings on the interests of the Church. Possessed with mediæval notions, they trace all the faults and follies of our modern social and political life to the decline of Church influence, and their daily labour is to revive it in all its old supremacy. In dogma they are Sacramentarians; in devotional sentiment, Mystics; in habits and tendencies, Mediævalists; in sympathy and aim, strong Romanists.

In this latter point, especially, there is a marked difference between them and the early Tractarians, who, despite their dislike to the principles of the Reformation, and their faith in many Romish doctrines, had but little sympathy with Rome itself. Methodism and Popery were classed together in the advertisement to the *Oxford Tracts* as "in different ways the refuge of those whom the Church stints of the gifts of grace;" and the editors express in the same document their belief that nothing but the neglected doctrines which they were undertaking to develop, would repress that "extension of Popery, for which the ever-multiplying divisions of the religious world are too clearly preparing the way." In one of the early tracts, designed especially for the enlightenment of the uninitiated and the correction of some popular fallacies into which they might be betrayed, it is said, "We acknowledge the Pope and his bishops in foreign countries to be, by station, ministers of the Church, *though we admit and lament the fact, that they have led the branches of it over which they preside, into apostasy and shame.*" In another tract, we have a list, conceived certainly in no very "Catholic" spirit, in which all the sects in England, who do not belong to the branch of the "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ" in this country are divided into three classes, "Those who reject the truth," "Those who receive a part but not the whole of the truth," and "Those who teach more than the

truth." In the third class are "Romanists or Papists," who are placed in the same category as "New Jerusalemites or Swedenborgians," "Southcottians," and "Irvingites." In the first of the celebrated tracts on the "Via Media," the writer protests that he takes stronger ground against Rome than do the Articles themselves, and states several distinct grounds of objection; among which, we may specially note, because of some points in the teaching of the present Anglo-Catholics, are, "That the received doctrine of purgatory is at variance with Scripture, cruel to the better sort of Christians, and administers deceitful comfort to the irreligious;" "That the practice of celebrating Divine service in an unknown tongue is a great corruption;" "That the direct invocation of saints is a dangerous practice, as tending to give, often actually giving, to creatures the honour and alliance due to the Creator alone." In all these respects, Ritualists have, as we shall afterwards see, departed from the ground taken by their predecessors, and it is, therefore, not wonderful that they do not entertain the same feeling towards Rome which was so frequently expressed by the Tractarians, who had no intention, at least in the earlier stages of the movement, of acknowledging the heretical character of the Anglican Church, and humbly seeking reconciliation with the Church of Rome. On the contrary, they regarded her as a "fallen sister," dwelling in "captivity;" and, with all the tenderness they were disposed to show her, did not conceal the fact that they esteemed many of her doctrines unscriptural and mischievous. Even Keble, in his oft-quoted verses, implies that before reunion, Rome must renounce her errors.

> "And oh, by all the pangs and woes
> Fraternal spirits feel,
> Speak gently of our sister's fall.
> Who knows but gentle love
> *May win her at our patient call,*
> *The surer way to prove?*"

Then it was Rome who had fallen, not England; it was the Anglican, not the Romish Church, which was walking in the surer way; and it was in Rome, not in England, that penitence and reformation were to be expected.

Very different is the tone assumed now. So far from being earnest Anglicans, priding themselves on the Apostolic character of their own branch of the Catholic Church, and determined to maintain its independence, the more advanced men in the present movement—those who are sure to stamp upon it the impress of their thoughts and

purposes—plainly avow their desire for the reconciliation of the Anglican Church with Rome, and are prepared to make great concessions in order to secure it. A clever writer in the *Union Review*, the ablest exponent of the party, gives in a recent number a very interesting and suggestive *résumé* of the history of this "Catholic revival," which is entitled to more attention because penned by one who evidently speaks with authority. The story is told in the form of a letter to a Roman Catholic priest on the Continent, and one of its great objects is to make him understand the strength of the sympathy which these "Catholics" feel toward Popery, and to justify them for remaining in the Anglican Church, instead of at once joining that of Rome, with which they have really stronger affinities, and with which they might ally themselves, but for the hope of bringing about a reunion of the two communities—a consummation which would be hindered rather than advanced by the secession of individual Anglicans. The tone taken is apologetic in an extreme degree. The writer hopes that as the Anglican Church has the "Apostolical succession," and preserves, as he devotes great pains to show, a large portion of Catholic doctrine and practice, her condition is not quite desperate, but he frankly confesses that it is sad and melancholy enough. "Do not," is the spirit of this remarkable appeal, "be too severe with us. Our heart is with you; though, both for your sake and ours, we think it best at present to continue in the state wherein we are found. We wish to join you, but in a corporate capacity, not as individuals; and as our Church, though in a very pitiable condition, has not altogether renounced the truth, we believe this to be the wise and right course."

"For what is the Church of England to us? Not a religious 'establishment,' as some regard it—the mere creature of the State. No; she is our spiritual queen—dispossessed, indeed, of her rightful throne, imprisoned, insulted—yea, trampled under foot of those even whose very office it is to win back her crown and maintain her sovereignty; yet still she remains our queen. She is our Holy Mother, through whom we were born into the Catholic Church, in holy baptism, and from whose loving hands we have received the holy bread all the days of our life. To be severed from her is in a certain sense to be severed from the body of Christ. To leave her is, in a certain sense, to leave the Catholic Church itself. I say in a certain sense; for although we believe we are in a true sense a limb of the body of Christ, yet we admit it is a severed limb,—although we are a branch of the tree, yet it is a severed branch. This severance we believe to have been forced upon our Church, and to be in no way an

act for which *she* is directly responsible. There *is* a schism, but *she* is *not schismatic*. And, therefore, through God's mercy, we believe the limb is still a *living limb*, and the branch *no sapless* branch. It is, moreover, although severed, the limb of the body of Christ, *to which, in God's Providence, we belong;* and, therefore, to leave this limb is, as I say, in a certain sense, to leave the body of Christ itself. This severance must and does bring with it several losses. These we regard as God's punishment upon our land for past sins. Yet have we no right to *anticipate* the removal of this punishment *for ourselves*, and to make our *personal* escape from it by *individually* leaving her communion for yours. No! all the members must suffer together, and we must all wait together God's time to heal the wound, so that the whole full, and unimpeded circulation from the heart itself may once more course through our veins."—*Union Review.*

He has sanguine hopes that this period is not very far distant. Already there are multitudes praying for the realisation of this end; there is a great society which seeks it as its distinctive object; it is intended to commence an order of "preaching friars," to diffuse these Catholic ideas among the masses; and thus, in twenty years, it is hoped "Catholicism" will so have leavened the Anglican Church that she will retrace her steps, and, without any conditions, return to Rome "in the spirit of love and humility, feeling sure that the chief shepherd of the flock of Christ will deal tenderly with us, and place no yoke on us which we are not able to bear." Such anticipations may be too highly coloured by the zeal of a zealous enthusiast; but the mere fact that they are entertained, and that a large party is earnestly seeking to give them practical realisation, is surely too significant a phenomenon to be lightly dismissed. Twenty years are a very short time in which to bring about such a revolution; but if Protestant supineness and divisions continue to aid the zeal of these Catholic revivalists, as has unfortunately been the case in the past, we may see results on which we little calculate. The present state of things, indeed, is exultingly pointed to as the harvest of seeds sown by the *Tracts for the Times*, and it is not unreasonably hoped that the greater work of to-day may be followed by still more abundant results.

The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, who has worked and suffered in the cause with a thorough conscientiousness and hearty devotion which even his most sturdy opponents must admire, has, in the opening paper of the new series of *The Church and the World*, raised a pæan of triumph over the progress which has already been made. The view he gives of the "results of the Tractarian movement of 1833," is certainly staggering. It is

not by observing the events of the day, as they pass before us, that we can form anything like a fair estimate of the strength and direction of the currents of thought at work around us, but by a careful comparison of the characteristics of two periods at some considerable distance from each other; and comparing 1833 and 1867 in this way, as Mr. Bennett has done, the contrast is very striking. No doubt his view is that of an eager partisan, and requires considerable qualification; while it is equally certain that, in the production of the results in which he rejoices, there have been other causes at work besides the Tractarian teachings. The party, indeed, owe not a little to that very spirit of liberalism—that disposition on the part of many to "think and let think," so characteristic of our times—which they so earnestly deprecate. Thus we observed that, at the recent meeting of the Congregational Union, there were one or two gentlemen—whose names are not known to fame, but who, if we may judge from their speeches, represent a kind of "Broad Dissent"—who were disposed to take exception to the earnest protest of the Union against Ritualistic teaching, because of their love of liberty. The two extremes have not unfrequently met in this way, and the Sacerdotalists, while strongly denouncing all latitudinarian tendencies, have yet themselves reaped the fruit of teachings against which they have constantly protested. Of course, between them and the Broad Church there is the most decided antagonism, and yet among the disciples of the latter school would be found not a few who, while seeking by honest argumentation to overthrow the errors of their system, would be among the very first to oppose any measures to restrict their freedom of action or to deprive them of their ecclesiastical status. Such proceedings as were taken against Dr. Pusey, or even against Dr. Newman and *Tract XC.*, would hardly be possible now; but then it would be absurd to infer that this is owing wholly or even chiefly to the growth of sympathy with "Catholic" opinions, for much more is due to an increasing indisposition to adopt any measures in restraint of liberty. The various suits in the Ecclesiastical Courts during the past few years, which have shown so clearly the difficulty of securing any positive judgment on controverted points, and revealed the disposition of the courts to discourage attempts to deprive incumbents on the ground of heresy, have still further helped the advance of this feeling. Each party has felt itself weak for aggression, strong for defence; and, under the shelter of this wide-spread conviction of the difficulty of employing the law for the repression of any new school,

the "Catholics" have carried on their work with great boldness and determination. Still, when every allowance which can fairly be required has been made, we do not wonder that Mr. Bennett is gratified with what he sees, or should, as he compares the state of feeling in 1833 with 1867, ascribe the change mainly to the teachings of the *Tracts for the Times*.

Of the greatness of the change there can be no reasonable question. It is only twenty-four years since Dr. Pusey was suspended by the University of Oxford for teachings on the doctrine of the Real Presence, which were mildness and moderation itself compared with those which are set forth in the tracts and hymns and manuals of devotion of to-day. The reception with which *Tract XC.* met was one of the determining causes which drove Dr. Newman to Rome. "If he had but waited (says Mr. Bennett), what would he have seen? He would have seen that very tract, then so ignominiously treated, reprinted with honour, and made a second time a study in parallel lines with *Sancta Clara*." As to the special point of reconciliation with Rome, he tells us:—"Dr. Pusey, who refers in 1841 to the fact that 'an union is impossible,' now writes an Eirenicon to show how it may be brought about, and reiterates *Tract XC.* without fear of the heads of houses. He quotes from all sides to show the loving spirit in which the men of former ages have made the endeavour to bring about a reunion. He urges that we may make it again."

These are certainly remarkable as indications of an apparent change in public sentiment—a change to which too much significance may be attached, but which cannot be treated as altogether unimportant. We are very far from supposing that the strong Protestant feeling of the English nation has been seriously weakened, but the familiarity with Romanist teachings and Romanist spectacles cannot be altogether without effect. The very fact that, in a certain number of churches — with St. Alban's at their head — the "Holy Sacrifice" is continually offered with all the pomp and parade of vestments and incense, has a tendency to break down the sentiment with which such observances have hitherto been regarded. The boldness, therefore, with which these Sacerdotalists carry on their work—their resolution to bow only to the authority of the courts, and then so far only as is absolutely inevitable—have stood them in good stead. We must commend the skill of their tactics, however we may deprecate the end for which they are employed. A more timid and tentative policy would very speedily have defeated itself. The strength they have has been gained largely by acting on the old

maxim, "Nothing venture, nothing win;" and events hitherto have seemed to show that the counsels of a boldness so daring as to savour of rashness, were those of the truest wisdom.

One of the great dangers of the present time arises from the difficulty of making Protestants, who have given no special attention to the subject, realise the full extent to which the movement has already gone, and appreciate the earnest spirit by which its promoters are influenced. They have probably never witnessed a Ritualistic service, and, if they have, but imperfectly understood its real significance. They have not come into contact with the organs of the party; and their ideas of what these Catholics really mean are sufficiently vague and shadowy. The perusal of a few numbers of the *Church Times*, or of the *Church News*, would surprise many of these innocent souls, who are living on in perfect unconsciousness of the way in which the various practices of Popery are being introduced into the Anglican Church. They will there meet with phrases which, to Protestant ears, are so strange and novel as to be all but incomprehensible. They will read of the "Ferial Psalter," and the "Festival Psalter," of "Graduals" and "Processionals," and "Original Sequences;" of the "retable," the "corporal," and the "dossal," and innumerable other things, which as belonging to a Protestant Church will sorely puzzle them. They will read to their amazement of "High Mass" being celebrated in Protestant places of worship, and of the doings of sacred brotherhoods and sisterhoods; the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament;" the "Guild of St. Alban," or of "St. Joseph," or the "Brothers of St. Benedict," or the "Sisters of St. Martin's Priory"—orders which have suddenly sprung up within the Protestant establishment. They will come across extraordinary discussions as to the proper position of the priest at the altar, and similar difficult Ritualistic questions; they will be puzzled by descriptions of services, the terms of which they cannot accurately explain, but which, from first to last, savour of Rome and Romish usages. They will learn that, as might be expected, men with a keen eye for business are trying to make the most of the new movement; and that there are warehouses where all the requisites of the school are supplied — "ecclesiastical warehouses," where are prepared "designs for embroidery and appliqué work for frontals, chasuble sets, copes, hoods, &c.;" and where, among other requisites for this style of worship, are furnished "embroidery silk, floss, gold spangles, jewels," and a multitude of other things, forming altogether a catalogue that seems more fitted for a stall in

Vanity Fair than for an ecclesiastical establishment. Last, but not least important, they will have advertisements of a great variety of literature devoted to the propagation of the peculiar doctrines of the new cult—tracts, tales, sermons, manuals of devotions, Eucharistic Litanies, and the like. The study of these papers is not particularly profitable; sometimes it provokes a laugh, more frequently it rouses a feeling of indignation at this miserable tampering with all that Englishmen have held most sacred and precious; but it is certainly instructive, as marking the growth of doctrines and usages which, unless arrested, threaten to revolutionise the whole character of the Anglican Church.

But a full impression of the character of the system can only be gained from one of its services, especially from what they term "High Celebration" or "High Mass." We have talked with some friends who had read a good deal of these doings, and afterwards have witnessed them, and they have always agreed that the reality far transcended all that they had pictured to themselves from the descriptions. In spirit, the services at St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Mary's, Moorfields, are essentially the same. In the latter there is more calmness, less apparent straining after effect, more artistic finish; but in both the same ideas rule throughout: in both there is the same symbolism, the same love of show, the same subordination of the spiritual to the material, the same exaltation of the priest and his functions, the same prostration of the intellect and heart of the people. Of course in St. Alban's the prayers are said or intoned in English, but this employment of the vulgar tongue appears to be hardly consonant with the views of some of the party; for the Rev. C. J. Le Geyt, in his essay *On the Symbolism of Ritual*, in the present series of *The Church and the World*, says:—"The very language of Divine worship, lifted, in one portion of the Church Catholic, above the 'vulgar' tongue by the prevalent use of Latin, is, when the vernacular has been restored, as with ourselves, separated from that of common life by the prescribed musical recitation, commonly but incorrectly termed 'intoning,' and by the plain chant of the Church."

It is not necessary for us to repeat a bare description of the spectacle at one of these celebrations, as it appears to an uninformed spectator; but it will be useful, under the guidance of so able an interpreter as Mr. Le Geyt, or Mr. Walker, the author of the *Ritual Reason Why*, to study its character and point out the symbolic value which is ascribed to its rites. The celebration of the "Blessed Sacra-

ment of the Body and Blood of Christ," the "Holy Sacrifice," the "Holy Eucharist," or the "Mass," as they variously designate it, is, we need hardly say, in their view the central act of worship. So great is the importance attached to the right observance even of the most minute rite connected with it, that we have a "Confraternity" associated for the express purpose of doing it honour.

"Its main object is to perform acts of reparation for the many dishonours done in our land to our Lord's sacramental presence, and to use all efforts to promote the payment of the honour due to Christ. It holds its anniversary services naturally on Corpus Christi day, and its numbers are, year by year, steadily increasing. To this agency we look for such work as helping poor parishes to provide the proper mass vestments and altar furniture, and spreading by its publications the Catholic doctrine of the Presence, and all other doctrines and practices necessarily developing out of it. *To it, for instance, we must in the course of time look for agitating the restoration of the Perpetual Presence, at present, unhappily, not provided for in our church laws and the establishment of a system of perpetual adoration of that Presence.*"—*Union Review*, July, 1867.

The question of the name by which the service is designated might, at first sight, appear to be of little importance; but when we note the evident fondness for the employment of the word "Mass," we may be quite sure that it is used with a purpose. No doubt the mere assimilation to the terminology of the Romish Church has an attraction; but even this would hardly have induced the Sacramentarian party to place themselves in direct collision with the declarations of the Articles of their Church if the word had not been distinctive and significant. The words of the Article XXXI. appear to unsophisticated minds clear and decisive enough. "Wherefore the sacrifices of masses, in the which it was commonly said, that the priest did offer Christ for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." The ingenious sophistry, which evades the force of this emphatic condemnation, and contends that the Church, in thus repudiating the sacrifices of masses, had no intention of rejecting the idea which lies at their root, is a very fair specimen of the spirit of the school, and the way in which they deal with questions of this character so as to quiet the troubles of conscience which we may suppose the Articles may sometimes cause those in whom any sensibility is left.

"*Question.* Does not the Thirty-first Article condemn the mass by that very name? A moment's reflection will serve to show that this is not the case. For by the 'Mass' is simply meant the Sacrament

of the Lord's Supper. A Roman Catholic theologian will tell you that all that is necessary (though more may be desirable for solemnity's sake) for the celebration of the mass is that a lawful minister use the words and gestures of Christ over the appointed elements of bread and wine, of which he afterwards partakes. Now all these conditions are preserved in the Prayer Book as necessary to a valid administration of the Lord's Supper. Hence the Church could not condemn the mass without condemning the institution of Christ. All that she could say would be that the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass, was wrongly so called, because it was not a *Missal*, *i.e.* a sacrificial offering. But her best divines have ever taught the reverse. Thus Bishop Overall, who drew up the last part of the Catechism, says, 'It is a plain oblation of Christ's death once offered and a representative sacrifice of it for the sins and for the benefit of the whole world.' And Bishop Andrewes, 'The Eucharist ever was and by us is considered both as a sacrament and sacrifice.' And again, Bishop Cosin, who was chiefly employed by the Church in the last revision of the Prayer Book, 'We call the Eucharist a propitiatory sacrifice, both this and that (*i.e.* the sacrifice on Calvary), because both of them have force and virtue to appease God's wrath against this sinful world.' The doctrine which the Article condemns is the doctrine that the Holy Eucharist is a *Missal* in such a sense as to interfere with the unity and completeness of the sacrifice on Calvary, the great *missal nedaba*, or free-will offering of Himself by Christ —that it is an independent repetition, not a continued and renewed application of that sacrifice."—*Ritual Reason Why*, p. 214.

In reading this and other pleadings of a similar character in favour of a "Catholic" interpretation of the Articles, the first reflection that suggests itself is as to the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of so constructing a declaration of faith as to anticipate the evasions of men who desire to escape from its obligations. Here is an Article which has been read in one particular way for three centuries, and which unprejudiced men all read in the same way now, and yet we are invited to believe that all these interpreters have been mistaken and that the language really lends a tacit and implicit sanction to the very thing which it has always been supposed to condemn. We will not impugn the sincerity and conscientiousness of those who take this view, but we must say that though they may have succeeded in persuading themselves into a belief in this interpretation, they will find it very hard to persuade any one else. That the bishops, to whose authority they appeal, had strong Romanist tendencies, we do not doubt. But, as the Articles distinctly teach that even churches have erred "not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith," it is nothing very

wonderful if individual bishops have erred also. At least, their private utterances are not to be set up in opposition to the clear language of the Church formularies, in the preparation of which they may have been greatly concerned, and yet have failed to mould them in exact conformity with their personal opinions. The Ecclesiastical Courts have unfortunately encouraged this sort of appeal from the authoritative doctrines of the Church to the teachings of prelates and illustrious divines, a course of procedure than which nothing could be more unsound in principle or more mischievous in its results, as ministering to that disposition to tamper with the plain meaning of language which is as demoralising in its influence as it is dishonest in its reasonings.

Of course, if the "Mass" were simply another name for the Lord's Supper, which might be used interchangeably with it as being exactly identical in its significance, the argument of Mr. Walker that the Article intended only to deprecate the term, not to condemn the thing, would be perfectly valid. But the "Mass" gives a special view of that sacrament—very important to be preserved, if true—but, if false, involving such serious error that nothing would have been more reprehensible than the retention of the term in which it was implied. The compiler of the First Liturgy of Edward VI. retained the term, describing the service as "the Supper of the Lord and Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass." But in the Second Liturgy of the reign the latter clause was dropped, and has never since been restored. Surely all this supplies strong presumptive evidence, at least, in favour of the natural interpretation of the Article, and against that restriction of its meaning which would deprive it of all point and force. What the creed of Pius requires the Romanist to believe on this point is, "that in the mass there is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead," and the belief in this appears to us perfectly compatible with the acceptance of the Article as understood by these new interpreters. In truth, if we are to follow these guides, we must credit the compilers of the Articles with singular ignorance and imbecility. They did not, in their theory, design to prepare a confession of faith at all, but simply to record their protest against certain errors of the Romish Church; but the errors against which they protested have never formed part of the true creed of that church, and the Articles are, therefore, reduced to a mere "brutum fulmen," which, we may suppose, the semi-Romanists among the editors agreed to adopt to humour the prejudices of their

Protestant colleagues. That there were men who had to do with the preparation of the Articles, who regarded them as distinctly inculcating the Protestant doctrines which they loved themselves, cannot be doubted by any one who has studied the history of the period; and could we believe in the idea now set forth as to the "Catholic" sense of the document, we should only feel that they had been outwitted by those of Romanist proclivities, and that the whole affair was little better than a mere juggle. We cannot, however, acquiesce in this ingenious theory, but, on the contrary, hold that the term "Mass," as descriptive of the Lord's Supper, expresses an idea altogether alien both to the spirit and letter of the formularies of the Anglican Church. There is much that is questionable in these formularies on some points, but there is nothing in them to warrant Bishop Cosin's notion—which is, in our judgment, opposed even to the modified interpretation of the Article—that the Eucharist is a "propitiatory sacrifice," which has "force and virtue to appease God's wrath against a sinful world."

We have dwelt the longer on the question of the name because it is intended to express the idea that runs throughout the whole celebration. The type of the service is found in the wondrous vision of John in the Apocalypse, where, we are told, we find all "the apparatus of sacrificial worship," and a picture of the Liturgy we ought to observe on earth. There may be "Low Mass," that is a celebration "without the adjuncts of assistant ministers and choir," the priest being attended only by a server, who is there "partly in honour of the priest's office, partly to avoid the unseemly necessity of his leaving the altar to take the journey backwards and forwards to the credence-table." The "High Mass," which differs from the other only in the addition of more pomp and ceremony, is ushered in by a procession, designed to represent the progress of the Church. The celebrant closes the procession, carrying the sacred vessels under a veil, "from motives of reverence, for which cause also he spreads the corporal or fine linen cloth on the altar, and then deposits the chalice (still veiled) on it." He then returns to the steps of the altar and prepares himself for approaching it by certain prayers, said *secreto*. Nothing surely would seem to be more appropriate than this offering of private supplications by a minister of Christ before entering on his public duties; but if the "secreta" are expressive of thoughts and feelings altogether inconsistent with the spirit of the outward service, as laid down in the Church's formularies, nothing can be

more objectionable. For what can be worse than that a priest while publicly reciting certain prayers should secretly be employing other forms of devotion which give an entirely different complexion to the whole? The sincere worshipper takes up the Prayer Book and rejoices that, at all events, there is nothing in the language of the Communion Service to countenance the notion that the priest is there offering a sacrifice. He may find many things which he would fain have altered, he may reasonably object to the form of consecration and to the words employed in the distribution of the elements, and regret the changes that have been made in the more simple formulary of Edward VI.'s Second Liturgy; but he congratulates himself on the assurance that the priest nowhere professes to be representing the sacrifice of Christ. But his satisfaction would be materially reduced if he knew that the secret devotions of the priest are so shaped as to compensate for the deficiencies of the public service. The Priest's Prayer Book is intended to furnish a help and guide in these private supplications, and it makes the most minute provisions for the requirements of every part of the service. It contains an "Office before Celebrating," "Secreta at the Celebration," and an "Office after Celebrating." There are prayers to be used while "Vesting for the Holy Communion," each separate vestment from the "amice" to the "chasuble" having its own distinctive prayer. There are prayers for every different change of position, and for each successive act at the altar, among which we find the following:—

On offering the Bread.

"Receive, O Holy Trinity, this oblation which I, an unworthy sinner, offer before Thy Divine Majesty, in honour of Thine all Holy Name* for mine own sins, and for the salvation of the whole mystical Body of Christ."

On offering the Chalice.

"We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the Cup of Salvation, beseeching Thy clemency, that it may ascend before Thy Divine Majesty as a sweet odour for our salvation, and for that of the whole world."

Just before leaving the Altar.

"May this Act of my homage, O Holy Trinity, be pleasing unto Thee, and grant that the Sacrifice, which I, a miserable sinner, have

* As an illustration of the rapid development of the system, we may note that in "Notitia Liturgica," one of the latest manuals, the priest is here directed to say "in honore tuo et Beatæ Mariæ, et Omnium Sanctorum Tuorum, pro peccatis et offensionibus meis; pro salute vivorum et requie omnium fidelium defunctorum."

offered before Thy Divine Majesty, may be acceptable unto Thee, and through Thy mercy may be a propitiation for me, and for all for whom I have offered it."

The form prescribed in the Prayer Book is not only free from this idea of a representation of the sacrifice of Christ, but describes the Sacrament as "pledges of His love, and for a continual remembrance of His death, to our great and endless comfort," and in the Prayer of Consecration uses language, which, if words are to have any significance at all, seem altogether to preclude such an idea. "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who of Thy tender mercy didst give Thine only Son Jesus Christ to suffer death upon the Cross for our redemption; who made there (by His one oblation of Himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world; and did institute, and in His Holy Gospel command us to continue, *a perpetual memory of that His precious death, until His coming again.*" The question really is, whether a memorial of the death and a representation of the sacrifice are one and the same thing.

Be this as it may, the whole of a Ritualistic celebration is constructed on the sacrificial idea, and every one of its acts has some symbolism belonging to it. The priest must *stand*, not *kneel*, before the altar. Standing is the "position of sacrifice to signify his office as viceregent of and substitute for our Lord Himself, who in truth here offers Himself, and is offered by the hands of the priest." Were he to kneel, he would fail to "express the nature of his prerogative, and to exhibit, for the edification of the faithful, the due 'ministration' of the priesthood." Appearing, then, as the representative of the Lord offering up Himself, the whole ceremonial is designed to be a picture of the various scenes of the Passion; the desire being to develop to the utmost a "histrionic" element in Christian worship. The term is a strange one to employ in reference to a religious service, and especially one of so solemn a character, but it is the only one that is appropriate, and it is in exact accordance with Dr. Littledale's pleadings in the first series of *The Church and the World*. The priest is arrayed in vestments, each of which has some mystic meaning in connection with the sufferings of the Great High Priest there represented. The amice represents the linen rag with which He was blindfolded; the alb, the white garment in which He was arrayed by Herod; the stole, the girdle, and the maniple, the fetters with which He was bound; and the chasuble, the seam-

less vest and the purple garment, the cross with which it is embroidered being, of course, emblematic of the burden which He bore so meekly up the hill of shame. In like manner are the separate acts of the priest symbolical. It would be impossible for us to trace them in detail without an undue extension of the length of this article, and we therefore content ourselves with two or three examples. The changes in position from south to north, and to the midst of the altar, are explained as representing our Lord's journeys to and from the tribunals of Caiaphas, Herod, and Pilate. Water is mingled with wine (whether legally or illegally remains to be determined) to show the mingled tide of blood and water from the Saviour's side. The covering of the elements, after what is called the first oblation, is a sign either of the veiling of the Lord's divinity in the robe of flesh, or of His being clothed in the purple robe, while the covering of what remains after the Communion symbolises the laying of the body in the grave. Of the elevation, after the consecration, we will give the account in the words of Mr. Le Geyt, who himself quotes from Dr. Littledale on the "Elevation of the Host."

"Immediately on the Consecration of the Sacrament, in either kind, the priest kneels in acknowledgment and adoration of the Divine presence, then rising, 'takes into his hand' the paten or chalice, and lifting it fulfils the great object of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and 'shows forth the Lord's death' before God, as the 'One full, perfect, and sufficient Sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.' The elevation is simply the suitable action accompanying the significant and sacrificial word, '*Do* this in remembrance of Me.' The most ancient liturgies express the belief of the early Church, that the act of elevation was observed by our Blessed Lord Himself at the institution of the Holy Eucharist. It symbolises exactly the lifting up of Christ on the Cross, and thus most fitly enters into the Liturgy, which is, among other things, a typical drama of the passion, and not merely a rite of communion.' It marks also clearly for the people, especially for such as cannot read or may be too far in church to follow the service accurately, the most solemn point in the Liturgy. The Eastern Church provides for this intimation by the gestures and words of the deacon; the Roman Church warns the faithful by the sound of a bell; but in the English Church, failing elevation they have no guidance, and are placed at a positive disadvantage.' Dr. Littledale's exhaustive essay on 'The Elevation of the Host,' from which the above extracts are made, will prove most valuable to any who are not well acquainted with its significance and unquestionable authority in the Church of England."—*Essays on the Church and the World*, Second Series, pp. 563, 564.

This idea of a dramatic representation of the most solemn facts in the history of redemption, is sufficient to shock the reverential instincts of all who have not been trained in the strange notions of this new ecclesiasticism, which hopes to win the masses by these object lessons in religion, as Dr. Littledale calls them, and at the same time fancies that it is doing honour to God and the great mysteries of our religion by this outward pomp and show. We must never forget, however, that these "Catholic" practices are the natural results of "Catholic" doctrine, and that, while intently anxious on the revival of this symbolic Ritual, the chief object of these men is to represent Christianity as a system of sacramental grace. Nothing can be more unfounded, therefore, than the idea that Ritualism is finding sympathisers even among the ranks of Protestant Dissenters. It is perfectly true that there has been in Nonconformist communities, of late years, a growing desire for a more refined and even ornate style of worship, that the style of their architecture has been changed, and that often the character of the service has changed with it, that the chanted psalm has taken the place of the metrical hymn, that in a few places the Te Deum and similar compositions have been introduced, and that, even among Congregationalists, some voices have been raised in favour of the adoption of a liturgical element in public worship. We do not pronounce at all as to the wisdom or expediency of such changes, but, such as they are, they are simply æsthetical, and do not express the slightest tendency to Sacerdotalism. One of the writers of *Tracts for the Day* has discovered the "wonderful fact that the Dissenters find it necessary to make their worship more 'sacramental' in character, in order to keep together the more earnest of their flocks and prevent them from leaving their sect." A very wonderful fact, indeed, but like a great many other wonderful things which these "Catholics" have discovered, having no existence except in the writer's own fervid imagination. There are doubtless many Dissenters who think that the Puritans, in their strong recoil from Romanism, pushed their conclusions too far, and in their zeal against a symbolic Ritual eliminated from public worship much that might with advantage have been retained. They believe that the cause of truth has suffered by this mistake, and are desirous, as far as they can, to repair it, and do not think it wise to be deterred from the working out of such ideas even by the extravagances of Anglican Ritualists. They do not feel that the best way to contend against error is to ignore any element of truth and

strength which may be in it, and to allow the prominence given to one extreme to force them into another equally false and mischievous. But as to any sympathy with the doctrines of sacramental grace, or any desire to make their worship symbolical, they are as innocent as the most sturdy Puritans of Commonwealth times. No doubt, could some of these old worthies rise again, they would be surprised at many of the changes which they would find in the modes of Nonconformist worship, but in intense opposition to Romanist dogmas and principles, they would find their successors as stern and uncompromising as themselves.

We say this much because great injustice is done by the failure to discriminate between mere questions of taste or feeling which simply affect the externals of service and those which have to do with dogma. It cannot be too often repeated that Ritualism is a creed and not a mere ceremonial, and that that creed includes the very dogmas by which Popery is distinguished from Protestantism. The great doctrine of justification by faith, which is the strength and glory of Protestantism, is, in the eyes of Catholics, nothing better than an abomination, against which they take every opportunity of protesting. The Protestant theory is that, through spiritual union with Christ, the Christian receives the blessings of salvation—theirs that, through sacraments rightly administered by priestly hands, the life of the soul is first given, and afterwards sustained, its diseases healed, its waste of strength and energy repaired, and the grace which it has lost restored. "God," we are told, "has adapted His provisions to meet the wants of man's constitution, and therefore that any wilful departure from such order, any attempt at communion with God than through these outward media, is not only contrary to His economy, but must fail of its end." In other words, man cannot enter into fellowship with God except by means of these sacraments. His personal trust and love, his earnest prayers, his struggles after holiness, all go for nothing. He may ask for mercy, but, unless he seeks it in God's appointed way—and that, according to these teachers, is by the observance of these sacraments—he cannot expect to find it; for "neither in the economy of Moses nor in that of Christ, are there any intimations that God deals with man in his own individual capacity, without reference to his belonging to the visible community of His appointing; nor that, as a member of such community, does He deal with him independent of outward and visible forms and signs. In other words, man has no

inherent right to God's gifts and graces, except through such media as God has Himself ordained."

Here, then, is the fundamental difference of the two systems, and we need not say that it touches the very vitals of our faith. The Tractarians have on more than one occasion shown themselves zealous champions of some of the controverted doctrines of Christianity. They have vindicated the inspiration of Scripture; they have insisted on the reality and sufficiency of the Atonement, in opposition to some of the crude theories which have been prevalent in relation to it; and we have often felt how much strong sympathy after all there was between us. But that sympathy is evidently more apparent than real. They give us with one hand what they take away with the other; and, having first established a doctrine, then employ all their ingenuity to strip it of everything that gives it power and value. They are frightfully jealous of the scepticism which would undermine the authority of Revelation; but they themselves make it of none effect through their vain traditions. They repudiate the philosophy that fritters away the great doctrines of the Atonement; but they dim the glory of that truth and debase the character of the Gospel altogether, when they teach that the priest alone, through the medium of sacraments, can communicate its precious blessings to the soul. Protestantism teaches the soul to seek Christ Himself: this "Catholicism," that "Christ has ordained both priests and sacraments for our use, and woe be to us if we reject them." The contrast between the two theories is drawn at considerable length in the third of *Tracts for the Day*, a series intended specially to exhibit and defend the dogmatic basis of the teaching. "Some one," we are told, "must direct the would-be penitent to Christ, and tell him how he may find pardon. In each case, then, the penitent is, to a certain extent, dependent on the ministry of others." This attempt at an *argumentum ad hominem* is ingenious, but more ingenious than fair. In the first place, the Protestant does not insist on the absolute necessity of the interposition even of a preacher, but distinctly teaches that Scripture itself is sufficient to guide the soul into the knowledge of the truths that concern its eternal peace, and that all the preacher can hope to do is commend that truth to every man's conscience as in the sight of God. He lays claim to no special prerogatives belonging to him as one of an order; he has no mystic blessings to give or withhold; he aspires to have no influence over the souls of men, except such as may arise from his more perfect spiritual sympathy with the truth,

and that clearer apprehension of its meaning which is the fruit of devout and prayerful study, and of that truer insight which personal fellowship with the Spirit of God alone can impart. Between him, therefore, and men who claim to act only as "Christ's agents," and who, "in accordance with His appointment, carry pardon to the penitent, because Christ is not in His own person visibly present to pronounce absolution," there is no resemblance. It is easy enough to say that in both cases alike the penitent is dependent "on the delegated powers of a human ministry;" but it can hardly need any elaborate argument to show that the difference between the Protestant preacher, who preaches pardon through Christ, and the "Catholic priest," who professes to stand in Christ's stead, and to pronounce the absolution of the penitent in the most positive manner, is something more than a difference in degree. Indeed, their own account of the difference, though far from being fair, is itself sufficient to indicate how wide is the gulf which separates them from us.

"The Catholic and Protestant ideas are wholly different on this point, consequently the treatment of the penitent is also different. The Protestant directs the penitent to rely wholly and entirely on his own internal feelings; he is not to go out of himself for pardon and grace. From the beginning to the end of the operation it is something worked out in the mind and consciousness of the sinner. All such expressions as 'going to Christ,' 'throwing yourself wholly on Him,' 'not trusting to your own works,' and many such like, mean simply this—that entire and implicit reliance is to be placed by the penitent on his own private feelings and the convictions of his own mind. He is not to seek Christ out of himself or apart from his own impressions. He is not to go to a sacrament specially appointed by Christ for this very purpose. He is not to go to the physician and drink the bitter but healing draught. All is to be transacted in the sinner himself—a solitary individual without the membership of the communion of saints. How different is the faith of the Catholic Church, and the practice of the Catholic penitent! 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's Holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.' Here the penitent is taught not to trust to his own feelings and mental convictions—for may they not deceive him? . . . It is a plain, incomprehensible, intelligent direction as to how the penitent is to go to Christ. He is to go to God's priest, and to confess his sins to him. The priest has a commission from Christ to pronounce his pardon; and that pardon, so pronounced, will convey not only peace to the soul, but also forgiveness of sins."—*Tracts for the Day*, No. 3, p. 60.

Fully recognising the existence of this radical distinction in the teaching given to the sinner as to the way of salvation, we must protest against this representation of Protestant doctrine as being nothing more than a miserable caricature. The Protestant meets the anxious inquiry of the awakened soul, with the answer that Paul gave to one in like circumstances: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But in doing this he inculcates no reliance on the mere feelings of the soul itself. Christ is distinctly presented before it as the object of trust, and the man's salvation depends not on the strength of his own faith, but on the infinite grace and preciousness of Him on whom its confidence is reposed. It is perfectly true that this, like all other doctrines, may be abused, and that many may and do seek the ground of their assurance in their own experiences instead of in the love of the Saviour. But this is not the Protestant doctrine. It is one with the Catholic teaching in bidding a man look for his salvation from without and not from within. The difference is this: the Protestant sets Christ before him as the one object of his faith, and teaches that through personal faith alone he can be brought into spiritual union with Him. The "Catholic," on the contrary, sets before him priests and sacraments, tells him that he can be saved only as a member of the Church, and bids him seek spiritual blessings by submission to her authority, and the observance of the rites which she has ordained.

If this latter theory be true, the apostles must surely have been very deficient in the instruction which they communicated. The response of Paul to the Philippian jailor, as above cited, is open to even more serious objection, for its effect could only be to mislead. There is not a word in it about confession or penance, not the slightest reference to any sacrament, but simply a call to a faith which the soul itself was to exercise. It is easy to say that by believing on Christ was meant compliance with His requirements as made through his ministers; but in the absence of the slightest hint of the sacerdotal claims which are now set forth, we decline to accept such an interpretation of language which is clear and intelligible enough as it stands, but which is utterly misleading if we allow its Divine simplicity to be thus marred by the introduction of mere human fancies. According to these men, the Apostle ought to have taught that the whole of Christian life is spanned by a series of sacraments: that first in Baptism a new and grace-bestowed life is imparted; that, as the enemies to that new life seek to destroy it, and its

inherent weakness becomes manifest, a sacrament of Confirmation is provided, strengthening it to overcome the evil and to cultivate the good; that when the tempter has triumphed, and actual lapses from the path of duty have come, the Divine mercy has ordained a sacrament of Absolution, by which, after confession and penance, the soul may be restored to the enjoyment of peace with God; that if the soul suffer from disease or weariness, there is a sacrament of Unction by which the Holy Spirit restores the suffering inner life to health and to God's favour; and finally that, throughout the whole of the Christian course, there is that most wonderful and precious of all sacraments, in which our Lord gives His own flesh and blood to serve for the nourishment which the daily wants of the soul require. If all this be true, it is, to say the least, strange, that the New Testament nowhere gives us any outline of this extraordinary arrangement. It sets forth the struggles and difficulties of the Christian life, it insists on the continued need of Divine grace and help to meet its varied demands; it contains "exceeding great and precious promises" as to the bestowment of grace; but nowhere does it even suggest the existence of these various sacraments, much less does it anywhere teach that, apart from these, the special privileges of the New Covenant are not to be obtained.

When, indeed, we ask for proofs of the truth of this sacramental scheme, we find them, as might be expected, meagre and unsatisfactory enough. First some general principles, about which it is impossible there can be any doubt, are laid down with great ease, and then in some singular fashion we find these taken as proofs of the very points needing to be established. Thus, for example, the undoubted fact that God has sometimes used material things for spiritual purposes, as in the institution of sacrifices, and the erection of the temple, and that our Lord did, in some of His miracles, redeem parts of nature from the curse of the Fall, and continually act by means of human agents, is laid down as the basis of all argument in favour of the Divine appointment of the "Seven Sacraments." The premises are true, but they have no relation to the conclusion. Granted that this Catholic dogma were true, we might find in the facts thus adduced a certain analogy to it, or we might go further and admit that they supply an argument against any who should assert that it was impossible for God to act in the way which this theory of sacramental grace supposes. But to those who, like ourselves, demur to these *à priori* arguments altogether, and who, confessing their utter ignorance of the modes of the Divine work-

ing, simply demand proof from God's own Word that He has chosen to communicate His grace in this fashion, the analogy is of no avail whatever. However extraordinary such a conception of the Divine character and operations be, we do not refuse to receive it because it is contrary to all our preconceived notions. We simply ask for Scripture testimony, and instead of receiving it are met by a number of vague statements which may very possibly all be true, but whose truth or falsehood has not the least relevance to the point at issue.

In like manner an argument in favour of sacramental confession is sought to be drawn from the constant tendency of men to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think, to believe in the flattering tales of vanity or prejudiced friendship, to hide from themselves the true state of their own souls, and often to "go through life with the most perfect self-complacence, utterly unconscious of those faults and habits which form topics of censure or perhaps ridicule for their immediate neighbours." Undoubtedly all this is true, and it is equally true that we may wisely take advantage of the "experience and sagacity of another to point out how such faults and habits are to be amended, how such temptations are to be met, and how habits of a different kind are to be formed." To deny this would be to deny the benefits of true love and friendship altogether, to declare that the wisdom and experience of one man can never be made helpful to another, to push the idea of individuality to the point of complete isolation. But all this does not touch the question, which is not whether we may sometimes find benefit by confiding the secret sorrows and burdens of our soul to a friend, who may tenderly and wisely guide us into a fuller knowledge of ourselves, and by his sympathy and counsel strengthen us in the fight within, but whether God has ordained a certain body of men thus to act as "confessors" and "directors" to their fellows, and whether it is through them and them only that He grants that pardon for which the soul sighs. These are the only questions in dispute, and on them these very true and sagacious observations on human nature and its tendency to self-deception throw no light at all.

If scriptural evidence is not forthcoming in support of these views, it is certainly not through any unwillingness to eke out an argument from the most scanty material. We have rarely met a more extraordinary and unwarranted manipulation of biblical declarations than is to be found in some of these tracts. Thus the authority of the Church is deduced from

the gracious declaration of our Lord as to the answer which He will give to the prayers of His people.

"From the context, where mention is made of two or three meeting together, and agreeing on anything done on earth, that it will be ratified in heaven, we are disposed to think that our blessed Lord referred to ecclesiastical councils, and the power of setting articles of faith and canons of discipline. It amounts then to a declaration on Christ's part, that He conferred on the priesthood the power to settle disputes in doctrine, to draw up forms of worship, and to ordain canons and decrees for the faithful. Each diocese has the power of meeting in regular synod to consider such questions; while it is reserved to the highest form of synod, the General Council, to determine the creed of Christendom. From this last there is no appeal; the whole Catholic Church is bound to receive its decrees and to believe its definition of faith."—*Tracts for the Day*, No. 3, "The Seven Sacraments," pp. 34, 35.

Such a system of interpretation is as deficient in reverence as in honesty, and destroys the value of Scripture quite as much as any assault of the unbeliever. The attempt to eke out authority for the threefold order in the Christian ministry from the fact that our Lord first sent out twelve apostles who are supposed to represent the bishops, and afterwards seventy disciples who formed the first priesthood, while the apostles ordained the deacons, is equally unconvincing. The argument to prove that confession formed an essential part of repentance, which is based on the single phrase in the Epistle to the Corinthians, "What clearing of yourselves," will satisfy none but those who are convinced already. But we need be astonished at nothing when we find Nathan pointed to as the director and confessor of David, the writer being driven, in order to maintain his point, to assert that the modern priest is the representative of the Prophet, Priest, and Judge of the old dispensation in one; and are gravely told, "if we adopt the doctrine commonly taught by the Fathers, that it was the Divine and Eternal Word, Who acted throughout as the agent of the Father in the whole transaction" (the union of Adam and Eve in Paradise), "we shall be enabled to say that He who afterwards became incarnate and the Great High Priest of His spiritual body, the Church, was *the Priest who united these two and made them one, and gave the Sacerdotal Benediction.*" We have often rebelled against the mere literalism of interpretation in which a certain class love to indulge, and which has robbed many passages of Scripture of their beauty; but infinitely better, even the hard and fast lines of a rigid biblical criticism, than

that God's Word should be treated as a field in which the fancy is to disport itself and palm off its own wretched vagaries as the teachings of Heaven. Were such principles to be accepted, Brigham Young might find clear intimations of the advent of Joe Smith, and some foreshadowings of the constitution and privileges of Utah.

Equally ingenious and equally disingenuous are the special pleadings by which the "Catholics" endeavour to prove their conformity to the formularies of the Anglican Church. We shall not attempt to anticipate the decisions of the courts of law on questions which are at present subjects of litigation. We frankly recognise the sanction which these doctrines apparently receive from the language of some of the offices, and the extent to which many of the most objectionable practices are covered by the celebrated "Ornaments Rubric." But the more extensive our concessions and the more full our acknowledgment of the difficulties of the Evangelical position, the more earnest and decided must be our protest against the idea that this theory of sacramental grace is the doctrine of the Church of England. The semi-Romanising divines of the past have left the traces of their influence only too deeply marked; but they did not succeed in un-Protestantising that church altogether. The Articles especially are full of, what to ordinary readers seem to be, decided protests against the characteristic errors of Popery, and what have for centuries been universally interpreted in this sense. *Tract XC.* suggested another way in which they might be explained, and recent writers have improved upon the example thus set. If a man will only fairly and fully surrender himself to the teachings of these new guides, he will be astonished at the discoveries he will make. He will find that whatever is not distinctly prohibited in the Book of Common Prayer, is lawful if it can be shown that it had a place in the Liturgy of 1549, or even in some older office book. It is easy to see what a wide door is opened by such a principle, and how, if it be once conceded, all the practices of Romanism may be introduced wholesale. Considering the fullness of the directions contained in the Prayer Book, and the number of revisions through which all the offices have passed, we should have concluded that any formularies which it did not contain, and more especially any which, having had a place in the oldest Liturgy of the Reformed Church, had been omitted, were unauthorised. But then we have only the light of our own poor Protestant understandings to guide us, and must, therefore, defer to those who are so much more competent to judge, and who

tell us that while they "have no right to alter one of the existing offices, or to substitute another in its place; they have a right to use an old office, where the present book does not provide a new one. The point is raised in relation to the "Sacrament of Unction," which the writer contends ought to be restored. It is true that the twenty-fifth Article includes it among the five "commonly called sacraments," which it pronounces "not to be counted for sacraments of the Gospel, being such as have grown partly of the corrupt following of the Apostles," &c. But this will be no serious difficulty to those who have already found how a belief in seven sacraments is to be reconciled with subscription to an Article that declares there are only two. It is, therefore, hoped, the condemnation of the Article and the absence of any office for such a sacrament notwithstanding, that "the time will come when the bishop shall resume his proper functions in his own cathedral church, and solemnly consecrate the oil for this sacrament." Meanwhile it is suggested that "those parish priests who desire to use the oil shall request their own bishop to consecrate it. If he refuses, then let them go to another, *for there are two bishops, at least, in the Anglican Communion who have consecrated oil for this purpose.* Or let them follow the Eastern custom, and get seven priests to combine in the act of consecration. For while the *chrisma* or oil for consecration must be consecrated by a bishop, the eucheleon or oil for the sick may be consecrated by seven priests."

We have not space to follow this point further; but our readers will see for themselves how entirely all the supposed defences and barriers of Protestantism are broken down if once such principles as these be admitted, and men are allowed to play fast and loose with the authoritative documents of their Church. The universal consent of that Church for three centuries avails nothing; for owing, we are told by these writers, to the influx of Protestant refugees from the Continent, and the action of certain political influence, "Protestantism, both in faith and practice, established *itself in spite of our laws*, and formed a kind of uninvited code of custom of its own." They start with the idea that the Church has been in bondage for three centuries, and that though practically a more extensive reformation has been carried out, yet her design was to retain (with a few important exceptions) the doctrines and practices of the ante-Reformation period, and the endeavour is to conform everything to this theory. "We maintain," says the *Union*

Review, "that all such protests that appear in our articles against Romish doctrine, refer not at all to the real and authoritative teaching of your (the Roman) Church, but to certain perversions and corruptions of it *then* very prevalent, but now unknown, and against many of which you openly protested at the Council of Trent." A most cheerful view of the doctrinal position of the Church of England certainly! and yet if we venture to question it, we are overwhelmed instantly by long "catenæ" of testimonies from the writings of Anglican divines to prove that they held "Catholic" and not Protestant views.

A flagrant example of the way in which the "word of promise is thus kept to the ear and broken to the heart," may be found in the treatment of the Article relative to transubstantiation, or "the change of the substance of Bread and Wine in the Supper of the Lord," which it declares "is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions." Of course in the face of this it will not do to teach transubstantiation by name; and therefore, while all that is essential in the doctrine is most earnestly insisted upon, the term, and a particular phase of the doctrine to which the term is restricted, are just as earnestly repudiated. An avowal, all too candid we should fancy for the parts of the policy adopted in this respect, is given by the lay writer in the *Union Review* already quoted.

"So again with regard to 'transubstantiation.' No more convenient word could be found for expressing the nature of the *change which we, equally with you, declare to be wrought by the act of consecration.* But as our Articles use the word in a wholly different sense, and as the Protestant thinks, however wrongly, that this is the sense in which you use it, we are compelled to avoid the obnoxious expression; nay, we even find it convenient to dwell *with emphasis*, as the Bishop of Salisbury has done in his charges on those formula, which deny the change of substance in this sense, for fear the Protestant should misconceive us, and accuse us of holding that doctrine of a carnal sensible presence which you, equally with us, repudiate."

We learn, then, from this remarkable passage—first, that the compilers of the Articles took the trouble of pronouncing an elaborate condemnation of doctrines which no Church held; and second, that the emphatic repudiation of the errors of transubstantiation, in which "Catholics," from the Bishop of Salisbury downwards, indulge, are really nothing better than tubs thrown out to poor Protestant whales. We are greatly indebted for the information,

although with the strong statements on the subject of the "Real Presence," which we find throughout their writings, it was hardly necessary. Thus the Bishop of Salisbury, to whose words more importance must be attached, because of the position he occupies, and whom, therefore, we quote in preference to any other of the host of writers who are continually seeking to inculcate this doctrine in an even more pronounced form, says as to the results of consecration :—

"Through such blessing the oblation becomes a sacrament, and as such, has not only an outward, but an inward part. The outward part—the bread and wine—remains in its appearance, form, and essence, or substance, what it was before the act of consecration; but still by consecration it has been made the veil and channel of an ineffable mystery. The inward part is that which our blessed Lord took from the blessed Virgin—which He offered to God as an atoning sacrifice on the cross—which the Almighty Father has glorified, has, that is, endowed, 'not with the actual properties, but with the supernatural gifts, graces, and effects of Godhead;' and out of which, wells forth every blessing of the New Covenant. The inward part of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, is Christ's precious body and blood; and so, by virtue of the hypostatic union, Christ Himself. But here observe, my brethren, a distinction which I must make. This inward part of the Sacrament, this presence of the body and blood of Christ, and of Christ Himself, is not after the manner or laws of a body, according to which ordinary laws, our Lord's body is in heaven only; but a supernatural, heavenly, invisible, incomprehensible and spiritual presence. It is, in fact, the presence (to use the language of one of our Homilies), not of a carnal, but of a ghostly substance; or to state the doctrine in the language of St. Augustine, whose triple distinction is necessarily so familiar to every catechumen of the Church, it is the presence not merely of the virtus, but of the *res Sacramenti*. It is 'the body and blood of Christ.' Such, my brethren, is the effect of Christ's consecration of the elements through the action of His ministers. The gifts receive an inward part, even the presence of the *res Sacramenti*, the body and blood of Christ."—*Charge*, pp. 49—51.

We doubt whether the seriousness of the fact that a bishop has in this explicit manner addressed to his clergy such teaching as this—teaching which really involves everything against which we care to contend in the doctrine of transubstantiation—has as yet been sufficiently appreciated. It is of little importance to us to enquire as to the exact phase of doctrine which these divines believe, and which they appear unable properly to define themselves. It is not a corporeal presence, and yet it seems to be something more than a spiritual presence, at least as the term is generally under-

stood. It is not carnal, yet it is the "real and substantial presence" of the body and blood. It is an objective presence "which does not in any manner depend on our faith," and yet it does not come under the cognisance of our senses. The sign is not changed into the thing signified—the bread and wine remain still, though the body and blood of Christ are there; and therefore the idea of transubstantiation is rejected. Yet there is no union of the symbol and the reality, and therefore the dogma of consubstantiation is still more decidedly repudiated. "The hand that feels it can feel nothing but what it touches; the eye that looks upon it can see nothing but the outward species—the veil which shrouds it." Yet the very body of the Lord is eaten as a "heavenly refection," a "ghostly substance;" and "so close is the union between the outward and the inward, that the sign assumes the name of the thing signified, and the soul absorbed in love and adoration loses the thought of the sensible, and dwells upon the transporting reality."* This, then, is not the Romanist doctrine—it is the "Catholic;" but wherein the difference between the "Catholic" and Romish view consists, and still more, what practical advantage is gained by the adoption of the former rather than the latter, it would require a subtler intellect than ours to comprehend and explain. Certain it is that the superstitions which the Article regards as one of the results of the Popish doctrine, have, as the *Directorium Anglicanum* or any other book of a similar character will show, developed themselves rapidly enough in connection with this Anglican Catholicism; and certain it is, that whatever be the name given to this new dogma, it is, to all intents and purposes, the same as transubstantiation.

We had intended, by extracts principally from their hymnals and books of devotion, to show how rapid has been the advance of the party towards other features of the Romish system, such as the cherishing of an excessive veneration for the Virgin Mary, and even a belief in her immaculate conception, a modified view of Purgatory, and the practice of prayers for the dead. We had also intended to examine at some length their teachings and practices as to confession; but for the present we forbear. If occasion offer we hope to return again to topics which are destined to engage very much of public attention. In one or two sentences, however, we must protest against the attempt of the Bishop of Salisbury to find in some

* *Tracts for the Day*, V. xxvii.

Dissenting customs a parallel to the confessional. Nonconformist ministers are ready to act as friends and helpers of those members of their churches who may desire their counsel, but the man who should urge the practices of confession, or arrogate to himself any peculiar virtue in the quieting of disturbed consciences, would very speedily be taught the vanity of his pretensions. But, of all things, to find a parallel for auricular confession and priestly absolution in Methodist class-meetings is certainly the most extraordinary. The bishop has here been misled by one who tells us he was once a Dissenting minister; but if he will visit a class-meeting himself, we think he will hesitate before he quotes again such a proof that the "Dissenters, who profess to repudiate the confessional in our Church, virtually acknowledge and use it themselves."

A more graphic picture of the real character and tendencies of the system could hardly be given than that which is furnished by a description of the funeral of the Rev. C. or "Father" Lynford, contained in the *Church Times* of August 10th. After an account of the ceremonies on the day prior to the interment, which is too long to quote here, it thus proceeds:—

"All the congregation then dispersed with the exception of those who watched in the church during the night. From this time, as long as the body remained in the church, three mourners in surplices knelt on either side of the bier. They were relieved every hour, and all through the still, dark silence of the night, while the world slept, ever and anon rose up before God's altar the cry to the All-pitiful for mercy on the soul of him who was lying there so calm and peaceful; and again and again was heard the solemn chant of the *Miserere* and the *De Profundis*, the sweet Litanies, and the tolling of the death-bell. And, as the Matins and Lauds of the dead were recited, the grey morning twilight brake in the east, reminding one of the Resurrection morning, when we shall see our dear Father once more."

The issue, then, is now fairly raised, whether the Church of England is to remain Protestant or not. It has been thought by some that these "Catholics" have so much of honesty and high-mindedness that, if they be restrained in the exercise of their freedom at all, they will at once secede. But it has recently become quite evident that they have no intention either of bowing to the authority of the bishops, or even of the courts of law, and that if these should forbid any of their peculiar teachings or practices, they intend to maintain their position unless absolutely deprived of their pulpits. With all their sacerdotalism, there are no men who have treated the bishops with greater contempt if they

have ventured to come across their path. One of their organs condescended the other day to the pitiable vulgarity of giving the Bishop of Carlisle the nickname of "poor Whalley," forgetting that a paper which professes to represent the priests of the Church ought certainly to eschew conduct to which even gentlemen of the world would not stoop. The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett asks, "Is there no higher authority which stands over both bishop and priest, and which the bishop disobeying, absolves the priest from his ordination vow?" A writer in one of the *Tracts for the Day* goes even further, and tells us "there is a wide difference between the deacon and the priest; but there is a very narrow difference only between the priest and the bishop." With such views of the authority within the Church we need hardly be surprised that there is little reverence for ecclesiastical tribunals, and that they hold "that, so long as the Church in *convocation* does not ratify its (*i.e.* the judicial committee's) decisions, we are not, as individual members of the Church, in the least degree committed to them." The case between the two parties is succinctly stated by the author of the very pungent and significant pamphlet entitled *Protestantism and the Prayer Book*, which all who are interested in this controversy ought to study:—"English Protestants have in times of ignorance and neglect, disregarded unchallenged one-half of the Church's teaching, and altered the sense of the other half; and now they accuse Catholics of trying to change her doctrines, when these latter are only bringing them back into accordance with her own standards. The two cannot really co-exist, we know. Our point once proved, it will also prove that the Church of England is not a body to which Protestants can conscientiously belong; but this is an after-subject for their earnest and prayerful consideration." We quite agree that the two ought not both to have an existence in the same Church; but it is for the people of England to decide as to which party shall continue to enjoy the privileges of the National Church. The question is now definitely raised as to whether that Church shall be Protestant or "Catholic," "Catholic" being in reality only another name for Romish; and when once this is thoroughly understood, we cannot doubt as to what the response will be.

ART. III.—1. *The Philosophy of Freedom* [La Philosophie de la Liberté]. By CHARLES SECRETAN. Second Edition. Paris: Durand, Rue Cujas, 9. 1866.

2. *Reason and Experience.* An Inaugural Discourse delivered upon reassuming the Chair of Philosophy in the Academy of Lausanne, October 24, 1866, and published in the "Chrétien Evangélique," for November, 1866.

3. *Reason and Christianity.* Twelve Lectures on the Existence of God [La Raison et le Christianisme, etc.]. By CHARLES SECRETAN. Meyer, Lausanne. 1863.

THERE are in the world but three populations descended from ancestors of old Roman culture, and speaking a language mainly derived from Latin, of whom the majority are also Protestants, and all three occupy a very limited area. Their very existence disproves the axiom of one of our modern schools of unbelief, that religion is always fatally determined by the instincts of race, and it is natural to look upon them with feelings of interest as specimens of what the Roman world might have become if it had embraced Protestantism.

However, these three populations are not equally suited to serve the purpose of measuring the effects of evangelical religion upon general culture. One of them, inhabiting the department of the Gard in France, and now presenting a bare majority of Protestants, was, so to speak, decapitated by unrelenting persecution; its upper classes driven into exile, its skilled workmen scattered abroad, its ministers perishing in dungeons or broken on the wheel. It remained for several generations almost a people of outlaws, in a state of forced ignorance, not to say barbarism; and it is astonishing that, under the circumstances, it should have attained even the ordinary level of provincial French society.

The next field of investigation that might be suggested is under the sceptre of Queen Victoria, being no other than our own Channel Islands. Here is another little people of French Protestants; but they are few in number, and they have always been under English influence; insulars in the literal sense of the word, they have also been politically and socially isolated, so that their general education and material well-being cannot fairly be adduced as affording any decisive

proof of the capabilities of the parent stock; the more so that the commercial policy of their rulers has been singularly favourable to their prosperity.

After all, therefore, the only country or province, the state of whose inhabitants may furnish us with the required standard, is the western corner of Switzerland, consisting of the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Neufchatel. Here is a French-speaking population, somewhat under 400,000, of whom seven-eighths are Protestants, whose civilisation is indigenous, and who are politically their own masters.

It must be confessed that when we contemplate this small corner of the Latin world, the place that it has occupied in history, its achievements in every sphere of thought, its original contributions to every branch of human science, the universality of primary education, the facilities afforded for more advanced instruction, the public spirit of its citizens, the many names of its children that are known over the world, the result is astonishing. It is such as might well make Englishmen and Prussians reflect very seriously on the possible consequences, so far as the equality of the nations is concerned, if France, and Spain, and Italy, had embraced the Reformation at the outset. We say at the outset, for, under God, the step taken by our forefathers has given us a start which we believe will never be lost in the race of nations.

Here are some 393,000 souls, hardly equal to the population of an average English county; primary instruction is obligatory, and the law in that respect is vigilantly enforced; every one can read and write, and has mastered a little elementary arithmetic, geography, and national history. Secondary education, classical and scientific, is provided for in public schools, which are gratuitous for the children of citizens, with very trifling fees for strangers. There are also industrial and superior schools for girls; the latter comprising diplomas of three classes. There are three academies, conferring degrees of bachelor and licentiate in letters, science, and jurisprudence, to which two of them add divinity; there are also three independent schools of theology. These six institutions present a staff of about one hundred professors, with more than six hundred students.

There are booksellers in every little town, of whom seventeen join publishing to the retail trade, some of them on a respectable scale, and there are two that confine themselves exclusively to publishing. There are three large public libraries, besides many belonging to special corporations;

three picture galleries, and a permanent exhibition; several museums of natural history and archæology; various learned societies, publishing their labours in monthly or quarterly reports, or in a substantial annual volume. There are five monthly magazines, literary and religious, and an equal number of scientific or technical periodicals; ten, chiefly religious, appear once a fortnight; fifty-two political papers, appearing once, twice, or three times a week; *ten daily papers*, inferior in size to ours, but the news judiciously selected, the original articles well written, and the foreign correspondence serious. To complete this side of the picture, the expenses of these three cantons for educational purposes are about equal to their military expenses, as indeed is also the case with the Swiss cantons generally, though the whole population is trained to arms. At the Paris International Exhibition of this year, natives of these same cantons received the only grand prize of art alloted to Switzerland, and nine out of twenty-three gold medals.

This little corner has produced in the sphere of art, a Leopold Robert, Calame, Hornung, Gleyre, the two Girardets, &c.; in geology, natural history, and physics, Agassiz, the two De Saussures, De Luc, Huber, the De Candolles, father and son, Professor de la Rive, Pictet de la Rive; Vattel, in international law; Adolphe Pictet, in comparative philology; Sismondi and Merle d'Aubigné, in history; the reformer Viret, the statesman Neckar. In literature and general philosophy, it has produced Casaubon, Charles Bonnet, Benjamin Constant, Mdme. de Staël, Mdme. Neckar de Saussure, J. J. Rousseau, Vinet, Topffer, &c.; in metaphysics and Christian Apologetics, Vinet, Naville, and the author of the works before us.

If we compare with this array of names those that could be produced by any equal area in England, Scotland, Germany, or North America, we must confess the advantage is on the side of the *Suisse Romande*. If it be pleaded that this is a petted country; that the trial is like an agricultural experiment made in a garden instead of the open field, and so forth, we are ready to give full weight to every consideration that may save our self-love. It is true that this district, and the city of Geneva especially, contains a number of lineages descended from illustrious exiles and religious confessors, greater in proportion than any other part of Europe —greater even than Holland; and this fact has largely influenced both its material and intellectual development; but it must be remembered that the same advantage has been shared in some degree by all Protestant lands. The genius and,

moral courage of Catholic Europe were sown broadcast over Protestant Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have avoided reckoning among the illustrations of French-speaking Switzerland, the strangers who helped to develop its institutions, or lived on the borders of its magnificent lakes, as Calvin, Beza, Farel, Voltaire, and Gibbon. It must be remembered, too, that the Canton of Vaud has been in possession of liberty and self-government for little more than half a century, and that it comprises nearly three-fifths of the population of this favoured district. The *Suisse Romande* advances like a promontory in the midst of an ocean of surrounding ignorance. French and Savoyards press upon it, and crowd into it, and it has to react against the weight. It is not a garden in this sense, but an unfenced cultivated patch on a common. Liberty alone has not created this oasis; for Catholic Valais and Fribourg, that join it, are at a far lower level. Berne, Basle, Zurich, come nearest, without however, in our opinion, attaining the same intellectual rank.

When the French mind has been brought under the influence of religion, it seems peculiarly suited to excel in the sphere of Christian Apologetics. The metaphysics of a French thinker are singularly clear, even when profound; and his literary instincts, if not vitiated by vanity, enable him to present truth in its most attractive forms, and argument in the shape which offers least hold to sophistry. The courtiers of Louis XIV. inspire so little sympathy that the majesty of Bossuet tells upon the modern reader less than it would otherwise have done, but Fénelon is as subtle as Clarke and more readable. There is no name among German apologists that can be mentioned in the same breath with Pascal, or even with good old Abbadie; and we have ourselves no representative for whom we can put in such a claim, except Bishop Butler, and for him only in his own peculiar line.

Such being one of the aptitudes of the French mind, we might naturally expect to find it largely developed in a country speaking the French tongue, and, however jealous of its political independence, sharing the general gifts and tendencies of the race. Nor are we disappointed. Alexander Vinet alone would have been enough to make his country illustrious; and Ernest Naville and Charles Secrétan belong to the same generation, being by about twelve or fifteen years the juniors of the great Christian moralist and critic.

Vinet never published any professedly apologetical work; but the *Discours sur quelques Sujets religieux*, which first

appeared at Basle in 1831, revealed in him a most eminent master of the nominally indirect, but effectual, method of apology which consists in commending religious truth to every man's conscience by the simple manifestation of the truth itself (2 Cor. iv. 2). He showed in this and in all his subsequent works that the religion of redemption presents the heart with an object such as can satisfy its infinite cravings, and the conscience with the rule after which it aspires. He showed that the message of Divine forgiveness reaches man in the depth of his being, reconciling his instinctive love of happiness with the austere sense of obligation to pursue moral excellence for its own sake, and bringing all his powers and feelings into harmonious co-operation. Vinet could not deal with any problem of life, or touch upon any question of education, morals or politics, or analyse any masterpiece of literature, without having before his own mind, and suggesting to his readers, at once the glorious prerogatives of the human race, by original creation and birthright, the tragical realities of life as sin has made it, and the revelation of the resources of infinite wisdom and love in the process of recovery. Emphatically a Christian thinker, his last words, uttered about two hours before he ceased to breathe, were characteristic: "I can think no longer."

M. Ernest Naville's principal works have been the long and valuable preface to his edition of the inedited works of Maine de Biran; the life of the same metaphysician, with extracts from his journal; the biographies of Father Girard and of Professor Diodati; and the two series of lectures published under the titles of *Eternal Life* and *The Heavenly Father*. He has exhibited himself as an able, brilliant, devout, and Catholic defender of faith in God, and—more summarily, but with an equal efficiency—of the specifically Christian faith in redemption. Maine de Biran has been his principal master in psychology, and Professor Secrétan in the higher walks of philosophy; but the great French writers of the seventeenth century seem to be his favourite study, and he is comparatively little conversant with the German metaphysicians.

Less popular than Naville, less literary in his tastes and brilliant as a writer than either Naville or Vinet, Professor Secrétan is an eminently original thinker, and at the same time one who has passed through the most violent intellectual gymnastics practised in German schools of thought. He was a pupil of Schelling in his second period, and not uninfluenced by him, though claiming independence for the principal

features of his philosophical system. He appears to have studied our modern English metaphysicians very little; and, except in the preface to this last edition of the *Philosophy of Freedom*, where Mr. Mill is sometimes mentioned in connection with Positivism, their names are not to be found upon his pages. His scheme is not the less a fortress commanding the field in which the disciples of Hamilton and Mansell, Mill and Spencer, McCosh and Calderwood are battling: it looks as if it had been built for that purpose, though really erected some years before these controversies opened.

But if our author does not seem to know much about Englishmen, may we not in our turn care to know little about him? Metaphysical speculation is not popular amongst us; it is one of the few stimulants which Englishmen are never tempted to abuse. May not the very title of this paper be enough to make some of our readers skip its pages as schoolboys do the moral of a story?

We are not without misgivings, but we must contend that none who are capable of entering into subjects of this order should turn away from them without some qualms of conscience, for if ever there was a day in which Englishmen stood in need of a sound philosophy it is the present. They who will not take the trouble are in danger of becoming or remaining all-unconsciously the disciples of a false philosophy; the fear of metaphysical discussion, as Dr. McCosh says, makes them fall into the net of sophistical metaphysics, "like those excessively cautious and suspicious persons to be met with in the world, who are so afraid of everybody cheating them, that they become the dupes of those more designing schemers who are ever warning them against the dishonesty of others." How often men profess to have no philosophy, but that of common sense, or of the Bible, while others can detect the injurious influence of the utilitarianism of Paley or Bentham upon their character or piety; how many minds, partially drawn into the vortex of positivism, are only saved from its conclusions by a sort of voluntary blindness. It is not altogether unjust of foreigners to accuse us of feeling less need of consistency with ourselves than they do. That Englishman is too often to be met with whose religion, and science, and metaphysics, or the conclusions which serve him instead of metaphysics, are hopelessly at variance with each other, and who gives himself no trouble on the matter except that of taking them up separately by a sort of instinctive precaution, like chemical elements that

must be kept apart lest their contact should produce an explosion. He closes one drawer before he opens another; puts the glass stopper on the acids before he handles the alkalis.

Let us not be misunderstood. A hearty lover of truth with large views, and a reverent fear of trifling with facts in any sphere, may find himself for the present unable to reconcile beliefs which he is not the less constrained to accept as true when he contemplates them alternately; and in such a case he will wisely refrain from fastening precipitately upon some forced solution of his difficulties; he will wait in faith for the larger generalisation that is to make all clear—aye, and die in that faith, if Providence should so require. But this act of humble and believing self-restraint is not to be confounded with the mere indolence that tries to hide its repugnance to any kind of intellectual toil under the cloak of piety or common sense. The labour of which we are capable is part of our fealty to the truth, and he who withholds it will be punished by the narrowness of his piety, or by the bad conscience that hangs upon and clogs his science, or by both together; we are never wrong with impunity.

The fact is, man is a born philosopher; we may not all be dialecticians; we are not all capable of drawing out, ring after ring, the chain of adamant on which a general cosmic scheme is suspended; but every human being above idiotcy forms for himself some conception of the world as a whole, and of his own relation to it. He has no choice; the philosophy may be grand and true, or mean and false, but he cannot do without it, and it is invariably a practical philosophy. The scheme of creation entertained by a London rough may include little more than a certain sum of sensual pleasures, coupled with the contents of his neighbour's pockets and the disagreeable presence of the policeman at the corner; but his philosophy is not the less true to our innate tendency to a synthetic view of things, and, such as it is, it leads to prompt and cautious action. The world of a very frivolous young lady may consist essentially of articles of millinery at the centre, and possible husbands at the circumference; but her circle is shaped as mathematically as if it were bigger, and her philosophy is as practical. From Tom Coffin's standpoint, the final cause of the existence of land was that one might have a place upon which to dry one's fish, with mud bottoms for anchorage. The professional thinker tries to grasp in one system the whole known universe and his own place in it; his practical life may not be as immediately and

as manifestly determined by his speculations, as is the case with those whose horizons are narrower; but it is so ultimately. He fixes for himself, and for those who take his opinions upon trust, the method that is to be followed in all inquiry, the frame into which all acquisitions are to be fitted, and the principles by which all conduct is to be judged; and these principles are sure to filter through the mass of society, and leaven the views of persons who have never heard of his name.

The fatal influence of materialism in the high places of philosophy at the time of the first French Revolution is an instance of the danger of thus poisoning the rivers and fountains of water, and we may soon become only too familiar with similar results in this country. The assertions of the sophist in repute become the common-place traditions of the crowd, and they tell upon conduct in directions which seem at first sight altogether independent of philosophical speculation, as when both materialism and scepticism are seen to make men submit more unresistingly to all shapes of despotism. Thus Hegel was in favour with the court of Berlin, because his fatalism was rightly held to be anti-revolutionary. But if the consequences of speculative error are felt in all spheres, they are especially destructive in the highest, because they fall in with those secret influences of our fallen nature which draw men away from the source of light and life. Doctrines upon which no one could profess to act in common secular affairs recover their credit in a sphere where the realities that should neutralise them are out of sight, and the tendencies that put them forward as a pretext are equally powerful and insidious. Nor should a half-cultivated public be allowed to suppose them unanswerable by argument.

People, happily, may be religious without being metaphysicians: there are many instances on record of people who have got rich without metaphysics,—nay, tastes are such that it is possible some may find other reading more amusing than metaphysics. But it is certain that the habitual abstinence of the great body of intelligent Englishmen from the higher walks of thought for some generations back has told most injuriously upon art, science, and theology—upon every intellectual and moral province of our national life. The great ice-fields of the Alps may wear a cold and forbidding aspect, and only be reached by arduous ascents; but the relief and volume of the glacier determines the direction and the force of the stream that is to lay waste or else to enrich the valley; and the waters *will* find their way down. The elements that are at

work in these higher regions do inevitably act upon the daily life, the pursuits and interests of multitudes who never visit the lofty solitude.

However, let the reader be reassured; we do not want him to become a member of an Alpine club. He is only asked to follow with some interest from a distance the progress made by another up these giddy heights. This paper can be but a sketch,—an attempt to set forth results rather than the process by which they were attained. We believe that any trustworthy philosophy must be accessible to all cultivated capacities, and the system before us, though resolution and perseverance are required to master it, is pre-eminently a philosophy of common sense. The author does not trifle about *phenomena and noumena*, but sets out boldly with the assumption of the authenticity of the reports made by the several human faculties. Scepticism cannot be refuted by reasoning, he says, with quiet irony; so that it would be very embarrassing if it could exist, which happily it cannot.

The *Philosophy of Freedom* was a course of lectures first given in the Academy of Lausanne in 1844 and 1845. It was nominally but the *prolegomena* to a moral philosophy; but, as we shall see, it followed from the very nature of Professor Secrétan's views upon the universal constitution of things that the attempt to determine the place and the principle of morals led to the exposition of the whole theory.

The edition of 1849 consisted of two volumes. In the first, after retracing the various attempts to reach the absolute throughout the whole history of philosophy, the author set forth his own *regressive metaphysics*, reasoning upward from the visible world with the free agents upon it to its cause and principle. It was practically a vindication of Theism. The second volume contained *progressive metaphysics*, reasoning downwards from the character of God to creation and redemption, showing that, without the recognition of a Fall and of a Redemption, the facts of nature, of history, and of every man's personal experience would constitute an enigma equally dark and terrible; insoluble by reason and allowing the heart no refuge from despair and horror. It was at once a vindication of Christianity and a necessary complement of the previous exposition of Theism, because it proved that faith in God could not be maintained without faith in redemption; that he who would stop short in Theism must be beaten alike on the ground of speculation and on that of experience.

The volume before us is the reproduction of the first volume of the former edition, together with the four first lessons of

the second volume, being the part of progressive metaphysics which concerns creation and the manifestation of the Divine character in it. This simplifies our task; for, if Professor Secrétan is remarkably sober in his language, seeming jealously to weigh every word lest he should go beyond the conclusions he is entitled to draw, he is equally distinguished by boldness and originality of thought. There is much in the second part to which we could not do justice except at a length inconsistent with our limits, and there are points on which we should have to reserve our judgment.

M. Secrétan is arrested at the very threshold of his inquiries by the various philosophies of nescience. He does not notice that of Hamilton and Mansell; but he introduces the present edition by a preface of eighty pages, defending metaphysics against Continental Positivists. Comte, Littré, and their followers set out with the fundamental proposition that the human mind is incapable of attaining absolute truth on any subject. We cannot seize, they say, the essence, the first cause, the final destination of anything; we are only cognisant of phenomena and their succession; there are no *à priori* affirmations of the mind constituting its native structure; there are no propositions of which the contrary is inconceivable according to the very laws of thought; the elementary truths of arithmetic and mathematics are but facts acquired by generalisation from particular observations. We know that two and two make four, because we have always found it to be the case, &c. It is easy for our author to show that writers of this school are perpetually inconsistent with each other and with themselves. As it is not in man to carry out effectually that suppression or mutilation of thought which is their passion, they are constantly trespassing upon the ground from which they have warned away others, giving explanations that transcend the mere registry of phenomena —that is to say, propounding metaphysics of their own which only differ from those of their adversaries by being false.

Observation tells us that animals see with their eyes, and it tells us no more. The unsophisticated mind, from its innate disposition to ascend to the causes of things, and to find order and unity in the world, concludes that eyes were made to see. The Positivist is indignant at this attempt to assume anything beyond the bare fact observed, and in the same breath he proceeds to explain that the faculty of adjusting itself to necessary functions is a property of living matter, and that the eye is therefore the product of this power of self-adaptation. Surely this proposition is as much a piece of metaphysics as

that which it is intended to supersede. The Theist and the Positivist both go higher up than the simple phenomenon, the one accounting for it by a Divine purpose, the other by a self-created faculty of all animated nature. It is thus with all the other negations of the system; notwithstanding all his professions, the Positivist is unable to refrain from attempting to satisfy the instinct of causality that is in human nature; he owns its existence by the very attempt to feed it with trash.

The affirmations, as well as the negations, of the Positivist, betray his unconscious submission to *à priori* laws of thought of which he denies the existence or the legitimacy. Thus M. Littré speaks of the boundless universe: who told him it was boundless? Observation is limited. Where then is his authority for this jump from the finite to the infinite? Positivists are ever dwelling on the invariability of the laws of nature. We, too, believe in law, by virtue of that original constitution of the mind which prepares it to rise from a certain number of facts to the conception of a general law; but by what right does the Positivist assume that the facts he has observed will continue to be repeated in the same circumstances? It is true, indeed, he wants the doctrine of the continuity of nature to secure the world against any intrusion of supernatural power; but he can only attain the idea by a process which he has repudiated as illegitimate.

Every phenomenon naturally suggests two questions, continues M. Secrétan: how is it produced? and, secondly, *why?* The first question is to be resolved by observation; the second should not be allowed to interfere with it, and so far the exclusion of the search after final causes in physics is right; but when science has registered its answer to the question *how*, the human mind continues to ask *why*. Metaphysics appeared early in human history; the question children are ever asking was also that of the race in its childhood—*why?* but it will never lose its interest, and its suppression would be the suppression of reason. The distinction of the three ages, theological, metaphysical, and positive, expresses an incontestable historical fact; the present age is positive, in so far that in it alone observation has been allowed its due place; but there never will be an age exclusively positive; the true value of the increase in accuracy of observation is that it lays a foundation for sounder theology and surer metaphysics.

Positivism, according to the theory, should be neutral on religious questions; but its continental adepts at least are not so. Comte erected his personal antipathies into a system;

his followers are ever assuming for their professed ignorance the rights of negative demonstration. Truth is but relative, they say; we know nothing about the absolute; and the very next moment it appears they know enough about it to deny its existence! They are as sure that there is no God as if they had visited all the universe, and ascertained that He was nowhere. The world, says M. Littré, "is constituted by matter and by forces—matter of which both the origin and the essence are inaccessible to us, and forces inhering in this matter." A little further on he pictures man as finding himself alone in the immensity of space "without other masters, sureties, or forces than the laws that govern the universe." How can a man who professes to know nothing of the essence of matter be so sure that the universe contains nothing else? How can one for whom the origin of the world is confessedly an insoluble problem, proclaim with such assurance that its laws are our only masters?

M. Secrétan freely admits that none of our ideas are formed independently of experience; but the history of the acquisition of an idea does not exhaust its contents. The mind brings its own *à priori* faculties to take cognisance of the revelations that sensation makes. The abstract notions of being and cause, for instance, which are awakened but not conveyed by sensations, enter as elements into all experience. "They form the essence of language, without which it would be impossible, not only to express our thoughts, but even to think. The notion of being is involved every time we use a substantive; that of activity or causality constitutes the very nature of verbs."

M. Littré himself lately confessed that a scientific moral system has not yet been constructed on the Positivist platform. A very serious want in the theory of a school that offers to undertake the guidance of mankind; and it is not accidental—the void can never be filled. From no conceivable amount of sensations can the feeling of obligation be distilled: on no possible theory of mere empiricism can the principle of obligation be explained. The word *law* has not the same sense in morals and in physics. The physical law gives me the simple fact as it takes place under certain conditions; moral law expresses that which ought to be, and which is too often the reverse of the fact. If I wish to do right, utilitarian considerations may direct me, but they cannot create the feeling that I *ought* to do what I know to be right; this *ought* is a primordial feature of human nature. It is all very well to have honourable and benevolent feelings,

to find one's highest pleasure in respect for one's self, and in kindness to others, in lofty truthfulness, in serene superiority to evil and suffering, in self-denying charity; but, on the sensational theory, this noble stoicism, or this amiable epicurism, is but a matter of temperament. We are told that "reason judges between our personal and our impersonal impulses;" but on the empirical hypothesis reason can but *class* our feelings; to speak of its *judging* them, if the word is meant to have a meaning, is to recognise the moral sense. We do not experience the least scruple in repressing some of our feelings and contradicting our desires; whence then the feeling that it is wrong to repress our so-called impersonal impulses? Selfishness may be a great mistake; but whence the *obligation* not to fall into this particular mistake? Vice may be the ruin of body and soul; but why am I *bound* to respect my own being?

Ah, Comte knew what he was about when, to quote his barbarously pedantic language, he said that henceforth "personal morals should be radically withdrawn from the arbitrariness of personal prudence, and fully incorporated into the body of public prescriptions." That is to say, his God being society, the true sanction of his system is the penal code. It will be made to sanction more than personal morals; when man is understood to be a mere receptacle for sensations, the machine cannot be too strictly regulated; thus, when the reign of positivism comes, liberty of opinion in matters of science, politics, or religion will be reduced "*within its normal limits.*" There will be a new clergy and a new index of prohibited books. The congress of Liége, and that of social sciences at Berne, have given the thoughtful a glimpse of the sort of tolerance that is to be expected from Atheism, if it ever finds the secular arm at its disposal.

We now leave the preface and come to the *Philosophy of Freedom* itself. According to M. Secrétan, sensible experience alone can supply no philosophy whatever; indeed, rigorously speaking, it cannot exist alone. To take cognisance of any external fact, it is necessary to apply to the *data* of the senses those universal and necessary ideas of substance, cause, possibility, reality, &c., which constitute the mind itself. Of course it follows *à fortiori* that the simple spectacle of the external world would not lead up to a first cause, if we rigorously excluded the notions that we find in ourselves and that accompany us to the inquiry. We could not logically conclude from a *finite* universe, however immense, to an *infinite* Creator, nor from contingent to necessary being.

He goes further still. The category of cause, if interpreted to mean simply this, "that everything which exists or happens has a cause," would not lead to a first cause, but to an infinite series, in which every apparent cause would prove in its turn to be only an effect; and so there would be no real cause after all, and nothing to satisfy the craving that had sent us forth upon this endless pilgrimage. No, the consciousness which finds an imperfect utterance in the rule, "Everything has a cause," should be expressed thus:—*Things which have their causes out of themselves oblige us to ascend until we find that which has its cause in itself.* There is an instinct in the mind that prompts us to feel after the supremely real Being, and to look upon everything that has not its conditions of existence in itself as a something but partially real, and in which we cannot stop short. The proper name of this instinct is *reason*. Our philosophy is based at once upon sensible experience and upon the necessary laws of mind. The former acquaints us with the limited and the accidental, and reason forthwith takes occasion from the limited and the accidental to aspire toward the unconditioned and the necessary. We may refuse to think, from indolence or fear of what we may find, but if we allow thought to soar heavenward, she cannot rest, she never pronounces herself satisfied, until she has found that for which she need seek no higher cause. But why are we to believe the consequences involved in this obstinate refusal of reason to content herself with effects? Because we cannot do otherwise. We may refuse to interpret our thoughts to ourselves, but we cannot help their existence. The common sense that believes in the reality of the external world is not more universal and ineradicable than the persuasion that the world has a cause behind it; and again, if this cause be understood as an effect not accounting for itself, that we must look behind it also. The word cause is used here in the most abstract sense. We are not yet supposed to know whether it is a personal Creator or an eternal system of things—some uncreated self-evolving law; all we know at this stage of the argument is that it is not chance, for chance is but a term to express our ignorance without honestly characterising it as such. Were any one, like Topsy in *Uncle Tom*, to say, "I never was made, I *growed*," he would take an uncaused law of growth for the principle of his being, and, however mistaken, would not the less illustrate the mental law of which we speak.

Kant, finding himself unable to refute Hume's scepticism by reasoning, acted like the poor Russian mother who threw

a child to the wolves in order to delay them while she tried to gallop away with the rest. He sacrificed the world of sense; allowed sceptics to make it, if they liked, but a well-regulated dream; and then took refuge in the sense of right and wrong, as the solid ground on which the truth of man's being and God's might both be safely rested. But his concessions betrayed him into the untenable position of one who holds a science which is not true, and a truth which is not known, and supposes a determining action exercised by that which is not upon that which is real. We have at bottom the same right to believe in our own selves through our consciousness, in the world through our senses, and in God through our conscience.

We cannot logically prove our own existence or that of the world to anyone who professes to doubt of either; but we know that such doubt is not serious: we cannot disbelieve in our senses. Our most elementary knowledge, then, begins by an act of faith. But we have the same reason to believe in all our faculties as in our senses; he who will believe nothing but his eyes or his five fingers is still far too credulous, for he has not left himself a right to believe in anything. The reality of the absolute cause of the universe has a higher voucher than that of the sun in the heavens, for we know the latter from the simple fact—the *accident* of its existence; but the unconditioned cause of all things is *necessary*. Imagination might picture to itself a world in which some other kind of agent filled the place of the sun, but no order of existence can be conceived which would not set the instinct of causality at work.

From all this it follows that the reality of the supreme fountain of being is not a thing to be logically proved, no more than our own or that of the external world. The idea imposes itself upon us, and the province of the thinker is not its demonstration, but its evolution; he has to draw out its contents. The truth he has reached as yet is common to the Theist and the Pantheist; and he must now choose between them. This absolute being, of which we have been speaking, this self-originated womb of all things—is it to be understood as a personal God and Creator, or is it a law acting fatally and unconsciously?

In one of the lectures comprising the second work in the list at the beginning of this paper, *Reason and Christianity*, Professor Secrétan deals with that popular form of Pantheism which makes it a religion of progress, as when M. Renan says he only asks for two things to explain the universe—an

indefinite period of time, and the law of progress. Our author shows that the admission of a self-acting law of progress as an absolute principle, involves the absurdity of creation by nobody out of nothing! Look forward, indeed, and the sides of the angle of progress recede from each other; but look back through the countless ages which geology reveals, and the sides approach until they meet in a point. The doings of this law of indefinite progress followed backwards lead us through a succession of effects even greater than their causes, until we reach a time when there existed next to nothing, and then at last a time when there actually existed nothing, and *le néant même* proves to be the universal cause!

However, a Pantheistic theory may be propounded that does not fall into the metaphysical trap which this particular form of the doctrine digs for itself; and Professor Secrétan puts the great question between fatalism and freedom honestly, without trying to take the system to which he is opposed at any disadvantage. Physical science has a natural tendency to decide in favour of fatalism, it meets with law everywhere, it investigates the necessary operation of physical causes; to be able to predict future phenomena is its glory, whereas the acts of free beings lie without the sphere of scientific prediction. On the other hand, we feel ourselves free, or at least that we ought to be so, and we cannot conceive freedom to be the ideal of our own nature without also seating it upon the throne of the universe. If the world be the result of the necessary action of an infinite principle, there is no room in it for human freedom; we are what we are necessarily, and our particular acts can be but the manifestation of that predetermined essence.

It is not upon the simple consciousness of freedom that the author would have us found the persuasion of the Divine freedom; consciousness might be subject to illusions, and mistake for freedom a sort of spontaneousness that could co-exist with the absence of real control over ourselves. The final and decisive consideration is the sense of right and wrong; the feeling of obligation supposes me a free agent, and this is an authority I dare not question. Doubt on this point would be criminal. We have a Master then; the unconditioned Being whose existence imposes itself on our thoughts is a Supreme Legislator, infinite—but conscious and voluntary source of all order and of moral relation.

The controversy between Theism and Pantheism is therefore summarily decided by the existence of the conscience.

We are not under obligation to ourselves, or we could release ourselves from it at pleasure. A stoic like Fichte may summon us to be true to the ideal of a lofty human character, and to all the better aspirations of our nature, but he is obliged to set out with begging the question that we are bound to preserve our own consistency and dignity. Every other attempt at a so-called independent moral system exhibits, in one shape or other, the same surreptitious introduction of obligation. No, the law of duty written in our hearts attests our dependence. We are not orphans, for there is One whose claim over us we cannot but recognise even when we rebel against it. As our existence leads up to the unconditioned, so our freedom requires the existence of unconditioned freedom. Professor Secrétan knows well that human freedom is impaired and practically lost, but the principle is maintained —the prescription kept up—even by the protestations of conscience.

He next asks if a counterproof for this immediate decision founded on moral motives may not be furnished by a longer, more strictly dialectical process. He undertakes to set out—not from a true definition of God, but from an elementary notion which everyone is obliged to accept. The common basis of Theism and Pantheism is this,—The universal principle is self-subsisting; the problem of metaphysics therefore becomes this,—How to conceive absolute Being so that its self-subsistence should involve no contradiction. In this argument the usual proofs of the existence of God are replaced by the demonstration of the personality and the absolute freedom of God. Hence the title of the work.

The principle of all existence has its cause in itself, or it would not be the first principle. It is well defined by Spinoza, *causa sui;* but he is not true to the definition, for he proceeds to reason as if the first principle were merely *uncaused;* whereas, if we rightly interpret the instinct which set us upon our search, it must be its own real and active cause. The source from all existence must be fed from itself. Experience shows us in organic beings substances that in an imperfect sense create themselves; their organs are produced by the operation of an internal activity; which in their turn they contribute to sustain. This double and constant movement from the centre to the extremities, and from the extremities to the centre, we call life; and the production and the maintenance of this living organism, is the end of its activity. This mystery is the shadow of a higher. If the first principle be its own active cause, it must not only be

substance, but *life*; and it must be its own end, existing at once by itself and for itself.

But the idea of life is still inadequate, for the law of a living organism may come from without it, and we are required to conceive a life that proposes its own end, and gives itself its own laws. Here, experience again suggests an order of being that within certain limits complies with these conditions. *Mind* does really though partially determine the nature and direction of its own activity. Our characters, our convictions, our very faculties are to a certain extent our own work. Then the Supreme Principle is not merely a living being, He is a *Mind*. Substance, He is the author of His own existence; living, He is the author of His own substance; mind, He is the author of His own life.

We are proceeding by a legitimate method, for we are but applying the principle of causality to the general notion of being, until we can ascend no higher; but to do this there remains one step more. The first three degrees of being correspond to the different orders of finite realities; to inorganic nature, to organic, and to the human soul. But the minds with which we are acquainted are only partially self-determined; the finite mind is what it is by nature as well as by its choice; it is conditioned, and we are constrained to aspire to the unconditioned or rather self-conditioned; our problem is to represent the First Cause in such a way as to leave no room to question its self-subsistence in every sense. We are constrained, therefore, to believe that the Supreme Being is not only mind, or relative freedom, but *absolute freedom*; He is not only a free agent, but He is so by His own choice and gift: His character as well as His existence, His own eternal act. The Absolutely Free is the author of His own mind. The argument may be put summarily in this way—We find ourselves existing and encompassed with other existences; we are constrained to believe there must be a first *something* from which all the rest has proceeded; this must be of such a kind that no antecedent is required to explain it. Then this first something must be *Will*, and that will unlimited by any law or nature in itself or around it; for if such law or nature existed, we should have to ask for its cause in turn, and so on *ad infinitum*. The mind is satisfied when it reaches will.

It will of course be said that this is reasoning wildly above the clouds, with words that no longer represent definite ideas; the proposition that contains the very essence of our philosophy is altogether unthinkable. "So it ought," replies Professor Secrétan. Our distinct intuitions cannot rise

higher than ourselves; man cannot by searching find out God. Reason obliges us to transcend reason. The sensible world is the only field of imagination, as well as perception; we can have no proper intuition of infinity and eternity, or of Him who is both infinite and eternal. All we can hope in such a sphere is to see clearly the reason of our ignorance; we have made the nearest approach to understanding the absolute when we are able to tell why it is incomprehensible. Our highest conception, according to the very *data* of the problem, must be that of a Being surpassing all that appears to us to be possible; it must be reason demonstrating the reality and the necessity of that which reason cannot grasp. That great law of our minds which forces us to seek for the cause of things can only be satisfied by the conception of a reality of which it is impossible to ask the cause; and if the weakness and weariness of the mind, when imagination has utterly broken down, would be a reason for stopping short in the last effort, it would have been as well not to have set out at all, nor to have asked the cause of anything. To say that there is One, the cause of His own being and of all existence, who is absolute freedom, is at once to indicate His essence, and to mark the impossibility of adequately representing it to ourselves. We contemplate from afar in silent adoration the summit on which human foot can never be set. We are out of our depth—we are swimming in the dark—but the united currents of both logical and moral necessity carry us along in the same direction.

The proposition, God is that which He wills to be, involves the creation by an Almighty *fiat* of all the general laws of the universe, metaphysical and moral, which seem to us necessary, and which we are unable to conceive other than they are. That which is eternal and immutable in our eyes, is so because God willed it so, and willed our minds to understand it so. He is the author at once of the real and the possible; and the impossibilities that we perceive are impossibilities that He has created.

We are conscious of relative freedom under restrictions and limitations independent of those that moral evil has created, hemmed in as we are by time and space. But when reason has constrained us to pronounce that the Self-existing must be free, we conceive His freedom as absolute—that is to say, altogether unlimited—and all His attributes are forthwith seen to be comprised in this idea. The very restrictions with which the *fiat* of the Almighty may be accompanied must be understood to form part of His will. The consequences of an

act of finite will may be endless; but we have not willed nor foreseen them all, and the determination once put forth, the results are beyond our control; the consequences of Infinite Will, on the contrary, all that is and shall be, are contained and willed in one transcendent act. There is a necessity of things, but it has been freely determined upon; there are immutable laws, but they have been laid down. He that ordained the order of nature, included in the same act that organisation of our minds by which we recognise it as necessary.

In the higher mathematics, and even in simple arithmetic, we are perpetually dealing with quantities which the imagination is wholly inadequate to represent, and the mind can nevertheless satisfy itself as to the truth or falsehood of affirmations made concerning these inconceivable quantities. It is somewhat thus that we venture to speak of mysteries like self-subsistence and self-conditioning that are too high for us, and yet *must* be. The mount of God may be touched, though it cannot be scaled; and we are constrained to throw ourselves prostrate at its foot, though clouds and darkness are round about its heights.

The free beings that we are conversant with are so by nature, indeed they exhibit evident traces of having been meant by nature to be freer than they are; hence it is natural that metaphysical thought, in its first efforts, should fasten upon the conception of a Being infinitely powerful, wise, and good *by nature*, and that from all eternity. The conception is too vast for our capacity, imagination cannot realise it by any representation; but we are accustomed to it, and are not startled by its unthinkableness. Professor Secrétan would replace this conception by another equally unthinkable, and, from its very novelty, more startling—that of a first cause who has no *nature*, but a *character* possessed from all eternity by His own gift, who acts by laws that He has laid down for Himself. We pause, and ask if it is not foolish, presumptuous, perhaps impious, to speculate thus concerning the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, to pretend to know what is to be found behind the veil where we may not penetrate?

We are told that He who gave us being intended that we should trust our faculties, and that they should lead us up to Him. There is a golden altar before that veil. Again, of these two inconceivable propositions, one only has been reached by a legitimate method, and can be verified by its results. The idea of the *Uncaused*, necessarily perfect from all

eternity, does not satisfy the instinct of causality in the same way as the idea of the *Self-caused*; the former leaves unanswered the last question we can ask, Whence this eternal perfection? The latter leaves us no question to ask, though the last answer be an inconceivable mystery—He is perfect because He has eternally willed it so. The former, by putting Nature instead of free choice at the summit of all being, has established the reign of necessity throughout the universe, has left itself no ground on which to resist the fatalist. The latter, by putting a mystery of freedom at the summit, has secured room for the mystery of creature freedom likewise.

The distinction of good and evil, then, has been established by the Divine will. To suppose moral order pre-existent and supreme would be to make moral order God. To suppose them eternally simultaneous, would be to divide the sovereignty of the universe between abstract law and the Being consenting to it. A being perfect by nature, and therefore ultimately passively perfect, would be less so than a Being who has freely said, "*Let there be perfection!*" and who has bestowed it upon Himself.

It will of course be objected that indetermination—mere formal freedom—is the lowest kind of freedom conceivable, and therefore that this philosophy sets out with an idea unworthy of its object. But the first known truth is necessarily the most naked and imperfect, that which must be recognised by every school, that will not do violence to the most general intuitions. The *minimum* logically precedes the *maximum*; indetermination precedes perfection; potential precedes real existence. It is not to be understood that this logical involves an actual chronological antecedence: eternity transcends time; we are not to suppose that there ever was what we should call a moment in the infinite past during which the Absolute remained undetermined — a moment during which He had not yet caused Himself in all the fulness of His being and attributes; His virtuality and existence must be co-eternal. The impossibility of pursuing thought independently of the relations of time is one form of our incapacity to grasp the Unconditioned.

Spinoza's God was thought without a thinker; his immutable substance, an abyss out of which nothing could ever have issued. Hegel's system has to be modified in order to become intelligible; his God was the logical process of ideas and the end in which they were to issue; he forgot that an end involves the intelligence that conceives and the will that pursues it. He made ideas create mind instead of the mind

creating ideas. It has become a common-place of modern Pantheism that God is the notion of the ideal as opposed to the reality, so that to affirm the existence of a being is equivalent to saying he is not God. Personality is relative, they say, therefore there can be no personal God; they who taught so once unconsciously anthropomorphised; they only projected their own image upon the sky. Secrétan confesses in reply that the Theist does find in himself that idea of freedom which he proceeds to attribute without limit to the Author of his being; but he contends that the proceeding is legitimate: we must make God either greater or less than man, and Pantheists make Him less. What constitutes personality is the possession of the dignity of moral being, the consciousness and the assertion of will. We only come in contact with limited wills, and we awaken to the sense of our personality in presence of other persons; but that is no rational motive for contesting the reality of the Infinite Will, and the Divine Person. All persons in our experience have bodies: are we to conclude that a body is essential to personality?

Will is everything in heaven and in earth. The several stages of being are marked by degrees of will, or in the lower stages by a sort of foreshadowing of will. Moral being alone is real; all the rest is accessory, and only willed to serve as means; while moral being has its value in itself. We do nothing, we are nothing, but by our wills; and that which we do involuntarily it is not we who do. Will is the essence of mind, ruling our every power; indeed, all our other powers are but inferior states or transformations of will—it constitutes the unity of our being, making all our faculties those of one and the same person. Let it but fail or give way, and all the faculties of the man are no longer instruments he uses, but independent and hostile powers that rend him asunder. The perfection of our being is the perfection of will; the will is the measure of the man, since he is valued according to his conduct; our sovereign good is the sound direction and complete satisfaction of the will; nay, the very passions that carry men away, like blind and fatal forces of nature, originated in tastes and habits voluntarily allowed and cultivated; so that past determinations of the will can be traced even where freedom has been alienated.

"I AM THAT I AM," said He who appeared unto Moses at Horeb in flaming, but not consuming, fire. "GOD IS LOVE," wrote John to his little children in the Gospel. The former utterance, with its awful reserve, became the Self-existing while not yet fully revealed; the latter suited the time when

grace and truth had come by Jesus Christ. The formula of Professor Secrétan seems fitted to serve as a transaction between them: God is what He is by His own eternal choice, and He has chosen to be love. The mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity allowed room in Deity for the exercise of love without being dependent upon created beings for its objects: plurality and unity co-existing from all eternity, there could be a circle of mysterious and ineffable communion contained in God Himself before all worlds. Our author, however, does not touch upon this grand theme, except when giving an account of the opinions of Richard of St. Victor. He has to do with the lessons to be learned from our own consciousness and from nature, independently of revelation.

The metaphysical attributes of God—Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Omniscience—are evidently contained in the very idea of absolute freedom: our author supposes that this is equally the case with the moral attributes, so far, at least, as they designate the Divine character irrespectively of the shape in which it manifests itself towards created existences. We should have some criticisms to make upon the analysis of this subject, but we spare the reader who has had the patience to accompany us thus far, and, with Professor Secrétan, we pass from the sphere of metaphysics to that of theology.

God is love because He has made Himself love—first and supreme grace, containing in itself all other graces, and for which He is to be eternally adored. We bless Him for the perfections with which He has clothed Himself. The existence of the God of love is the eternal miracle—the cause of all that we know and that we are. Next, creation is to be understood as an act of free grace. God can have been constrained to it by no want in His being—not even that of being surrounded by creatures capable of knowing and loving Him: the absolute can feel no want. Creation must have been a perfectly gratuitous act of absolute freedom; creature existence was not necessary to the Divine felicity: it pleased God that there should be creatures bearing His image and sharing His bliss, and He is glorified in them; but He did not make them for His glory; He made them for their own sakes. The power, the wisdom, the goodness of God are indeed exhibited in creation; but the motive of creation cannot have been the procuring for Himself a glory He needed not; it was the good of His creatures; and, if He wills that His perfections should be known and celebrated, it is because the good of His children consists in knowing and in adoring them.

Happiness is but the consequence of goodness. It is the

consciousness of the reality, the harmony, and the plenitude of being. God willed the goodness of the creature for its own sake as an act of free grace, and therefore mediately and indirectly willed its happiness also. Now, willing the goodness of the creature is synonymous with willing its resemblance to God, and therefore the creature was made free; it was placed in conditions that summoned it to confer upon itself the highest perfection of which it was capable; it was created under the obligation to realise its own freedom, and become voluntarily like God, as it was so already virtually, by the law of its being.

When a plant has passed through the various stages of its development, the seed from which it sprang is produced over again in the ripe fruit with which it ends. The path of the philosophy of freedom leads through a region of metaphysics, but it sets out from the moral instinct, and it issues in the reduction of morals to the all-comprehending principle that the fundamental character of man is the reproduction of the image of God, that his essential calling is to make himself by his own act the free and happy being that he was intended to become.

The idea of duty now stands out in all its majesty. Creature freedom involves in itself a law—the obligation to work out its own realisation, and to watch over its own preservation. The love that called us into existence, and seeks our highest possible perfection, alone makes it intelligible. Kant and Fichte were right in seeking the principle of moral law in our own nature; but their system requires as its complement the reference of our nature to God, without which the feeling of obligation remains an inexplicable phenomenon. Since the created will is free, it may alienate or destroy its freedom, but it is *bound* to retain and develop that freedom —aye, and to render it inalienable in fact as it is already by right. The moral law is the supreme law of creation; that for the sake of which all the rest was made; that of which all natural laws are the symbols and images. "Make thyself really that which thou art virtually, in principle, in substance: *become that which thou art.*" This is the sovereign and universal precept!

The creature will may constitute and assert itself in a relation of willing subordination, becoming its own master in order to give itself to God; or it may withhold its allegiance, and aim at becoming altogether its own centre in a state of selfish isolation. This last choice is self-destructive: it is an effort to break away from the principle of one's own being.

Could it completely succeed, it would be annihilation; but this the creature cannot attain; it can only condemn itself to an inward and devouring contradiction, to an everlasting and ever abortive suicide. The only way for the creature will to take possession of its freedom, and put it forth, and accomplish its end, and retain it unimpaired, or rather to transform it into a higher and holy determination; the only way, is the freely loving God, and the willingly giving oneself to Him,—free and unreserved self-surrender. As absolute freedom made itself to be love, so our limited freedom must assert and put itself forth in a response to supreme and eternal love. The meaning of creation is love looking forward to love, and that, for the sake of the beings who are thus made to love.

By creating free beings, God consented to be no longer the only will in the universe. He limited Himself, contradicting so to speak the infinity of His nature, because He was greater than His nature. But when created wills lend themselves to be the organs of the Divine will, then the Supreme Being is once more absolute by the gift of His own creatures; in their love He becomes *all* as He was before. Wondrous condescension! He puts it in the power of the creature love to reinstate Him in His own place. Hegel's celebrated formula—affirmation, negation, and their common synthesis, the realisation of harmony by contrast—magnificent logical type as it is of all development, all history and all life—is but the pale reflection of the real relation between God and the world.

In the love of creatures for their God, the end of creation is attained. The universe explains itself as a moral reality, in which everything is ultimately resolved into relations of will. The mind is satisfied; it has no more questions to ask. The work of metaphysics is over. Morals, speculative and practical, are complete. On the hypothesis of such a state, the very sense of duty would disappear along with the temptation to revolt and isolation; it would be transformed and lost in the bliss of uninterrupted communion.

Had creature will resisted the first inevitable temptation to reign in its own name, to assert itself as sovereign, and not merely endowed with conditioned freedom, it would have found in the love of God its end, its reality, and the full satisfaction of its deepest cravings; nor could any power or seduction whatever have drawn it away and interrupted this blessed and supreme relation. Its love would not have been that of pure grace, like God's, but that of gratitude. It would have eternally renewed the miracle of its creation, and

its own youth and beauty; for it would have found in God the truth of its being, and beauty is the splendour of truth.

"To love, is to live; to love, is to feel oneself live; to love, is to possess oneself; to love, is to give oneself; to love, is to double one's existence. To love God, is not merely to double one's existence, it is to emancipate one's being, in the truest sense, from the limits of finite existence, it is to give oneself the highest possible reality."

"And if feeling is but the echo of the depths within, if happiness is but the consciousness of power, harmony and truth, as wretchedness is that of emptiness, discord and falsehood; it is impossible that the love of God, the perfection of goodness, the plenitude of our being, should not also be fulness of happiness."

"Thus the soul that loves God is rich, free, happy; she is satisfied, moreover, and feels no further want. What could tear her from such a condition? Not lassitude or satiety; for *ennui* is but the feeling of a disproportion between the principle of our activity and the object with which it busies itself. If satiety overtakes us in the midst of our enjoyments, it is because our joys are but the parody of happiness. He who is happy needs no diversion. The love of God would leave no room for the desire of change; nothing could turn away from it the soul that had really tasted of it."

Such is the ideal that we construct, says Professor Secrétan, not from *à priori* science, because the acts of absolute freedom could not be anticipated, but as the consequence of the first truth of experience—the certainty that there has been a creation. The next question is, How far have creature wills answered the end of their being? This, too, is an appeal to experience, and to meet it we must consult nature, history, and our own heart. The second volume of the *Philosophy of Freedom*, which is not now before us, is devoted to this investigation.

The history of the search after the absolute principle in the various systems of philosophy from the Ionians to Hegel, occupies a considerable part of the first volume. We have not attempted to condense it, but will only say that M. Secrétan succeeds in showing that the great current of metaphysical speculation has not been the mere random and sterile series of contradictions that we are wont to suppose it. His own intellectual predecessors were essentially—Duns Scotus, because he dwelled upon the idea of cause rather than that of being; Descartes, because he attributed to God absolute freedom; though the insufficient development of

the idea of self-causation left the way open for Spinoza; Kant, because he felt the imperative character of the human conscience, and the solidity of the support it offers for any weight that can be laid upon it; Schelling, in his latest phase, though his notion of the Divine freedom was inadequate.

The work which we have attempted to sketch, as much as possible in the author's own words, has attained the honour of a second edition. It has, however, probably been known even by name to very few of our readers. The question may be naturally asked, how comes it that, while the names of Kant and Fichte, Schelling and Hegel are familiar to all cultivated Englishmen, even to those who have never studied them, little or nothing has been heard of a writer whose philosophy should be more to the taste of the Christian public, and is second to none as an earnest, original, and sustained effort of intelligence? The answer is very simple. Professor Secrétan would have been known to the world long since had he been a German, because his countrymen would have appreciated his labours, and made strangers acquainted with them. Unfortunately he writes in French, and he is not a Parisian. Even a native Frenchman and a Roman Catholic can have little hope of attracting attention, if a provincial; how much less, then, can he have who is a Protestant, and politically a stranger? Literary men in France have hardly as yet come to look upon Vinet even as one of themselves. M. Ernest Naville has yet to receive his letters of naturalisation, though his works are translated into English, German, Russian, and, we believe, also into Italian. Rousseau and Madame de Staël were so completely recognised only because they underwent the indispensable baptism of Parisian life.

Minds capable of following the foregoing argument, who are not already committed to some other metaphysical system, must feel that it leads us to higher ground than any occupied by the leaders of thought amongst ourselves. English metaphysicians seem in a state of confusion like hostile vessels in a fog; sailing, some of them at least, in directions that they do not mean, and confirmed in their wrong courses by the corresponding mistakes of their adversaries. How poor, and how artificial, and how untrue to human nature, does Mr. Mill's positivism look beside the philosophy of freedom. Here we have will in heaven, and real wills on earth, and reasons for things, and the principle of obligation justified, instead of reducing the *ego* to little,

and the *non-ego* to less, and refusing ever to ask *why*, and extracting moral law from the association of ideas. And yet M. Secrétan could sympathise with all that is right and true in Mill's criticism of Hamilton and Mansell.

Mr. Mansell's position is the most remarkable illustration of the dualism that too often exists between an Englishman's science and his religion. His faith in revelation saves him personally from Pantheism; but his philosophy, taken alone, would but confirm the Pantheism of those who are not kept by faith in revelation. "A cause," he says, "cannot, as such, be absolute; the absolute cannot, as such, be a cause. The cause, as such, exists only in relation to its effect; the effect is an effect of the cause. On the other hand, the conception of the absolute implies a possible existence out of all relation." Here is an abyss out of which no existence could ever issue; but when it is suggested that the Absolute is His own eternal cause, the proposition may transcend conception, but the supposed inherent contradiction vanishes.

Again, the one and the many, according to Mr. Mansell, are alike incomprehensible if regarded as the beginning of existence. The absolute, as conceived, is not only incapable of a necessary relation to everything else, but it is also incapable of an essential relation within itself; "for if there is in the absolute any principle of unity, distinct from the mere accumulation of parts or attributes, this principle alone is the true absolute. If, on the other hand, there is no such principle, then there is no absolute at all, but only a plurality of relatives." We accept the former alternative. WILL is the principle of unity and the true absolute, and before it all these unhealthy subtleties disappear. The *Philosophy of Freedom* does but repeat with scientific rigour the process by which the sound uncultured mind rises from nature to nature's God.

If the infinite be but a fasciculus of negations, and the absolute the supposed subject of all possible predicates to an unlimited extent, of course these unmeaning abstractions are self-contradictory; but this cannot be affirmed of the positive idea of unconditioned and almighty will.

We share the indignation of Mr. Mill against the supposition that justice, mercy, benevolence in God, may mean something so different from the same terms when predicated of man, that we cannot reason from one to the other. Can man be asked to trust an unknown God? Can he be told to love with all his heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, a Being whose feelings towards him are represented

as something different and inconceivable? The Divine perfections surpass conception; but if we cannot measure their *degree*, we understand their *kind*. We cannot gaze upon the sun; but the light upon which we do open our eyes, and for which they were made, does not deceive us as to the nature of the direct solar ray. Our God-consciousness leads us in the right direction, though it cannot bring us into the very presence of Him who dwelleth in light unapproachable. The little child has no adequate and scientific knowledge of the mystery that constitutes paternity, and yet it is not mistaken when it looks up and says—father!

Vulgar Atheism at home and abroad is ever harping on the sophistical argument of Proclus, the neoplatonician, that the conception of a personal God is an anthropomorphism. Our highest conception of the Supreme Being must be taken from our own nature, because it is the highest we know. It is confessedly inadequate; but so far as it goes must be true; the highest creature must be the nearest image of the Creator. We are told that the cause of all things is inaccessible; that it is high out of the reach of our grovelling minds, and then the same teachers proclaim it a zero, a chemical molecule, or some blind and fatal force. In order not to make it like man, they make it immeasurably less than man. We know but one real cause—the human will, and it is from it that we rise to the conception of the first cause.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is not a *vulgar* Atheist. He is another Mansell, who is not kept from following his principles to their consequences by faith in revelation, and so, while sincerely desirous of reconciling the religious needs of mankind with the conclusions of science, he can attain no higher than the erection of an altar to the unknown God. After showing at length that an inscrutable power manifests itself to us through all phenomena, that the consciousness of absolute existence is the obverse of our own self-consciousness, that "in the very denial of our power to learn *what* the absolute is, there lies hidden the assumption *that* it is;" he refuses to represent the ultimate cause to himself as personal, because he repudiates the assumption that the choice lies between personality and something lower than personality.

"The choice is rather between personality and something higher. Is it not just possible that there is a mode of being as much transcending intelligence and will as these transcend mechanical motion? It is true that we are wholly unable to conceive any higher mode of being. But this is not a reason for questioning its existence; it is rather the reverse. Have we not seen how utterly incompetent our

minds are to form even an approach to a conception of that which underlies all phenomena? Is it not proved that this incompetency is the incompetency of the conditioned to grasp the unconditioned? Does it not follow that the Ultimate Cause cannot in any respect be conceived by us, because it is in every respect greater than can be conceived? And may we not therefore rightly refrain from assigning to it any attributes whatever, on the ground that such attributes, derived as they must be from our own natures, are not elevations, but degradations? Indeed, it seems somewhat strange that man should suppose the highest worship to lie in assimilating the object of their worship to themselves."

Now we submit that the doctrine of an absolute will presents the character of transcendency which Mr. Spencer requires, while it meets other cravings more necessary and equally imperious. As we ascend the scale of creation, every new order of being exhibits an essential characteristic that did not exist in the preceding order; but it does not the less retain the character that had marked that preceding order, and all the others that had successively prepared for it. The agency of imponderable forces continues to subsist in the ponderable elements of the world; mineral molecules continue to subsist in plants, though conditioned by the higher principle of vegetable life, the previous element not being lost but carried up; vegetable life continues to subsist in the involuntary functions of animals; imponderable forces and chemical molecules, and vegetable life, and animal instincts and feelings, all co-exist in the microcosm man. Animals cannot understand man; his being is greater than theirs; but when a dog looks upon his master as another animal—a living creature like himself—he is not mistaken; the conception is true so far as it goes.

The conclusion is obvious: we reach in man the highest known order of creation, the end for which all the other orders exist—a being able both to appropriate and to understand the world. The transition from this highest creature to God is not a mere additional ascent in the scale of creation, as if God were a man with some unknown higher element superinduced upon humanity. There is no proportion between the creature and the Creator. The unconditioned cannot take any place, even the highest, in any conceivable series. We stand on the brink of a chasm of which we can neither fathom the depth nor measure the width. But experience has taught us that inferior orders of being contain characters common to themselves and to a superior order without being able to measure the superior. Then, may not the ultimate

cause of all things contain in itself something akin to that which is highest in the noblest of creatures, without prejudice to its own transcendent superiority? This is but a surmise founded upon an analogy; but it is changed into certainty when the investigation of the universe shows it to be the work of a mind that our own can interpret; when we understand its laws so well that we can predict future phenomena; when the laws of thought constrain us to attribute all things to a cause which is itself an absolute beginning; when, finally, the sense of obligation holds us amenable to a Supreme Lawgiver. It is not our presumption, it is the adorable grace of our God, that enables us to trace the spiritual kindred of man with God.

We read, "In the image of God made He man." This, our relative divinity, is the strength of the argument for Theism; like is known by its like. This, our relative divinity, makes the incarnation credible; it was possible for the Eternal Son to make a human will concentric with His own. This our relative divinity made the atonement possible; for it was the reality of our Lord's humanity that gave Him the right to take upon Him the sins of the race. The same fundamental truth guarantees Theism and Christianity, faith in God and faith in redemption.

Art. IV.—1. *Exposition Universelle de* 1867 *à Paris. Catalogue général,* 1re *Livraison, Œuvres d'Art.*

2. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts.* 1867.

3. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours.* 1867.

4. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.* 1867.

5. *Catalogue of the Second Special Exhibition of National Portraits.* Commencing with the Reign of William and Mary, and ending with the Year 1800. On loan to the South Kensington Museum. 1867.

6. *Catalogue of the Works of the late John Phillip, R.A.* Sold by auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on Friday, May 31, 1867, and three following days.

7. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists.* Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. 1867.

8. *Catalogue of the Fourteenth Annual Exhibition in London of Pictures, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools.* Pall Mall. 1867.

9. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the International Society of Fine Arts at the Gallery,* 25, Old Bond Street.

10. *Catalogue of the Exhibition of the Works of Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists at the British Institution.* 1867.

The art of England has passed this year through a severe ordeal; and, unfortunately, has not passed through it with honour. We may entertain what opinion we will respecting the critical capacity of a tribunal which has awarded a medal of exceptional merit to M. Cabanel, and put off our own painters with a bare pittance of four inferior medals, distributed apparently very much at hap-hazard; we may take one by one the articles of foreign critics on our show of art at the Great Paris Exhibition, and alternately smile and wonder at the judgments pronounced.* But the fact still

* Take the following, as an instance among many: "The greater part of the paintings are so befurbished, polished, and made hazily dazzling in the attempt to reproduce indiscriminately everything, that they look like great moss agates." This is from an Art. in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of the 1st July, 1867.

remains, that at an international concourse of art treasures, our painting has excited but little admiration, and been treated with something very like contempt.

How is this to be accounted for? In 1855, when for the first time our artists collectively accepted a challenge from their foreign compeers, and broke a lance in Old England's honour, the result was widely different. Then there was but one voice of admiration for their prowess. They came, they were seen, they conquered. Now all is changed. And yet our critics are fond of assuring us that every year sees an improvement in the general character of our exhibitions; that the earnest study of nature which the Pre-Raphaelites introduced is bearing rich fruit, while the exaggerations into which the "Brotherhood" rushed in the first ardour of its neophytic zeal, are fast receding into the past. Why, then, does the foreigner of 1867 exult over our downfall? Is it that twelve years ago he was surprised into an admiration of which, now that he has had time to think over it, he rather repents? Is it that he has allowed national prejudice to warp the free exercise of his judgment, and wilfully lost the catholicity of mind which could recognise beauties he had not been educated to see? Is it that we have foolishly sent weaklings to the fray, and have thus suffered a defeat, because, through the want of a wise selection, the works sent to represent our art do not represent it worthily? And behind these questions looms the yet more momentous one: Is it—for here we must remember there is a possibility which we have no right to ignore—is it that the foreign critics are right, and that our school of art is indeed wasting its strength in the pursuit of crude and childish objects, and that, having followed wrong paths for twelve years, it is simply twelve years farther from the goal than it was in 1855?

Of these inquiries there is one which stands at the threshold of all further disquisition. If the pictures which we have sent to the Exhibition are not the best we can produce, and if our foremost painters are only represented by inferior or less important works, then the sting of the adverse criticism is extracted. We must readily forgive a wrong judgment if we omitted to furnish grounds for a right one.* And this, it must be remembered, is a point on which most foreign nations possess a manifest advantage over us. For abroad the State is the largest "consumer" of works of art. Its purse is long, and

* English sculpture is altogether unrepresented at Paris, our sculptors having one and all refused to exhibit on the established conditions. With whomsoever the fault may have rested, this result is greatly to be regretted.

it purchases of the best: and, being naturally anxious to make a good appearance in a great international competition, the very cream of its best is sent up to Paris. But among ourselves things are managed very differently. Here, with the exception of a few immovable frescoes, the Government owns no modern works whatever. One and all are in the hands of private individuals, who may perhaps be forgiven if they hesitate to incur for their treasures the risk of a transport beyond the seas—to say nothing of some trouble for themselves. It cannot be very pleasant to see your residence stripped of its chief ornaments during several months; and this kind of claim on the liberality of the rich has increased very much in frequency during the last few years. It is a claim—be it said in all gratitude, for the boon is a great one—which has hitherto been very nobly met; but now, for some reason, a limit seems to have been reached. Certain it is that the representative collection of our school now under the world's inspection in Paris is not altogether such as a competent person, perfectly unfettered in his choice, would have made. There is Landseer, for instance. He is the one of our painters whose fame has travelled farthest beyond our shores. Could nothing better have been found than his "Taming of the Shrew" to sustain his great reputation? We remember—as who that has seen it can have forgotten—the "Man proposes and God disposes" of three or four years ago—the two white bears feasting in ghastly voluptuousness on the bones of our lost seamen, among great opalescent masses of ice. We remember, too, the exquisite prettiness of the "Piper and Pair of Nut-crackers," as Sir Edwin, in fanciful mood, called his squirrels and bullfinch. There is poetry, though of course of a very dissimilar order, in two such works. They linger in the mind, and find a place in that inward treasury of things beautiful which even the poorest may carry about with him. Why, then, when a man can paint like this—and as we write all our old friends, the dogs of earlier years, come crowding into our memory—why, then, we ask again, should so insignificant a production as the "Shrew" be the only forthcoming specimen of Landseer? We have too much cause to be proud of him as the most original, and, *longo intervallo*, the greatest of animal painters, to be satisfied with such treatment. England cannot afford the loss. Then there is Stanfield. He is scarcely better represented; and in his case, to the regret that one of our best artists has not been suffered to do himself and his country justice, is added a regret of a more personal kind, for Stanfield has but just

departed from among us. His one picture, the "Skirmish off Heligoland," at the Academy—painted with tremulous touch that tells pathetically of the failing hand — is the last that we shall see from his easel. And what more fitting epitaph could we conceive for the painter whose firm and manly style has so long been one of the glories of our school, than such an exhibition of his works as would have displayed to the world at large the varied fulness of his power?

Why, again, should Herbert be utterly unrepresented? He *can* paint very badly, it is true, as is proved by his effeminate picture at the Academy of "St. Edmund, King of East Anglia, Praying outside his Tent." But he can also paint very admirably, as witness his fresco at the House of Lords of "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law." Some of his religious pictures, moreover, are most beautiful. Or take an artist belonging to a totally different school, one of the chief leaders in the Pre-Raphaelite movement — Holman Hunt. His "After-glow in Egypt" is, in our opinion, a very able mistake. The subject is unworthy of the pains bestowed upon it. The copper-coloured Egyptian woman who completely fills the frame is unpleasantly and obtrusively near to the spectator. She looms down upon him, and brow-beats him. If he is to examine her—and she is not particularly well-favoured—with any degree of pleasure, she really must go a little farther off. We cannot quarrel with our French friends for regarding her as a product of insular eccentricity. But, then, could not some other picture by the same artist have taken her place? Without going back to the "Light of the World," already exhibited in 1862, might not the "Finding of Christ in the Temple," have been sent to Paris? It would have been a relief to come upon it after the sickly unreality of so much of the religious art in the French rooms. Possibly some of the foreign critics might even have been led wonderingly to admit that an attempt to reproduce a scene in our Lord's life, in some degree as it may have taken place, was not altogether childish and futile. Why, again, should no landscape signed by Creswick appear on these walls? It is no small thing that we have to look in vain for one of his clear peat-stained brooks, here sleeping in transparent indolence, here leaping merrily over a broad belt of pebbles, or picking its rapid way through

> "Boulder stones where lichens mock
> The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit
> Their teeth to the polished block;"

while above wave and shiver the fresh green trees of old England; and these are trees, mark you—not the hazy splashes of dirty colour, which so many of the French painters mistake for those productions of nature. And Maclise? He is a hard colourist, it is true, but an excellent draughtsman; and men who can draw admirably are not so common that he should have been left out.

Of course we must not be understood to say that all our best artists are either absent from the Paris Exhibition or only represented by inferior works. Elmore never, to our knowledge, painted a better picture than the one of the infuriated mob surrounding Marie Antoinette and her children at the "Tuileries, on the 20th of June, 1792." O'Neil's "Eastward Ho!" unquestionably remains his masterpiece. Among Phillips' powerful scenes of Spanish life, there is none more full of truth and character than his "Wake." Martineau's "Last Day at the Old Home," notwithstanding a certain hardness of over-elaboration, is a very fine work; and, as the painter appears since he produced it to have rested on his oars, we can but pronounce it his best. Armitage's "Esther's Banquet," and Calderon's "English Embassy at Paris on the Night of St. Bartholomew," are paintings of which any country might be proud. They are well conceived, well drawn, and well coloured. So also Burgess' "Bravo Toro," and Hughes' "Home from Work," are most favourable specimens of the two artists. But as one swallow does not make a summer, so a few pictures that happen to be masterpieces do not make an adequate representation of English art; and our painters being generally restricted to one (or at most to three) works, if those works are unfortunately ill-chosen, there is no redress. The spectator's painful impression cannot be corrected. Now, contrast this with the French, Belgian, or Dutch gallery. There each artist of note has allotted to him space for the exhibition of all the more important of his recent productions. They are all hung together, so that the full scope of his art is at once visible. If one chances to be weak, the others are by its side to redress the balance. And thus a true judgment can be formed of his place in his own school, and in the general world of art. But as matters now stand, such a judgment respecting our own painters is impossible. We are running weighted and unprepared against men lightly equipped for the race, and must refuse to look upon ourselves as fairly beaten.

Is it quite clear, however, that, even if we appeared before them to every advantage, our foreign critics would withdraw

their condemnation? We are afraid not. The fact is that we and the French pursue such different ends in art, that they and the larger portion of Continental Europe which follows in their footsteps can scarcely understand us. And the divergence is not merely accidental, or such as would yield to a few moments of good-humoured explanation. It springs from a radical difference of national character, and has its counterpart in the worlds of politics and literature. For the Frenchman is born with an innate love of authority. The form of government to which he has taken most kindly during the last hundred years is a despotism. He likes to see the hand of the State everywhere, and to feel that he is being directed. He has very little faith in the individual efforts of his fellow-citizens, but trusts implicitly to a paternal ruler, who shall arrange everything for him, from the fashion of his house to the manufacture of his tobacco. In literature he is the same man. He places great reliance in academies, and cannot forgive eccentricity. The beauties most conspicuous in his writings are a clear style, great neatness and felicity of language, and a well-balanced and harmonious arrangement of parts. The defects are all negative rather than positive. In art he follows tradition. It is repugnant to his sense of the fitness of things that every upstart should presume to look at nature through his own eye. Let him learn in some known painter's studio to look at it through the eyes of better men. Indeed, nature is a matter of which he need take very little heed. By the time he has arranged his grouping and "composition," and balanced his masses of light and shade, and fixed upon a key of colour that shall not be too high, he really will find that he can get on quite pleasantly without nature. Let him study the great masters instead, and endeavour to continue their traditions. Who is he that he should dare to be original? Now, how different in all this is our old friend John Bull, who hates all Government interference, and would much rather do a thing himself badly than let the State do it possibly much better. He won't read a book unless it is, or at least pretends to be, original; and would allow that one merit to cover any number of literary sins. And as to painting, if an artist can't see things for himself, what right has he to paint at all? Only let John Bull—who is a sturdy sort of fellow, with a strong love of truth—be sure that he is painting things as he actually does see them, and he may give free rein to his individuality; for individuality is the great *sine quâ non* of art, and may be purchased advantageously even at the expense of any number of blunders.

Nor need our readers travel beyond the confines of the English language to study the French side in this controversy. There are several writers among ourselves—as Carlyle and Ruskin—who call loudly for the increased action of Government; and the rising sect of the Positivists, whose system is an ingenious combination of Atheism and Ultramontane despotism, throw such influence as they possess into the same scale. Matthew Arnold, amid much in his writings that is childish and affected, has done really good service in bringing prominently before our minds the advantages which the French literary systems, in many respects, unquestionably possess. And Tom Taylor has so belauded French art, at the expense of our own, that he now seems tardily to think that perhaps some little reparation may be due.

Another cause which, independently of national character, tends greatly to create a difference between the art of England and France, is the difference of patronage. There, as we have already said, the State is the painter's best customer. It purchases largely for the decoration of palaces, public galleries, and churches; and the kind of picture required for its purposes is that large style of decorative historical or religious picture, which French critics regard with such complacency. "Where," they ask, "are the works of your school that can stand side by side with the masterpieces at the Luxembourg and Versailles? Of high historical art you can scarcely be said to have any. You paint anecdotes, it is true, but seem incapable of treating great scenes on a grand scale." To this we answer that, unquestionably, there is much that is very admirable in the works to which we are referred. They mostly, however, have, to an English eye at least, the great defect of a want of verisimilitude. They do not look as if they were seriously meant to represent the scene as it actually took place. There is about them an air of "something ianism," to use an expression of Dickens', which detracts from their beauty and impressiveness. A great number of them, moreover, display an evident delight in bloodshed and violence that is rather repulsive.

The Luxembourg is the very sanctum of modern French art, and the proportion of paintings within its walls that appeal to strong and coarse emotions is large. And this, we may cursorily remark, is a very curious feature in any French work, and one that well deserves consideration. For what is the charge which foreign critics—even those who, like M. Taine, possess both knowledge and impartiality—are fond of

bringing against our great national poet? That his scenes are barbarous, murder being piled on murder, and every kind of violent action freely displayed; whereas in the more decorous dramas of Corneille and Racine, if any action has to be performed that might disturb the flowing periwig of a gentleman, it takes place behind the scenes, and is only described to the spectators in a well-rounded period. The tables are turned now. French painters, though they do not, like Shakspeare, live in a time when every man's sword is ready to his hand, and a brawl an event of hourly occurrence, are fond of scenes of bloodshed. They spare you none of the ghastly details. Take Gérôme, whose works, notwithstanding a certain hardness and over-smoothness, are among the cleverest in the Exhibition. They include a "Death of Cæsar;" a duellist in masquerading dress pierced to the heart and sinking in the snow; a blood-stained Roman circus, with its little band of gladiators about to die; and the gate of a Mosque at Cairo, ornamented with the ghastly and grinning heads of certain boys decapitated by Salek-Kachef.* Pretty well out of thirteen pictures, two of which, moreover—the "Phryne" and "an Eastern Dancer"—are repulsive on other grounds. But our English painters, on the contrary, avoid bloodshed, and prefer showing you the effect produced by a thing to the thing itself. In Calderon's "English Embassy on the Night of St. Bartholomew" we witness the emotions of the little band of English Protestants, plucked like a brand from the burning, and looking down on the scene of ruin and hideous wrong below. That scene is kindly hidden from our eyes. So in Burgess' "Bravo Toro" we see the spectators only; and a French critic in the *Constitutionnel* called the picture "detestable," for no reason that he condescended to explain, except that the revolting details of the arena were not displayed.

Endeavour to disguise it as we will, however, we cannot but feel a certain sting of truth in the accusation brought against us. Our school might not be the better for taking the same delight as its continental rivals in scenes of carnage and violence; but it is true, unhappily, that our painters devote themselves rather to the anecdotage of history than to its grand and important scenes. Perhaps they do this in humility; perhaps because private patronage prefers the pretty story to the stirring national event; perhaps because failure may be less disastrous in the one than the other.

* A duplicate of this picture was exhibited at the French Gallery in Pall Mall.

Whatever the cause, the result is deeply to be deplored. Our great past should not lightly be put to one side. We have need of all its memories. But if we take the exhibitions of the year, how few pictures shall we find in which any serious attempt is made to awaken them. Frith, however, is an honourable exception, and his "Last Sunday of King Charles II.," shows in our estimation a great advance upon all his former works. We cannot better describe the scene than in the words of Evelyn, who witnessed it:—

"I can never forget," he writes, "the inexpressible luxury and prophanenesse, gaming, and all dissolutenesse, and as it were total forgetfulnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of. The king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me, made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust!"

Here, thanks to the painter, the whole lives again. Again the quiet Sunday evening draws to a close, and the hues of sunset pale in the sky; again the "Merry Monarch," unheeding the sweet influences of the time, sits satiated and moody among his mistresses, while around the wine cup passes, the dice box rattles, and the courtiers flirt and buzz like the dissolute ephemeral beings they are. Again John Evelyn and his companions, conspicuous by their sober attire and bearing, survey the whole with the sorrow of honest men. And again the old story tells its old moral—a moral which preachers, and poets, and painters, have not yet worn threadbare—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

Besides this picture, there is but one other at the Academy worthy of being called a great historical work, and that is, Poynter's "Israel in Egypt." It does not, indeed, portray any special event which the records of antiquity have preserved for us; but it is on that account only the more impressive. Not once, on a single occasion, but day after day, through long long years, as the Book of Genesis tells us, were the children of God's chosen race thus yoked like beasts of burden to the colossal monoliths that still form the wonder of the world. Day after day the sun burned over their heads with its cloudless glare, and the long lash of the taskmaster's whip quivered into their naked flesh, till they "sighed, sighed, sighed," by reason of the bondage. Amid much in this picture that is excellent, both for thought and execution

—the latter especially—we are sorry to have to point to one serious mistake: the scale is an unfortunate one; for the eye cannot at the same time grasp the whole and do justice to the parts. The figures are too small for a composition of that size.

We have said that this painting and Frith's "Last Sunday of King Charles II.," are the only two at the Academy worthy of being classed as great historical works, and we must maintain that opinion, though Yeames' "Dawn of the Reformation," from the importance of the subject, and the happy rendering of some of the details, barely falls short of the same honourable rank. Nothing can be better than the group of "poor priests," who are listening to Wycliffe's parting charge, as he dismisses them on their errand of truth and love. There is fervour and individuality in all their faces, and yet they are priests still, with that peculiar and distinctive look which the Roman clergy seldom loses. But when we seek for what should be the chief figure in the composition, we meet with disappointment. Wycliffe's countenance is wooden and unattractive. Mr. Yeame seems in painting it to have followed too servilely some old portrait, and to have been unable to give life to his materials.* And this is perhaps natural. There are but few men who can impart the same spark of vitality to the creatures of their learning as to the creatures of their imaginations. Baron Leys does this unquestionably, and the collection of his works at the Paris Exhibition is a feast of rich enjoyment. He has evidently pored over the pictorial records of the fifteenth century till he might almost without anachronism be called the contemporary of the brave "Beggars" who freed the Low Countries from the yoke of Spain. But he is not the slave of those records. Beneath his fingers the dry bones live again, and the past rises up—not theatrically galvanised into a semblance of being—but acting, striving, thinking, in sober yet robust health. This is historical painting indeed—painting undertaken in a serious and earnest spirit worthy of all our praise and admiration.

Entertaining this opinion respecting the genius of the great Belgian artist, we were glad to perceive some traces of his influence in our own school; and notably in a picture by G. H. Boughton, showing the Early Puritans marching armed

* The landscape moreover is meaningless, and this is a great defect in a work of art where every accessory should be such as to add force to the general impression. Here is nothing of the fields white for harvest, the metaphor by which our Lord described the duties of such husbandmen.

to worship through the snows of a New England winter. We shall be glad to look for Mr. Boughton's name in future catalogues, and hope he will then have selected some more distinct and important theme. For this class of subject, this peopling the past with imaginary figures, is, in default of nobler historical art, a very favourite practice with our painters. And it must be confessed that in this walk they meet with very considerable, if perhaps undeserved success. What can be better than Calderon's "Home after Victory"—a stalwart baron re-entering his castle in all the pride of winning some well-fought field, and hailed with joy by relations and retainers? The qualities of tone and colour in this work, and in the same artist's "Evening," are very rare. Equally admirable is Pettie's "Treason," where in the gorgeous gloom of an old tapestried hall, six eager conspirators mature their wily and secret plans. In Hodgson's "Evensong," we breathe a calmer, holier atmosphere; and the antique chapel, warm with the rich glow of evening, seems to echo again to the chant of the priests, and kindle the devotion of the long-forgotten worshipper. Prinsep's "Venetian Gaming-house in the Sixteenth Century," like all this painter's works, is very powerful if not very pleasing. The crafty gambler, who is reaching forward to collect his gains, is very happily rendered. Equally so is his victim, who not without suspicion of foul play, and goaded by the loss of his all, rises angrily, his hand upon his dagger. We confess, however, to a preference for the same painter's "Miriam watching the Infant Moses,"—in our opinion his most graceful work. The little bronze maiden in the very first budding of womanhood, her loins girt with a red cloth, lies peering through the tall brown reeds. It is a very pretty picture from which we turn with no pleasure whatever to contemplate the deliberate ugliness of Houghton's "Boy Martyrs"—two ill-favoured boy-monks, under examination by an assembly of villanous-looking clerical scoundrels,—torture and the stake being in perspective. There is no relief in such a work as this, not even in the colour, which is blurred and, if we may be allowed the expression, restless. Mr. Houghton has been admired as an illustrator of books; but, as regards ourselves, we will confess that his preference for what is ugly and coarse, and his apparent incapacity to produce beauty, have taken away any pleasure which his illustrations might otherwise have given us.

And now let us rest for a few moments in the midst of our severer historical labours, to take a glance at baby world, and

contemplate those pictures which Mr. Ruskin, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, described as appealing to a loving, if not overcritical, public of mothers and nurses. Here our artists are unrivalled, and first of the first comes Millais. How exquisite are his "Sleeping" and "Waking" —a rosy little one that has dropped into his midday slumber, with the fading field flowers still in his hand; and a little one in the freshness and wonder of re-awakening. They are lovely faces that can keep their pre-eminence over such marvellously painted cots and counterpanes. We like the sleeper best. His pretty nestling has a grace, an *abandon*, for which his companion's open-eyed intelligence cannot compensate. What a noble piece of work again is "Master Cayley"—what full rich colour! His face and dark blue velvet dress are not so highly finished as those freaks of power, the quilted counterpanes, but in their sobriety there is perhaps more force—not that we have the heart to blame the counterpanes. When a man can render texture and substance like that, what wonder that his hand should revel, and almost run riot in its skill? But "Master Cayley" is one of the very few portraits at the Academy that might be placed side by side with those of the great masters at the National Portrait Exhibition or at the British Institution, and not fade in that dangerous presence. And the little lady in scarlet who is dancing "a minuet" so demurely—we would not forget her quaint formal attitude of olden time, and pretty face. We like these pictures, we confess, better than the more ambitious Jephthah. He, indeed, is excellent as he bows forward in agony; but his daughter has no beauty to recommend her, and the accessory figures add little if any force to the composition. Hayllar this year follows up the "Miss Lilly's Carriage stops the Way" of a preceding season, by showing us the same Miss Lilly being carried up to bed on her return from the ball. Very weary is the poor little thing as she lies a helpless huddled mass on her nurse's shoulder. One minute more, and she will be fast asleep. In another picture by this artist we see a younger member of the same family standing on the bottom step but one of the staircase, and crying in the *naive* imperiousness of childhood, "Now den, all turn and see me dump." It would be ridiculous to maintain that there was anything very exalted in such works as these. They belong to that pretty inoffensive style of art on which engraving fastens with avidity; and so long as baby-worship prevails—and it does not seem likely that that form of religion will die out till mothers become extinct

—they will be popular. Yeames "On Bread and Water," takes a higher flight. The poor little man sits ruefully at the end of the long oak table, and bites his finger as he surveys the signs of plenty at the other end. He seems lost in the big old dining-hall. Sant's children are nearly always admirable; and his colour, when he resists that temptation to haste and flimsiness from which so few fashionable portrait painters have had the strength of mind to flee entirely, is very rich and full. Sir Joshua himself would not have painted a handsomer lad than the "Richard Combe," and would probably have treated the subject in much the same manner. And the "Harry Preston," in purple dress and frill, might stand unabashed even by the side of "Master Cayley" himself.

These little ones are Fortune's favourites, born to all the happiness that wealth can bring. The rough winds of life are not suffered to come near them. As a poet has said,

> 'No carking care they know;
> Like lilies in the sunshine, how beautiful they grow."

But the children of the poor man—theirs is a different lot. And before we leave the realms of childhood we shall do well to stoop a little—for the picture is badly hung—to look at Holl's pathetic "Faces in the Fire." Poor little poet, seeking refuge from the surrounding dirt and squalor by peopling the glowing embers with the creatures of her imagination. There's a sad look on the little countenance for all its eagerness. Real as they are for the moment, the fire-faces are going out one by one, and the grey charred ashes will but too truly typify a life whose stern realities are destined soon to extinguish the flickerings of childish fancy.

This is an instance of what Mr. Ruskin, in the lecture to which we have already referred, called the "compassionateness" of modern art. And there can be no doubt that, apart from the merely picturesque side of poverty, there is among painters, as indeed among the rest of mankind, a greater sympathy with the toils and troubles of the poor than ever there was before. In the way of remedy for want we have still much, we had well nigh said *all*, to learn, it is true. The bitter anomaly of men starving in the wealthiest city of the world, in the city which, take it for all in all, has working in it the strongest leaven of Christianity—that anomaly still exists. And in our search for better things we wander perplexed and disheartened, too often reaping evil where we had thought to sow good. But in the very earnestness of our hope lurks the dawn of improvement. And loving sympathy between

classes is a great step. All honour then to the painters, whatever their country, who work to bring the poor and the rich together. Nor is virtue here its own sole reward. There are no pictures at the French Exhibition more interesting than those in which the artist has condescended to delineate the actual life of the nineteenth century as he saw it around him; and among these the most excellent are the sketches from the humble dwellings of the poor. Often, in labouring through the long galleries, weary of great battle pieces, of historical scenes that looked unreal, and of nude studies with very little to recommend them, we have turned, always with renewed pleasure, to the pictures of Frère, of Jules Breton, of the Prussian Knaus, and of the Dutchman Israëls.*

Edouard Frère, owing in a great measure to Mr. Ruskin's eloquent encomiums, is very well known in England; and though we cannot agree with that great critic in thinking that his knowledge of light and shade will bear comparison with that of Rembrandt—his colour is nearly always dirty—yet we yield to no one in our admiration for the simple unforced pathos of his cottage scenes. It is but a small, a very ordinary thing which he shows you. You might see it yourself any day in a remote French hamlet. The saying of grace over the humble midday meal is his most ambitious effort. A little peasant child lost in a book, an infant's first tottering steps, a party of little ones gathered round a stove—these are his most habitual themes. But with what a gentle, serious, loving hand they are portrayed! We feel that every touch of the pencil has been guided by tender sympathy with the homely joys and sorrows of the poor and weak, and our heart goes out towards the painter and those he loves. The mistake to which our own artists are most prone when they treat similar subjects, is a tendency to obtrude some moral on the spectator. In their eagerness to teach a lesson, they miss the Frenchman's charm of simplicity. Nor has Faed, who is the painter we should most naturally oppose to Frère, always been free from this fault, though in "The Poor—the Poor Man's Friend" of the present year, it is rather perhaps the title than the picture which is "priggish." Jules Breton is not so well known on this side of the Channel as Frère, but he is in our opinion even a greater artist. There is in

* The Norwegian Tidemand, we are sorry to say, was only represented at Paris by two works, the "Administration of the Sacrament to Sick Persons," and the "Duel in Old Norway," both of which we had already seen, the former at our own Exhibition in 1862, and the latter at the Academy in 1864.

his pictures of peasant life a largeness of style and an idyllic beauty which remind us forcibly of the best and purest of George Sand's works, *La Petite Fadette*,* *La Mare au Diable*, and *François le Champy*. Nor are these qualities gained at the expense of truth. The attitudes of his "Keeper of Turkeys," and of the women going to draw water in "The Spring by the Sea-side," are very noble; but there is nothing incongruous in them. And thus throughout his works there is a singular union of sober grandeur, the very opposite of theatrical, with vital homeliness. There is, moreover, a rare power of imagination. Each one not only tells its own story, but, like a pebble dropped in a pool, awakens in the spectator's mind an ever-widening circle of thoughts and emotions. Not alone for what it actually brings before the bodily eye is the "Recall of the Gleaners" beautiful—though that is much—but above and beyond this, in its sober pacing figures, and hues of the gloaming, are

"Borne inward into souls afar,"

thoughts of the time when the shadows of night will so close around us all, and we too shall be called homewards, bearing our sheaves with us, some perchance full and well-gathered, some, alas! testifying but too truly of the day spent in watching the toil of others. These thoughts of evening are the most habitual with M. Breton, and in this M. Israëls, of Amsterdam, resembles him. Perhaps some of our readers may remember a very impressive picture which the latter sent to our Exhibition of 1862—a sad procession bearing the body of a drowned seaman up the low sand hills of the shore. The pictures he has sent to Paris are, with the exception of the portrait of a Jewish Rabbi, and some children of the sea-coast, in the same mournful key. They are, a widow and her child; a simple, forcible, but unforced representation of a chamber of death; and the grey interior of a Dutch orphan house, with three little ones in white caps, sitting at work—very powerful all. Very powerful, yes; but is this the whole of life? "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," said one of Job's friends, and there is none of us whom sorrow in some form does not strike heavily and often. But yet the heart will rebel against so universally autumnal a view of human existence. If each day has its evening and night, it has, too, its bright midday hours of joyous toil. Every November has its June. And so we require a corrective to the Dutch

* Of whom, by-the-bye, there is a clever little fancy picture at the Academy by G. Pope.

painter's gloom, and to the French painter's twilight—a corrective which we can nowhere find so well as in the works of our own Hook. There is a freshness in all he does—a freshness as of the open air, and the salt spray, and the boundless green horizon. There's rude health, and the enjoyment of health in those bronzed children who spend the livelong happiness of the day digging for sand-eels, or paddling about in an old boat, only too proud if they are taken out in one of the paternal expeditions, and suffered to hold the helm.* As to the father, there's no leisure for mournful fancies in his toilsome life. His face is brown and weather-beaten as the figure-head of an old ship, but it shows no marks of care. He loves the sea like an old friend. And as we look at its green expanse flecked here and there with snowy foam wreaths, we forget the terribleness of its wrath, and having started by requiring Hook as a corrective to Israëls, we end by requiring Israëls as a corrective to Hook.

Knaus' range is a wider one, and we are glad that by bestowing a medal of the highest class upon him, the Jury at the International Exhibition has shown that it could recognise as high art something besides historical painting.† His "Invalide," an old German pensioner, sitting leaning on his stick, has much character. Without having seen the old man, we can be very sure that he is life-like and real. Nay, we can even know that he is not a solitary individual, but the type of a class, and that his fellows are probably discoverable in any German village. There is the same kind of power in the priest who is lecturing two rather ill-looking peasants on their sins and enormities—the chief being a predisposition to a row, if we may judge from their battered appearance. In another of his pictures we have a pretty

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* See the fine little fellow in "Luff, Boy!"

† We confess that we like his works better than the ambitious cartoon of his countryman, Kaulbach—which, we say it in all humility, appears to us to be rather a learned treatise on the Reformation than a work of art. The figure of Shakspeare is quite a success in the way of misinterpretation of character. He is here depicted with a kind of countenance stern and almost fierce, usually given to Dante. Can anything be more hopelessly wrong? Tennyson, it is true, errs on the other side, when, describing the "choice paintings of wise men" that hung in his "palace of art," he sings of

> "Milton like a seraph strong,
> Beside him Shakspeare *bland and mild*,
> And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
> And somewhat grimly smiled."

We might perhaps ask for something more in a portrait of the man who wrote *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* than "blandness and mildness." But this at any rate is far truer to what we know of Shakspeare's character from contemporary records, and, indeed, from his works, than Kaulbach's very German ideal.

little lassie daintily picking the high meadow flowers, and floundering in the long grass. She is not unlike a wee English child, and painted more as English artists treat the same class of subjects than the generality of foreign pictures. Indeed, the realism of the meadow has attracted from the French critics the same kind of strictures which they lavish so freely on ourselves. But the best and most important of Knaus' works is the "Conjuror." In an old barn by way of theatre, and with an inverted tub for stage, he is performing his crowning trick. He has just brought three canaries out of the hat of a staid middle-aged countryman, who looks on bewildered. The whole place is filled with wondering faces. Some of the children shrink back in fear. The bolder ones are pleased as with a glimpse of fairy land. An old woman turns away, and holds up her withered hands in horror at the Satanic influences to which alone such marvels can be attributed. Two comely country lasses in the foreground, with a stout lad in attendance, form a pleasant spot in this pleasant picture. The village blacksmith, who is evidently also the village sceptic, alone disdains the vulgar pleasure of amazement. He peers incredulous behind the performer's back, and strives to surprise his secrets. Through many an ale-house vigil will he lay down the law to his simpler brethren, and scoff at their misty half-suspicions of occult powers and *diablerie*.

In this picture there is a quality very rarely discoverable in foreign works, and, so far as we are aware, quite unknown in the French school—viz. humour. And this, if we come to think about it, is very remarkable. There is no people whose sense of the ridiculous is so morbidly keen as the French, none on whom a jest exercises greater influence. Once get the laugh on your side, and the battle is more than half gained: and their caricaturists in the palmier days, when they could draw what they liked, were clever and admired. Gavarni especially was a man of first-rate genius. But in painting, unaccountably, they neglect the comical side of things. Whether it be from some exalted notion of the "dignity of art," or for any other reason equally futile, they leave these fields entirely free to our painters, who fortunately are not too proud to take their pleasure therein. We could ill spare Webster's pleasant sketches of humble life—so intensely comic, and yet so free from coarseness and vulgarity. There is nothing garish or "loud" about them. They are executed uniformly in a very quiet key of colour. They never seek effect by overstepping the bounds of the probable, and

thus becoming caricatures. But they attract by a fund of irresistible drollery, and make you smile like a pleasant jest. You cannot help laughing at the "Domestic Medicine" of the present year. What a face the boy is making at the nasty compound! It's unsympathising, but you cannot choose but laugh. So, again, what quiet force and reality there is in the choir that is "Practising for a Village Concert." We know every one of these people, from the school-children, who are singing treble, to the farmer who, with his thumb stuck in his red velvet waistcoat, is shouting out the bass. We can almost hear the sounds they are producing—not very melodious, it must be confessed; but then, why affect an over-critical nicety? We wish the concert every success, and hope it will go off to the credit of all concerned. Nicol's comedy pleases us much less. It is broader and more forced. Yet there is great humour in his Irish sketches, and a good eye for character. He insists perhaps too strongly on ruggedness and wrinkles, and garments all tatters, and patches, and seams,—as witness his "Country Booking-office," in the sister isle—but yet he *can* see more than these adjuncts; and his "Kiss and make it up" is pretty. Horsley, whose essentially sunny mind often leads him into a train of graceful pleasantry, sends two pictures to the Academy this year. One, "The Duenna and her Cares," is quite in his usual manner. Heigho, she has need of all her vigilance in the custody of this pair of pretty, saucy maidens, of whom those bowing gallants would so willingly relieve her. The other must be pronounced a failure, and shows that Mr. Horsley has hitherto wisely abstained from trying to become an historical painter. It tells again the old story how Roger Ascham found Lady Jane Grey reading Plato when her companions were following the hounds. But we utterly refuse to recognise this very ordinary, scarcely pretty school-girl, with no nobleness of form, feature, or attitude, as Lady Jane Grey. You cannot lightly touch one of the most beautiful characters in history. *Noblesse oblige;* and the great things of the past should be treated with a pencil at once reverent and powerful.

The little things of the past, however, afford scope for very different treatment; and one of our painters, Mr. Marks, deserves our thanks for discovering that there is a humorous as well as an heroic side to the lives of our ancesters. Others have followed in his footsteps, but none with anything like his success. T. Graham, for instance, sends to the Academy a picture of "Monks playing at Bowls," with the motto *Dulce*

est desipere in loco; but it considerably overshoots the line that separates the caricature from legitimate art. Tourrier's "Matins," serious, with a slight dash of the comic, is much better. It may be something of a joke to us, but it is no joke to those serge-clad monks this bitter winter morning to trudge with sandalled feet, through the thick snow, across the middle of the cloister. Well may their noses be red, and their faces pinched and blue. We are afraid that if these were in modern times the conditions of attendance on family prayer, many would forego their devotions. But Marks, as we have said, remains the prince where he was the pioneer. He is king here by right of inherent superiority, as well as by right of discovery. His one picture this year, "Falstaff's Own," is a piece of rich humour. The fat knight surveys his band of pitiful recruits —ragged, bare, halting, drunken, worthless—with a look at once sly and jovial that is indescribable. "Food for Powder," he calls them. Food for the gallows, he means; and Mr. Marks has taken care to supply one in the distance, as a sign of the fate which is probably in store for the greater proportion of this rascally regiment.

But the mention of Marks reminds us that there are several of the year's historical works which we have left unnoticed. Some of these, indeed, need not detain us long. The incident of Charles II. knighting the loin of beef is not of any particular historical importance; nor does Mr. Crowe's treatment, which—so far as bad hanging will enable us to judge—is garish and unharmonious, compensate for the uninteresting nature of the subject. Lucy's "Intercepted Embarkation of John Hampden and his Friends, A.D. 1637," is also badly hung, and does not present any very striking feature. In Mrs. Ward's "Scene from the Childhood of Joan of Arc," the face and figure of the Maid herself are good; but the man in armour from whom she is listening to tales of battle might have stepped out of some neighbouring theatre. The picture, however, is better than Ward's flashy "Juliet in Friar Lawrence's Cell." There is no character about her whatever. She is dishevelled, and dressed with remarkably bad taste; and as to the Friar, like the man in armour, he is redolent of the stage. Painters should understand that if they wish to give us any of Shakspeare's scenes, they must create it anew, and not trust to their reminiscences of almost necessarily unidealised representations. Much better than all these is Wynfield's "Oliver Cromwell the Night before his Death." The great Protector—king in all but name by the

right Divine of the gift of ruling—lies in bright light on his bed, with his hands clasped over the Bible, and his face composed as it may have been when he "used divers holy expressions, implying much inward consolation and peace; and, among the rest, spoke some exceeding self-debasing words, annihilating and judging himself. And truly it was observed that a public spirit to God's cause did breathe in him, as in his lifetime, so now to his very last." Two women —his wife and daughter, it may be—are praying in the shadow at the foot of the bed; and through the open door a group of Presbyterian preachers is discernible in an anteroom, also wrestling in prayer for the dying man. It is a solemn scene; solemn not merely with the usual solemnity of death, but because we feel the contrast between the strife of opinion that has waged, and still wages, over this great man's deeds, and the calm unerringness of the tribunal before which he is proceeding.

In striking contrast to this death-bed scene is Armitage's "Interview between Savonarola and Lorenzo the Magnificent." There is no peace or holy calm here. The dying Medici turns his face away in disdain from the exhortations of the great friar, and angrily grasps at the coverlid; and the latter's absolution remains unpronounced. This is a powerful, if not a pleasing picture. The colour, however, is very thin, a defect which makes itself even more painfully felt in the same painter's "Christ healing the Sick." This is a mere piece of academical grouping, and the face of our Saviour has nothing to recommend it. Stone's "Incident from the Life of Nell Gwynne"—her giving an orange in charity to a ragged and disabled veteran is very pretty; but that is all. Mr. Stone might do better things than this. We well remember, if not his earliest work, yet the work that first brought his name prominently before the public—the "Napoleon taking Refuge in a Cottage on his Way from Waterloo to Paris"—and from that picture as a starting-point, we thought he would have run a goodly race. But, unfortunately, he never seems to have got beyond the starting-point, and his pictures now are no better—indeed, they are not so good—as they were in 1863. Surely something must be wrong here. Mr. Stone must look to his laurels.

There is a class of subjects that seems to have a strong attraction for painters, but which they always treat at their peril. We refer to scenes from the lives of the great artists of old. Two instances occur to us—one, by O'Neil, "Titian's Evening Study," and the other, by J. Gilbert, "Rembrandt

in his Studio." Now, on reading two names like these in courted connection with the work of any modern men, we confess that a feeling of surprise comes over us. Titian and Rembrandt! Why, the one was simply the greatest master of colour that has ever lived—the man whose tones, for fulness and rich harmony, have never been surpassed; the other equally matchless for command of light and shade, and for sheer power of brush. Is there not something of audacity in an artist entering the lists with them, and almost compelling the spectator to institute a comparison? For O'Neil especially the consequences of such a juxtaposition are most disastrous. Colour is not by any means his *forte*, and the Titian is more than usually hard and inharmonious. We have only to try to imagine how the mighty Venetian himself would have treated this gondola sailing amid the splendours of evening, with its freight of youth and beauty; how he would have bathed every face and garment in rich golden hues till they seemed to glow with some inner light; how perfectly he would have balanced his light and shade—we have only to do this to see how rashly Mr. O'Neil has acted. We say no more. He is an art-critic as well as an artist, and the sense of his own failure must be his worst punishment. The same kind of objection applies to Mr. Gilbert's "Rembrandt," with this difference—that, whereas the Titian is in itself a poor picture, the Rembrandt is a good one. And it applies again, though again in a less degree, to Linton's "Giorgione" at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists; for that is a very good bit of colour, and shines conspicuously among the general run of mediocrities harboured by the Gallery in Suffolk Street. As, however, we have thus expressed our disapproval of O'Neil's "Titian," it is but right we should give a voice to our admiration of his "Incident in Luther's Monastic Life at Erfurt." We cannot do better than describe it in D'Aubigné's own words:—

"One day, overcome with sadness, Luther shut himself in his cell, and for several days allowed no one to enter. His friend, Lucas Edenberger, uneasy about him, took some young choristers, and knocked at the door of his cell. As no one answered, Edenberger, still more alarmed, broke open the door, and found Luther stretched on the floor. After vainly trying to rouse him, the choristers began to sing a hymn. Their clear voices acted like a charm on the poor monk, to whom music had always been a source of delight, and by slow degrees his consciousness returned."

The Luther of this "incident" is not the burly athlete of later days, who has wrestled with the Papacy and given it

more than one shrewd fall. He is the emaciated monk, still anxiously searching for the truth, wasted by fast and vigil. It is a kindly, genial figure, that supports his drooping head, and the choristers are well rendered. The colour, too, is much more pleasing than in the "Titian," for it is in a lower key that renders harmony less difficult; and the whites and greys of the clerical garb are restful to the eye.

Several painters whose names we are accustomed to look for in the Academy Catalogue have exhibited nothing this year. Lewis is one of them; and we miss painfully his beautifully elaborate Eastern scenes, for which we are bold to challenge comparison with anything that the French school can produce, be it the boasted works of Decamps himself. Sandys, too, the most powerful of the younger Pre-Raphaelites, is among the absentees; and Stanhope — impressive, if eccentric. Bedford also sends nothing; and Mark Anthony's landscapes, in the increasing weakness of English landscape painting in oil, can ill be spared. MacCallum seems to be growing confirmed in his irritation with the governing body of the Academy, and only sends a study of a fine old leafless tree standing solitary amid the shadows of the gloaming in Windsor Park. He has apparently reserved the bulk of his forces to create a sensation at the French *Salon*,* where his peculiar style has excited a good deal of attention, and rather taken the foreign critics by surprise. Of this excursion we have no cause to complain, and we hope to see the day when the annual exhibitions of all the leading countries in Europe will include a fair sprinkling of works from other lands. For purposes of comparison and the enlargement of art ideas generally, such an international interchange of things of beauty would be invaluable. It has hitherto of course been impossible, as regards ourselves, owing to the inadequate size of the galleries in Trafalgar Square. But when the Academy migrates to its larger quarters in Burlington House, this obstacle will be removed, and our hopes may perhaps be realised. In the meantime we can but congratulate the Institute of Painters in Water Colours on having taken a step in this most desirable direction, and introduced into their gallery works by Gallait, Rosa Bonheur, and Henriette Browne.

But to return to our absentees, or *quasi*-absentees; for this distinction is necessary, inasmuch as Holman Hunt, though he has not refrained altogether from exhibiting, has yet done it in such a manner that his absence were better than his

* The French equivalent for our Academy Exhibition.

presence. He may have fair grounds of complaint against the Academy. On that point we offer no opinion. But surely he consults his own fame and the dignity of his genius very ill by sending to the annual exhibitions only the least worthy productions of his easel. Of his two pictures this year, one—the "Festival of St. Swithin," a brood of pigeons seeking shelter from a midsummer storm—is unimportant, if clever. The pigeons with their prismatic wings, and the effect of wet, are well rendered; but that is all, and that is not much for a man like Holman Hunt. The other, styled "Dolce far niente," is coarse, hard, and ugly. We are sorry to use strong language, but no expressions of less force will describe the effect which this work produces upon us. It has not even the merit of being like its title. There is none of the sweetness of repose about this woman, who might have been carved out of wood, and painted for a ship's figure-head. In keeping entirely aloof from the annual gathering in Trafalgar Square, Ford Maddox Brown pursues a far more dignified course. We do not indeed consider that he is a painter whose exceptional power justifies his adopting an exceptional position among the artists of England; but, at any rate, he does not, like Holman Hunt, keep his good things for private exhibition and send his bad ones to the Academy. And Rossetti? That he will ever so far condescend as to allow the vulgar herd to take their measure of his abilities, is now, we suppose, past hoping for. Mr. Brown's works we have seen, and can therefore offer an opinion respecting them. But of Rossetti's we have been privileged to see so little, that we can form no opinion, and the great majority even of the educated public are in the same position. He seems content permanently to rest his fame on the admiration—very zealous and devoted, it is true—of a circle of friends, and to ignore the rest of the world. This we cannot regard as right. It is a sort of "giving up to party what was meant for mankind," which to us appears morbid and almost selfish.

If some of our painters show their eccentricity by hiding their light under a bushel, others show it by the quality of the luminaries which they place in the national candlestick. Whistler* is one of these. Indeed, his pictures are so extraordinary that, to the generality of spectators, they are incomprehensible and ridiculous. If the artist ever spends any of his leisure moments in listening to the remarks they excite,

* We class Mr. Whistler as one of "our painters," for, though he is, we have reason to believe, an American, yet his art-nationality is certainly English.

he must hear very little that is complimentary; and it must be owned that the "Symphony in White, No. 3," with its affected title, slovenly execution, and general ugliness, *is* calculated to excite a smile, which the spectacle of a bank of sand distinctly visible *through* a man's body, in "Sea and Rain," is not likely to banish. But when we have enjoyed our own hilarity for a few moments—if we persevere in looking so long—we begin to perceive that we have before us something more than a hasty, blurred, incomplete sketch. The truth is Mr. Whistler possesses a marvellous faculty, that seems almost instinctive, for the exact rendering of the relative value of the tones of nature. You don't see this so easily in his figures, where it requires a great deal to compensate for ugliness and utter want of finish and of everything that is attractive. But take such a picture as his "Battersea," or, better still, the "Wapping," at the Paris Exhibition. Every gradation of hue is so perfectly reproduced, the effect of the special local atmosphere so happily caught, that the scene acquires a force and reality which are wanting in many works seemingly painted with a great deal more care. Take, by way of contrast, a water-colour drawing by John Callow, at the Exhibition of the Old Society. Where did he find all those blues and violets about "Limehouse Reach?" Is that at all like the atmosphere of the east of London? Does that river bear any resemblance to the turbid Thames? Henceforth we may reasonably entertain doubts respecting the truthfulness of any of this painter's sketches of places which we do not happen to know. We can have no confidence in him. But with Mr. Whistler the case is very different. We *must* trust him; though whether he is right to rest satisfied with his one attainment of perfection of tone, and to despise every other artistic quality, is a very different matter. We think not, and confess that we have derived more complete pleasure from his etchings, in which there is no opening for his favourite deficiencies, than from his pictures.

Another painter, who, latterly especially, has suffered himself to be too much absorbed in a single aim, is Leighton. Here, indeed, we have scarcely the heart to find fault; for the passion for delicate beauty of tint and form is not so common that we feel inclined to be severe upon it, even when pushed to excess. Truth, however, must be spoken, and Mr. Leighton, who is the very Sybarite of art, does carry his devotion to what is graceful and refined too far. In its pursuit he neglects stern truth, which is the necessary ballast of all painting, and his works consequently fail somewhat. His

"Venus," for instance, exquisite as she is in pose, and beautifully moulded in form, would have been more lovely still if, shrinking apparently from the rude vulgarity of health, he had not made her so delicately pale. We miss the rich glow which Etty would have imparted to such a subject. The vermeil blood does not course beneath that morbidly white skin. She may, it is just remotely possible, be a goddess. She certainly is not a woman. The same kind of objection applies to his other works this year, and, moreover, the female head in his "Pastoral" is rather inane.

Another painter, who is attracted by the grace and sentiment rather than the stern and strong facts of life, is G. D. Leslie—the greater Leslie's son. Not that he is like Leighton in one respect, for he is quite truthful in what he does depict, only he selects his themes in a somewhat similarly exclusive manner. With a natural predilection for the period when his own spirit was most prevalent, he has gone back to the England of some eighty years ago—a peaceful, old-fashioned time, before the French Revolution had warmed the blood of Europe to fever-heat. He introduces us to the trim gardens of old days, with their clipped hedge-rows, moats, and formal walks, and peoples them again with the maidens whom our grandfathers and great-grandfathers courted. One sits in the evening shadows with "Ten minutes to decide" a momentous question. The propounder thereof and his horse are waiting the appointed time. Two others are receiving a visit from a London cousin. A third sits forlorn by a flowing stream, that murmurs of "willow, willow," as it rolls past, saddened by hues of autumn. All these are pieces of graceful and pretty sentiment.

But time would fail us to enumerate all the works of the year that call for comment. Suffice it to say, that Landseer's "Deer and Wild Cattle of Chillingham" are among what we may call medium specimens of his power; that Ansdell's animals are, as usual, the work of an able, conscientious man, on whom nature has not bestowed any great gifts of imagination. If Landseer is superior to all foreign animal painters, it must be conceded that Ansdell is inferior to Troyon, and even to Rosa Bonheur. Sydney Cooper may be classed—and it is scarcely a very high class—with the Belgian Verboeckheven. Maclise's "Othello" and his "Winter Night's Tale" please us little. His defects as a colourist are more apparent in works of that size and character than in larger and more tragic scenes. Both Goodall's pictures are very beautiful, though perhaps not more so than the "Femme Fellah," by

Landelle, at the French Gallery, in Pall Mall.* There is, however, about the manner in which Rebekah is receiving the gifts from the hands of Eleazar, a sense of the greatness of the occasion and its importance to the human race, which gives the picture a superiority over mere transcripts from Eastern life. Hughes' "Enfant Lerdu" has the defect of being too much like his "Home from Work," and is, moreover, not so good. The woodman and the poor little weary child are well enough; but the mother is very unsatisfactory. His "Birthday Picnic" strikes us as hard, and neither particularly graceful nor infantine. Archer's three pictures, as usual, show a delicate feeling for colour. He need not, however, have told us that the "Children of the Time of Charles I." are portraits. The elder boy's countenance was never seen out of the nineteenth century. "The Introduction"—a young gallant, in butterfly gear, being presented to a fair lady all bows and maidenly self-possession—is pretty. In the same vein is Storey's clever "After You," two gentlemen holding back and protesting before an open door with the elaborate politeness of the olden time. As to Watts, he has unfortunately adopted a blurred and undecisive manner, which does much to neutralise his great gifts. His portrait of Dean Stanley, for instance, is marred by dirt and slovenliness. So is his "Lamplight Study of Herr Joachim, the Violinist." And the worst of it is that both are clever portraits and full of character. His "May" is a graceful female figure, and would be very beautiful but for the same defect. Long's "Drovers of the Campagna receiving a Certificate that their Cattle have been duly Blessed on St. Anthony's Day;" Walter's troop of "School-boys Bathing;" Wynfield's "Sign and Seal;" Watson's "Parting;" Hall's Dean Swift receiving the well-known lesson of liberality from the urchin who had brought him the game; and Pott's "Defence"—a little band of Cavaliers firing from the upper room of an old hall upon the Roundheads below, while the female portion of the family fearfully reloads behind an angle of the wall—all these deserve, at any rate, a passing salute, though we have not time to linger in our courtesies.

So far, however, we have omitted to pay a tribute, not of simple politeness, but of high and mournful admiration for a painter whose works had long shed additional lustre on English art, and who, within the last few months, has departed to his rest. John Phillip is not one of whom we can say, like

* There is a duplicate at the Paris Exhibition.

King Henry, on hearing how Earl Percy was slain at Chevy-Chase, that

> "We trust we have within the realme
> Five hundred as good as he."

Far from it. His loss is irreparable, and there is none to take his place. It was not, however, at the Academy Exhibition that the greatness of that loss was brought most home to us, though the "Antonia"—evidently a portrait—held a very prominent position for vitality and expression among the portraits of the year. It impressed itself more strongly in surveying the collection of his works and sketches sold at Messrs. Christie's rooms—a legacy to be enjoyed by the public for one short week only, but certainly not therefore to be despised. Truly a sad and an instructive collection: sad, because there is always something sorrowful in the spectacle of large plans vigorously conceived—perhaps executed in part with equal vigour—and suddenly arrested by the inexorable finger of death; instructive, because we here surprised a master-hand in the midst of its toil, and could watch the work in every stage of development. Most of the pictures were in parts almost finished, and in parts only hasty and embryonic lines. But, whether finished or unfinished, there was vigour everywhere. Every stroke of the brush and line of the pencil was instinct with power. Indeed, this was the chief characteristic of Phillip's genius—a manly strength that despised all petty accessories, and went straight to its aim. There was no fumbling here, no halting. The man knew what he meant, and said it—said it so firmly and well that we can but mourn that the grave has prematurely closed over one so qualified to speak

> "With the large utterance of the early gods."

His "Antonia," as we have said, was among the best portraits of the year; and in very truth they wanted all the reinforcement they could get. You sometimes hear it urged, not very wisely, as a reason why photography, with all its cheapness and accuracy, will never extinguish this branch of art, that the painter possesses a power of flattery which the sun has not at command. If this be the only distinction, let the truth-teller prevail, and portrait painting perish from the face of the earth. But it is not so. The distinction lies in the fact that the artist, if he can and will, has the power of expressing far deeper and more enduring truths than the craftsman, that he can place the man's permanent living character on his canvas, whereon the photographer can only

catch some evanescent expression of a moment, and generally, be it said, of a moment not calculated to call forth any nobler expression than that of boredom and discomfort. Alas, however, it is seldom that our painters take the higher view of their functions. Look, for instance, at Hodges' portrait of the Bishop of London, and Grant's Lord Stanley, which we select rather because these are two public men whose features are very well known than for any other reason. Now Dr. Tait has a most marked countenance — a countenance on which the anxieties of a terribly responsible position, and much work and great sorrow, are stamped in unmistakeable lines. But so far from trying to express anything of this, Mr. Hodges seems to have set himself to weaken what was individual and strong, and to reduce his subject to the dead level of ordinary middle-aged mediocrity. The same kind of remark applies to Sir F. Grant's portrait, though, of course, that is in every sense a vastly superior picture to the other. Lord Stanley is not a mere fashionable young gentleman, and it takes something more than the "local colour" of a red despatch box to express character. These are instances of flattery totally misdirected. There are quite enough, nay, considerably more than enough, of commonplace people about the world—people whom Carlyle describes as simple "clothes-horses and patent digesters"—without our striving artificially to increase the apparent number.

Compare these with Hogarth's portrait of Lord Lovat, exhibited among the national portraits. Here is the sketch given by the Catalogue of the old traitor's career. It is quite sufficiently full for our purpose:—

"Born at Beaufort near Inverness, 1668; educated at the University of Aberdeen; had a captain's commission in Lord Tullibardine's regiment; went to France and gained credit with James II., and his son, the Pretender; employed by them on a mission to Scotland, betrayed them, and on his return was confined in the Bastille; liberated, and took orders; entered the Jesuit College at St. Omer; returned to Scotland in 1715; by thwarting the rebels he recovered the estates he claimed, and became Lord Lovat; aided the rebellion of 1745; but said that his son, who led his clan, acted without his authority; concealed himself, was taken, tried, and executed on Tower Hill, 9th of April, 1747, continuing his jests to the last, though eighty years of age."

What light Hogarth's picture throws upon this tortuous life! The sly old fox is caught at last, and with the strong grip of a master-hand. Turn and double as he will, there is no escape. The painter has penetrated to his inmost heart,

and laid it bare for all after times. The roguery of the man is there; and yet, as in the Reynard of another great artist, La Fontaine, there is besides so much of wit, so much of fertile resource and enjoyment of his own dexterity, that we half forget the roguery. Be sure you would have more than half-forgotten it, had you been ten minutes in the old man's company.

Perhaps, however, though it may be conceded that in likenesses of *men*, character and individuality are the chief things to be desired, it will be objected that in *women* beauty alone is to be sought for. Again we must answer, quite otherwise. Take Vandyke's portrait of a lady—name unknown—at that most interesting of exhibitions, the British Institution. She is beautiful unquestionably. There can be no doubt about that. But it is not a simple beauty of complexion and perfect passionless feature. She has a personality, a character, and without that the highest kind of beauty is impossible.

We must not be understood, however, to affirm that there was no good portrait work at the Academy. We have already spoken of Sant's children; and his "Lord Francis Harvey" is really admirable. Wells' portraits, too, are often excellent.* And if our own art in this respect is not in a perfectly satisfactory condition, we have at least the sorry satisfaction of knowing that Continental art is no better. Very few French portraits rise above mediocrity; in fact, we do not remember anything that calls for special notice except Flandrin's Napoleon III., of which there was a duplicate at the Exhibition of 1862. Those of M. Cabanel are not mirth-inspiring like his huge "Paradise Lost;" but that is about all that can be said for them.

Indeed, looking at the present state of portrait-painting generally, we cannot but feel a good deal of misgiving respecting the kind of figure which the great men of our own day will cut when their likenesses are gathered together by some curious future generation. Such gatherings are in the highest degree instructive, if the artist have proved equal to his task, and his portraits be realities and not vapid shams. The two "Special Exhibitions of National Portraits," held at South Kensington this year and the last, were a combined lesson in history and art for which the public cannot be too grateful; first, to Lord Derby, who originated the idea, and secondly, to the charitable owners of

* A portrait of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, late of Richmond, by Mr. Spanton, a young artist, shows considerable promise.

the works exhibited. Though neither Lely nor Kneller, the fashionable limners of the earlier portion of the period comprised in this year's display, were in any sense great painters, yet their portraits, however hasty and meretricious, are still portraits. And of Reynolds and Gainsborough, much more might of course be said. The illustrious of our own day are neither less illustrious nor less in number than those who sat to Lely, Kneller, Reynolds and Gainsborough; and yet we greatly fear that when our grandchildren organise a "special exhibition" of their portraits, it will prove but a sorry one.

Another branch of art which unfortunately cannot be said to flourish among us at present is landscape painting—at least in oil colours. For this it is very difficult to assign a reason. England has been so pre-eminently great here, has so entirely borne away the palm from all competitors of past or present, that her partial decadence seems unnatural. Can it be that we love nature less than formerly, and are less anxious to do her homage? We hope not. We would rather trust that water colours have absorbed the talent which would otherwise have naturally flowed into this channel. Even this, however, would be an excuse leaving much to be excused. Water colour, admirable in its own place, cannot do the work of oil colour, and none of the artifices adopted avail to bridge over the difference. We wish our painters would remember this more. There are several of them whose works appear year after year at the rooms of the Old Society and Institute, though their place is properly elsewhere. A wrong vehicle is used to produce an effect more legitimately and durably attainable by other means; and thereby our oil-painting suffers, and our water-colour painting is not proportionately enriched.

Whether or not we accept this explanation, it is unhappily the fact that there were very few landscapes at the Academy that need detain us. P. Graham's "O'er Moor and Moss," has excited a good deal of admiration, but not more than it deserves. A great expanse of waste land and bog, a few trees, a distant line of hills, and the calm of night slowly settling down on the whole—yet not the lowland calm bringing with it thoughts of rest and prosperity and peace, but the calm of the hills and waste places of the earth; a calm of weariness after storm and warfare. It is a scene on which we feel that imagination has thrown her hues, and so it comes to us as a relief from the literal transcripts of nature which our painters are fond of producing. If this gift of photographic fidelity were enough to constitute a great artist,

then none would have a better title to that name than Brett. His "Lat. 53° 15′ N., long. 5° 10′ W.," is indeed a wonderful piece of sea-portraiture. The pains bestowed have evidently been immense; and the result repays the toil. The great heave of the glassy ocean wave, flecked with a network of yeasty foam recordent of hard weather, is admirably drawn. And yet—we say this not in disparagement, but only as an illustration of the many paths by which art can reach its ends—and yet there is in Hook's "Mother Carey's Chickens" a big wave, painted as it would seem swiftly, almost carelessly, that lifts the boat with a splashing sportive force, and is certainly not less real than Brett's more laboured waters. G. L. Hall, whose clever sketches we have often admired, also exhibited a sea, or rather sea-side study, happily illustrating the lines:—

> "As when to land
> Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
> Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
> Torn from the fringe of spray."

Creswick's "Beck in the North Country" is one of his usual pretty bits of nature, and Cooke, equally as usual, contributes some prosy if conscientious pieces of work, one of them a glowing sunset as background to the skeleton of a whale cast ashore in Pevensey Bay. The skeleton is not a particularly interesting or beautiful object. Leader was scarcely up to his usual mark this year; and Lee, we regret to see, is becoming more and more clayey and lifeless in his colouring. The Linnells, against whom a too strong family likeness of subject and style may be objected, give us their customary glimpses of the rich Surrey country, with its fertile hills that never soar into barrenness, and valleys glowing with ripening crops. If merit always occupied its due place at life's feast, the father would long ago have been strengthening the landscape talent of the Academy. Two painters who, like the Linnells, are best known for their treatment of trees and cornfields, have this year, as we may metaphorically say, embarked upon the vasty deep; but an equal success has not attended them. Vicat Cole's outlying rocks vexed continually by the billows breaking into angry surf, is very satisfactory. Edmund Warren's ambitious "Battle of the Waters" at the Institute is a failure. We are sorry. It is always a fine thing to see an artist, especially a successful one, bestir himself to enlarge the scope of his powers; but in this case the result is not happy. Mr. Warren, whose tree-glooms flecked with bright play of sunlight are always pleasing, if possibly a little hard,

has not mastered the difficulties of wave drawing. Neither the grace nor the power of the live waters is here.

To return to oil-colours, however: we must not forget to bestow a due meed of admiration on E. A. Pettitt's "Avalanche" at the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, a piece of Alpine scenery that has many excellent points; or on C. P. Knight's Indiamen rippling up the clear Avon, at the Academy. J. Peel's view of that glorious valley over which Moel Siaboa reigns supreme is also beautiful; and Miss Blunden's Tintagel is thoroughly good careful coast painting. J. S. Raven's "Shadow of Snowdon," thrown lightly upon the rosy hills opposite, is a beautiful sunset effect. The everlasting hills, worn and wrinkled in their long strife against the opposing elements, seem here flushed and irradiated with joy and brightness as of youth.

The French, a people not deficient, as our readers may be aware, in national vanity, are quite satisfactorily convinced that in landscape art they have crushed us. And, indeed, it must be owned, that if we look to oil-painting alone, they have one or two men whom we can with difficulty match. Among these Daubigny, who is a really great painter, stands pre-eminent. We must, however, confess that there are one or two points in which we think their landscape painters generally very deficient. And, first, they one and all shun full sunlight as if it were poison. To see their works, you would really suppose that the "sunny land of France" was an expression that only poetic licence could justify. Gloom of cloud, of twilight or of mist—occasionally, be it said, gloom of excessive dirt—but the clear light of a frankly fine day, never. Surely, surely there must be something wrong here. It is weak art that dares not grapple with one of the most beautiful things in God's creation, and the sunlight of France is so specially beautiful. If this is what theories of the harmony of colour, and necessary sobriety of tone, bring men of undoubted ability to regard as satisfactory, we can only say that a little less of æsthetics and a little more looking at nature seem desirable. Again, the younger school of French painters show an extraordinary predilection for slovenliness and dirt, for which nature really gives no warrant whatever. A gloomy landscape you may often see, though you narrow your art very much by forgetting that you may as often see a bright one. But a dirty landscape, all blurred and dingy, you cannot see at all, unless indeed you come to London in November, confining your studies to that or some other murky haunt of manufacture.

In water colours the French themselves confess that they lag immeasurably behind us, a confession which in mouths so vain-glorious speaks volumes. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that this branch of our art is as inadequately represented at Paris as its fellows. From both of which facts it is easy to draw a conclusion satisfactory to our insular pride.

The water colours of the year, however, form themselves a very wide field for criticism, admiration, and discussion, though we must content ourselves with lightly skimming over it. If we would name the individual work that has most struck us, it is Boyce's "Where stood Bridewell Hospital and Prison." His other pictures—one of which is a very real portrait—have the same qualities of sober earnestness and force, but this stands pre-eminent among them, as among the other landscapes of the year. It brings before us a piece of waste London ground in all its prose of patchy leprous grass, cat-tenantry, dingy red-brick surrounding houses, and leaden sky. An ugly picture, you will say. Far from it. There is here a beauty of intense realism and of perfect harmony; a beauty of deep insight and unfaltering power. Prose blossoms sometimes into poetry, and this is such a blossom. We were also much struck with the imaginative feeling displayed in Powell's "Loch Gare," lying so peacefully asleep, and in his "Fishing Boats dragging Anchor," with its frowning shore of rocks that catch the trailing mists as they sweep up from the water. Nor must we omit a word of recognition for Hine's soberly forcible sketches from the Southern Downs—great green undulations broken here and there by the outcropping chalk. But if we once begin to particularise, where are we to stop? There is so much that might call for more than passing notice. How can we ignore Bennett, with whom the great traditions of water-colour art linger most persistently; or his fellow-labourers in the same field, McKewan or Dodgson; or T. M. Richardson, great in Italian scenes; or Rowbotham, who, with less of power, also revels in the happy atmosphere and blue waters of the south; or Danby, in whom a large amount of inherited poetry is discernible? We cannot altogether forget Brittan Willis' cattle, shaggy and bellicose; J. C. Reed's and A. P. Newton's massy rocks and mountain tarns; Vacher's Egyptian views, somewhat perhaps too persistently in twilight; Werner's similar views, remarkable by a happy rendering of the dry calcined stone surfaces; Samuel Read's glowing church interiors, and Louis Hague's interiors from the burgher cities of Belgium; Prout's gleanings from the picturesque old towns of Normandy, towns destined, too

soon, alas! to be "improved" into geometrical monotony on the model of Paris; Birket Foster's pretty vignette pictures, wanting somewhat perchance in largeness of style, but very pretty; Shalder's truly English stretches of meadow land, dark green wood, and thick free-growing hedge and underwood; and—the contrast brings it to our mind—Carl Haag's scenes of Eastern desert stretching sea-like to an undefined horizon, mysterious and terrible. Then there are several who devote themselves chiefly to mountain scenery, as Penly, Rosenberg, S. P. Jackson, Pidgeon, and Alfred W. Hunt; the latter of whom seems so struck with nature's brightness and diversity of hue as to forget her other qualities, as unity of effect and largeness of mass. All these artists—and how many more might we not name?—send us the results of a year's toil in the shape of numberless works, over each of which we might linger in thought, praise, or blame, and the poor compliment of a passing mention is all we can pay them.*

A word, however, before we conclude respecting the figure painters in water colour. And first as regards Burne Jones. That he is a painter of power, of great power, is unquestionable. Unfortunately he looks at the world through a strange mediæval glass; and as the plain glass of those days was not altogether transparent, he seems to see often a distorted and discoloured image. We cannot otherwise account for the very extraordinary complexions, so brown and clayey, which his personages exhibit, and for other freaks of objectionable colour, and occasionally awkward drawing. There seems too, in all he does, to be a general craving for the eccentric rather than the beautiful. But there are, it cannot be denied, fine qualities of imagination in his Cupid and Psyche; and her restoration to life, not as a mere resurging of animal vitality, but a deep-felt quickening of the soul, is admirably rendered; and so is the gloomy scene of the old myth, by the dark shores of Styx. It would be useless to look for this kind of excellence in the work of Burton. But, on the other hand, he has a far keener eye for beauty. His "Shireen" is a lovely head. Gilbert is this year bold and dashing as he always is; and Absolon, whose painting has generally a chromolithographic look, the result of want of delicacy, is happier than usual in his "French Advocate for Woman's Rights," a

* It is not pleasant to find fault, but we cannot help observing that two or three pictures at the Exhibition of the older Water Colour Society—gallantry forbids us to particularise—were—well, not a credit to the society.

young fisherwoman declaiming to a group of girls, who are evidently unconvinced, but unable to reply. C. Green's "Waiting for the Pantomime" is very clever, and Walter Goodall's domestic sketches in Brittany very pleasing. Jopling in our opinion has made a considerable advance on all his previous pictures, and, except in his "Third Volume," shot clear of that eccentricity and mannerism which so often marred his work. Though perhaps open to the charge of over-intensity of hue, his "Rosa" is a noble head; and his "Elsie Venner" is very fine and powerful. Perhaps, indeed, it was a mistake to endeavour to give visible form to one of those weird fantastic creations of the imagination in which one or two American writers, as Hawthorne and Holmes, seem to have taken refuge from the pervading dollar-talk and eager political partisanship of Transatlantic life. Such creations are best left to haunt the mind like shadows, dim and undefined. There is scarce enough of the snake's subtlety and malice in the eyes of Mr. Jopling's "Elsie Venner," or of the snake's litheness in her figure, which is strong and full; but her couchant springing attitude is excellently serpentine, and the picture altogether full of power.

From the tenor of the preceding pages, it may be guessed that we are far from agreeing with the foreign critics that the art of England has missed its way, and will continue to wander helpless and mazed till it consents, like the rest of Europe, to place itself under French guidance. When the man in the fable vauntingly pointed out to the lion that in statues men were always victorious, the king of beasts very pithily observed, that if lions practised stone-carving, the result might be different. And so, in estimating the value of the strictures passed upon us, we should remember that if our school has been pronounced inferior to that of France, it is by French critics, judging with French eyes, and according to French canons of taste. We have no wish to fall into a similar error. It is certainly not our intention to pronounce any equally trenchant judgment on the other side. The French school has done great things in the immediate past, and has still every right to bear its head very proudly. But the world of art is large. There is room in it for a Raphael and a Rembrandt, for a Turner and a Frà Angelico. There certainly is room for an English school as well as a French school. Nay, there is room for many schools besides; and we cannot but greatly regret that the other nations of the Continent should be moulding themselves so entirely to Gallic influences. Italy, whose former splendours have

hitherto served her only for a gravecloth, is mostly French in such new life as she has. So are nascent Russia and resurgent Spain. Germany, with all her devotion to æsthetic systems—that might be philosophical, but were certainly not productive of art—is haltingly excursionising over the Rhine frontier. Thus also with Scandinavia. Belgium, too, notwithstanding the earnest protests of some of her masters, is abandoning her old traditions; and Holland is more than half won. We regret this, certainly in no spirit of narrow jealousy, but because in art, as in literature and politics, every nation is great, not by ingraftings from a foreign stock, but by natural growth and development. What an artist feels most, loves most, and knows most about, that will he best express. Leys, Tidemand, Breton, Knaus, our own Hook, dissimilar in all else, have in common a dominant spirit of nationality. The land of their birth is the land of their art. We do not mean, of course, that no painter should seek for subjects beyond the limits of his native land. It may happen that he is more at home elsewhere. Nor do we mean that he should resolutely refuse to learn from the principles and practices of foreign schools. That would be the very height of bigotry and intolerance. But as no country can boast of possessing the one absolute truth in art—as indeed it is more than doubtful whether such truth exist—we deem it far preferable that each should develop its own powers in a national spirit, and strive to perfect the gifts which nature has bestowed upon it, rather than slavishly imitate another. The one course, as we consider, leads to death; the other to health and life. And so long as England, painting what she loves and feels, paints with that stubborn individuality which is her peculiar characteristic, she is occupying a place in art which no other country can fill; and that place, with all our faults, is so high, that we need fear no just comparison with our Continental contemporaries.

ART. V.—1. *Les Ruines de Pompéi.* Par F. MAZOIS. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1824.

2. *Pompeii.* Illustrated with Picturesque Views, &c. &c., engraved by W. B. Cooke, from the Original Drawings of Lieutenant-Colonel Cockburn. By T. S. DONALDSON. In Two Volumes. London: 1827.

3. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii.* By Sir WILLIAM GELL, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c., and JOHN GANDY, Architect. London: 1817—19.

4. *Pompeiana: The Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii.* The Result of Excavations since 1819. By Sir WILLIAM GELL, M.A., F.R.S., &c. In Two Volumes. London: 1837.

5. *Pompeii: Its History, Buildings, and Antiquities.* An Account of the Destruction of the City, with a full Description of the Remains, and of the recent Excavations, and also an Itinerary for Visitors. Edited by THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D. London: Bell and Daldy. 1867.

THE early history of Pompeii is shrouded in obscurity. Tradition assigns its origin, as well as that of Herculaneum, to Hercules, who is said to have chosen it as the seat of some triumphant celebrations. The value of the tradition is small; but the fact that the name of the city occurs among the hazy legends of mythology is important as establishing its claim to remote antiquity. The first inhabitants of the coast of the Sinus Cumanus (now called the Bay of Naples), of whom there is any authentic information, were the Osci, who appear to have been of Pelasgian extraction. They, however, were not the founders of Pompeii, for it was a city of considerable importance long before their arrival in the country. Having been held for some time by the Osci, it fell into the hands of the Etruscans. Its next occupants were the Samnites, who, about the year B.C. 440, overran the whole district of Campania, and took possession of all its towns. The first direct notice of Pompeii in credible history occurs in the year B.C. 310, when, during the second Samnite war, a Roman fleet entered the mouth of the Sarnus, and, proceeding up the river as far as Nuceria, ravaged the country around. When the Romans conquered the Samnites, towards the close of the

third century before Christ, they conferred on the cities occupied by that people a municipal constitution. From inscriptions and other evidences, it would seem that Pompeii, though under a new *régime*, maintained many of its Oscan institutions, as well as the Oscan tongue. In the second Punic war, the citizens of Pompeii joined the standard of Hannibal, and shared in the Campanian revolt. Enervated by the luxurious climate, the soldiers of the great African general were driven from Italy, and the incensed Romans visited the Campanians with terrible vengeance. Capua was most severely punished; but Pompeii seems to have escaped. In the Social War, which broke out B.C. 91, the Pompeians again revolted. The Roman general, Lucius Sulla, laid siege to their city. Of this siege there are no historic details; the story of its severity may be read in the dilapidated state of the walls as they are found at the present day. Other cities in the neighbourhood were punished most rigorously by the conquerors. The people of Capua were driven into exile, and a colony was sent from Rome to take possession of their fertile country. Stabiæ, a town but a few miles distant from Pompeii, was entirely destroyed. But by some means, of which there is no authentic record, Pompeii, instead of being punished, received the Roman franchise. A Roman colony, however, was founded there by Sulla, with the name of Colonia Veneria Cornelia.

At the close of the Social War, Pompeii, like Baiæ, Puteoli, and other towns in the neighbourhood, became a favourite resort of the wealthier Romans. Cicero had a villa there. The Oscan tongue ceased to be spoken, and the Oscan institutions were gradually abandoned. The citizens shared the common fortune of the empire, and, in course of time, became assimilated in customs and government to their conquerors. In the year A.D. 59 a grand gladiatorial exhibition was given in the amphitheatre by a Roman senator, who had been banished from the capital. During the show, a quarrel arose between the Pompeians and the Nucerians. A battle ensued, in which the latter were worsted. They brought their case before the Emperor Nero, who adjudged that the citizens of Pompeii should not be permitted to enjoy the amusements of the theatre for ten years. A rude drawing of this squabble —scratched on the plaster of a house by some patriotic Pompeian—was found at an early stage of the excavations. On the 5th of February, A.D. 63, an earthquake threw down a great part of Pompeii, and did great damage to many of the adjacent towns. Vestiges of the injury done by this earth-

quake may be seen at this day. Many of the mosaic floors are twisted and broken, and some of them show the repairs which were made by the inhabitants. The last historical notice of the ancient Pompeii is that of its destruction in the month of August, A.D. 79, during the memorable eruption of Vesuvius.

Although there are no extant records of any eruption of Vesuvius previous to that of the year 79, the ancients seem to have had some traditions of an earlier date. The fabled battle between the gods and the giants; the hurling of Jupiter's thunderbolts, by which the earth was scathed and blasted; the burial of the giant Typhon, "who threw stones to heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes and mouth fire proceeded," under a neighbouring island; and the evil repute in which the shores of the Cumæan Bay were held; all bear witness to some more substantial record of volcanic action than could be gathered from those traces of igneous processes in which the district abounds. But whatever may have been the previous history of Vesuvius, it must have had many centuries of repose. At the time when Strabo wrote, which was probably in the reign of Tiberius, the aspect of the mountain was altogether different from that which it now presents. Avernus, which the ancients regarded as the mouth of hell, because of the gloom thrown upon its waters by the shadow of trackless forests, was then surrounded by highly cultivated and luxuriant vegetation. The mountain itself was covered with verdure, excepting at its summit; and around it and upon its slopes were clusters of flourishing hamlets. A passing reference is made to it by Virgil, who praises the fertility of its soil. The fact that Spartacus encamped on Vesuvius with his army of gladiators and insurgents, and that it was the site of the great battle between the Romans and the Latins (B.C. 340), in which Decius devoted himself to death, shows clearly that the ancient appearance and condition of the mountain must have borne little semblance to its present character. Indeed, no early description of Vesuvius is at all applicable to it as it now exists. According to Strabo, the summit was for the most part level, whereas, as is well known, it is now capped by a cone of considerable elevation. This cone, which stands within a circular volcanic ridge, is evidently of comparatively recent origin. It is probable that the ridge is all that remains of an ancient volcano, which was formerly surmounted by a cone, "which, being subject to constant degradation, and requiring constant supplies of fresh materials to maintain its

height, sunk down into the earth in the long period of inactivity which we know to have occurred antecedent to the Christian era."

After many centuries of rest, the volcano broke out with great violence in the year 79. Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, were destroyed. The younger Pliny, whose uncle perished during the eruption, and who was himself an eye-witness of the catastrophe, furnished an account of it in two letters to Tacitus, which have been happily preserved. The mountain, thus reawakened, seems to have had little repose since 79. Eruptions of greater or less violence occurred with frequency until the year 203. In that year the mountain broke out again with great force. There was a violent eruption in 472, and another in 512. In describing this, Procopius conveys the idea that it was accompanied by a stream of lava. The years 685 and 993 were distinguished by considerable eruptions. The first stream of lava of which there is an authentic record, broke out during an eruption in the year 1036. There was an eruption in 1049, and another in 1138; after which there was a pause until the year 1631. The next eruption occurred in 1666; "from which time to the present there has been a series of eruptions, at intervals rarely exceeding ten years, generally recurring much more frequently." The most notable of these occurred in 1776, 1777, and 1779. In his splendid work, entitled *Campi Phlegræi*, Sir William Hamilton, an eye-witness, has left a vivid and exhaustive description of the attendant phenomena. In the eruption of 1822 the vast mass of scoriæ and blocks of lava which had been accumulating within the crater for years was blown out, together with a large portion of the cone itself. The mountain was reduced in height by about eighteen hundred feet. There has been no eruption of any importance since the year 1861.

The celebrated letter of Pliny, the younger, to the historian Tacitus, furnishes us with a very vivid picture of the most memorable eruption of Vesuvius—that of August 23, A.D. 79. At the time of its occurrence the elder Pliny was in command of the Roman fleet off Misenum. At about noon of the 24th of August, his attention was called to a cloud of unusual size and shape. In figure it resembled a pine-tree, for "it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches." Anxious to command a nearer view of this remarkable phenomenon, Pliny ordered a light vessel to be got ready. Before he started, he received a note from a lady, whose villa was situated at the foot of Vesuvius, earnestly begging him

to come to her assistance. He at once ordered the galleys to be put to sea, and steered for the point of danger. His approach was embarrassed by dense showers of cinders, pumice stones, and fragments of heated rock. Having rendered as much help as was possible to the inhabitants of the villas, which were thickly planted along the coast, he proceeded to Stabiæ, where his friend Pomponianus resided. His interest in his friend cost him his life. For on the following morning, the houses had begun to shake with such violence, and the showers of calcined stones and cinders had become so dense, that he determined to make an effort to gain the shore, and put off at once to sea. It was, however, too late. Suffocated by the sulphurous vapour, he fell down dead. In the meanwhile, the younger Pliny, his nephew, remained at Misenum. Successive shocks of an earthquake warned him that it was no longer safe to stay in the town. The chariots which he had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated by the heaving ground that they could not be kept steady for a moment. A black cloud, out of which rolled vast volumes of igneous vapour, covered the sea, the waters of which receded from the shore. Everything was mantled in darkness. Nothing was heard but the shrieks of women and children. It seemed as though the last and eternal night, which, according to Pagan notions, was to destroy the world and the gods together, had come. Lurid flashes of light, accompanied by heavy showers of ashes and stones, deepened the horrors of the day. At length the darkness rolled away. But everything was changed. The whole country was covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. The beautiful view over the bay from the island of Capri was entirely marred. The picturesque villas had vanished under heaps of cinders; and the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ, lay buried in ruins.

During the period of 1669 years Pompeii remained thus buried and forgotten. There are traces of searches made among the *débris* immediately after the catastrophe. But these were inconsiderable, and were soon suspended. In the year 1592, an architect, named Dominico Fontana, cut a subterranean canal under the site of the city, for the purpose of conveying water from the river Sarno to the town of Torre dell' Annunziata. In constructing this canal, the workmen came often upon the basements of buildings; but no curiosity appears to have been excited, and no steps taken to prosecute further researches. Nearly a hundred years later fresh ruins were discovered, and an inscription with the word, POMPEII.

But even this failed to awaken any practical interest. At length, when the accidental discovery of Herculaneum had drawn the attention of learned and scientific men to the subject, Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, who had been employed to examine the subterranean canal, was led by the discovery of a house, with statues and other objects, "to conjecture that some ancient city lay buried there, overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79." Having obtained permission from Charles III., the King of Naples, he commenced early in the year 1748 the excavations of the street, afterwards called the Strada della Fortuna. His labours were soon rewarded; for in a few days he discovered "a picture, eleven palms long by four and a half palms high, containing festoons of eggs, fruits, and flowers, the head of a man, large, and in a good style, a helmet, an owl, various small birds, and other objects." The next discovery of importance was the skeleton of a man, covered with the lava mud. By his side were found eighteen brass coins, and one of silver. Before the end of the first year of the excavations, the amphitheatre, which is capable of holding 10,000 persons, was laid bare. The operations, however, were carried on with deplorable dilatoriness, and the royal exchequer was by no means liberal. The excavators, who worked in chains, were chiefly condemned felons, or Mohammedan slaves. No stranger was permitted in the ruins. Accurate records of the discoveries were kept; the most important pictures were detached from the walls, after copies of them had been taken; and the buildings in which they were found were again covered with the rubbish. When some progress had been made in the excavations, strangers were admitted, on the payment of an exorbitant fee: but all attempts to take copies of mosaics or frescoes were rigorously discouraged.

The short period during which the French occupied Naples was distinguished by a more liberal and enlightened policy. Under the patronage of Caroline, the wife of Murat, the works were carried on with great vigour, and many remarkable discoveries were made. The amphitheatre, which had been filled up again, was recleared; the Forum was laid open; and the greater portion of the Street of Tombs was uncovered. The return of the Bourbons to favour was not conducive to the progress of the excavations. The revolution which drove them finally from Naples gave Pompeii another chance. Garibaldi was appointed Dictator. But however brave and patriotic as a general, he was scarcely fitted for the functions of administration. He gave the directorship of museums

and excavations to Alexandre Dumas, the French novelist! The new director was quite alive to the dignity of his position, and kept it up with princely magnificence. But he had no notion of its responsibilities. It is said that he paid but one visit to the ruins. His rule was happily short-lived. For on the accession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Italy, Giuseppe Fiorelli, a distinguished antiquarian scholar, was appointed director-general of the works. The appointment has proved most judicious. Pursuing a regular system, noting "every appearance or fragment which might afford or suggest a restoration of any part of the buried edifice, replacing with fresh timber every charred beam, propping every tottering wall or portion of brickwork," the new *commendatore* has succeeded in exhibiting not a confused and undefined mass of crumbling ruins, but a town, in the integrity of its outlines, and the order of its arrangements. Street after street has been uncovered. Temples, baths, markets, tombs stand out just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The villa of the poet, the forum, the counting-house, the baker's shop, the school-room, the kitchen, carry us into the very heart of the Roman life in the brightest days of the empire. The jewellery of beauty, the spade of the labourer, the fetter of the prisoner, and the weapon of the soldier are all there, reproducing and realising the past with a vividness which can scarcely be conceived.

From venerable relics and ancient traditions it is possible to construct an ideal picture of the past. How far from the truth that ideal may be can be learned from the fact that no two antiquarians agree in their conceptions of a Druidic temple. With the elaborate details which are given in the Bible, and in Josephus, it is impossible to construct an accurate model of the Temple on Mount Zion. The ruins of ancient and now uninhabited cities fail to depict the manners of their former tenants, or even the scheme on which they were constructed. Inhabited ruins are constantly modified and adapted to the changing life within them. But Pompeii, overwhelmed, and, as it were, hermetically sealed in the very height of its prosperity, preserved from the ravages with which Goths and Vandals visited the ancient glories of Italy, and from the sacrilegious and almost as destructive pillagings of modern hands, brings the very past to our doors. Within its silent streets are "buildings as they were originally designed, not altered and patched to meet the exigencies of newer fashions; the paintings undimmed by the leaden touch of time; household furniture left in the confusion of use;

articles, even of intrinsic value, abandoned in the hurry of escape, yet safe from the robber, or scattered about as they fell from the trembling hand, which could not pause or stoop for its most valuable possessions; and, in some instances, the bones of the inhabitants, bearing sad testimony to the suddenness and completeness of the calamity which overwhelmed them." There are the very ruts which were made by the wheels of chariots, flying perhaps from the impending ruin; there are water-pipes, in the cavities of which, sealed by the hand of time, the splashing fluid can still be heard; there are rude and grotesque inscriptions, scratched by some loiterer on the stucco, and as fresh as when they excited the mirth of the passer-by; there are egg-shells, bones of fish and chickens, and other fragments of a repast of which skeletons lying near them were partaking when the catastrophe overwhelmed them; there is fuel ready to be supplied to furnaces for heating the baths; there are the stains left upon the counters of drinking shops by wet glasses; there are the phials of the apothecary, still containing the fluids which he was wont to dispense; there are ovens, in which loaves of bread, carbonised, but otherwise perfect, may yet be seen; there are vases with olives still swimming in oil, the fruit retaining its flavour, and the oil burning readily when submitted to the flame; there are shelves, on which are piled stores of figs, raisins, and chestnuts; and there are amphoræ, containing the rare wines for which Campania was famous. The vividness with which the remains in the city recall the past is illustrated by M. Simond, from the Forum:—

"A new altar of white marble, exquisitely beautiful, and apparently just out of the hands of the sculptor, had been erected there; an enclosure was building all around; the mortar, just dashed against the side of the wall, was but half spread out; you saw the long, sliding stroke of the trowel about to return and obliterate its own track;—but it never did return: the hand of the workman was suddenly arrested, and, after the lapse of 1800 years, the whole looks so fresh and new that you would almost swear that the mason was only gone to his dinner, and about to come back immediately to smoothe the roughness."

Owing to its greater distance from Vesuvius, and its more elevated situation, Pompeii was not reached by the streams of lava, which at the time of the great eruption, and in after periods, flowed over Herculaneum. The latter city is buried under a hardened mass which in some places reaches a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet. The depth and hardness of

this volcanic matter precludes the possibility of a complete excavation. Pompeii was overwhelmed by a shower of ashes and pumice stones, the bed of which seldom reaches a depth of more than twenty or twenty-four feet; and, being loose and friable in its composition, it is very easily removed. The basement storeys of the Pompeian houses are therefore perfect; the upper storeys, which were generally built of wood, were either broken by the weight of the *débris* which fell upon them, or were burned by the shower of red-hot stones. The materials under which the city is buried are pounded stones and ashes, of a whitish-grey colour. Over these there is a stratum, some four or five feet in depth, which is composed of stones and ashes of a greyish-black colour. This stratum is probably the result of subsequent eruptions. Pumice stones, of irregular size and shape, are mixed with the ashes; and above these there is "another layer, of an average depth of two feet, which appears to have been attended in its descent with an enormous fall of water, forming what the Italians call a *lava bavosa*." The uppermost layer consists of a fine mould, in which lupins, corn, and even mulberry-trees grow freely.

The great eruption was evidently accompanied by an earthquake, for many skeletons have been found, which were those of persons killed by the falling of walls upon them. Eight skeletons were discovered in 1787 under the *débris* of a wall, and in 1818 the bones of a man who had been crushed by the fall of a marble column were found in the Forum. The ruined appearance which the town presents is clearly traceable, to a great extent, to the effect of the earthquake; but for which, the denudation of the buildings would have discovered them in their original integrity. There are traces, too, of rough and destructive searches made soon after the catastrophe for hidden treasures. It is an ascertained fact that the Emperor Alexander Severus made Pompeii "a sort of quarry, from which he drew a great quantity of marbles, columns, and beautiful statues, which he employed in adorning the edifices which he constructed at Rome." The furniture of the Basilica, the columns of the portico of Eumachia, one of the chief buildings, and many other of the most valuable adornments of the city were thus carried away. Only on the supposition of previous and protracted researches can we account for the paucity of gold and silver articles, coins, and statues as yet discovered. Many of the more portable treasures must have been carried away by the inhabitants in their flight, for it is clear, that however sudden the final catastrophe

may have been, such warnings were given as to enable the greater proportion of the citizens to escape. About one-third of the city has been disinterred. In this portion some six or seven hundred skeletons have been found. It is reasonable to assume that if the whole city were uncovered, the number of skeletons would be about two thousand. But Pompeii contained at least twenty thousand inhabitants. The eruption occurred at a time when the people were assembled by thousands in the amphitheatre. Very few skeletons, however, have been found there, and even these may have been gladiators already slain. The remaining skeletons are probably "those of the sick, the infirm, and the irresolute; of those who mistakingly thought that they should find protection against the fatal shower in their houses or their cellars; or of those who, from motives of avarice, and sometimes, perhaps, of affection, lingered in search of their treasures or their beloved ones till there was no longer time to effect their escape." One skeleton, however, bears witness to motives neither sordid nor selfish: it is that of a Roman soldier on guard, who was found at his post.

Pompeii is situated on an elevated plateau at the southern base of Vesuvius, about a mile from the sea. From the fact that shells and sea-sand have been found on the side of the city adjoining the coast, and that iron rings, intended, as it is supposed, for the mooring of vessels, have been discovered near the ruins, it has been conjectured that in the age before the memorable and fatal explosion of 79 the walls of the city were washed by the sea. The assumption that these rings were used for mooring purposes is simply gratuitous, and the discovery of shells gives little authority to the theory of a change of coast line. The remains of many buildings much nearer the sea, and outside the walls of Pompeii,—some of them being buried under white *lapilli*, such as were thrown out by the eruption of 79,—bear evidence to the fact that the position of the city in ancient times was identical with its present site. If anything more were required in proof of this conclusion, it might be found in the fact that Herculaneum and Stabiæ, the one on the north, and the other on the south of Pompeii, still lie on the margin of the sea; clearly showing that no alteration in the coast line was produced by the eruption. Seated thus, at a convenient distance from the bay, on the banks of a navigable river, at the entrance of a vast and fertile plain, and shadowed by the heights of Vesuvius,—not then the bare and rugged mountain it is now,—Pompeii offered not only the conveniences of a commercial

city and the security of a strong military position, but the attractions of beautiful scenery and a delicious climate. It was the fashionable watering-place of the Roman aristocracy. The city itself was of somewhat limited proportions. But the more aristocratic villas were suburban. Indeed, the whole coast was so thickly planted with gardens and houses as to appear like one vast city.

Pompeii was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced. The figure of the city, as defined by the walls, was nearly oval. The whole area was but one hundred and sixty-one acres, the circuit of the walls being nearly two miles. The greatest length was little more than three-quarters of a mile, and the breadth less than half-a-mile. According to the principle of avoiding sharp angles, which was prominent in ancient theories of fortification, the walls were curvilinear. From their present appearance it is impossible to judge of their date with any degree of accuracy. Certain characters traced upon some of the stones seem to point to a period antecedent even to the Etruscan occupation; while some portions, and especially the towers, point to a much later age. Probably the more recent masonry belongs to a period subsequent to the Social War, and was constructed in order to repair the damage done during the siege. The stones of the walls are large and carefully hewn. They are fitted together without mortar. The outer walls are about twenty-five feet high. Between them, and the inner walls, which are a few feet higher, there is an earthen mound or terrace. This was considered, in all ancient systems of fortification, to be proof against battering rams and every other method of assault. At irregular distances, ranging from eighty to nearly five hundred paces, are quadrangular towers. The walls and the towers are much dilapidated, owing partly to the effects of an earthquake, and to the siege under Sulla, and partly to the fact, that during the long peace which Italy enjoyed under Augustus, defences were held to be less necessary, and were either left to decay, or were pulled down to make room for the building of houses. Many large and handsome houses in Pompeii are built upon the line of the city walls.

The length of wall already traced is pierced by seven gates, besides the Porta della Marina, which is on the western side, where the line of the wall is no longer defined. The Herculaneum Gate, which is the most important, is double; so that assailants, who had succeeded in forcing the first doors, could "be attacked from a large opening in the roof, and

destroyed while attempting to force the second. The outer defence was that of a portcullis; holes in the pavement show that the inner gate consisted of folding doors, which turned on pivots. There is a central archway, which is between fourteen and fifteen feet in width; the arch no longer remains, but was probably about twenty feet high. On either side of this there is a smaller opening for foot-passengers, between four and five feet wide, and about ten feet high. On the left of this gate, before entering the city, is a pedestal, which, from some fragments of bronze drapery found near it, seems to have supported a colossal statue in bronze. Possibly this was an image of the tutelary god of the city. On entering the Herculaneum Gate, the visitor finds himself in a street which leads to the Forum. On his right is a house formerly occupied by a musician; on the left is a shop for the sale of hot drinks; farther on is the house of the Vestals and the Custom House. Beyond this stands a public fountain. Three hundred yards from the gate the street divides; the left-hand turning leads to the Forum, the principal building in Pompeii.

The streets are paved with large blocks of lava of irregular shape, but neatly joined. The carriage-way, which never exceeds a breadth of ten feet, is composed of polygonal blocks, with their angles slightly rounded, the interstices being filled with pieces of granite, iron wedges, or flints forcibly driven in. Repairs in the roads were generally effected by thus filling up the holes. The streets, which, to the notions of these days, seem inconveniently narrow, were as wide as the traffic of the city required. The ancient chariots were so constructed as to drive safely within a width of four and a half feet. Nor is it likely that these conveyances were frequently used. The city was too small in its area to necessitate much driving. Indeed, when Mazois published his work in 1824 only two stables had been discovered, and these were probably used for mules and asses. The ancient Italians had a strong preference for narrow streets; and when, after the burning of Rome, Nero ordered that the new streets should be of ample width, many complained that the free admission of light and heat would be distressing and dangerous. The track of wheels is yet discernible in the carriage-ways, the ruts in many instances being an inch or an inch and a half deep. This depth seems to indicate that the traffic was mainly that of heavily-laden waggons. The foot-path is separated from the road by a kerb, from a foot to a foot and a half higher than the road. This path never

exceeds three feet in breadth, and in some parts of the city it is only one foot broad. Numerous stepping-stones are placed in the centre of the streets to facilitate crossing. As there were no sunken gutters, the roadway, in wet and wintry weather, was like a stream, and it must have been a work of some little peril to pass from one stepping-stone to another. Horses, being loosely harnessed, could readily step over these stones, or pass by them.

The outward aspect of the streets of the city, even at the climax of its popularity, must have been severe and gloomy. As a rule, no decorations were ever given to that side of the house which was exposed to the street. The houses in most cases were low. The lower part consisted generally of a blank wall, sometimes pannelled in plaster, and painted in dull colours. The upper storey was pierced with small windows. No expense was spared in the interior, which was most elaborately decorated. But there is not a single house in Pompeii the elevation of which has any claim to architectural beauty. Not a house has been found as yet with a portico. On each side of the doorway of the villa of Diomedes there is a detached column, and this is the only pretension to architectural effect on the outside of any of the houses in the city. The only relief to the monotony and dreariness of the streets was the porch of a temple, the marble columns of a tomb, the plashing of a fountain, or the sign of a shop. Each shop appears to have been distinguished by an appropriate sign. Sometimes these were painted, sometimes they were moulded in baked clay, and coloured. A terra-cotta bas-relief, representing two men carrying an *amphora*, served as the sign of a wine-shop. A statue of Priapus indicated the workshop of the amulet maker. A goat, in bas-relief, reminded the passenger that he was in the neighbourhood of a milk store. A rude painting of two men fighting, with a third standing by with a laurel crown in his hand, denoted the establishment of a fencing-master, or a trainer of gladiators. Not less suggestive was the picture of a boy undergoing a whipping. The Pompeian truant was thus impressively warned that the schoolmaster was not abroad.

The most attractive site in the city is that which is occupied by the buildings of the Forum. In earlier times the Forum was simply an enclosure for public meetings and purposes of commerce. As the taste for splendour increased, it became the pride of the citizens, who lavished on it the resources of their genius and wealth. Within its area were gathered temples consecrated to almost numberless deities; basilicas

for the administration of justice; courts for the local magistracy; tabularia where the public records were preserved; prisons, granaries, and all the appliances of public convenience and pleasure. The markets were held within appropriate enclosures; the money-changers had here their tables; and here and there were the *rostra* whence public orators were wont to address the crowd. The Forum of Pompeii was no exception to the general rule for size and splendour. The elevation, as restored, presents a picture of singular beauty. On entering the ruins, the spectator finds himself in an oblong area, measuring about 524 feet by 140 feet. Over this area are scattered the evidences of former magnificence—pedestals which once supported statues; columns divested of their marble casings; and fragments of white stucco clinging to shattered walls. A Doric colonnade, broken only in its continuous line by the portions of surrounding buildings, runs along the west, south, and east sides. The columns, in their perfect state, were two feet three and a half inches in diameter, and twelve feet in height, with an interval between them of nearly seven feet. They were either of fine white stone, resembling marble, of yellowish tufa, or of plastered brick.

On the north of the Forum stands a building supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. It is of the Corinthian order, and rests on an elevated basement. The columns, which are three feet eight inches in diameter, rise to a height of thirty-six feet. The whole height of the building was sixty feet. The interior of the *cella* was painted, the predominant colours being red and black. The pavement was formed of diamond-shaped slabs of marble, enclosed within a broad border of black and white mosaic. On this pavement, fragments of a colossal statue, supposed to be a statue of Jupiter, were found. A sun-dial was also found close at hand. The whole of the temple, which is constructed of stone and lava, is covered with a fine white cement made of marble. Connected with the temple by a low wall is an arch, conjectured to have been triumphal. But it is not stately enough for such a purpose, and was evidently the entrance to a court, in which were the public granaries and prisons. The fact of the granaries having been within this court is supposed to be established by the discovery of the public measures in the immediate neighbourhood; the site of the prisons is placed beyond all doubt, for the skeletons of two men were found on the spot, their leg-bones still shackled with irons. On the north-east angle of the temple there is a gateway, which was most probably an arch of triumph. Its massive piers, with portions of their

columns, still remain. In the centre of the piers were fountains, the leaden pipes of which are yet visible. The arch was surmounted by an equestrian statue, fragments of which have been found close by. Near this arch was found a skeleton, clutching seventy-four small silver coins.

At the north-eastern angle of the Forum stands a building which for a long time was supposed to be the Pantheon. Round an altar in the centre of the area are twelve pedestals, which formerly were either crowned by statues, all of which have perished, or formed the base of columns, supporting a circular building. The area, which measures one hundred and twenty feet by ninety, is bounded by the back wall of shops, by a small shrine, and by eleven cells, supposed to have belonged to the priests. Facing the entrance is a large base of marble, on which stood a statue, only one arm of which remains. A small vaulted *ædicula* within the enclosure is decorated with a series of very beautiful arabesques. The colours of these designs are as bright as when they were first laid on. One of the figures is that of the painter herself, who holds in her hand an oval palette of silver. It is supposed that the medium employed for liquefying the pigments used in the ancient arabesques was wax mixed with oil. The secret of the process is quite lost. But if, as is probable, wax had some part to play in giving durability to the colours, the metal palette was used to retain so much heat as would liquefy the pigments, without inconveniencing the artist. The colours were for the most part dazzling; bright vermilion, yellow, jet black, crimson, and blue forming the groundwork, which was modified by a variety of mixed tints. The use of these colours was not always in good taste. Much of the fresco painting in Pompeii is decidedly vulgar.

The purpose of this building has been a subject of much ingenious speculation. The theory of the Pantheon is generally abandoned. Some have thought, from the style of its decorations, that it must have been the public *hospitium*, for the reception of ambassadors and distinguished foreigners. Overbeck, a very credible authority, conjectures that it was a temple of Vesta, dedicated not only to the worship of that goddess, but to hospitable entertainments at the public cost. Pompeii, however, was not important enough, as a city, for the maintenance of such an institution. The most reasonable supposition is, that the building was devoted to the worship of Augustus, and the use of his priests, the Augustales. The representations of combats of galleys on

the walls refer probably to the battle of Actium, and the pictures of eatables recall the Augustalian banquets. In the adjoining shops have been found large quantities of dried fruits, preserved in glass vases, as well as scales, money, and moulds for bread and pastry. On the walls are pictures of "geese, turkeys, vases of eggs, fowls, lobsters, and game ready plucked for cooking, oxen, sheep, fruit in glass dishes, a cornucopia, with various amphoræ for wine, and many other accessories for the banquet." In the centre of the court is a sink, in which fish bones and remains of many articles of food were found by the excavators.

Among other buildings of importance connected with the Forum is a small temple, commonly known as the Temple of Mercury, and distinguished by a white marble altar, with an unfinished bas-relief descriptive of a sacrifice, and giving a very clear idea of the vessels and implements used on such occasions. The work of the whole building is incomplete; there is no stucco upon the bricks, and it would seem that the workmen were engaged upon it at the time when the eruption occurred. A crypt and portico erected by Eumachia, a priestess, are next in succession. This edifice had an admirably executed peristyle of white marble Corinthian columns. Only a fragment of one of these remains, the rest having probably been carried away by Alexander Severus. The Basilica, which is situated on the western side of the Forum, is the largest building in Pompeii. It is two hundred and twenty feet in length, and eighty in width. This was the court of justice; and as it bears marks of previous excavation, it is likely that search was made among the ruins, soon after the eruption, for records of important trials. Whatever else the excavators carried off, they made away with the pavement, of which only the bedding remains. Inscriptions traced by loiterers, and not remarkable either for sentiment or style, are yet to be seen on the walls. Next to the Basilica is the largest and finest temple in Pompeii. From the discovery of a statue in the style of the Medicean Venus, and from the fact that the altar is not adapted for sacrifices, but only for such offerings as were commonly made to Venus, it has been assumed that this temple was dedicated to that goddess. Bronze ornaments, resembling the heads of large nails, were found near the entrance, and had probably decorated the gates. The columns of the temple are coloured in blue, yellow, and white. The walls are painted in vivid tones, the ground being chiefly black. Figures of dancers, dwarfs and pictures from the story of the Trojan

war may be seen in great abundance. In the priests' apartment there was discovered a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, which has been transferred to safer quarters.

The most perfect, and in some sense the most interesting, of the temples outside the area of the Forum, is the Temple of Isis. From an inscription above the entrance it appears that this structure was restored from the foundation, after having been overthrown by an earthquake, by Popidius Celsinus. The building is small, but it affords a very valuable example of the form and disposition of an ancient temple. Two lustral marble basins were found attached to columns near the entrance, as also a wooden box, reduced to charcoal, which was probably used for the contributions of worshippers. A sacred well, to which there is a descent by steps, is covered by a small building within the enclosure, lavishly decorated with grotesque, though admirably executed designs on stucco. On the chief altar were found the ashes and parts of the burnt bones of victims, and the white wall of the adjacent building yet bears traces of smoke from the altar fires. A beautiful figure of Isis, draped in clothing of purple and gold, and holding in her right hand a bronze sistrum, and in her left the key of the sluices of the Nile, was found within the court. In another portion of the court there is a kitchen, on the stoves of which fish bones and other remnants of a feast were discovered. In the outermost room lay the skeleton of a priest, who was evidently suffocated while trying to make his way through the wall with an axe. The axe was found at his side. In an adjoining chamber another skeleton was found—that of a priest interrupted at his dinner. Near him were quantities of egg-shells, chicken-bones, and some earthen vases. Many skeletons were discovered within the precincts of this temple; probably those of priests whose vain confidence in the power of the deity, or whose blind attachment to her shrines, prevented them from seeking safety in flight. More interesting, however, than the skeletons of priests, are the many paintings which the temple contains, representing the priestly costume, and the elaborate ceremonial of the worship of Isis. All the implements of sacrifice, in bronze, have been found among the ruins.

It is not, however, among the remains of temples, halls of justice, amphitheatres, baths, and other public buildings, that the value of Pompeian excavations is to be measured. Among the ruins of other ancient cities are to be found many speci-

mens of public architecture as perfect as those of Pompeii, and on a scale of far greater splendour. But the domestic life, the social habits, the private luxuries of the past have no such illustration in any other city as among the silent streets of Pompeii. The homes of ancient cities, being built of more perishable materials than the public edifices, have yielded to decay, and, with rare exceptions, have left no trace. The homes of Pompeii remain, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, almost as perfect as when the footfall of their last tenant echoed among their walls. The villa of the nobleman, the shop of the tradesman, and the rude dwelling of the labourer, reproduce, with incomparable exactness, the domestic life of the past. In the construction of Pompeian houses, the cheapest and least durable materials were preferred. Most of them were built of brick, or of "the rough masonry called *opus incertum*." It is because of this that they decay rapidly when exposed to the air. The mortar employed was evidently of bad quality. Copper, lead, and iron, in the working of which metals the Italians were highly skilled, were used; but rather for purposes of ornament, than solidity. Their lockwork, for instance, was coarse and rough; while knockers, door-handles, and bolts, were most elegantly wrought. Little skill or care is exhibited in their woodwork; the beams of houses in some places having never been squared. The outside of the house, as we have seen, was plain and gloomy. The internal decorations, though brilliant and often gaudy, were seldom of a costly nature, excepting in the case of mosaic pavements, which were frequently of great beauty. Little marble was used, even in public buildings; but its place was supplied by a singularly beautiful stucco, capable either of receiving paintings, or being modelled into bas-reliefs. For the flooring of the commoner houses a sort of composite was employed, which was occasionally inlaid with slabs of marble, in various patterns. Sometimes these marbles were coloured; and this style of decoration evidently suggested the first idea of mosaics. In the better class of houses mosaics were used. These were generally composed of black frets on a white ground, or *vice versâ*. But in some instances the patterns were more ambitious. In the house of the Tragic Poet a pavement was found which has been described as a picture in mosaics. It includes seven figures, conceived in much spirit and taste. The mosaic is composed of very fine pieces of glass, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful specimens of ancient art yet discovered. Another mosaic, in

the villa of Cicero, is so delicately wrought of minute pieces of coloured glass, that the hair and eyebrows of its figures may be traced on close inspection. A yet more remarkable mosaic was discovered in the house of the Faun. It is about eighteen feet long and nine broad. The subject is supposed to represent the battle of Issus. The Grecian leader, charging in the midst of the fight, has transfixed one of the Persian warriors, whose horse has already fallen, with a lance. The agony in the face of the wounded soldier is wonderfully depicted. All the figures in the picture are wrought with unrivalled vigour. The border represents a river, with a crocodile, hippopotamus, and other animals. Not less striking than the mosaic pavements of Pompeii, are the arabesques and pictures of its walls. Of these, however, it is impossible to give a detailed account. A few bronzes have been found, remarkable for vigour of execution, and a few marble statues. Some of the latter show clearly that the ancients sometimes coloured their statues. A figure of Venus was discovered at an early period of the excavations, the hair of which was painted yellow, and the drapery blue. Round the neck was a gilt necklace, and the breasts were gilded. A small statue of Bacchus was found in the Temple of Isis, tinted and gilded in many parts. Traces of colour are discernible on many of the statues. From parts of another marble statue discovered in the Temple of Isis, it may be inferred that ancient sculptors used to dress their works.

In regularity of plan, and in extent, the house of Pansa is the most remarkable within the walls of Pompeii. It owes its name to the fragment of an inscription which was once visible near the principal entrance, but which has since been obliterated. It is situated in the centre of the city, and is completely surrounded by streets. Including the garden, which occupies a third of the whole length, it stands upon an area of 300 feet by 100 feet. The ground-plan exhibits a vestibule, a *prothyrum*, or inner porch, paved with mosaic, and an *atrium*, or public reception-room, roofed over, with an opening in the centre, towards which the roof sloped, so as to direct the rain-water into the *impluvium*, which was a sort of cistern sunk in the floor of the *atrium*. The impluvium was generally adorned with fountains, and the opening above it was shaded by a coloured veil, which, while diffusing a softened light, gave coolness to the apartment. The next room is the *tablinum*, a sort of more private appendage to the atrium, in which the family pictures, archives, statues, and other relics where contained. On either side of the atrium were smaller

apartments for the accommodation of guests taking up their abode in the house. In a direct line from the atrium is the *peristyle*, which in ancient houses was the most splendid room in the suite. It was open to the sky in the centre, and surrounded by a colonnade. In the houses of the wealthier classes, the peristyle was decorated with shrubs and fountains. On the right of the peristyle is the *triclinium*, or dining-room. The prodigality of the Italians in matters of eating is proverbial; and, while they spared no expense in providing banquets, they carried extravagance to its utmost limits in furnishing and decorating their dining-halls. The Pompeians were not so lavish as the citizens of Rome, but the sizes of the rooms in the house of Pansa suggest the conclusion that their furniture must have been of corresponding magnificence. The ground-plan includes also the *œcus*, a hall or saloon for summer use, a winter dining-room, a library, several bedrooms, a servants' hall, and other smaller rooms. There was an upper floor, reached by a staircase, almost every vestige of which has perished. Attached to the house are four shops, which were let to tenants, one shop intended for the sale of the spare agricultural produce of the owner's estates, and two baking establishments. The houses of the wealthier classes were generally surrounded by shops, which were sometimes of the meanest character, and entirely marred the elevation to the street. On the opposite side to that on which the shops stand in the house of Pansa are three small houses, which were probably let to lodgers. In one of these were found the skeletons of four women, with gold ear and finger rings and other valuables.

In the kitchen of Pansa's house was found a curious painting, representing the worship of the Lares who presided over provisions and cooking utensils. On each side of the picture different sorts of vegetables are painted. There is a bunch of small birds, a string of fish, a boar, a few cakes—of the precise pattern of some which have been found in Pompeii—an eel spitted on a wire, a ham, a boar's head, and a joint of meat, which, in such company, may be fairly assumed to be a loin of pork. In the same kitchen there is a stove for stews, before which, when the building was first excavated, lay a knife, a strainer, and a frying pan with four spherical cavities, evidently intended for eggs. Some idea of a Pompeian meal in an establishment like that of Pansa may be gathered from a picture found in another part of the city :—

"It represents a table, set out with every requisite for a grand dinner. In the centre is a large dish, in which four peacocks are

placed, one at each corner, forming a magnificent dome with their tails. All round are lobsters—one holding in his claws a blue egg, a second an oyster, a third a stuffed rat, a fourth a little basket full of grasshoppers. Four dishes of fish decorate the bottom, above which are several partridges, and hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is surrounded by something resembling a German sausage; then comes a row of yolks of eggs; then a row of peaches, small melons, and cherries; and, lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts. The whole is covered with a sort of green-coloured sauce."

In the better class of houses, as for instance in the so-called house of Sallust, there existed a suite of apartments, carefully detached from the remainder of the building, and communicating only with the atrium, to which the name *venereum* was given. Some have concluded from this name, from the privacy of the rooms, and from the character of the pictures on the walls, that they were devoted to profligate orgies. But this theory is open to doubt. The rooms were very likely reserved for family retirement, and especially for the ladies of the establishment. The venereum in the house of Sallust was gorgeously decorated. A large painting of Diana and Actæon almost covered the walls. At each end of the portico was a cabinet, paved with marble, and lined breast-high with the same material. A niche in one of these was found to contain an image, a gold vase, a gold coin, and several bronze medals. Near this spot eight small bronze columns were found, which are supposed to have formed part of the supports of a bed. Four skeletons, apparently a female with three slaves, were discovered close by this apartment, of which she was probably the tenant. At her side lay a round plate of silver—a mirror, doubtless—with several golden rings set with stones, a pair of ear-rings, and five golden bracelets.

The house of the Tragic Poet, of the Great and Little Fountains, of the Faun, of Castor and Pollux, of the Centaur, and many others which have been excavated, exhibit more or less the same plan, and differ mainly in the style and extent of their decoration. The paintings in the house of the Tragic Poet are numerous and very fine. One of these, which represents the parting of Achilles and Briseis, is said to be the most beautiful specimen of ancient painting which has been preserved to modern times. When first discovered, the colours were fresh and transparent, with a tone reminding one of Titian. But, unhappily, the picture suffered much during the excavation, and very little of its former beauty remains. At the door of this house is the well-known mosaic of the dog,

with the legend "*Cave Canem*" beneath it. In the house of Castor and Pollux two large chests were found, lined with plates of brass, and decorated with ornaments of bronze. Through the interstices of one of them forty-five gold and five silver coins had fallen, and were found at the time of excavation. The chests had evidently been rifled at an earlier date, for a hole had been cut through the wall of the atrium and another through the sides of one of the chests.

Space forbids any detailed notice of the beautiful suburban villa which lies at a little distance from the city, and is supposed to have belonged to Marcus Arrius Diomedes. It is the most extensive and complete of the private buildings yet discovered. From this villa alone it would be possible to form an accurate estimate of the style and elegance of a Roman gentleman's house. But the interest of the ruin is not only antiquarian; it is, in many respects, a more affecting and impressive reminder of the terrible calamity which overwhelmed the city than is to be found on any spot. Near the garden-gate two skeletons were found, one holding in his hand the key of the gate, while beside him were about a hundred gold and silver coins; the other lying near a number of silver vases. In the vaults of one of the rooms the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, a boy, and an infant lay huddled together in attitudes terribly expressive of the agony of a lingering death. They were covered by several feet of extremely fine ashes, consolidated by the damp. This substance is capable of taking most correct impressions, but unfortunately this property was not noticed until the mass had been broken up. One fragment was preserved, on which was the impression of the neck and breast of a young girl, displaying extraordinary beauty of form. The very texture of her dress is apparent, and by its fineness, shows that she was not a slave. Many jewels of great value were found with this group. To the skeletons of two children clung still their blonde hair, though they had been buried for seventeen hundred years. It needs not the pen of the romancist to fill up this picture. The father, in whom the love of life was stronger than parental instinct, fled from his home, accompanied by a slave, who carried the most precious movables, seeking to make his way to the sea. His daughter, his two little children, and his many household retainers sought refuge from the shower of cinders in the vaults, which were already stored with wine-jars and provisions for the winter. But, though they found shelter from the falling cinders, they could not escape the stifling sulphureous vapour which was charged with burning dust, and

sooner or later all perished in protracted agony, of which their twisted forms convey too faithful a picture.

Many such tragic stories are told by the remains found in these silent ruins. In the house of the Faun was found the skeleton of a woman, with her hands lifted above her head. She had evidently endeavoured to escape from the house, but driven back by the ashes had taken refuge in the *tablinum*. In her extremity she cast her jewels on the pavement, where they were found scattered in every direction. The flooring of the room above her beginning to fall, she lifted her arms in the vain attempt to support the crumbling roof. In this attitude she was found. In a garden near this house the skeleton of a woman, who wore many jewels, was discovered, at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. She had evidently surmounted many obstacles, and was seeking to scale a wall, when her strength failed her, and she fell and was suffocated. Under a stone staircase was discovered the skeleton of a man, who had with him a treasure of great value, consisting of gold rings, and brass and silver coins. Almost all the skeletons found are those of men and women overcome by the vapour or falling ashes, while endeavouring to secure their property. Five skeletons, near the hand of one of which an axe lay, were discovered in a vertical position, nearly fifteen feet from the ground. These were evidently killed either by falling earth, or by mephitic vapours, while searching for treasures after the catastrophe. In the house of the Vestals, and in a room which, judging from its furniture and decorations, was the boudoir of a young girl, was found the skeleton of a little dog. On another spot was made the rare discovery of the skeletons of two horses, with the remains of a *biga*, or chariot.

The showers of pumice stone, by which the city was overwhelmed, were followed "by streams of thick, tenacious mud, which flowed over the deposit." When the objects over which this mud flowed happened to be human bodies, "their decay left a cavity in which their forms were as accurately preserved and rendered as in the mould prepared for the casting of a bronze statue." It occurred to Signor Fiorelli to fill up these cavities with liquid plaster, and so obtain a cast of the objects once enclosed in them. One of the first experiments resulted in the obtaining of casts of four human beings. Two of these, probably mother and daughter, were lying feet to feet; the former in a position of perfect tranquillity, the latter, who seems to have been a girl of fifteen, in an attitude expressive of frightful agony. Her legs are drawn up, and her hands

are clenched. With one hand she had drawn her veil over her head, to screen herself from the ashes and the smoke. The texture and shape of her dress may be distinctly traced; and here and there, where her dress is torn, "the smooth young skin appears in the plaster like polished marble." The third figure is that of a woman of about twenty-five. Her dress, and the jewellery found near her, indicate that she was of high rank. One of her arms is raised, as if in despair; her hands are both clenched convulsively. The fourth figure is that of a tall, stalwart man, with coarse dress, and heavy sandals studded with nails. He lies on his back, his arms extended and his feet stretched out, as though, finding escape impossible, he had made up his mind to die like a man. His features are marked, some of his teeth yet remain, and a portion of his moustache adheres to the plaster of the cast.

A very imperfect idea of the trade of Pompeii may be gathered from the shops so far excavated. There are several bakers' shops, which, with their mills, ovens, kneading troughs, and vessels, some of which contain flour and loaves of bread in a carbonised state, leave nothing wanting to our knowledge of this department of business. There is also, near the house of the Tragic Poet, a building which was evidently used as a scouring-house. The pictures and implements found there give us a fair insight into the art of fulling and scouring cloth, an art more important in the days of Pompeii than now. These are the only trades of which the ruins afford adequate illustration. An apothecary's shop furnishes drugs, glasses, phials of singular form, and liquids, still retaining the pungent taste of former days. A variety of surgical instruments was discovered in another quarter, some resembling instruments still in use, and others of the purpose of which it would be vain to hazard a guess. Some instruments for use in obstetrical practice are said to equal in ingenuity and convenience the best efforts of modern cutlers. Almost all traces of other professions have vanished. A very interesting glimpse of the more private and domestic life of Pompeii is afforded by the inscriptions yet to be seen upon the walls. We do not refer to such as are cut in stone, or affixed to public buildings, but to those that are painted or chalked, or scratched on the stucco with a sharp instrument. Political advertisements were generally painted in large black or red letters, on a white ground, a coat of white paint always furnishing a fresh surface. Some of the political advertisements remind us of the electioneering tactics of modern days, and show that party spirit ran high among the Pompeians.

Recommendations of candidates are often accompanied by a word or two of praise; sometimes they are signed by private persons, and sometimes by guilds or corporations. Indeed, there seem to have been trade unions at Pompeii. Occasionally the recommendation is a squib, and is signed by the *seribibi*, or "late-topers," or the *dormientes universi*, "the worshipful company of sleepers." The inscriptions scratched on the stucco are of more private interest. The writer informs society that he is troubled with a cold. Another denounces somebody who does not invite him to supper as a brute and a barbarian. Inscriptions on the inner walls are yet more domestic; having reference to the number of tunics sent to the wash, the quantity of lard bought, the birthday of a child, and even of a donkey.

Passing by the tombs, theatres, gardens, and other questions of interest, from want of space, it remains for us briefly to notice the literature of the Pompeian excavations. The work of Mazois, which contains nearly two hundred plates, and embraces the results of the excavations from 1757 to 1821, is on the whole the most able and exhaustive, though of course deficient in relation to more recent discoveries. Donaldson and Sir William Gell owe much of their material and some of their plates to Mazois. The work of Overbeck, which is written in German, is very learned, but embarrassed by theories which sacrifice probability to originality. The beautiful work of the Niccolini, now in course of publication at Naples, and containing some exquisitely coloured plates, is too expensive for the majority of readers. The work of the Commendatore Fiorelli, which contains records of the excavations down to 1860, every nail, bolt, and fragment discovered in the ruins being tabulated, is too diffuse for general purposes. It is invaluable, however, to the archæologist. Many important pamphlets and small volumes on particular buildings, inscriptions, and works of art have been published, but they are too numerous for popular utility. The best compendium of the history, buildings, and antiquities of Pompeii is that of Dr. Dyer, which is based on a small volume published nearly forty years since under the superintendence of the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*. The information contained in it is judiciously arranged, and with sufficient vividness to give interest even to the driest details. It furnishes records of the excavations down to the latest date, and is enriched by an admirable itinerary for the guidance of the traveller. To those who have no opportunity of personally visiting one of the most interesting sites of history, Dr. Dyer's book will prove a great benefit, and almost a compensation.

ART. VI.—*Physiology at the Farm, in Aid of Feeding and Rearing the Live Stock.* By WILLIAM SELLER, M.D., F.R.S.E., &c., and HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E., Author of the "Book of the Farm." William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1867.

"PHYSIOLOGY is the science of organised beings, in respect of their organisation. Animal physiology is the science of animals, or *zoology*. Vegetable physiology, the science of vegetables, or *botany*."* The work before us treats of both these departments of science, in relation to the produce of the farm, embracing the feeding of animals, the principles of nutrition, the comparative values of different kinds of food, and their action on the animal frame, both in imparting strength and producing fat. The book is divided into three parts. The first part gives a detailed anatomical account of the organs of nutrition, and their modes of action in the horse, the ox, the sheep, the pig, the dog, and poultry. The second part treats of the chemistry of food, and the nutritive values of each kind, so far as has been ascertained; so as to enable the farmer to act as his own adviser in respect to the choice of food for each kind of live stock. The third part directs the reader to the theoretic grounds for determining, from his own knowledge of physiology and chemistry, the kind and amount of diet necessary under special circumstances; and to ascertain how far the established usages of the farm, in the feeding of animals, correspond with the principles of those sciences.

The general theory of the sustentation of animal life is understood by most people. That a constant supply of food is required to replace the substance which is incessantly thrown off while the growing or fattening animal is increasing in weight, as well as that which working animals lose by the necessary exertion, is one of the simplest propositions in the economy of animal life. But, in order to effect these objects, and to promote the growth, or fattening, or to sustain the frame in efficiency for labour, all food must contain the elementary constituents adapted to these

* Webster.

ends. There are fifteen simple substances, such as have resisted decomposition, in the bodies of ordinary quadrupeds, which must be supplied to them in their food to insure health and progressive improvement in flesh. The most important of these substances must be contained in the daily food, whilst others may be only occasionally imparted. A knowledge of this part of the subject implies at least a rudimentary acquaintance with chemical and physiological science, so far as the elements of the animal organisation is concerned. The work will direct the student in his choice of food to supply them.

The passage by which food is conducted into, and partly through, the body, is termed the alimentary canal, and includes the gullet, the stomach, and the intestines or bowels. By a series of convolutions, this duct is extended in length to many times that of the trunk which contains it. Thus, in man—an omnivorous animal—the intestines are six or seven times as long as the body; in the pig, thirteen times; in the mastiff, five times; in the sheep—a ruminant animal—twenty-eight times; and in the ox, twenty-two times. In the horse, which is not a ruminant, it is only ten, and in the wild boar, nine times.

The solid is separated from the liquid part of the food, after undergoing the action of the gastric juice, which acts chemically as well as mechanically upon it. This separation is effected in the intestines by means of thread-like appendages or vessels, termed *villi*, which convey it to the mesenteric glands. The changes which the food undergoes in order to prepare it for this separation are numerous. In the mouth it is masticated and mingled with saliva, itself a chemical agent. The mass is then passed through the gullet into the stomach, where it meets with the gastric juice—another chemical agent—which acts as a solvent, reducing the food by disintegration to a semi-liquid mass, in which state it is passed towards the outlet of the stomach, and thence to the upper part of the intestines, where it is immediately absorbed by the *villi*, which transmit it to the *lacteals*, and from these to the mesenteric glands, and, by means of the thoracic duct, to veins in the chest, where it mingles with the venous blood. In this process the liver acts an important part: first, as supplying the bile, which, being poured into the duodenum, prepares the nutriment for absorption; and secondly, by producing ulterior changes on whatever part of that nutriment afterwards comes to be transmitted through its substance along with the blood of the portal vein.

"The venous blood of the liver, derived chiefly from the ramifications of the portal vein in its substance, passes to the right side of the heart; and the venous blood of the veins in the fore part of the chest, with which the chyle from the lacteal system is mingled, passes, by a course in no great degree longer, to the same side of the heart. Thus the venous blood, which receives the nutriment by the two channels just indicated, is brought at once to that side of the heart whence the blood is transmitted through the lungs. In the lungs, the nutriment, after new changes, is finally incorporated with the blood as it passes from the venous to the arterial state, whence the arterial blood arrives at the left side of the heart, reinforced by supplies of fresh materials, to be distributed by the arterial system of vessels all over the body, to renovate the solids and secretions concerned in the never-ceasing offices of life."—P. 9.

The organs of nutrition in the horse are the mouth, the teeth, the tongue, the salivary glands, the lips, the cheeks, the lower jaw, the pharynx and gullet, the jugular veins, the nerves. The action of all these is described, and has, in some measure, been already spoken of; but the formation of the teeth requires a special notice. The horse, like the man, has a temporary set of "milk teeth," which are gradually replaced by others; so that, between the first four or five years, the "mouth" is completed by a set of permanent teeth, and the colt or filly becomes a horse or mare. The former has forty and the latter thirty-six teeth, the fore teeth being the nippers, the hinder the grinders; and between these is an open space in each jaw and on either side, in which are placed the "canine" teeth, one in each space. But these four are wanting in the mare, so far that they do not appear above the gum as a rule. There are twelve incisors or nippers, and twenty-four grinders or molars; and it is by the appearance of the former that the age of the animal can be determined with certainty up to eight years. The formation of the teeth is curious, being composed of enamel, dentine, and cement. The latter is the outward crust; the dentine the body of the tooth; and the enamel, the hardest part, is placed between the other two. This construction of the molar teeth is well adapted for the trituration of the food, while the nippers or incisors, which are also furnished with a fold composed of cement and enamel, are equally well formed for cropping the grass and other verdure on which the animal feeds. The constant use of the incisors wears away the cement, so that the "mouth" being complete at five years old, the future age, until eight, may be ascertained by the condition of the incisors. The central ones first lose the cavity at six, the

adjoining ones at seven, the outside ones at eight years old; after which, few persons are able to tell with certainty the age of the horse.

The salivary glands are larger in proportion to the size in the horse than in any other mammals, except the ruminants, and the secretion and flow of the saliva is proportionate. By it the starch in the food is rapidly converted into grape sugar. It is highly chemical, containing potash, soda, and lime, in combination with *ptyalin, sulpho-cyanide* of potassium, the potash salt of an acid of the butyric group, epithelium and mucous corpuscles, the chlorides of sodium and potassium, phosphates, alkaline sulphates (p. 21).

The mouth of the horse is furnished with veins and nerves; the former repair the living parts of the system, the latter regulate its sensibility and movements. The nerves of sensation are termed *afferent;* those of motion, *efferent.** The latter convey from the brain the stimulus by which the muscular fibres are called into activity. The functions of these two sets of organs are clearly described in the work, to which we must refer the reader.

Deglutition is the act of swallowing the food, and is effected by three operations. The food, being masticated, is formed by the tongue into a bolus; from the base of that organ it is jerked over the orifice of the windpipe, and then by the action of the muscles of the pharynx or throat, is passed into the stomach. As in man, when the food reaches the pharynx, the animal loses all control over it, the muscles of the gullet being thereby stimulated into activity. In this respect the act of deglutition in the horse is precisely similar to that in man; the bolus of the food is collected on the tongue, and passes backward to the posterior part of the organ. If, in the process, the larynx were to lose its action at the moment of swallowing, it would be followed by fatal consequences, technically termed "anxiety" (p. 33).

The digestive organs of the horse are minutely described; the stomach being the principal, as the receiver of all the food, by which it is prepared for absorption into the system. It consists of three coats; the peritoneal or serous, the muscular or contractile, and the mucous or villous; the latter lining the interior of the stomach. The functions of each of these are described in the work as preparing the fifteen elementary substances derived from the mineral kingdom, and which have not as yet been decomposed by

* The word *afferent* signifies "carrying to," and *efferent* carrying from, another organ.

analysis. Every one of these is absolutely essential to the health of an animal, and must be supplied in the food as fast as it is ejected by exertion from the animal economy. The vegetable kingdom, however, is the intermediate channel through which these matters are obtained, for "no substance passes *directly* from the mineral kingdom to enter into the constitution of any part of the animal body. The vegetable kingdom belongs to organic matter as well as the animal kingdom. The organic substance of the vegetable kingdom, is as absolutely of mineral origin as the materials of animal bodies" (p. 43). The dependence of the latter upon the former is absolute and universal. The herbivorous lives on vegetables; the carnivorous devour the herbivorous; so that "were the vegetable kingdom to perish, the animal kingdom would quickly run to ruin; for though many animals are purely carnivorous, their prey could not long survive the extinction of vegetable nature. On the contrary, were the animal kingdom to perish, the vegetable kingdom indeed would not escape damage; yet, as a whole, it would flourish more prosperously than ever" (*Ibid.*).

Water, the drink "of both plants and animals, is classed with mineral substances by the authors. Plants contain a large but variable proportion of water; and in the animal body it is estimated at four-fifths, or eighty per cent. of its weight, the quantity varying in the several parts of the body. Thus, the blood contains the largest proportion of water, with a slightly saline impregnation." "The water of the blood constitutes a kind of liquid atmosphere to the vital solid atoms of that fluid, in which they can perform the special acts for which they are fitted, in the freest possible manner. . . . If the supply of water be withheld throughout the animal economy, all the movements of living action are suspended or extinguished." "If a horse weighs 1,500 lbs., the quantity of his blood will probably be about 300lbs., but the amount of water besides, diffused through his frame, will not fall short of 900 lbs." (p. 45).

The relation of milk to blood, with their points of difference, are minutely described, but we must refer the reader to the work for the argument. The gastric juice we have already spoken of. By it the food in the stomach is changed into chyme, a heterogeneous mass, composed of incipient albumen, fat and sugar, more or less altered, and substances which, as incapable of alteration, are finally expelled with the excrement.

The intestines of the horse are ninety feet long, and are

divided into the greater and lesser, the former of which are but a small part of that length. The lesser are in three divisions,—the *duodenum*, the *jejunum*, and the *ilium;* the greater are also divided into the *cæcum*, the *colon*, and *rectum*. Like the stomach, they consist of three coats, and these are of similar character to those of the stomach. They are supplied with blood by arterial and venous systems, connected with the mesentery, which unites the intestines with the vertebræ.

The use of the liver in the secretion and distribution of the bile, requires too much space for us to enter upon it. The bile is considered by scientific men as of paramount importance in digestion, and the liver itself also contributes in other respects to the preservation of the health of animals. It is found to secrete sugar, which is supposed to be taken up by the blood of the hepatic veins and conveyed to the lungs, where being consumed in the respiratory process, it contributes to the generation of animal heat (p. 64).

We must pass over the description of the pancreas, the *spleen*, the *villi*, or fibres of the intestines, the duodenal digestion, the absorption of nutriment, as gums, starch, oil or fat; protein compounds, chyle, lymph, and other topics connected with digestion, and confine ourselves to the following recapitulation of the foregoing:—

"The several organs in which the crude aliment, such as grass, hay, oats, beans, successively undergo important alterations, are the mouth, the stomach, the duodenum, the jejunum, the ilium, with the aid of the bile and pancreatic juice, the villi of the small intestines, the mesenteric gland; after which the elaborated aliments reach the blood—partly by mingling with the blood of the capillary blood-vessels in the mucous membranes of the stomach and small intestines, and partly through the thoracic duct, the common trunk of the lacteal and lymphatic system of vessels. A great part of the blood, into which the elaborated aliment is poured, passes through the liver, and all of it through the lungs, before it is transmitted through the arterial system to repair the loss of the solids. The capillary blood-vessels are the immediate parts of the vascular system concerned in nutrition. The capillary arteries—that is to say, the minute vessels into which the arterial branches subdivide—most commonly form a network, or plexus, while from the same plexus the capillary veins take their origin. The capillary blood-vessels do not undergo any further division. Though not absolutely of the same calibre, even in the same parts of the body, they are pretty nearly alike. They have no open mouths, as was formerly supposed. Hence whatever fluid escapes from them, exudes through their coats, while whatever has not exuded, passes on to the

venous capillaries, and returns through veins successively joining, into larger and larger branches, till it reaches the right side of the heart. The exudation from the capillaries for the purpose of nutrition, is the blood-plasma, called 'the liquor sanguinis'—namely, the serum of the blood, holding the fibrine in solution; while the red corpuscles are retained in the capillaries, to be sent back by the veins to the heart."—P. 81.

The organs of nutrition in the ox and sheep differ from those of the horse, in having no incisor teeth in the upper jaw. This is common to all the ruminating animals; they have twenty-four molar or grinding teeth, but no tusks or canine teeth, and the "mouth" is complete at five years old. The tongue, the roof of the mouth or palate, the salival glands, the lips, the cheeks, the lower jaw, the pharynx and gullet, also exhibit such difference from those of the horse as adapt them to the ruminating process, aided by the action of the first and second stomachs; for those animals have four stomachs, the horse having only one. The description of these is very interesting, but we must refer the reader to the work itself for the information. The precise mode in which the ruminating process is performed is, at present, the subject of controversy. The general process of digestion in these stomachs is analogous to that of the horse, the simple elements in the body of both being the same, namely fifteen in number. This holds good also in the sheep, whose anatomical structure is similar to that of the ox, and the process of nutrition in both is so in accordance with that in the recapitulation given above, that a repetition would be superfluous.

The pig differs in its organs of nutrition (with the exception of its pharynx and gullet) from both the horse and the ruminant animals. Its permanent teeth are forty-four in number, namely, twelve incisors, four canine, sixteen premolar and twelve molar. These are equally divided between the two jaws. The milk teeth, thirty-two in number, begin to be displaced by the permanent ones at the age of nine months, and the exchange is completed at three years old, when the age of the boar will be known by the growth of the tusks, which, in the old animal, acquire a large size. The snout exhibits a peculiarity common only to the few animals of the same family, namely, a hard semi-horny substance at the upper part, (which is elongated), by which it is enabled to plough up the ground in search of food, which its powerful sense of smelling enables it to detect in the soil, the natural food of the pig being roots; the power of this organ is

astonishing. We have seen a whole floor of bricks, laid in cement, rooted up by them in a few hours when kept short of water; and no common masonry or carpentry will stand against their efforts under similar circumstances. The stomach is rounded in form, and is divided into several compartments. The intestines are from nine to thirteen times the length of the body of the pig; in other respects they correspond with those of the horse, &c., as do also the liver, the pancreas, and the spleen.

The dog, a carnivorous animal, is furnished with teeth adapted for taking and holding its prey, and afterwards tearing it into pieces. The incisors are six in number in each jaw, the two centre ones being larger and stronger than the rest in the lower jaw, and the corner teeth in the upper jaw are also larger and more powerful than the rest; in both jaws they are furnished with a cutting edge in the interior. The canine teeth—so called because of their conspicuous appearance in the dog, are of great strength, and of conical form. The molars or grinders are similar to those of all carnivorous animals, namely three false molars in the upper and four in the lower jaw; one carnivorous on each side of each jaw; and two triturating or grinding teeth also on each side of each jaw. The tongue of the dog is furnished with a tendinous cord on its under side, called "the worm," the use of which is still a subject of controversy with anatomists. When in full chase of its prey, and after it while the effect of exertion continues, a watery liquid flows freely from the tip of the tongue, at which this cord terminates; and this circumstance, perhaps, has given rise to the general belief that as the dog never perspires, *perceptibly* at least, in the usual way by the pores of the skin, its place is supplied by the worm from which this liquid flows. This cord, however, is also of use to the animal in drinking, strengthening the tongue to throw back the water to the pharynx. The liquid flowing from the tongue is the secretion of the parotid glands, and differs from the saliva in being limpid and clear, and incapable of being drawn into threads, falling in drops in rapid succession from the tip of the tongue. The rest of the organs of nutrition of the dog differ but little from those of other mammals. The stomach is large for the size of the animal, and is also thicker and stronger than that of man, but consists of three coats as described above, like those of other mammals. The intestines, also, are similar to those of mammals in general, but do not measure more than five times the length of the body; but the small are seven times

the length of the great intestines. We must refer the reader to the work itself for the further description of the organs of digestion and assimilation in the dog, which, generally, correspond with what have been already described in other animals. Nor can we stop to describe the anatomy of the feathered tribes, which differ in many important respects from that of quadrupeds. The supplementary account of the acts subservient to nutrition in domestic animals (p. 194) is highly interesting, containing the extraordinary experiments on digestion upon a living subject who had a fistulous opening in the stomach and the wall or outer membrane of the abdomen. Dr. Beaumont availed himself of this circumstance to ascertain the action of the gastric juice upon food of different kinds, so long as the lad would allow it. As we have read the account, the latter disappeared after many experiments; whether from feeling any injurious effects from them in his health, or whether wearied out by the tedious process, is not stated; but much information had already been elicited on the uses of the gastric juice and the time required in digesting the multitude of substances introduced into the stomach through the artificial orifice, or into the gastric juice drawn from it and placed in a vial.

The section on "the outline of the assimilative functions less directly nutritive, as exercised in the higher animals," is an important portion of the book, but we must be brief in referring to it. The entire functions of these are divided into three classes—"1st, functions of assimilation; 2nd, functions of reproduction: 3rd, functions of relation." The first includes the circulation of the blood, respiration, digestion, secretion, and excretion; the second are those concerned in the continuance of the species; the third are those connecting the animal with the world without, such as knowledge and power, by which the animal becomes acquainted with external things, and acquires power over them. The account of the circulation of the blood is very interesting. We have already described the action of the veins and arteries.

"The great cause of the circulation of the blood is the muscular contraction of the heart, by which the capacity of its cavities is suddenly diminished, and the blood, more or less, completely expelled in a determinate direction. Some other causes concur, and the investigation of these has much engaged the attention of physiologists. The most striking of these is the effect of muscular exertion throughout the body. The veins in all the muscular parts of the body concerned in ordinary locomotion, are provided with valves, which permit the blood to pass in one direction only. Hence,

when any one of these veins is momentarily compressed, the blood in it is sent more swiftly towards the heart. But in active muscular exertion, such veins are subjected to repeated strokes of pressure, so that the ordinary motion of the blood in them towards the heart, is very much quickened. When a man climbs a high hill, his pulse may rise from 70 in a minute to 150. Then the first effect is probably that just referred to," &c.—P. 249.

The circulation of the blood in the human body is very rapid.

"The left ventricle is assumed to throw two ounces of blood into the aorta at each stroke of the heart; the average number of strokes in the minute may be taken at 70, whence the ventricle throws into the aorta 140 ounces of blood per minute, or nine imperial pounds in that space of time. But the calculated amount of blood in the whole body does not exceed from 18 to 27 lbs., so that the left ventricle pours out a quantity of blood equal to the whole blood in the body in from two minutes to two minutes and a half. Now this period is plainly the average time which the particle of blood which performs the circulation a number of times, takes to complete one circuit."—P. 250.

The act of respiration involves both mechanical and chemical action. The air, a compound body, is, by the involuntary peristaltic motion of the bowels, alternately drawn into and expelled from the lungs, which are, in fact, bags divided into many millions of small vesicles, inclosed in an elastic cavity —the thorax—which it completely fills, both expanding and contracting as the inhalation and expulsion of the air are effected. In the lungs, by a chemical process, the air is divested of its oxygen, which is exchanged for the carbonic acid in the lungs. When these are diseased, the processes of respiration are assisted by the alternate elevation and depression of the shoulders, attended with great effort; but in a healthy subject, breathing is easy and regular, and the blood, being divested of its carbon, is purified and rendered fit for its offices in the animal economy.

"In proportion as the enlargement of the chest in a given time exceeds the measure of air which can enter the lung in that time, is the amount of rarefaction on the body of air already in the lung before inspiration begins, or previous to the addition of new air from without. Such rarefaction of the air in the lung, when inspiration begins, is retarded by the degree in which the lung or air-bag is elastic; and in proportion as such resistance is offered, is the amount of mechanical effort required to enlarge the chest."—P. 254.

The purification of the blood by the lungs is assisted by the liver and the kidneys. The first abounds in hydrogen, the

second, or its urea, is made up of nitrogen. The intricate mode of its action on the blood of each of these organs is described at length by our authors.

The second part, on the chemistry of the food of animals of the farm, with relation to the composition of their bodies, opens with the proposition that organic nature is entirely built up of materials derived from the mineral kingdom, including "everything on the earth's surface that is not organic; that is, everything which is not at present an organic body, or that does not bear indications of having once been endowed with life" (p. 285). Some substances, such as coals, shells, marl, and the like, which manifestly once belonged to organic nature, are more conveniently spoken of as the remains of organic nature now mineralised. The mineral kingdom, with this reservation, includes not only the solid parts of the crust of the earth, but also the liquid parts, as water; and the elastic parts, as the air of the atmosphere and all gaseous bodies. Organic nature consists of the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom; and all the members of each of these kingdoms are regarded as being endowed with life. The functions or great offices fulfilled by the members of the vegetable kingdom are almost solely those of vegetation and reproduction; those of the animal kingdom, besides the functions of vegetation or nutrition and reproduction, almost uniformly possess what are termed "relative functions," namely, sensibility and locomotion. These latter, being exclusively the property of animals, are therefore termed "the animal functions" (p. 285).

Our authors lay it down as a rule, that there is no simple substance in the vegetable kingdom that is not to be found in the mineral kingdom; and that in the animal kingdom there is no simple substance which does not exist in the vegetable kingdom. In the elucidation of this principle their classification is opposed to that of all previous writers on chemistry, who include in organic matters the four gases—oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. Their classification comprises also water as a mineral, which is a compound substance; an arrangement differing essentially from that of other modern chemists, who term the gases "the organic elements of animal and vegetable life. It alters also the definition of *mineral*, which has hitherto implied the solid substances found in or upon the earth. Water certainly is found in the earth as a compound body, and we admit that the four gases are termed organic to distinguish them from the twelve earthy and saline elementary substances derived by plants

directly from the soil, and not as possessing any of the attributes of organic life; and with this observation, we quit the subject.

The ample provision in nature for supplying vegetation with food, is wonderfully simple. Take carbonic acid, for instance; small as is the proportion of this gas in the atmosphere, so vast in the aggregate amount, and so regularly is it diffused, that the quantity required for the supply to the soil is but an infinitesimal part of the entire stock. And that of the other simple gases—oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen—is equally inexhaustible. Nor is the arrangement by which the plant feeds on those gases expelled by the animal less remarkable as providing a resource by which both are sustained in existence. Thus, the production of vegetation must keep pace with the increase of animals, because the latter—directly, or indirectly by preying on herbivorous animals—are supported upon vegetables. "Animals cannot multiply except by the multiplication of plants; and plants cannot multiply without purifying the atmosphere" (p. 290).

The ultimate elements of the first order are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen. Oxygen is found everywhere, and combines with all simple substances except fluorine. It supports combustion, but cannot originate it except under a high temperature. A splinter of wood, just ignited, burns and flames brilliantly if put into it. Combustion is a mere accident of chemical combination between two bodies—that is, such combination is called combustion where the heat extricated is sufficient to give light. Eremacausis, or slow combustion within the living body, converts free sulphur into sulphuric acid, and phosphorus into phosphoric acid. Animal respiration, as a chemical operation, is an eremacausis. The force of muscular action is due to the combustion of a portion of the muscle at each contraction, or to the combination of its carbon with the oxygen of the blood, by which carbonic acid is formed. Heat, so produced, is changed into motion, while the animal heat, in so far as muscular motion is its source, is merely that portion of heat which remains over, or is not changed into motion (p. 295). The carbonic acid thus formed passes into the blood, and is finally expelled from the lungs.

Hydrogen is the lightest of the gases, being only one sixteenth part of the weight of oxygen, and one-fourteenth that of nitrogen. The great source of hydrogen is the waters of the globe, of which it constitutes one-ninth part by weight. It is not present in the rocks of the earth's crust unless they

contain water. It constitutes one-sixteenth of the weight of the tissue of wood, nearly as much of starch and sugar, and one-thirteenth by weight of dried muscle or flesh. The importance, therefore, of the hydrogen of water in the organisms of vegetable and animal life is manifest, it being an essential element in the nutrition of the former, and, indirectly, of that of the latter. It is universally present in the organic structure of animals, because it forms so large a portion of the vegetable food on which they subsist.

Carbon exists only in the solid state, not being subject to volatilisation by any degree of heat. It is the constituent of all substances termed organic; and the solid parts of shrubs and trees owe their form and solidity to this element. In the tissue of wood it constitutes nearly three-sevenths, and in dried muscular flesh, nearly one-half.

Nitrogen, or azote, is abundant in the atmosphere; and though it does not support life by itself, serves, by diluting the oxygen, to abate its too stimulating properties, which would otherwise extinguish life. It does not support combustion, but no organic structure destitute of it can increase or repair the animal frame, although it may support animal heat and help the accumulation of fat. It forms nearly five-sixths of ammoniacal gas. It is a question whether the generation of this gas can go on without limit in nature. If we are to judge from the constant progress of vegetation requiring an increasing supply of ammonia, we should be disposed to adopt the theory of our authors that it can, and that, independent of the supply arising from the decomposition of organic tissues containing nitrogen, a natural formation of ammonia is constantly going on. Ammonia, besides being of volcanic origin, exists in nature in the salts having ammonia for their basis, and which are a source of nitrogen.

The ultimate elements in organic nature of the second order, are chlorine, sulphur, phosphorus, silicium or silicon, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, and manganese. All these, more or less, and in variable quantities, form the constituents of vegetables, and are also found in the animal tissues. Chlorine combined with sodium in organic nature, is an essential ingredient. Sulphur is found in abundance in combination with metallic bodies, and is also an essential constituent in organic bodies. It is always distinguishable in the order of cruciform plants, such as the turnip and the coleworts; and however minute its proportion in such bodies may be, its absence would involve a failure of the vegetative energy. It is thrown off from the animal body in the form of

sulphuric acid, and combined with the common bases, potassa, soda, and ammonia.

Phosphorus does not exist free in organic nature, but it exists abundantly combined with oxygen in all the three kingdoms of nature. In most of the rocks in the earth's crust it is found in small proportions; and the disintegration of these, furnishes a supply to the soil and the two organic kingdoms. Phosphorus is a more abundant element in organic nature than sulphur, and therefore ought to form an essential element in artificial manures. The ashes of red wheat contain, according to Liebig, 94·44 per cent. of phosphates, and those of white wheat, 91·47 per cent.; of peas, 85·46; beans, 97·05, &c. These proportions show that the ashes of these substances contain from 15 to 20 per cent. of phosphorus. The amount of phosphates in the living animal body, is said to be one-fifth of its weight; the bones are chiefly formed of phosphate of lime; and in the higher animals, it exists in the fluid and softer parts of the body, as well as in the bones.

Phosphate of lime is found in various forms in a concentrated state in many localities. Thus, the Norwegian *apatite* contains from 77 to even 90 per cent. of tribasic phosphate of lime or bone-earth. Estramadura phosphorite, procured in abundance near Truxillo, contains nearly 80 per cent. of the same material. In many other parts of Europe, both continental and insular, it is found in abundance in the form of coprolites, phosphorites, &c., containing from 50 to 60 per cent. of phosphates, or bone-earth. By all these discoveries of science and commercial enterprise, agriculture has been abundantly enriched.

Silicon is one of the most plentiful substances in nature, but it enters in only small proportions into the animal and vegetable organisms. The stems of gramineous plants contain a considerable proportion, which gives strength and stiffness to the plants. Where it is absent, or present only in small proportions, the straw is too weak to sustain itself, and the crop becomes "laid."

Potassium, in the form of potassa, is found in all fertile soils in a greater or less proportion, to which it is supplied from the clays, which contain from 3 to 4 per cent. derived from the disintegration of feldspathic or micaceous rocks; the former containing from 10 to 12, and the latter from 5 to 6 per cent.

Sodium is found in the ashes of sea-weeds and marine plants. Kelp is impure carbonate of soda. Barilla is extracted from the ashes of marine plants. Soda in the form

of salts exists in immense masses in the mineral kingdom, and is therefore classed with the mineral alkali, being of the same nature with kelp and barilla. In sea-water it is found in the form of a chloride. In the animal economy, it imparts the alkaline character to the blood; and in various forms is found in the animal fluids.

Calcium or lime is a universal constituent of organic nature, both animal and vegetable. It is collected in masses in the bones of animals, in combination with phosphoric acid. Magnesia, or the oxide of magnesium, exists in less proportion than calcium, in the organs of plants and animals. It occurs in the form of phosphate in the ashes of grain and pulse, and also in the blood and in human bones. Iron, as an oxide, fills an important office in both vegetable and animal life. In the latter it is a universal constituent of the blood. Manganese is found by analysis in some kinds of wood, and in the human hair (p. 304).

The proximate principles of organic nature, are albumen, fibrine, caseine, proteine, gelatine, and chondrine. Albumen, the type of which is the white of eggs, is distinguished by a tendency, under heat, to coagulate. Various chemical substances, such as alcohol, creosote, metaphosphoric acid, tannic acid, &c., will precipitate and coagulate this substance. The vegetable kingdom contains matters analogous to the animal albumen as well as caseine, fibrine, &c.

Fibrine is the concrete body obtained from the coagulum of the blood, by the separation of the colouring matter, and it is also the chief constituent of the muscular fibre. It varies in its proportion in the former from 2·5 per 1000 in health, to 11·8 per 1000 in inflammatory disease. It is found in the fresh juices of vegetables in an uncoagulated state. In wheat, it is coagulated as gluten, and also in the seeds of other gramineous plants.

Caseine exists in milk, to the extent of about three per cent. It forms insoluble compounds with alkaline earths. Thus, if a piece of poor cheese, which is principally caseine, be reduced to a paste with water, and mixed with slaked lime, it forms a tenacious lute, which sets very hard, and may be used for cementing pieces of broken earthenware. Caseine coagulates with rennet. Dried peas are said to contain about one-fourth of their weight of caseine or legumine.

Proteine is considered by Mülder as a substance which, by its union with different proportions of sulphur and phosphorus, gives rise to albumen, fibrine, and caseine, all modifications of the albumenoid group. Liebig does not agree

with this arrangement; yet he admits the alliance of these three nutritive principles. At the close of a chemical description of them, he says:—"The analysis of these three vegetable principles has led to the interesting result that they all three contain sulphur and nitrogen, and the other constituents in the same proportions; and what is still more remarkable, they are identical in composition with albumen, containing the same elements in the same proportion as that chief constituent of the blood."

Gelatine and chondrine are purely animal products, and are known as the gelatinous groups of substances. They are the result of the prolonged action of boiling water on the gelatinous or chondrine-producing tissues. Chondrine contains more oxygen and less nitrogen than gelatine, while the percentage of carbon and hydrogen is the same in both substances. Isinglass, obtained from the inner membrane of the swimming bladder of the sturgeon, is a good type of gelatine. Chondrine is prepared by boiling the cornea of the eye, or any of the permanent cartilages. It is generally understood that gelatine alone possesses no nutritive properties, and that if an animal were fed solely upon it, it would die of inanition.

Crystallisable, azotised, proximate principles. These are, urea, creatine, and creatinine, uric acid, and hippuric acid. They are all more or less generated in the urinary organs, and are expelled as excrementitious with the urine. The uric acid in guano is formed from the excrement of the birds by which the substance of guano is produced, and the goodness of the guano depends on its greater or less exposure to rain. The hippuric acid is extracted from the urine of the horse and the cow.

Saccharine or amylaceous group of proximate principles. This class or group of substances constitutes an important element in the vegetable kingdom, and comprises cane sugar, wheat and potato starch, gum, pectine or vegetable jelly, celluline, &c. The proportion of oxygen and hydrogen they contain is exactly the same as in water; and this peculiarity has led to their being called "hydrates of carbon."

Cane sugar is present, more or less, in all vegetables, but abounds most in the cane, the beet root, the sorgho, and the sugar maple. Grape or starch sugar is made by boiling the starch of wheat or potatoes in water, acidulated slightly with one per cent. in measure of sulphuric acid. The saccharine power of this sugar compared with cane sugar is as 60 to 100.

Fructose, or sugar of fruits, is not crystallisable, nor is it at all made in the United Kingdom, but its presence constitutes the nutritive value of fruits. A table is given in the work (p. 819) of the proportion of saccharine principles in twenty-seven vegetables and fruits. These principles, in fact, constitute the chief nutritive properties of plants, and especially fruits, in some of which (the fig and the cherry, for instance—the former containing 62½ and the latter 18·12 per cent.) it is very abundant. By itself, however, sugar will not support life.

Starch, amylume, fecula, or farina—all terms signifying the same substance—is universally distributed throughout the vegetable kingdom, whether cryptogamic, endogenous, or exogenous, in the roots, stems, tubercles, fruits, or seeds. It is an organised substance, exhibiting under the microscope distinct but varied forms, as the elliptical, rounded, flask or mullar-shaped, or polyhedral. It abounds most in tuberous roots and the seeds of gramineous plants; and it was until recently the universal opinion that the absence or presence of starch determined the kingdom of nature to which any organised substance belonged, it being an axiom with physiologists that no animal contained it. This opinion has been shaken by more recent discoveries; but the point is by no means settled. The nutritive properties of starch are still the subject of controversy. Liebig considers it, like sugar, merely a respiratory food, while others think it one of the sources of fat in the tissues of animals. It is not considered nutritive unless boiled; and even birds, which appear to have a special digestive power of assimilating amylaceous substances, fatten faster on them when boiled or bruised.

Potato starch is obtained mechanically from the tubers, which contain from sixteen to twenty per cent. The potatoes are mashed or rasped to a pulp, and then washed in a sieve until the water runs off clear, when the milky liquid is put into vats to allow the starch to subside. When potatoes are low in price—say from 30s. to 35s. per ton—the starch is extracted and sugar manufactured at a profit. This is mixed with West India cane-sugar, which, while the colour is not injured, weakens the saccharine power. One hundred-weight of starch will produce one and a quarter hundred-weight of sugar through the moisture added to it.

Wheat contains about sixty per cent. of starch. By the old method of extracting it, much of the amylaceous matter and the whole of the gluten of the wheat was wasted; but the operation is now performed by a weak solution of caustic

potash (one of the alkali to 350 of water), which separates the starch in twenty-four hours, while the old method occupied from fourteen to twenty-one days. The gluten, too, in the new method remains in the water, and may be obtained by saturation of the alkali with sulphuric acid.

Sago, tapioca, carraway, arrowroot, salep, are all modifications of starch, and are extracted from tropical plants. They are too well known to require further notice in a review.

Acid proximate principles of a dietetic character. These comprise the acetic acid, the tartaric acid, the malic, the citric acid, the oxalic acid, the tannic acid, and the lactic acid. The only kinds of acid commonly used in domestic economy are the common malt vinegar and the citric acid, the latter being the well-known concentrated juice of the lemon and its congeners. Oxalic acid is found in considerable quantities in the garden rhubarb, so much used in pies and tarts. Our authors say that having only been in general use thirty or forty years in the United Kingdom, it is not of sufficiently long standing to enable a cautious reader to determine its true value as an article of food. It was first introduced into England as an esculent about the year 1790 by Andrews of Royston, the compiler of Francis Moore's Almanac, since which it has gained ground gradually upon the public estimation, and it is now—in the metropolis at least—one of the earliest, cheapest, and most healthful of the garden products, and its use in the spring of the year is almost universal. It decidedly acts as a purifier of the blood (340).

The next section embraces plants employed to furnish articles of food, arranged in a botanical order, the first in the list being the dicotyledonous plants. The sub-class, *Thalamiflorœ ranunculaceœ* (buttercup order) is first treated; but, though they abound in all pastures, very few of them are of any value as food for animals, and some are actually poisonous more or less. The *Cruciferœ* or *Brassicaceœ* (cabbage order) includes *Brassica rapa*, the common turnip; *Brassica campestris*, the parent of the Swedish turnip; *Brassica napus*, the common rape; *Brassica olearacea acephala arborescens*, cow cabbage, or Cæsarian kate, &c. Analyses are given in the work of the different kinds of field turnip—Swedes, rape, kohl rabi, &c.,—by Professor Voelcker and other eminent chemists, and the result arrived at by Dr. Voelcker is as follows:—

"A comparison of the preceding results with the analysis of Swedes, mangolds, and turnips, shows that, theoretically, kohl rabi is much more nutritious than white turnips, and fully equal, if not superior, to Swedes and mangolds" (351).

Dr. Voelcker also asserts the excellence of the kohl rabi over the turnip as food for milch cows, the butter made from the milk being free from the disagreeable flavour imparted by the turnip (pp. 343 to 353). The analysis also of the drum-head cabbage proves it to be quite equal to the Swede in nutritive properties. Of linseed cake and decorticated cotton cake, the latter, on analysis is found to contain a much larger proportion of flesh-forming matters than the former, being respectively—cotton cake 41·25, and linseed cake, from 22·14 to 22·26 per cent.

Leguminosæ or *Fabaceæ* (leguminous order). First sub-order, papilionaceous section. *Faba vulgaris*, the common bean, of which there are many varieties, all excellent food for horses and cattle. To the former they are given whole or broken; to the latter, ground into meal and mixed with other food. On analysis, they are found to contain a large proportion of flesh-forming matters, and are consequently of great use in sustaining the vital energy of the working cattle.

Pisum sativum, the common pea, is cultivated both for the farm and the table. They contain less flesh-forming matters than the bean, but are valuable for fattening hogs. *Vicia sativa*, the tare or vetch, is adapted to all soils, and whether cut green or saved for seed, affords excellent food; in the former state for horses, and in the latter for poultry. The grain contains 97 per cent. of organic matters (p. 371). *Lupinus luteus*. Yellow lupin. The *Lupinus albus* is cultivated extensively on the Continent, and has recently been introduced into the United Kingdom as a forage plant. It grows luxuriantly on the poorest sand without any manure. This adaptation to soils that will grow scarcely anything else profitably is its chief recommendation. *Ulex Europæus*—furze or whins, bruised in the young and green state—is excellent food for horses and cattle.

The artificial grasses comprise the different varieties of clover, of six of which analyses, both in the green and dried state, are given. In the latter they contain from 12·78 to 24·60 of flesh-forming matters, and from 33·31 to 45·96 of heat-producing principles; the highest of the former being the *Medicago lupinus*, the yellow clover or nonsuch; and of the latter, the *Onobrychis sativa* or sainfoin. The *umbelliferous* plants include the different varieties of the carrot, the parsnip, fennel, &c. The analysis of the Belgian carrot shows that in its dried state it contains 51·628, and that of the parsnip 16·055 per cent. of sugar (pp. 388 and 392).

Corymbiferæ, chamomile order. *Achillaea millefolium*, mil-

foil or yarrow; a perennial plant, fibrous rooted; a favourite plant with sheep, and adapted to light sandy soils. Mr. Way's analysis proves it to contain 10·34 of flesh-forming, and 45·46 of heat-producing principles. *Helianthus tuberosus*, the Jerusalem artichoke, a native of Brazil, but long acclimated in Europe, is extensively cultivated in France, under the name of *topinambour*, but in England is chiefly planted in gardens as a culinary esculent. In the dried state it contains 69·5 of sugar.

Solanum tuberosum, the potato, is too well known both in its history and valuable properties to require a description. The analysis of the dried tuber shows it to contain 64·2 per cent. of starch and 13·3 of sugar, but only 5·8 of flesh-forming principles. *Polygonaceæ*. Buckwheat order. Of these the *P. Fagopyrum esculentum*, buck or beech wheat—so called formerly because the seed is shaped like the beech-mast—is chiefly cultivated in England for fattening fowls or for ploughing-in in the green state as manure. In some parts of the European continent the grain is ground, and the flour used in cookery. The flowers contain much sugar, and are commonly resorted to by bees on that account.

Monocotyledonous Plants. These are chiefly of foreign growth, and possess little interest with the general reader, without a full description, for which we cannot spare room. We must except, however, the onion, *Allium cepa*, comprehended in the lily order, so much used in culinary operations. Well cooked by boiling and baking, it is a delicious dish; but eaten raw, its unpleasant smell is communicated to the breath, and even the person, of those who indulge with it.

Forage and Natural Pasture Grasses. *Agrostis* is the first genus in alphabetical order, and one of the last in value. Its varieties are termed bent grasses, none of which are otherwise than a troublesome weed on the land, and very difficult to exterminate. A full description of the most valuable of the natural grasses is given in the work, with analyses by Professor Way; but we find we shall exceed our limits by referring to them. We therefore hasten to Part the Third, which treats of the application of the theory of nutrition to practical use on the farm.

On this part of the subject, our authors preface their remarks by cautioning the practical reader against always expecting to witness in all cases a certain result from a certain method of feeding cattle; because, as in man, the inferior animals differ in their *physique* so much in some

cases, as to render even a nutritious food hurtful. And on the other hand, portions of certain kinds of food may be injurious, which a healthy subject will throw off, but which a more delicate constitution would suffer from the use of.

"Besides, knowing what kinds of food suffice to nourish the horse, the ox, the sheep, the consideration is required of the particular circumstances under which the animal to be nourished is placed at the time. The race-horse, the hunter, the roadster, the coach-horse, the dray-horse, the farm-horse, demand each a special mode of feeding and management; and to carry such management to its utmost degree of perfection, the knowledge becomes necessary, not only of the kind of horses of the breed to which it belongs, and of the mode and degree of exertion to which it is at any time to be subjected, but also of its special temperament and constitution; and the same things are true of all other animals of the farm."—P. 483.

The first subject taken up is the *Theory of the Conservation of Energy applicable to show the difference between the Diet of an Animal at Rest and an Animal under Exertion.* This involves a consideration of the different proportions of the flesh-forming, calorific, and fat-giving proximate principles requisite for an animal at rest, or only moderately exercised, and for the same animal fully or excessively worked. In regard to the question of animal heat, the comparatively high temperature of the animal body depends on a slow combustion, termed eremacausis (or decay), chiefly between the oxygen of respiration, and the carbon of the blood, and of such solids as are continually decomposed in the actions of the living frame. The amount of this combustion corresponds with the quantity of carbonic acid thrown off in a given time. Dr. Playfair separates the functions of bodily activity into four kinds of work, namely, first, vital work; secondly, heat work; thirdly, mechanical work; and fourthly, mental work. Vital work is an unconscious exercise of the functions of the body, as the action of the heart, the blood, the lungs, the digestion, assimilation, secretion, &c., which go on whether man is at work or at rest, awake or asleep. Heat work is the slow combustion which supplies the heat to a living body, lost by the medium in which it lives being colder than itself. Mechanical and mental work explain themselves.

The proposition that the weight of the ingested matter in a given time must be equal to the egested matter—that is, that the food taken must be of the same quantity as the excreta, including the urea, the carbonic acid, and the feculent discharge from the bowels (to which may be added the insensible

perspiration) has given rise to a controversial note of nearly eight pages. By this it appears that this matter has been the subject of a warm controversy between many of the foreign *savans*, and Messrs. Frankland, Laws, and Gilbert in England, carried on in the scientific publications of the day. The argument is too long to transcribe, (p. 487); but we may remark that while none of these scientific gentlemen deny that the effect of the mechanical energy is produced by the disintegration of compound parts of the living body, they assert that the chief materials for the production of muscular power are non-nitrogenous; and that the necessity for nutrition in the muscles is not greater after severe action, than after periods of quiescence. The precise point in dispute is stated by our authors as follows: "It is affirmed by one party, that muscular energy is the effect of, or is produced by, the disintegration of the muscular substance by its conversion into carbonic acid and azotised compounds, commonly thrown off by the kidneys. The other party deny this, on the ground that the urea and allied compounds in the urine are not uniformly in corresponding measure with the muscular exertion performed in the period of which note has been taken" (p. 489). Is not this accounted for by the excess of perspiration that accompanies exertion, by which the urinary action is materially lessened, and the elimination of the urine, and, consequently, the urea, is performed at much longer intervals, and in less quantity? Under this exertion the muscular system is sensibly diminished, as the experience of every one shows.

"The amount of the production of carbonic acid is the measure of the total force exerted in a living body." The demonstration of this proposition requires a knowledge of the quantity of carbonic acid daily thrown off by the lungs and other organs. Dr. Edmund Smith says on this subject: "It may be stated that the adult body requires an average daily minimum amount of carbon of 9½ to 10½ ounces in the middle and light labour classes, and of 12½ to 14 ounces in the ordinary hard labouring classes." Further, "he takes the weight of a man at 150 pounds, and states that the actual quantity of carbon contained in the food of English workpeople, according to the severity of the exertion, is from 30 to 38 grains per pound of body weight" (p. 501).

The principles here laid down are applicable to the choice of food for the horse; and a table is inserted of various kinds of compound food, showing the proportions of flesh-forming and heat-giving elements and carbon, as follows:—

	Carbon, per cent.
Flesh-formers, such as albumen, fibrine, caseine, legumines, contain	53·80
Heat-givers, starch 44·44; sugar 42·10 . . .	86·54

COMPOUND KINDS OF FOOD.

		Flesh-formers.	Heat-givers.	Total Carbon.
Rye grass (dry) . .	per cent.	11·85	45·41	49·2
White clover (dry) .	„	18·76	44·42	43·7
Red clover (dry) . .	„	22·55	48·14	51·3
Oats	„	15·40	58·50	52·6
Beans	„	32·50	55·50	46·5
Pease	„	23·30	67·10	47·7
Turnips (bulb, dried)	„	3·50	75·80	46·5
Potatoes (dried) . .	„	5·80	80·90	45·9

Professor Playfair's system allows a horse the following amount of the elements which go to the constitution of muscle:—

Horse at rest . .	29·2 ounces of flesh-formers.	
Do. at work . .	56·2 „ „	
Difference . .	27 ounces.	(P. 507.)

For the calculations which conduct this conclusion we have no space; nor can we do more than refer to the abstruse rules for finding the number of "foot pounds" corresponding to the carbon in the diet at rest and at work, which, however useful, are the subject of warm controversy, and are more interesting to the professional man than to the general reader. The section on horse power is of the same character; and the learned professor's argument on the subject reaches from page 498 to page 534.

Much valuable information is given on rearing horses on the farm, the treatment of mares with foal, the *quality* of food to be given before and after foaling, their *selection to breed from*, the food of the foal, &c. In all these cases, the principles of the foregoing theories are applied. "The theory of feeding the horse throughout his life differs somewhat from that of feeding the animals destined for the food of man." The object in the case of the horse is, to select food in such quantity and of such quality as shall best promote, maintain, and repair, the full energies of health and strength. Even when a defined course of feeding is known to supply all the materials contained in his entire frame, a change is from time to time expedient. The usefulness of a variety of food is most probably dependent on the simple substances essential to the due composition of the frame, being extracted more easily in

the series of digestive processes from one article of food than from another, though to appearance equally accessible in both (p. 546).

The next section relates to the feeding of the ox, in which similar calculations are made of the quantity, quality, and species of food to be given to it. The object of feeding the ox is not—in England at least—usually for labour, but for the butcher; the food, therefore, must be adapted to the increase of the animal in weight, with a due regard to the proportion between the flesh and the fat as represented in the elements of the food. The question of box, hammel, and open yard or shed feeding of oxen is amply discussed; the latter being rejected, *only* on the ground of the fights that usually take place when the animals are at liberty. We believe, with the authors, that otherwise, the open shed or yard is the most conducive to the health and the improvement in flesh of the ox. The feeding of the cow is different from that of the ox; and the effect of good food on the production and quality of milk and butter is well known. Experiments are given showing the difference of the amount of those productions between dry and moist food. In the first two cases, with dry food they produced respectively 19 lbs. of milk, and 0·969 lb. of butter; and 21·95 milk, and 0·9 butter. The next two cases, in which potatoes (24 and 30 pounds) were given, yielded respectively 23·22 milk, and 1·36 butter; and 25·38 milk, and 1·203 butter. The starch and sugar in the potatoes increased both the milk and butter.

The section on sheep and pig feeding, like that of the ox, illustrates the principle of increase of weight with reference also to the due proportion of flesh and fat: the latter being less attended to in the case of swine than we think it ought to be, judging from those fat hogs exhibited at the Christmas cattle shows in the metropolis. The feeding of dogs, fowls, pigeons, &c., wind up the text of the work, to which we must again refer the reader.

This first special treatise on agricultural physiology will be found a valuable addition to the farmer's and grazier's library. Hitherto but little, if any, attention has been paid to the specific chemical qualities of food, in regard to the formation of flesh and fat. But by attending to the instructions to be drawn from this work, the quality of the animals intended for the food of man, may be greatly improved; whilst the power of the horse and other animals of labour, may be both better sustained and increased by the application of the principles laid down. A copious glossary and index are added to the work.

ART. VII.—*The Doctrine of Justification: an Outline of its History in the Church, and of its Exposition from Scripture; with Special Reference to Recent Attacks on the Theology of the Reformation.* The Second Series of the "Cunningham Lectures." By JAMES BUCHANAN, D.D., LL.D., Divinity Professor, New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

WE cherish the hope that the "Cunningham Lectures" may ultimately render good service to the interests of Christian theology. In an age of excitement and stirring activity, when many who hold and love the truth are in danger of being satisfied with superficial views of it, instead of penetrating to its depths,—in an age, too, of restless and bold speculation,—it is eminently desirable that men of powerful and well-furnished minds, imbued with reverence and love for the Word of God, should take up some of the great doctrines of the Christian scheme, and present them in their profounder significance and their varied relations. Many of the ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, on whom, for the most part, the Lectureship will be devolved, are amply qualified for this service; and we anticipate that, as the several series of these Lectures appear, they will awaken attention among the Churches, and exert a considerable influence. Our fear is, that they may give undue prominence to some of the peculiarities of the Calvinistic theory, and fail to evince a just appreciation of the more comprehensive views of the economy of salvation which, we had fondly hoped, were beginning to prevail among evangelical communities.

No worthier or more important subject could have been chosen by Dr. Buchanan, as the theme of his Lectures, than the doctrine of *justification*. That doctrine has a direct bearing on our individual position and hopes; and it holds a distinguished place in the writings of that Apostle who, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has most systematically unfolded to us the scheme of human recovery. In every age, too, the distinct and faithful announcement of the method of justification by grace through faith has been instrumental in bringing about great spiritual results; while those heresies which have assailed this truth, or obscured

its simplicity, have enfeebled the Church, and impaired its spiritual life. Amidst the controversies of the present day, a distinct and firm apprehension of the Scriptural doctrine of justification is of the utmost importance. This doctrine presupposes and rests upon the great facts of the mediatorial scheme, and their relation to the principles of the Divine government. It is calculated, also, to counteract some of the most subtle and pernicious evils of our nature. It strikes at the pride which would triumph in our own supposed excellence, and assert, even before God, a lofty claim of personal merit; and it strikes equally at the disposition to rest in outward ceremonies and forms, as if these could avail to invest us with the Christian character, and to secure our highest interests. Dr. Buchanan, in his introductory remarks, has sketched, in clear and appropriate terms, the two tendencies of the present day which invest the faithful inculcation of the Scriptural doctrine of justification, and its allied truths, with overwhelming importance. There is the rationalistic tendency, characterised by want of reverence for the Divine Word, and by a presumptuous confidence in the sufficiency of the human mind to decide, of itself, the highest questions affecting the Divine government and the interests and hopes of man; while it overlooks, or makes light of, the great principles of holiness, and justice, and truth upon which, in combination with a comprehensive love, the moral administration of God is based. And then there is the Ritualistic tendency, which, though associated, in many minds, with a sense of religious need, and a craving for religious peace, is calculated to lead men away, further and yet further, from the faith of the Gospel,—to cast into the shade its beautiful simplicity, and its attractive though awe-inspiring spirituality,—and to hand men over to all the errors and delusions of the Papal system. As we contemplate these tendencies, we feel that now, as in the time of the Apostles, and at the era of the Reformation, that which is emphatically needed is a distinct and earnest setting forth, under the power of the Holy Ghost, of the method of gratuitous justification, resting on the work and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus, and appropriated by a living faith in Him. But just in proportion to our conviction, that such a work as Dr. Buchanan has attempted is peculiarly opportune, is our regret, that he has written so as to repel, and even to grieve, many who are firmly attached to the principles of evangelical truth. We are prepared to contend that Evangelical Arminianism, of which he speaks so disparagingly,

exhibits the doctrine of gratuitous justification through faith in all its fulness and glory, while it presents a barrier to that Antinomian perversion of the Gospel against which Dr. Buchanan's own teaching affords no adequate defence.

It is, however, only justice to Dr. Buchanan to acknowledge, that his work is, in many respects, valuable and important. It is divided into two parts, the History of the Doctrine of Justification, and an Exposition of that Doctrine as he conceives it to be unfolded in Holy Scripture. The former part will amply repay the careful attention of the student, though some remarks incidentally introduced require to be regarded with caution and distrust. It is an elaborate and comprehensive summary of the views which have prevailed on this great theme in successive periods; and we gladly linger on this branch of the work, as deserving almost unqualified approval. Dr. Buchanan has done well in commencing his historical review with the intimations of the doctrine found in the Old Testament. The earlier revelations of God contained the germs of all those great truths which, under the perfect Christian economy, are distinctly and fully unfolded. This was emphatically true of the method of gratuitous justification, to be received by a faith which simply embraced and rested upon the Divine counsel. It is a sentiment of which the Apostle Paul never lost sight, and which, in the powerful statement of the Divine scheme of justification with which he introduces his greatest doctrinal Epistle, he again and again makes prominent,—that "the law and the prophets" had borne *witness* to that "righteousness of God without the law," the *clear manifestation* and *full development* of which constitute the glory of the Christian dispensation, and evince its adaptation to universal man. This view of the subject has evidently awakened the interest of Dr. Buchanan; and he has brought out, very distinctly and fully, the teaching of the Old Testament Scriptures on the method of a sinner's acceptance with God. He has sketched, too, with the hand of a master, the erroneous views on the subject of justification which were prevalent among the Jews in the time of our Lord and His Apostles, when the spiritual lessons taught in the Sacred Writings were, to a large extent, overlooked,—when the deep, devotional feeling expressed in the sacred hymns of the earlier Church lingered only in a few hearts,—and when a haughty regard to national distinctions and outward observances was substituted for the great principles of faith, submission, and love. With equal clearness he has shown, how all the habits of thought among

the heathen were opposed to the distinguishing features of the Christian scheme of justification; so that the Gospel, while pre-eminently adapted to the wants and aspirations of mankind, came into collision with their cherished prejudices and passions. But, notwithstanding this opposition, Christianity prevailed and triumphed. There was a power of the Holy Ghost accompanying it, which, in thousands of instances, produced a deep conviction of sin, and then led men onward to an apprehension of Christ, so as to rejoice in a "righteousness" which came to them "of grace," and in fulfilment of "the promise" that rested on the deepest arrangements of the Divine counsel.

Dr. Buchanan next passes to the history of the doctrine of justification in the times of the Fathers and of the Scholastic Divines; and he meets, in a satisfactory and conclusive manner, the charge preferred against the Protestant view, at the time of the Reformation, that it was a *novel* doctrine, unknown to the Church of God until the age of Luther. Few things are more interesting to the Christian student, than to trace the literature of our religion after the removal of its inspired and authoritative teachers. The publication of the *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, is calculated to foster that interest, while it affords valuable facilities for its gratification. We cannot refrain from citing a beautiful passage, in which Dr. Buchanan has forcibly expressed the sentiments which will arise in many thoughtful minds, on reading these precious records of early faith and devotion:—

"Perhaps, the first impression which is left on one's mind by the perusal of these early remains, is that of their great inferiority to the writings of the Apostles,—a fact with which every one must have been impressed on passing from the study of the one to the study of the other. It is sufficiently accounted for by the presence of inspiration in the Apostles, and the absence of it in their immediate successors. But there is another fact which is equally evident —the striking contrast which subsists between the writings even of the Apostolic Fathers, inferior as they are to the canonical Scriptures, and the whole contemporaneous literature of Greece, and Rome, and Judæa. We find there the lively expression of a faith such as was a new thing in the Roman world,—the faith of men who could rise above the sceptic's question, 'What is truth?' by feeling assured that they had found it,— so assured that they were ready to die for it; the lively expression also of a zeal which was kindled by the fire of love, and embraced the whole family of man,—of a hope which sustained them in every trial—a peace and joy which sweetened persecution itself,—and a new spiritual life,

such as had heretofore been unknown among men; nay, more than this, we find all these—the faith, the love, the hope, the peace, the joy, the new spiritual life—having their living root, and their bond of union, in the Person and work of One, who died, and rose again, and whom they worshipped and trusted in as a Divine Redeemer. This is their peculiar character, and these are their distinctive features; and in passing from the pages which give expression to their simple but sublime piety, to those of the most accomplished and eloquent writers of the same age, we can hardly fail to mark the immeasurable distance which separates the two, or to feel that, inferior as the first Fathers might be to many of their classical contemporaries in point of genius and learning, they had inherited from their teachers, and transmitted to their disciples, a GOSPEL, such as none of the princes of this world's wisdom had ever conceived."—Pp. 81, 82.

We turn, then, to these earliest writings of the Church; and although we do not find in them a formal and carefully defined statement of the doctrine of justification,—such as was afterwards rendered necessary by the controversies that arose,—we do find the Divine scheme of gratuitous forgiveness and eternal life, to be received through faith in the crucified but risen Saviour, everywhere recognised and insisted on.

Our space forbids us to follow Dr. Buchanan through the Lectures in which he traces the erroneous views on justification which distinguished the theology of the Roman Catholic Church at the time of the Reformation, and the movements which subsequently took place in that Church, in order to conciliate those who had seceded from it, and at the same time to maintain unimpaired its fundamental principles. The Papal system, while it recognises the great facts of the mediatorial scheme, as lying at the foundation of the economy of mercy and salvation, confounds justification with sanctification, by making it to result from grace infused, instead of referring it entirely to the work and sacrifice of Christ appropriated by faith. Thus it sets aside the emphatic statement of St. Paul: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." The theology of Rome, also, presents to us a complete and perfect scheme of sacramental salvation, and teaches that all sins committed after baptism can only be remitted through sacramental confession and absolution; while the Gospel of Christ lays open the mercy-seat of God as accessible to every burdened spirit, and holds forth to it the promise of conscious acceptance upon its personal trust in the

Crucified One. The two Lectures which relate to this period of the Church's history are written with great ability, and are well deserving of attention. Two more Lectures, devoted respectively to "The History of the Doctrine of Justification as a subject of controversy among Protestants," and to "The History of the Doctrine in the Church of England," complete the historical survey; and then Dr. Buchanan passes to the exposition of his great theme. In this Exposition, while we find much to admire, we find much also that is objectionable, and which, in our judgment, obscures the simplicity, and harmony, and beauty of Scriptural teaching. We propose to indicate, first of all, those grand features of the method of justification, in reference to which we agree with the lecturer, and then to show what are the views from which we dissent as erroneous and misleading.

In regard to the *nature* of justification, we accede readily to the general statements of Dr. Buchanan. We believe, with him, that the word is "a legal or forensic term, and is used in Scripture to denote the acceptance of any one as righteous in the sight of God" (p. 226). We accept his fourth proposition, though we cannot endorse *all* the remarks which he makes in illustration of it, that "the term 'justification' denotes, either an act of God, or a privilege of His people; and, in both cases, that which is denoted by it includes absolution and acceptance,—the full pardon of sin, admission into God's favour, and a title to eternal life." Most distinctly and emphatically does he set it forth as a change in our *relation* to God, as distinguished from that inward renewal which also belongs to Christ's people; and some of his observations beautifully illustrate the fulness of privilege which "the gift of righteousness" involves.

With equal clearness does Dr. Buchanan affirm the *gratuitous character* of the act of justification. This is a second essential point in the doctrine, as it is unfolded in the writings of St. Paul. That Apostle is never weary of calling attention to the fact, that our righteousness is "*of grace*," that no one can now establish a claim to it on the ground of personal merit, and that the direct preparation for that reliance on the Lord Jesus by which we receive it is, that our "mouth" should "be stopped," and that we should take our place as "guilty before God." In that comprehensive passage of his Epistle to the Romans, in which he formally states both the method of our justification, and the grand provision on which it rests, even the atoning death of the Lord Jesus, he *lingers* on the gratuitous character of the act: "Being justified *freely by*

His grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." And in winding up one of those emphatic representations of Christian experience which occur in the Epistle to the Galatians, he says, "I do not frustrate *the grace of God*, for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain."

The next point in the Scriptural doctrine of justification is that, while it rests on *the work and sacrifice of Christ* as its *sole ground*, it is received on *our* part *by faith*. This is reiterated so often in the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, and is, in particular, so distinctly brought out by St. Paul in his elaborate discussion of the subject in his Epistle to the Romans, that to deny it is to assail the entire system of evangelical Christianity. On this subject Dr. Buchanan writes clearly and strongly, and we accept his representation of that *faith* which has been constituted the instrument of our acceptance. Again and again he speaks of it as the act in which "we receive and rest upon Christ for salvation, as He is freely offered in the Gospel." He ever keeps in view the fact, that saving faith implies much more than an intellectual reception of the truth which relates to Christ,—much more than a firm conviction of its certainty and importance; that it includes the *trust* of the heart, directed to Him whom the Father hath set forth as our hope and refuge, while it involves a firm confidence in the fulfilment of the Divine promises. He gives not the slightest countenance to the error that saving faith is simply a belief that we are pardoned. The incautious or presumptuous assertions on this subject which some have advanced have cast a shadow over the great Protestant doctrine of justification by faith alone, and have enabled its enemies to caricature it and treat it with contempt. We remember that, many years since, when the Tractarian movement was first awakening general attention, one of its ablest advocates, contending for the practice of sacramental confession, used the argument: "Any shame, however feeble, any penance, however light, must, we should think, be so much gain in comparison with no shame, and no penance at all. Yet there are preachers among us, and they such as indulge in strong invectives against auricular confession, who will unblushingly tell their hearers that sin *is* forgiven, *toties quoties*, to those

who have but faith to *believe* that it is so forgiven." Such, it cannot be too strongly maintained, is *not* the Protestant view. The faith through which we receive forgiveness is not directed to the fact of our pardon, as its immediate object, but to the atoning and interceding Saviour: it involves a renunciation of self-dependence, an humble and cordial acceptance of the Divine counsel, and a firm reliance on the promises of God, while it is specially a "receiving" of Christ, a "flying for refuge, to lay hold on" Him as "the hope set before us." It cannot be put forth by a heart that trifles with sin, or that is not anxious to renounce it. On these points the teaching of the volume before us is sound and good.

Still further, Dr. Buchanan has clear and correct views of *the relation of faith to justification*, and the *special ground* on which it has been constituted the condition and means of our acceptance. Too frequently a subtle form of error on these points has insinuated itself into the statements and reasonings of some who have professedly held the doctrine of justification by faith. It has been alleged that faith holds the high position assigned to it because it is, in itself, an eminently right and fitting act,—an act of obedience to the evangelical law; and because the principle of faith will naturally prompt men to universal obedience to the Divine will. But this, as it has been properly remarked, is only a refined theory of justification by works. The one reason, we maintain, why faith has been constituted *the condition* of our justification is that *it connects us with Christ*—that, in a most important sense, it *unites* us to Him. In no other way, we conceive, could our personal moral agency be brought into connection with our salvation, while yet the *perfectly gratuitous* character of the act of justification should be manifested, and the Lord Jesus —the crucified and risen Saviour—be set forth as the *one ground* of our acceptance. We gladly recall the thoughtful and well-chosen words in which a distinguished theologian of the Wesleyan Methodist Communion—the late Rev. Dr. Bunting — expresses this truth: "When God imputes faith for righteousness, He has respect, not to the worthiness and excellency of faith, but to the worthiness and excellency of that Divine Redeemer on whom our faith terminates, and who is 'the Lord our righteousness.'" And we endorse the sentiments expressed by Bishop O'Brien, in one of his sermons on *The Nature and Effects of Faith*:—

"God having, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, appointed that we should be pardoned and accepted for the sufferings and for the merits of Another, seems most fitly to have appointed, too, that our voluntary

acceptance of this His mode of freely forgiving and receiving us, by putting our trust in Him through whom these blessings are to be bestowed upon us, should necessarily precede our full participation of all the benefits of this gracious scheme, and that nothing else should. . . . . If for our *justification* it be essential, and sufficient, that we be united to Christ,—one with Christ,—*found in Christ*—does not the act whereby we take Him for our defence against that wrath which we feel that we have earned,—whereby, abjuring all self-dependence, we cast ourselves unreservedly upon God's free mercies in the Redeemer, with a full sense of our guilt and our danger, but in a full reliance upon the efficacy of all that He has wrought and endured,—does not this act whereby we cleave to Him, and, as far as in us lies, become one with Him, seem the fit act whereunto to annex the full enjoyment of all those inestimable benefits, which, however dearly purchased they were by Him who bought them, were designed to be, with respect to us upon whom they are bestowed, emphatically free? With less than this, our part in the procedure could not have been—what it was manifestly designed to be—intelligent and voluntary. With more, it might seem to be meritorious. Whereas *faith* unites all the advantages that we ought to look for in the instrument whereby we were to lay hold on the blessings thus freely offered to us: it makes us voluntary recipients of them, and yet does not seem to leave, even to the deceitfulness of our own hearts, the power of ascribing to ourselves any meritorious share in procuring them."

The particulars to which we have now adverted seem to us to be essential to the Scriptural doctrine of justification; and surely all who agree in these views may well recognise each other, and stand together in the conflict which thickens around the fundamental principles of Christianity. On all these points we are at one with Dr. Buchanan. On these points Evangelical Arminianism, as represented by the system of Wesleyan Methodism, gives forth a distinct and certain sound; and we claim for that system that it sets forth the gracious provision of God for man's justification with beautiful clearness and simplicity, while by making prominent the truth, without any reservation, that the Lord Jesus died for *all men*, it places before all the firm ground on which their faith may repose, as they turn to the Crucified One to embrace Him as their own.

But we go beyond this. We are prepared to contend that the doctrinal system of Wesleyan Methodism exhibits the completeness and harmony of the teaching of Holy Scripture on this subject more fully than the system which Dr. Buchanan advocates, so far as this last diverges from it.

We instance, first of all, *the relation of repentance to faith*. It is the plain and obvious teaching of the New Testament,

that repentance, considered as a conviction of personal sinfulness and guilt, combined with sorrow on account of sin and hatred to it, involving also sincere and earnest efforts to abandon it and resist its allurements, and leading the contrite mind to bow before God in lowly confession, must precede saving faith in the Lord Jesus. It is not that this repentance at all merits pardon, or is the instrument of our receiving it; but it is necessary to prepare the soul to rely on Christ alone, to seek justification as a blessing of inestimable worth, and to seek it as, of itself, ungodly and undone. But Dr. Buchanan confounds the repentance which is enjoined as necessary to forgiveness with *regeneration*, and regards it as *including faith;* and he contends that it is *because* it includes *faith* that repentance is required in order to the forgiveness of sins. We are anxious not to be misunderstood on these points. Let us not be supposed to hold that true repentance can exist apart from the grace of the Holy Ghost. In the state of mind above indicated, we recognise a gracious operation of the Spirit, whose province it is to "convince of sin," and to melt the heart that yields to this conviction into penitential sorrow. But it does not follow that the mind thus awakened and contrite is already regenerated. The Spirit has visited that mind in His gracious preparatory operations; and if His light and grace are cherished, He who has convinced of sin will go on to "convince of righteousness," to fix the gaze of the soul on Him who has wrought out our redemption, and has "gone to the Father," to make intercession for us, and to dispense the blessings of salvation. But the state of regeneration is a far higher one than that of contrition and penitence,—involving power over sin, and including love, filial love, to God, as the great spring and principle of obedience to His will. It is a strange confusion of thought,—and nothing but the exigencies of a system could have led to it,—to represent repentance as *including* saving faith. We admit that the sorrows of repentance are, from the first, in some degree relieved by an apprehension, often dim and indistinct, of the mercy of God in Christ; but to affirm that the repentance which the Scriptures urge as necessary in order to forgiveness is "a thorough change of mind and heart," and, as such, "*includes* that faith which unites us to Christ," and that it is *this* element of repentance which causes it to be insisted on as necessary to justification, is to confound things that differ, and to obscure the simple and beautiful teaching of the Divine Word. We confess that we read with astonishment the following passage, in which Dr. Buchanan advances this view:—

"It is true that 'forgiveness of sins,' which is included in justification, is frequently connected, in Scripture, with repentance as well as with faith; as when we read of John preaching the 'baptism of repentance for the remission of sins,' and of 'repentance and remission of sins being preached in Christ's name among all nations.' 'Except ye repent,' said our Lord, 'ye shall all likewise perish;' 'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted,' said Peter, 'that your sins may be blotted out.' But the repentance which is meant is not mere remorse of conscience, or sorrow on account of sin; it is a thorough change of mind and heart, and it includes faith, or 'a lively apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ.' Repentance, in this sense, is necessary to salvation; but it is the faith which is included in it that unites us to Christ, and makes us partakers of His justifying righteousness. This is the special and peculiar function of faith only. But the fact that it is connected in Scripture with repentance, and that both are declared to be necessary to salvation, is sufficient to show that they are constituent elements of that great spiritual change which is described as 'a second birth,' and 'a new creation.'"—Pp. 385, 386.

Intimately connected with this is another point, in which the theological system of Wesleyan Methodism stands forth in beautiful distinctness, in contrast with the mistiness that envelopes some of the views of Dr. Buchanan. We refer to *the connexion of justification with sanctification*. On this interesting subject the volume before us contains many valuable and important remarks. The lecturer clearly shows, that sanctification is not, in whole or in part, the ground of our justification; that it is not on account of grace infused,—though that grace comes to us through the work and sacrifice of the Lord Jesus,—that we are accounted righteous before God. He detects this error, which vitiates the Roman Catholic and some other systems, in the manifold disguises which it assumes; and he strenuously contends for the truth which St. Paul has expressed in the remarkable words, that God "justifieth *the ungodly*," as an act of unmerited grace and favour. So, too, he properly affirms that justification and regeneration are simultaneous; that these blessings, though they are distinct in their nature, are never separated in the experience of the believer. But when he treats of the relation between the two, he seems to us to write with a degree of confusion. One of his propositions is, "Regeneration and justification are simultaneous; and no man is justified who is not renewed, nor is any man renewed who is not also, and immediately, justified." This last remark appears to imply that, in the order of nature,—though no perceptible interval of time separates the two blessings,—regeneration precedes justification; that the Spirit, renewing the soul, enables it to

receive and rest upon Christ alone for salvation, and thus justification is obtained. Now we are perfectly agreed with Dr. Buchanan in referring the faith by which we receive Christ to the operation of the Spirit; but it is, we contend, *upon our receiving Christ*, so as to be accounted righteous in Him, and constituted the children of God, that the Spirit is given to us, to "shed abroad the love of God in our hearts," to produce the graces of the Christian character, and to "seal" us as the people of God. We will not enter here upon the doctrine of the direct witness of the Spirit, and the *relation* of that assurance of God's adopting love which it is the office of the Spirit to impart, to the principles of the new nature which distinguishes believers. Such a discussion would lead us too far from our immediate purpose. But the general position which we now assume is, that the gift of the Spirit *to dwell in our hearts*, and to assimilate us to the character of Christ, is *immediately consequent* on our justification, and thus results, in one sense, from the faith by which we receive the Lord Jesus. "Christ hath redeemed us," says St. Paul, "from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree: that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; *that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith*" (Gal. iii. 13, 14). And in another of his doctrinal Epistles, he affirms that, "*upon believing*" in the Lord Jesus, we are "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, who is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory" (Ephes. i. 13, 14).

But we come to the charge which Dr. Buchanan prefers against the theology of Wesleyan Methodism. While he allows that Mr. Wesley and his followers held a large body of evangelical truth, and that their teaching contained the "germ" of the doctrine which he himself maintains, he yet alleges against Methodism, that it does not distinctly set forth *the imputation of Christ's personal obedience to the believer*,—that it does not speak of the righteousness of Christ as the "*justifying righteousness*" which becomes ours upon our believing in Him. In his view the essence of the doctrine of justification is, that as the Lord Jesus, in the character of the Representative of mankind, both fulfilled the law in their stead, and endured in their stead its penalty, so, upon their receiving Him by faith, His active obedience, as well as the merit of His vicarious suffering, is imputed to them, and that they are thus accounted righteous. What, then, is the teaching of Wesleyan Methodism on this subject? There is a sense

in which we allow that the righteousness of Christ may be said to be imputed to us. We hold that, upon receiving Christ by faith, we are so *united to Him*, that we have *a personal and saving interest* in all that He is, and in all that He has done and suffered for our salvation; and that, upon the ground of what He has done and suffered, the Father accepts us, and admits us to the position and privileges of His children. We are thus "made the righteousness of God in Him." And what, we ask, is there in the language of Holy Scripture, that implies more than this? Can Dr. Buchanan seriously contend, that any passages of the New Testament teach that our Lord's active obedience, *in its own formal nature*, is accounted ours? The Lecture in which he treats of "the Imputed Righteousness of Christ, as the immediate and only ground of Justification," appears to us singularly weak in its interpretation of Scriptural phraseology. We are astonished to find, that he presses into the service of his argument the phrase, "the righteousness of God," as used by St. Paul in the earlier part of his Epistle to the Romans, as if even this were to be understood of "the justifying righteousness of Christ;" while he censures not only Mr. Wesley, but more recent writers, as Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, for regarding that phrase as equivalent to "God's method of justifying sinners." Let any one take the Epistle to the Romans, and study it apart from the influence of all preconceived systems, — if that be possible,—and no exposition, we are convinced, will appear to him more forced and unnatural than that for which Dr. Buchanan contends. To us it appears as clear as daylight, that the phrase in question cannot refer to righteousness considered as centring in Christ, but that it relates to righteousness, as opposed to condemnation, conferred on man. Were we to attempt to expound it, so as to indicate the precise shade of thought which was present to the mind of the Apostle, we should speak of it as equivalent to "the righteousness which God imputes to men, according to His own gracious scheme and counsel." This, we believe, is the grand conception indicated by the expression "the righteousness *of God;*" and the manner in which St. Paul dilates upon it beautifully accords with this view:—

"But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets; even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all and upon all them that believe; for there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely by His grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth

to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness; that He might be just, and the Justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom. iii. 21—26).

Let it not be supposed, that Evangelical Arminianism, as represented by the system of Wesleyan Methodism, treats lightly *the active obedience of our Lord*, as if it had no relation to our justification. We are accustomed to regard the work of Christ as *one whole;* and we dwell, with lowly reverence and gratitude, on the unsullied purity, and the perfect righteousness, of Him through whom salvation flows to us. The Redeemer's whole course, from His earliest childhood, until upon the cross He bowed His head in mortal agony, was one of obedience to the Father. His death itself was *the crowning act of that obedience;* while in submitting to it, and to the deep and awful anguish of spirit connected with it, He endured for us *penal suffering*, and met the claims of the violated law. "He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." In the light of these considerations, we find no difficulty when we collate the various modes in which the *ground* of our justification is referred to in the New Testament, and especially in the writings of St. Paul. Within the compass of a few verses, we find this Apostle affirming that we are "*justified by the blood*" *of Christ*, and arguing, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by *the obedience of one* shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 9, 19). We glory in the *mediatorial righteousness* of the Lord Jesus, resulting from the perfection both of His active and passive obedience; and we gratefully acknowledge that, as through "one offence" all men are involved in "condemnation," so through "one righteousness" the way is open to all men to attain "justification of life." There is a beautiful variety in the modes in which this subject is presented in Holy Scripture. Righteousness, we believe, now comes to man through *the entire redeeming work* of the Lord Jesus,—that work which was finished on the cross, and of the completeness and sufficiency of which His resurrection from the dead, and His ascension to His throne of glory, were the manifestation and proof. It is thus that we understand the words of our Lord Himself, which connect the righteousness which He bestows on His people with His departure to the Father: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if

I depart, I will send Him unto you. And when He is come, He shall reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment: of sin, because they believe not on Me; of righteousness, because I go to My Father, and ye see Me no more" (John xvi. 7—10).

Before we leave this topic, we are anxious to show that the views which we have now set forth, on the subject of the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer—that subject on which Dr. Buchanan holds our teaching to be defective and erroneous—are sanctioned by the standard writings of Methodism. We take, first, a passage from Mr. Wesley's sermon on *The Lord our Righteousness*. After explaining the righteousness of Christ, as comprehending His active and passive obedience, and affirming that, as these "were never, in fact, separated from each other, so we never need separate them at all, either in speaking or even in thinking," he asks:—

"But in what sense is this righteousness imputed to believers? In this: all believers are forgiven and accepted, not for the sake of anything in them, or of anything that ever was, that is, or ever can be done by them, but wholly and solely for the sake of what Christ hath done and suffered for them. . . . And this is not only the means of our obtaining the favour of God, but of our continuing therein. It is thus we come to God at first; it is by the same we come unto Him ever after. We walk in one and the same new and living way, till our spirit returns to God."

We quote, also, with peculiar satisfaction, a passage from the late Dr. Bunting's Sermon on Justification by Faith,—a sermon the clearness, and accuracy, and fulness of which will secure for it, we hope and believe, a permanent place in theological literature:—

"Our Lord Jesus Christ is the sole meritorious cause of our justification. All He did, and all He suffered, in His mediatorial character, may be said to have contributed to this great purpose. For, what He did, in obedience to the precepts of the law, and what He suffered, in satisfaction of its penalty, taken together, constitute that mediatorial righteousness for the sake of which the Father is ever well pleased in Him. Now, in this mediatorial righteousness of Christ all who are justified have a saving interest. I do not mean that it is personally imputed to them *in its formal nature or distinct acts;* for against any *such* imputation there lie, I think, insuperable objections both from reason and from Scripture. But the *collective merit* and *moral effects* of all which the Mediator did and suffered are so imputed and reckoned to our account, when we are justified, that, for the sake of Christ, and in consideration of His obedience unto death, we are released from guilt, and accepted of God."

There is another most important point, in which we dissent from Dr. Buchanan, and regard his teaching as liable to fearful perversion and abuse. He affirms, again and again, that justification is *irreversible*,—that it is an act which passes *once and for ever* in the Divine mind, so that although the believer may contract fresh guilt, and need renewed forgiveness, and be chastened, and that severely, for his unfaithfulness, yet he cannot need—he cannot be the subject of—a second justification. That we may not be supposed to misrepresent, or exaggerate, the sentiments of Dr. Buchanan, we will adduce two passages from these Lectures. Contrasting the Papal theory of justification with that held by the Reformers, he thus winds up his argument:—

"In opposition to these and similar errors on this point, the Reformers held and taught, that, as justification properly consists in the free pardon of sin and a sure title to eternal life, so it is the present privilege of every believer from the instant when he receives and rests on Christ alone for salvation,—that it is *a complete, final, and irreversible act* of Divine grace, by which he is translated, *at once, and for ever*, from a state of wrath and condemnation, into a state of favour and acceptance; and that it is either accompanied or followed, in the present life, by 'the assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end,'—while it is indissolubly connected with 'glory, honour, and immortality' in the world to come. 'For whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified.'"—Pp. 123, 124.

In the ninth Lecture, which contains an exposition of "the Nature of the Blessing," Dr. Buchanan says:—

"Justification is an act which is completed at once, and not a work which is gradually accomplished by successive acts; for although we read of the continuance, as well as the commencement, of justification considered as the privilege of believers, and of the renewed exercise of forgiving mercy as often as they contract fresh sin, yet there is no second justification, properly so-called, but a decisive and *unalterable* change in our relation to God, which commences with our union to Christ, and is continued by our remaining in Him; an abiding state of justification which is the effect of that indissoluble union. . . . The person of the believer is first justified, and then his services are accepted: and should he afterwards incur fresh guilt, *he is not suffered to fall again into condemnation*, but, as an adopted child, he 'is chastened of the Lord, that he should not be condemned with the world.'"—Pp. 251, 252.*

* The italics in this and the preceding quotation are *ours*.

It would be well if they who hold this view would seriously consider *all* that it implies, and then place it in the light of the entire teaching of the Holy Scriptures. We are not assuming too much, when we affirm that it is *possible* for a man who has been justified to fall, through unwatchfulness, and neglect to cultivate the inward life of piety, into open and flagrant sin. Can it be held that such a person is, *at that very time*, actually justified, accounted righteous by God, and possessed of a title to eternal life? Let us take one of those affecting cases of backsliding which the Scriptures record. Can it be maintained, for a moment, that David was in a state of justification, while the guilt of adultery and murder rested upon his conscience? The essential principles of the Divine government—the very principles which lie at the basis of the whole mediatorial scheme—show us, that God cannot regard with complacency and favour that man who, though once accepted in Christ, yields himself to the power of sin, and in whose heart the faith that united him to the Saviour has become extinct. "Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him."

We admit, indeed, that a title to eternal life is included in, or, we should perhaps rather say, immediately and necessarily results from, our justification; and that the design of God is, that the state upon which we enter, when we embrace the Saviour, should issue in our eternal fellowship with Him, and our eternal participation of His glory. But we must close our ears against the most earnest exhortations, and the most solemn warnings, of the Divine Word, unless we are prepared to admit, that our state of probation does not terminate when we believe in Jesus, and that our final victory is not then absolutely secure. Rich and ample as are the Divine provisions for our stability and perseverance, there is a possibility of our "making shipwreck of faith," and "drawing back unto perdition." It would be endless to cite all the passages of the New Testament which imply this; but many such passages will readily occur to the thoughtful reader, which sufficiently disprove the sentiment against which we protest,—that justification can never be reversed, that it makes us at once and for ever the accepted people of God.

Such a sentiment cannot fail to open the way to Antinomian error and delusion. Dr. Buchanan, indeed, recoils from Antinomianism, with the vivid sensibility of a man who is concerned for the honour of Christ, and who appreciates and

rejoices in the work of the Holy Ghost. "The doctrine of a free justification," he observes, in one place, "by grace through faith, is miserably misunderstood or perverted, if it be supposed to cancel that unalterable law of Christ's kingdom, —'This is the will of God, even your Sanctification,' and 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'"* In tracing the history of the doctrine, he points out various errors of the high Antinomian system; but his own cherished principle, that justification is *irreversible*, cannot be successfully defended against the charge of favouring—or, at least, sheltering—Antinomian corruption. It was not by such arguments as Dr. Buchanan urges, and such distinctions as he draws, that the Apostle Paul repelled the Antinomian perversion of the doctrines of grace. He distinctly and emphatically declared to every man who was under the power of sin, that he was exposed to eternal death; and, reminding believers of the obligations imposed on them by that gracious constitution which offered them freedom from condemnation in Christ, and assured them of the gift of "the Spirit of life," to make them "free from the law of sin and death," he says, "Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Justification, we maintain, though it is designed to issue in eternal life, may yet, through our unfaithfulness, be reversed; and it is only by *abiding* in Christ that we can at last triumph in Him. Never can we forget the solemn and emphatic words which St. Paul uses in his Epistle to the Hebrews: "But we are not of them who draw back unto perdition; but of them that believe to the saving of the soul."

We deeply regret, that the excellences of Dr. Buchanan's work should be counterbalanced by the misleading sentiments to which we have now referred. We lament, too, that, in his zeal for his peculiar views, he should have so greatly misrepresented Evangelical Arminianism, as to intimate that a common error pervades this system with those of the Socinians and the Deists, though that error appears in a less offensive and injurious form. In the conclusion of his Lectures he says:—

"Numerous and conflicting as have been the speculations on this subject, all the various shades of opinion in regard to it may be reduced, in their ultimate analysis, to one or other of these two opposite systems; the system which ascribes our justification entirely

* P. 400.

to the grace of God, through the righteousness of Christ, by faith only—and the system which leaves it to depend, in whole or in part, on the personal holiness and obedience of man. The latter system includes many distinct grades of doctrinal belief,—from that of the mere moralist, whether Atheistic, or Deistic, or Socinian, who thinks that he may depend on his virtuous dispositions, and his integrity in the offices of common life, without considering whether he discharges his duties in obedience to the will of God, or whether he is animated by the love of Christ,—up through that of the nominal Christian, who rests on his religious profession, and his regular observance of religious ordinances,—to the Evangelical Arminian, who trusts sincerely in Christ for the pardon of his past sins, but depends on his own inherent holiness, and his personal obedience, for his title to eternal life."—Pp. 409, 410.

As Evangelical Arminians, we utterly repudiate the charge which is here alleged. We are ever ready to avow that, from first to last, the ground of our acceptance is Christ alone; and, while we hold the necessity of personal holiness, affirming, as Dr. Buchanan also does, in the words of Holy Scripture, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," —our hope, as we look forward to eternity,—our only hope— is, to "be found in Christ, not having our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

These are not the times in which they who maintain the doctrines of original sin, of the vicarious and expiatory death of the Son of God, of justification by grace through faith, and of the gift of the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify the believing mind, should stand aloof from each other. These are not the times in which Evangelical Arminianism should be treated with coldness by any who love the distinguishing principles of Christianity. In the presence of the advancing hosts of the enemies of the simple Gospel of the Son of God, they who hold so many great truths in common should unite to diffuse them, and to leaven with them the mass of society. We gladly turn to the beautiful and impressive passage with which Dr. Buchanan closes the first part of his work; and we endorse most cordially the sentiments which it expresses. Alluding to the changes in theological opinion which have taken place within a period of seventy years, and glancing at the Rationalistic and Romanist tendencies of the present time, he says:—

"Looking at the progress which these systems have already made, and the actual state of religious opinion in this country at the present

day, who will venture to say what will be the prevailing theology of our grandchildren, when the current cycle reaches its close? God may be pleased once more to pour out His Spirit on the Churches, and to raise up, perhaps from the poorest of His people, a band of humble but devoted believers,—men of faith and prayer,—as 'living epistles of Christ known and read of all men,' the noblest witnesses for Christ in the land. What we most need is a great spiritual revival, which, commencing in the hearts of our congregations, will work from within outwards, and from beneath upwards, destroying 'the wisdom of the wise, and bringing to nought the understanding of the prudent,' and making it manifest to all that the Gospel is still 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.' Our immediate prospects are dark and threatening, and men's hearts are beginning to fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth. What course events may take it is impossible to foretell; but, looking to mere human probabilities, of two schemes one or other is likely to be attempted, or perhaps each of them in succession: either the Established Churches will be stript of a definite creed, if not by a legislative act, by the more insidious method of judge-made laws, and made so comprehensive as to include men of all shades of opinion, from semi-Popery, through the various grades of Pelagian, Arian, and Socinian error, down to ill-disguised infidelity; or, if the moral sense of the community revolts from the indiscriminate support of truth and error, then, the entire disestablishment of the Church in these islands, perhaps till the time when 'all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.' Of the Church of Christ there is no fear: she is 'founded on a rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' Somewhere in the earth she will find an asylum, should it be only as 'the woman flying into the wilderness:' but for any particular church, or any particular country, there is no absolute security that her 'candlestick will not be removed out of its place, except she repents.' Let us pray that 'when the enemy is coming in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord may lift up a standard against him;' and that those young men, who are about to enter on the ministry 'in troublous times,' may have a banner given to them, 'that it may be displayed because of the truth'—a banner bearing this inspired inscription:—'I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST; FOR IT IS THE POWER OF GOD UNTO SALVATION TO EVERY ONE THAT BELIEVETH: FOR THEREIN IS THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD REVEALED FROM FAITH TO FAITH, AS IT IS WRITTEN, THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH."—Pp. 218, 219.

ART. VIII.—*The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* Compiled, under the direction of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. GREY. London: Smith, Elder and Co. Pp. xxxi. 469.

IT seems a very superfluous task to introduce this book to our readers. No publication of the day is so well known. The fact that it is substantially the Queen's work insured at once an immense circulation, and its intrinsic merits have won for it an imperishable fame. Multitudes who have never seen it are quite familiar with its contents, through the medium of the copious quotations which have enlivened the columns of almost all the newspapers. But, if any apology be needed for dwelling on a story so often repeated, we must plead the obligations of loyalty, and the desire to enrich our own pages with some pictures of a life and character surpassingly pure and noble.

We remember well the 10th of February, 1840. We were in the midst of an eager and excited throng, waiting the arrival at Windsor of our young Queen and the husband to whom she had that morning been married. We caught a brief but memorable glimpse of the bright and happy face of the royal bride; but our attention was chiefly attracted by the illustrious stranger on whom she had bestowed her hand. Tall, slender, his face betokening far more than ordinary intelligence and benignity, with a mien of singular dignity and grace, and with an absolutely perfect courtesy, the youthful Albert won the hearts of all loyal Englishmen on the instant, and fervent prayers and sanguine hopes as to the future of that august pair hallowed and made glad their union. How those prayers were more than answered; how the capacity and excellence of our Prince developed beyond the largest expectations of the country; how he came to be the honoured and trusted adviser of the Queen and the patron of every good and noble enterprise in the land; how, under his wise and loving influence, the court of Queen Victoria became a model of all virtue, and her family a proverb of domestic purity and bliss; and how, at his death, the entire nation wept as at the loss of a common friend and father, and gave its tenderest and deepest sympathies to the royal widow;—these things are known to us all. The monuments erected in his honour in every part of Great Britain testify how deeply his name has engraven itself

upon the national affection and respect; and, while the English tongue endures, that name will be cherished as borne by one of the best princes that England ever knew. He was great in the possession of all the qualities that constitute a noble man. But his proud distinction among the royal names of which Englishmen delight to boast is that he was "Albert the Good."

In common with most of our fellow-countrymen, we have often regretted the protracted seclusion in which Her Majesty has lived since her husband's death. It would have been disloyal not to regret it. But we have had no sympathy with the lectures and reproaches which have occasionally been addressed to her by certain portions of the public press. We cannot speak too indignantly of the coarseness and bad taste which have distinguished some of these productions. And who can now regret Her Majesty's almost conventual retirement? Never did grief more worthily relieve itself. Never did widowed love build up a more beautiful and touching memorial than is contained in this admirable book.

It was not the Queen's original intention that her notices of the Prince Consort's life should be published; these pages were written for the private edification of her own children and family, with the addition, perhaps, of a very small circle of friends; but presently the very obvious suggestion that such a book might be pirated—"possibly in a garbled form"—led to the resolution to publish it "in substantially the same form as that in which it was first printed for private circulation." We by no means regret either the original purpose or the change. One of the great charms of this book lies in its simplicity and entire frankness. It has been suggested that this is due chiefly to the exalted rank of the author and the subject. We cannot think so. The tendency of court-life is surely in quite the opposite direction; and, had the Queen written or superintended this book with the British public in view, we doubt very much whether it would have been such as it is. This artless frankness, this undisguised disclosure of the innermost privacy, and even of the personal thoughts and feelings of our royal lady, is due to the fact that the widowed mother wrote for her children, and for them only. But it was a wise and generous after-thought to resolve that her subjects should be taken into her confidence. She laid aside her queenly state to give her children her estimate of their father, and to unbosom her own heart in all motherly confidence and tenderness; but in doing so, she claimed kindred with all that is true, and pure, and loving in humanity; and that "touch of

nature" which "makes the whole world kin" has won for her book a universal welcome. It speaks to the heart of every family in England. We forget the monarch in the woman; and, as we read her artless story, we yield her the full homage of our sympathy.

It is perhaps presumptuous to speak of the royal authoress herself. For this is truly "the Queen's Book." General Grey has no doubt done his work of editing exceedingly well; but one hand may be traced all through. This is the widow's tribute to the memory of her lost husband. And how pure, and gentle, and chaste, and noble it is! The loftiest style of character is portrayed in it, and by one who knew how to appreciate it. And, if it be true that "a man never portrays his own character better than by the way and manner in which he portrays the character of another," we can only say that the perusal of this volume will enhance every reader's estimate of his sovereign's excellences, however high that estimate may be.

This particular volume is only the first of a series. It contains the story of a beautiful boy, born in a little German principality, singularly favoured in his ancestry, in the graces of his own person, and in his immediate connections. But there is a certain completeness in it, inasmuch as it extends to the time of his marriage and the birth of his first child. He came of the noblest stock in Europe, reckoning among his ancestors "Frederic the Warlike, first Prince Elector of Saxony; Frederic the Wise, the friend and protector of Luther; and John Frederic the Magnanimous." These princes all belonged to the elder branch of the great Saxon family, and were conspicuous for their attachment to the cause of the Reformation, and their valour in its defence. Their constancy and heroism cost them dear; for, on the defeat of the last-named Elector by Charles V., their inheritance was forcibly transferred to the younger branch of the family, whose descendants still possess it.

Questions of pedigree are generally both dull and perplexing, and there is no small confusion of detail in the genealogy of our Prince, a confusion aggravated by the minute subdivision of estates and titles observed by the Saxon dukes. His father was born in 1784, and became Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield in 1806. By a series of complicated family arrangements he became Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha in 1825. Our Prince had two uncles on his father's side—Ferdinand George, whose son became King-Consort of Portugal by marriage with Queen Donna Maria of that kingdom, and Leopold, King of the

Belgians. His youngest aunt was the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother; the mother of our Prince was Princess Louise of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg. The Queen says of her:—

"The Princess is described as having been very handsome, though very small; fair, with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her many years told the Queen that, when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, 1844, she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother. She was full of cleverness and talent; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young Duchess finally left Coburg, and never saw her children again. She died at St. Wendel in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her thirty-second year."—Pp. 7, 8.

The tale of their domestic unhappiness is not disclosed; but the Prince never forgot his mother. One of his first gifts to the Queen was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. She was separated from her husband and her family when Prince Albert was scarcely six years old. But, though thus early deprived of a mother's care, he was favoured with the attention and oversight of his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg. This lady is an ideal grandmother. She took the deepest interest in the family, and kept up the closest relations with it. Her letters form the most attractive portion of the earliest pages of the book. She thus writes to the Duchess of Kent, on the occasion of our Prince's birth:—

"Rosenau, August 27, 1819.

"The date will of itself make you suspect that I am sitting by Louischen's bed. She was yesterday morning safely and quickly delivered of a little boy. Siebold, the accoucheuse, had only been called at three, and at six the little one gave his first cry in this world, and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black [blue] eyes. At a quarter to seven I heard the tramp of a horse. It was a groom, who brought the joyful news. I was off directly, as you may imagine, and found the little mother slightly exhausted, but *gaie et dispos*. She sends you and Edward (the Duke of Kent) a thousand kind messages. . . . . The little boy is to be christened to-morrow, and to have the name of Albert. The Emperor of Austria, the old Duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen, the Duke of Gotha, Mensdorff, and I, are to be sponsors. Our boys will have the same names as the sons of the Elector Frederic the Mild, who were stolen by Kunz Kauffungen—namely, Ernest and Albert. Ernest minor" (he was then just fourteen months old) "runs about like a weasel. He is teething, and as cross as a little badger from impatience and liveliness. He is not pretty now, except his beautiful black eyes. How pretty the May Flower" (Queen Victoria; born on the 24th of the pre-

ceding May) "will be when I see it in a year's time. Siebold cannot sufficiently describe what a dear little love it is. *Une bonne fois, adieu!* Kiss your husband and children.—AUGUSTA."—Pp. 11, 12.

Here is the Queen's own account of this delightful woman:—

"The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart and extreme love for nature. The Prince told the Queen that she had earnestly wished that he should marry the Queen, and, as she died when her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for the country, but for the world at large. She was adored by her children, particularly by her sons; King Leopold being her great favourite. She had fine and most expressive blue eyes, with the marked features and long nose inherited by most of her children and grandchildren. Both the Prince and his brother were exceedingly attached to her, and they lived much with her in their younger days. Of an evening, the Prince said, she was in the habit of telling them the story of Walter Scott's novels, and she used often to employ them in writing letters from her dictation."—Pp. 17, 18.

From the letters of this best of grandmothers, we obtain a very lively picture of our Prince's childhood. He had "large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, was bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel." At two years of age he could "already say everything." He was "very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." At three years of age, he was "much smaller than his brother, and as lovely as a little angel with his fair curls."

When only four years old, he was transferred, with his brother, from the care of a nurse to that of a tutor. Prince Albert, young as he was, heartily approved of the change, for he had a great dislike to being in the charge of women. The tutor to whose care the boys were intrusted, was admirably fitted for his work. He superintended their education for fifteen years, when they quitted the university of Bonn at the close of their academical career. He devoted himself with rare patience and zeal to his task, and the subsequent career of his illustrious pupils "gave indisputable proof of the skill and judgment with which he directed their studies."

The affection subsisting between the brothers was very beautiful; and it lasted without interruption and without diminution through life. Their characters and dispositions were indeed wonderfully different; but there was never even a momentary estrangement, though every now and then, as

is the wont of boys, they indulged in the luxury of a good fight. Albert was "singularly easy to instruct;" showed from the first a thoughtful and intellectual turn of mind, a remarkable love of order, and great application and perseverance. He was, however, as ready for outdoor games as most boys, was the directing mind in most of the amusements which he shared with his friends, and very ready to use force when occasion seemed to call for it. Though delicate in appearance, and not robust in health, he possessed a constitutional endurance, and on the whole enjoyed a singularly happy childhood.

His precocity may be judged from the fact that he began to keep a journal when he was only six years old. That habit he afterwards abandoned, as most premature little men abandon old-fashioned ways. It seems to have been a wonderfully simple and truthful record of boyish experience; and one is instinctively moved both to smiles and tears while reading some of the entries. After a small critique on dogs and horses, the little fellow says, "Now I am sleepy, I will pray and go to bed." Again,—

"23*rd January*.—When I awoke this morning, I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened, that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle and arranged my arms; after that I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark, then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed.

"11*th February*.—I was to recite something, but I did not wish to do so: that was not right: naughty!

"9*th April*.—I got up well and happy; afterwards I had a fight with my brother. After dinner I went to the play. It was Wallenstein's *Lager*, and they carried out a monk.

"10*th April*.—I had another fight with my brother; that was not right."

How natural it is, and how beautiful, from the pen of a child only six years old! We cannot wonder that he was the delight of his playmates, and the idol of his father and the good old grandmother. His maternal grandmother took hardly less pride in him; and her letters, though by no means so vivacious as those of the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, breathe a beautiful spirit of piety and affection. The following is very sweet:—

"I will not let the dear children go without a line to recall me to your remembrance, my dear duke. God grant that the darlings

may arrive safely at home. They leave this perfectly well and happy, Since the 24th they have been my daily guests in the morning and afternoon. I cannot say enough in praise of their good behaviour, and I shall feel the separation from them very much. To their great delight I have gratified their ardent wish to have another goat, which has been sent to-day. I entreat that they may be allowed to keep them all three. They have already arranged everything for two carriages. Albert wishes to drive the little goat. Happy children! how much are they to be envied for the power of being pleased with so little! I allowed them to go to the theatre several times as they were so delighted with it, and they had borne the confinement to their rooms so patiently. Do not let them take much medicine, nor hear much about their health; it only makes them nervous. A well-regulated diet and mode of life is much better than medicine; and as much air as possible."—Pp. 53, 54.

The princes resided with their tutor at the Rosenau, where Albert had been born; but they paid frequent visits to the different towns in their father's little duchy, and among their numerous relatives. One of their most intimate companions was their cousin, the Count Arthur Mensdorff. This nobleman, at the Queen's request, drew up a brief memorandum of his recollections of her deceased husband's boyhood. It is exquisitely touching, both in its account of the Prince, and in its expression of sorrow and sympathy on the occasion of his removal. We cannot insert the whole of it; but it abounds with beautiful passages, which are not more honourable to the subject than to the writer of the sketch. Thus:—

"How many noble and beloved beings has it pleased the Almighty to call into His kingdom, leaving us behind—alone and deserted! But what a dreadful trial God has sent *you*, my broken-hearted cousin! And yet it is through His mercy and loving-kindness that you have found strength to support the burden of this joyless life with such beautiful, such exemplary resignation."

He decribes his cousin, as of a mild and benevolent disposition; only angry at what he thought dishonest or unjust. He was quiet, very fond of study—especially of natural history; and began with his cousins what afterwards formed a valuable collection.

"Albert thoroughly understood the naïveté of the Coburg national character, and he had the art of turning people's peculiarities into a source of fun. He had a natural talent for imitation, and a great sense of the ludicrous, either in persons or things; but he was never severe or ill-natured; the general kindness of his disposition preventing him from pushing a joke, however he might enjoy it, so as

to hurt any one's feelings. Every man has, more or less, a ridiculous side, and to *quiz* this, in a friendly and good-humoured manner, is after all the pleasantest description of humour. Albert possessed this rare gift in an eminent degree. From his earliest infancy he was distinguished for perfect moral purity, both in word and in deed. . . . Whilst still very young, his heart was feelingly alive to the sufferings of the poor. I saw him one day give a beggar something by stealth, when he told me not to speak of it; 'for when you give to the poor,' he said, 'you must see that nobody knows it.'"—Pp. 57—60.

The next year or two were spent at the Rosenau, alternated with visits to Gotha. Their life was very sunny. Surrounded by the sons of the principal people of Coburg—who were invited *on Sundays!* and holidays to share their amusements, the brothers were fond of assuming the characters of the most distinguished worthies of old times, and of making the most remarkable incidents in bygone German history the subject of their games. The extracts from the Prince's journal show how keenly he appreciated these entertainments, and breathe besides a beautiful spirit of consideration for those around and beneath him. At this period, occurs a letter, written by the dear old grandmother of Coburg, which is too beautiful to be omitted. The Queen had just completed her eleventh year, and her mother the Duchess of Kent is thus congratulated on the occasion:—

"My blessings and good wishes for the day which gave you the sweet blossom of May! May God preserve and protect the valuable life of that lovely flower from all the dangers that will beset her mind and heart! The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into that young soul can be kept pure and untarnished. How well I can sympathise with the feelings of anxiety that must possess you when that time comes! God who has helped you through so many bitter hours of grief will be your help still. Put your trust in Him."—Pp. 75, 76.

How great an influence for good this admirable woman must have exercised on her grandsons, who spent much time with her, and were objects of her unceasing solicitude and care! Albert was now in his twelfth year, a warm-hearted little fellow, full of love for his father and his home; and, as he says in a letter to his father, "working hard to become good and useful, and to give you pleasure." In 1832, shortly after the accession of their uncle Leopold to the Belgian throne, they visited Brussels; and, although their

stay was short, the young princes saw enough of the liberty and independence which had been so recently and bravely won, and which were used with such rare moderation and good sense, to produce in both of them a profound attachment to liberal and constitutional principles. Here, too, the love of art which so much distinguished Prince Albert in after-life, was wonderfully stimulated.

Arrived at his fourteenth year, our Prince rapidly developed into a most earnest and methodical student. We have a copy of the programme of study drawn up by and for himself at this time. The hours of study were, from six to nine in the morning; then from ten to one; and from six to eight at night. Prominence is given to the study of modern languages, of history, of the natural sciences, of music, "and generally of those accomplishments which serve to embellish and adorn life." Less than an hour a day was devoted to Latin; Greek does not seem at this time to have at all occupied his attention; and he only gave three hours a week to mathematics. Such a programme is very defective according to our English notions; but that a mere school-boy should impose upon himself a course of study for eight hours of every week-day, argues an intense love of learning. True, his capricious and indulgent father often tempted him from his books to open-air breakfasts and so forth; but even in these pleasant digressions, our Prince was careful to cultivate habits of observation. His tutor supplies us with most interesting "recollections" of his childhood and early youth. The exquisite beauty of his childish person, joined to the sweetness of his disposition and fine mental qualities, woke the enthusiastic interest of the worthy pedagogue; who was nobly sustained by the confidence which the parents reposed in him. The mother of the boys, although possessing high qualities, failed sadly in her maternal duties, making it conspicuously apparent that Albert was her favourite. All danger from this source was, however, soon averted, by her separation from her husband and family; and nothing was allowed to come between the tutor and the conscientious fulfilment of his duty to his interesting and important charge. A most entire and intimate confidence sprang up between them, which not only lasted unimpaired, but continued to increase till the close of their university career. The tutor adds:—

"Nor did the regard of Prince Albert for me cease with the termination of his studies. I was ever honoured with the proofs of his goodwill. The last memento of his affection was given to me but a

short time before his death, and I stand daily before the picture which he then sent me, to weep for my beloved pupil and friend."—P. 94.

The Prince was subject to frequent attacks of slight fever. His instructor tells us that at these times he displayed a temper and disposition "perfectly angelic," and seemed to delight chiefly in forming noble and benevolent projects to be executed after his recovery. Here are two good stories, relative to his love of fun, and of the rough reprisals which he occasionally brought on himself.

"On one occasion he drew down a scolding from his father, by getting his instructor in chemistry to fill a number of small glass vessels, about the size of a pea, with sulphuretted hydrogen, which he threw about the floor of the pit and boxes of the theatre, to the great annoyance and discomfiture of the audience, at whose confusion he was highly delighted. But the joke was not always on his side. The Princess Caroline of Reuss Ebersdorff, a clever witty person, at that time resident in Coburg, and very fond of the young Prince, whom she took under her special protection, resolved to avenge herself for some trick he had played her. For this purpose she took advantage of an aversion he had formed, under the following circumstances, for frogs. He was always fond of natural history, and lost no opportunity of collecting specimens, showing no timidity, even as a boy, in his pursuit and seizure of animals of all sorts. One evening, while tea was going on in the garden at Oeslau, Prince Albert occupied himself as usual in searching the hedges and path-sides for objects of interest to him, and hit upon a large and very pretty green frog. Seizing it in both hands, he ran with his treasure to the tea-table; to his astonishment, he was received by the ladies with a general cry of horror; and their fright extending to himself he threw down the frog in a panic, and from that time conceived the most unconquerable aversion for every animal of the kind. Princess Caroline knowing this, took advantage of it to retaliate on the Prince for the many little tricks with which he loved to torment her. Amongst other tricks he had played her, he had one evening, during a party at the palace, filled the pockets of the cloak left by the Princess in the cloak-room with soft cheese, and helping assiduously to cloak her at the conclusion of the evening, he was delighted at the horror with which she threw the cloak away, and turned upon himself as the perpetrator of the joke. For this the Princess took ample revenge by collecting a basket-full of frogs at the Rosenau, and having them placed in his bed, to the destruction of his night's rest."—Pp. 103—105.

The good tutor's "Recollections" close with an emphatic testimony to the Prince's eager desire to do good and to assist

others; and to "the grateful feeling which never allowed him to forget an act of kindness, however trifling, to himself."

We must pass over the description of the beauties of the Rosenau, our Prince's birthplace, to which he clung with the fondest attachment to the day of his death. Here were fostered that love of nature and of the country, and those pastoral and agricultural tastes which he displayed to such advantage after he became the husband of Queen Victoria. Here, too, under the influence of plenty of fresh air and active exercise, he gradually overcame his early delicacy of constitution, and grew up "a healthy and active boy." The Princes were confirmed on Palm Sunday in 1835, Prince Albert being about sixteen years and a half old:—

"The profession now made by the Prince he held fast through life. His was no lip service. His faith was essentially one of the heart, a real and living faith, giving a colour to his whole life. Deeply imbued with a conviction of the great truths of Christianity, his religion went far beyond mere forms, to which, indeed, he attached no special importance. It was not with him a thing to be taken up and ostentatiously displayed with almost Pharisaic observance, on certain days, or at certain seasons, or on certain formal occasions. It was part of *himself*. It was engrafted in his very nature, and directed his every-day life. In his every action, the spirit—as distinguished from the letter—the spirit and essence of Christianity was his constant and unerring guide."—Pp. 118, 119.

Immediately after the confirmation, the Princes undertook a tour by themselves, visiting Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Pesth, and Ofen. They were everywhere received with enthusiasm, and created the most favourable impression. On returning to Gotha, our Prince devoted himself to philosophical studies. He prepared the framework of an essay on the history of German literature. The following extract from a letter to the director of the High School at Coburg will be read with interest. It was written from Brussels in 1836:—

"Here, where one is only surrounded by foreign literature, lives only in foreign literature, one learns to appreciate our own at its real value. But it is painful to see the mean idea which the French and Belgians, and even the English, have of our German literature. It consoles one, however, to find that this undervaluing proceeds from an utter incapacity to understand our German works. To give you a slight idea of this incapacity, I add to this letter a French translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which, in the most literal sense of the word, makes one's hair stand on end. Certainly from such productions foreigners cannot understand the profound genius of our literature,

and they explain why so much in it appears to them weak and ridiculous."—P. 127.

In the summer of 1836, the Duke brought his sons to England. During their stay here, they were lodged at Kensington Palace, the residence of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. It was now that he and the Queen saw each other for the first time. In a letter descriptive of his mode of life, he speaks of the great kindness of his aunt, and adds, "our cousin also is very amiable." But there is no hint of that deep attachment which was so soon to ripen into marriage. The climate, the late hours, and so on, made him ill, and he suffered from a constitutional tendency to sleep in the evenings. Nevertheless the Queen tells us that "nothing could exceed the kind attentions he paid to every one—frequently standing the whole evening that no one might be neglected."

We find the young Princes next at Brussels, where "in a small but very pretty house, with a little garden in front, and though in the middle of a large town, perfectly shut out from the noise of the streets," they pursued their studies under excellent masters, with the utmost diligence, and with marked and rapid progress.

In April 1837, they repaired to Bonn, and entered on their university career. They had for fellow-students the present Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince William of Löwenstein-Werthheim, and Count Erbach, a relation of Prince Leiningen's. Soon after their settlement here, King William IV. died, and Queen Victoria, only just eighteen years of age, ascended the throne. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing the following letter to Her Majesty from the Prince—the first which he wrote to her in English:—

"Bonn, 26th June, 1837.

"My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favoured them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant, Albert."—Pp. 147, 148.

Truly this is a noble and princely letter, and indicates qualities which made the writer worthy to become "the father of our kings to be."

The young Queen bore herself so as to win all English hearts; but she was surrounded by "a network of parties and cabals;" and, as her marriage seemed likely to be made a party-question, King Leopold advised his nephews to visit South Germany, Switzerland, and North Italy, evidently for the purpose of withdrawing attention from them. Of the incidents of this little tour we need not speak. They returned to Bonn in November, where they studied Roman law, State right and political economy, the principles of finance, and anthropology and philosophy. It transpired now that the Queen had resolved to offer her hand to the younger brother; but "did not wish to marry for some time yet." The Queen says of herself,—

"She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his first appearance in England. In after years she often regretted this decision on her part, and constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds."—P. 165.

The time had come when these brothers, who had never been a single day away from each other, and to each of whom the other was as his second self, must part. Ernest, the elder, went to Dresden, to enter on a military career, and our Prince for a tour in Italy, preparatory to taking up his permanent residence in England. The separation was most painful, and is alluded to in several of the Prince's letters with the most touching expressions of affection and regret. Beautiful is the contrast between the fresh, pure, and unselfish love of these young hearts, and the mean and paltry jealousies for which royal families have too often been remarkable. Indeed, the simple all-confiding love that ruled in the ducal household, and that breaks out continually in word and deed through the first half of this volume, is unspeakably refreshing and delightful. What a privilege for our Prince to have breathed through all his childhood and youth that atmosphere of simplicity and unselfishness! No circumstances could be more favourable for the formation of a noble character; and we must add that no finer nature could be brought under the influence of such circumstances.

Prince Albert's immediate connection with his tutor, Herr

Florschütz, terminated at this time. He was accompanied to Italy by Baron Stockmar. Always fortunate in his companions and advisers, the Prince was especially so in the case of this most admirable man, who was his immediate attendant from this time until advancing years compelled him to retire from His Royal Highness's service. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the royal pair after their marriage, and beloved by the entire household of the palace. He combined cleverness, discretion, goodness, and judgment, in a degree which Lord Aberdeen said he had never seen equalled, and the Queen expresses her grateful remembrance of "the assistance given by him to the young couple in regulating their movements, and general mode of life, and in directing the education of their children." He survived the Prince for a short time; and one of the most affecting and pathetic passages in the whole book is the Queen's account of her visit to him in 1862. We give the passage entire:—

"Once again, in 1862, did the Queen see the good old man, to weep together over the sore affliction that had fallen upon them since they met only two short years before. But ere another year had come round, and while the Queen, in 1863, was looking forward to another visit to Coburg, in the hope of once more seeing the dear Baron, the intelligence arrived that his health had suddenly given way, to be followed, in a post or two, by the news that this kindest, best, and most devoted, as well as most disinterested of friends, was no more. On the 9th of July, 1863, the Baron followed his beloved Prince to the grave.

"And thus was fulfilled the anticipation in which he had himself indulged, when during the last visit to Coburg, 'the crushed and heart-broken widow, speaking to him of their beloved Prince, and showing him the pictures and photographs of him which covered the table, the Baron exclaimed,—"My dear, good Prince,—how happy shall I be to see him again! And it will not be long!"'"—Pp. 190, 191.

At Florence the Prince was joined by Lieutenant Seymour, who, at the request of the King of the Belgians, had been appointed his travelling companion. This gentleman, now Major-General Seymour, supplies the following interesting memorandum of the Prince's life in the gay Italian city:—

"The Prince was staying at the Casa Cerini, Via del Coromen. He rose at six o'clock. After a light breakfast he studied Italian under a Signor Martini, read English with me for an hour, played on the organ or piano, composed, sang till twelve o'clock, when he generally walked, visiting some gallery, or seeing some artist. He

returned home at two to a simple dinner, which he hurried over as much as possible, giving as a reason that 'eating was a waste of time.' His drink was water. After dinner he again played and sang for an hour, when the carriage was announced, and he usually paid some visits. The visits over, the carriage was dismissed, and the great delight of the Prince was to take long walks in the beautiful country round Florence. This he appeared heartily to enjoy. He became gay and animated. 'Now I can breathe—now I am happy!' these were his constant exclamations. He seldom returned home till seven o'clock, his hour for tea; and, if not going to the opera, or an evening party, he joined in some interesting and often amusing conversation with Baron Stockmar, when the latter felt well enough to come to tea. At nine, or soon after, he was in bed and asleep, for he had been accustomed to such early hours in his own country, that he had great difficulty in keeping himself awake when obliged to sit up late."—Pp. 194—196.

The love of the country was a perfect passion with this pure and healthy minded man. "How sweet it smells! How delicious the air is! One begins to breathe again!" he would say, as he was borne away among the fields from the smoke and dirt of London; and the Queen tells us how in the woods at Osborne he would listen for the nightingales, "whistling to them in their own peculiar long note, which they invariably answer." Who can withhold his sympathy from the royal widow, when she adds, "the Queen cannot hear this note now without fancying she hears him, and without the deepest, saddest emotion!"

The Prince's own letters, dated from different Italian cities, give a very lively account of all he observed and felt. He was at Florence during the carnival; and tells us that he dined, danced, supped, paid compliments, was introduced to people, and had people introduced to him, spoke French and English, never returned home till five in the morning, and indeed, "emptied the carnival cup to the dregs." But he was far better and more seriously employed for the most part, saw all the objects of interest, ancient and modern, in the principal cities, walked through miles of picture-galleries intoxicated with delight, and thoroughly enjoyed and profited by his tour. He ventured once to break a lance with Pope Gregory XVI.

"Last Tuesday I had the honour of an interview with His Holiness. The old gentleman was very kind and civil. I remained with him nearly half-an-hour, shut up in a small room. We conversed in Italian on the influence the Egyptians had had on Greek art, and that again on Roman art. The Pope asserted that the Greeks had taken their models from the Etruscans. In spite of his infallibility,

I ventured to assert that they had derived their lessons in art from the Egyptians."—Page 200.

We have now arrived at the period when the negotiations for the marriage of the Prince with Queen Victoria began. He had been told by his nurse when only three years old, that he would marry Her Majesty, and "when he first thought of marriage at all, he always thought of her." The marriage was strongly opposed in certain quarters, especially by our own "Sailor-King" William IV., who tried hard to bring about a union with the brother of the present King of Holland, and strove, though ineffectually, to prevent the visit of the Duke of Coburg and his sons in 1836. The Queen thus speaks of her first impressions of the Prince:—

"The Prince was at that time much shorter than his brother, already very handsome, but very stout, which he entirely grew out of afterwards. He was most amiable, natural, unaffected, and merry; full of interest in everything; playing on the piano with the Princess, his cousin; drawing—in short, constantly occupied. He always paid the greatest attention to all he saw, and the Queen remembers well how intently he listened to the sermon preached in St. Paul's, when he and his father and brother accompanied the Duchess of Kent and the Princess there, on the occasion of the service attended by the children of the different charity-schools. It is indeed rare to see a prince, not yet seventeen years of age, bestowing such earnest attention on a sermon."—Page 216.

Nothing on the subject of marriage passed between the Princess and her cousin during this visit; but the thoughts of all the parties interested were henceforth occupied with it. The matter was brought under the Prince's notice by the King of the Belgians, who testified that his nephew looked "at the question from its most elevated and honourable point of view." The youth of the cousins was felt to be an obstacle to an immediate or even early marriage; and the Queen herself was disinclined for the present to accept the bonds of wedlock. Prince Albert was willing to submit to any reasonable delay, provided only he might have some certain assurance to go upon. But he objected to a merely tentative courtship, say for three years, since, if at the end of that time, Her Majesty should change her mind, his prospects would be ruined and his whole life marred. It seems, however, that she had made up her mind even now to have the Prince and no other; and nothing can surpass the womanliness, simplicity, and artlessness of the following confession:—

"Nor can the Queen now think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects in life, until she might feel inclined to marry. And the Prince has since told her that he came over in 1839 with the intention of telling her that, if she could not then make up her mind, she must understand that he could not now wait for a decision, as he had done at a former period when this marriage was first talked about.

"The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensington to the independence of her position as Queen-Regnant at the age of eighteen put all ideas of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly repents. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."—Pp. 220, 221.

What an insight does this simple confession, wherein the hesitation of a girl of eighteen to be married out of hand to the man of her choice is spoken of almost as if it had been a sin,—into the character of both! How pure and deep must have been their wedded love, how elevated and ennobling all their association!

The critical visit to England, which was to decide our Prince's fate, was made in October, 1839. On the 10th of that month the Queen received him and his brother most cordially and affectionately at Windsor, and conducted them at once to the Duchess of Kent. The first few days passed pleasantly away. The brothers visited the Queen each morning after breakfast, lunched with her and her mother at two; rode out with them and the staff-officers in attendance in the afternoon; attended a great dinner every evening and a dance after dinner three times a week. But on the 15th the Queen told Lord Melbourne that she had made up her mind to the marriage; and, receiving hearty encouragement from her Prime Minister, she sent for the Prince. He found her of course alone, and was presently informed why she had sent for him. It was indeed a delicate and trying position for so young a lady; but, that lady being a sovereign, there was no help for it, and so

"She told her love with virgin pride."

The Prince received her offer without any hesitation and with much pleasure, at which Her Majesty seems almost to wonder, considering the sacrifice she was asking him to make! We

fancy few of her subjects will agree with her here. But let her tell her tale in her own inimitable way, as she told it on the same day to her uncle Leopold:—

"My dearest Uncle,—This letter will, I am sure, give you pleasure, for you have always shown and taken so warm an interest in all that concerns me. My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him MORE than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice (for such, in my opinion, it is) as small as I can. He seems to have great tact—a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all, that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel so very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne, whom I have of course consulted about the whole affair, quite approves my choice, and expresses great satisfaction at this event, which he thinks in every way highly desirable.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets—about the beginning of February.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secresy, and explain these details, which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentleman here till the end of next month. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert."—Pp. 227—229.

The good old King of the Belgians was much delighted with the news. He had "almost the feelings of old Simeon: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.'" He speaks in the most exalted terms of his nephew, and thus wisely and tenderly alludes to the "sacrifice" which the Queen thought she was exacting from her cousin:—

"You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much—I may say *all*—will depend on your affection for him. If YOU *love* him, and are *kind* to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position; and there is a steadiness, and, at the

same time, a cheerfulness, in his character, which will facilitate this." —Pp. 231, 232.

It was determined to mention the marriage in the first instance to the Privy Council; and in the meantime the young couple saw much of each other, discussed together the Prince's position, and settled that, whatever might be his title, he should take precedence of every one else.

That the young Prince would fully justify the Queen's choice was confidently predicted by all who knew him; and his own letters written at this time to his German friends must have filled them with gladness and hope. Thus he writes to Stockmar:—

"An individuality—a character which shall win the respect, the love, and the confidence of the Queen and of the nation, must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the actions, and, even should mistakes occur, they will be more easily pardoned on account of that personal character; even while the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who is not capable of inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a 'noble' Prince in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings.

"I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part, I cannot fail to continue 'noble, manly, and princely' in all things. In what I may do, good advice is the first thing necessary, and that you can give better than any one, if you can only make up your mind to sacrifice your time to me for the first year of my existence here."—Pp. 235, 236.

What might not be expected from a prince who took so high and solemn a view of his position and its responsibilities? And how, while mourning over his premature removal from us, do we thank God that his after-life did not

"Unbeseem the promise of his spring!"

But we must not linger any more over this story of "the betrothal." The Prince tells it in letters to his stepmother, his grandmother of Coburg, and his college friend, Löwenstein. These letters are naturally written in some strain of exultation; yet beautifully is that strain toned down and softened both by affection for the friends from whom his marriage would separate him, and by his own serious appreciation of the responsibilities which it would bring. These letters show his character to have been of the most exalted kind.

On the 23rd of November the Queen declared her purpose of marriage to the Privy Council. Lord Melbourne had told her of a stupid attempt which had been made to make out that the Prince was a Roman Catholic; and, though the reverse was emphatically true, the temporising Prime Minister was afraid to say anything about the Prince's religion, and therefore the subject would not be alluded to in the proposed declaration;—a great mistake, which afterwards provoked severe criticism. Of the eighty-three councillors who met to hear this declaration, upwards of sixty are now dead. Most of them departed full of days and honours; but he whose selection as the Queen's husband was the occasion of their assembling, passed away "in the full vigour of his age, ere more than half his race was run—the goal scarce yet in sight—his work of good—thus far how nobly performed!—still incomplete."

After the Prince's return to Germany, a constant correspondence was kept up between his royal mistress and himself, and the Queen keeps his letters written during that time as "the greatest treasures now in her possession." She records with true wifely pride and scorn her annoyance that, in searching for precedents as to his household, none could be found but "that of Prince George of Denmark, the very stupid and insignificant husband of Queen Anne." That prince was made a peer and became Lord High Admiral of England—a precedent which our Prince wisely and nobly refused to follow, even when pressed by the Duke of Wellington to become Commander-in-Chief. "He had determined, even before his marriage, to accept no English title that should be offered to him."

We have spoken of the strong attachment subsisting between our Prince and his elder brother Ernest. The following letter from Ernest to the Queen is honourable alike to both:—

"If you could only know the place you and Albert occupy in my heart! Albert is my second self, and my heart is one with his! Independently of his being my brother, I love and esteem him more than any one on earth. You will smile, perhaps, at my speaking of him to you in such glowing terms; but I do so that you may feel still more how much you have gained in him!

"As yet you are chiefly taken with his manner, so youthfully innocent—his tranquillity—his clear and open mind. It is thus that he appears on first acquaintance. One reads less in his face of knowledge of men and experience—and why? It is because he is pure before the world, and before his own conscience. Not as though he did not know what sin was—the earthly temptations—the weakness of man.

No; but because he knew—stills knows—how to struggle against them, supported by the incomparable superiority and firmness of his character.

"From our earliest years we have been surrounded by difficult circumstances, of which we were perfectly conscious; and, perhaps, more than most people, we have been accustomed to see men in the most opposite positions that human life can offer. Albert never knew what it was to hesitate. Guided by his own clear sense, he always walked calmly and steadily in the right path. In the greatest difficulties that may meet you in your eventful life, you may repose the most entire confidence in him. And then only will you feel how great a treasure you will possess in him!

"He has, besides, all other qualities necessary to make a good husband. Your life cannot fail to be a happy one!"—Pp. 260, 261.

Negotiations were going on during this time as to the rank of the Prince, and the persons who should compose his household. In the case of his uncle Leopold, the husband of the Princess Charlotte, precedence had been accorded to him before all but princes of the blood. It was argued that as husband of the Queen, Prince Albert should take precedence even of them, as otherwise the father would have to walk behind his own children. After a slight demur on the part of the Duke of Sussex, all the members of the Royal family, except the King of Hanover, consented to this proposal. But the Duke of Wellington threw his all-powerful influence into the opposite scale, and the suggestion was abandoned. Nor was the point ever settled by the Legislature. The views of the Prince himself as to the members of his household were every way worthy of his noble character. Bearing in mind the maxim, "Tell me whom he associates with, and I will tell you who he is," he decided that the choice should be made without regard to politics; that the members should be "of very high rank, or very rich, or very clever, or persons who have performed important services for England.

"Above all do I wish that they should be well-educated men, and of high character, who, as I have already said, shall have already distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy, or in the scientific world."—Pp. 266, 267.

The Queen announced her intended marriage to Parliament on the 16th of January, 1840. The debates which followed embraced two or three points of both personal and public interest. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington found great, and as it seems to us, most reasonable fault with the omission from the declaration to the Privy Council of all reference to the Prince's religion. Lord Melbourne feebly

defended the course pursued, and Lord Brougham rushed to the rescue of his chief with characteristic and trenchant rhetoric. "I may remark," he said, "that my noble friend (Lord Melbourne) was mistaken as to the law. There is no prohibition as to marriage with a Catholic. It is only attended with a penalty; and that penalty is *merely the forfeiture of the crown!*"

The Duke, however, carried an amendment by which the fact that the Prince was a Protestant was recorded in the Address. For ourselves, we believe that subsequent events have fully justified the jealousy of the Conservative party on this point. The King of the Belgians said at the time, while acknowledging that probably any course adopted would have been cavilled at:—

"There is only this to say, however, the Ernestine branch of the Saxon family has been, there is no doubt, the real cause of the establishment of Protestantism in Germany, and consequently in great part of Northern Europe. This same line became a martyr to that cause, and was deprived of nearly all its possessions in consequence of it. Recently, there have been two cases of Catholic marriages, but the main branch has remained, and is, in fact, very sincerely Protestant. Both Ernest and Albert are most attached to it, and when deviations took place, they were connected more with the new branch transplanted out of the parent soil, than with what now must be properly considered the reigning family."—Pp. 273, 274.

On the question of the allowance to be granted to the Prince, a fierce and angry war of parties was waged in the House of Commons. The Government of Lord Melbourne proposed £50,000 per annum, a sum which, all things considered, appears to us to have been eminently reasonable and moderate, and which the Legislature of this great nation should have ungrudgingly acceded to. Lord Melbourne and all his Cabinet reckoned confidently on a general agreement to this proposal. But, as the event proved, they reckoned without their host. The sum proposed had been granted to the Queen-Consorts Caroline, Charlotte, and Adelaide. Mr. Hume, with characteristic penuriousness, was the first to propose a reduction of the amount; but his proposal to reduce the sum to £21,000 was negatived by 205 votes to 38. An amendment by that House of Commons buffoon, the late Colonel Sibthorpe, met, however, with more favour. He proposed that the sum should be fixed at £30,000 a year; and was supported, strange to say, by almost the whole force of the Conservative party. Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Mr. Goulburn, Lord Eliot, and others, spoke in favour of the amendment, arguing

that the status of a Queen Consort was recognised by the Constitution, that she had an independent station and independent offices; and that from her sex, it was indispensably necessary that a large female establishment should be maintained by her; whereas, these considerations did not hold in the case of the Prince. These arguments, or rather (as we cannot but think) considerations of party, prevailed, and the smaller amount was carried by a majority of 262 to 158. We do not hesitate to condemn this decision, as involving a parsimony wholly unworthy of a great and generous nation. And it is the more to be regretted, as there is little doubt that it was due to party spirit rather than to any high-principled guardianship of the national purse. The Queen herself was bitterly mortified and exasperated; but the Prince rose far above all personal considerations, and his subsequent relations with the great Conservative leaders "showed how little his conduct was influenced by what now passed." In those days, unfortunately, the violence of party spirit prevented communication between the Government and the heads of the Opposition; but subsequently, and mainly through the Prince's influence, it became the rule to avoid public scandal, by coming to some mutual agreement beforehand when the subject was personal rather than political.

We must pass over the details of the Prince's investiture with the Order of the Garter, of his journey to England, and of the marriage ceremony itself. An elaborate account of that ceremony is given in the Appendix. He was introduced to one of the most splendid, but at the same time one of the most onerous and responsible positions that earth could offer. He dedicated himself fully and without reserve to the promotion of the best interests of his adopted country. For four years, in spite of his intense love for the home of his childhood, he did not pay it even a flying visit; and, though exposed to constant and most ungenerous misconception and misrepresentation here, he did not for a moment "relax his efforts, or allow his zeal to flag, in seeking to promote all that was for the good of the British people." He bore all sorts of public assault without a murmur, accepting them as the inevitable shadows attendant on his brilliant position. His uniform principle was

> "To sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself, or for himself, to assume no separate responsibility before the public, but continually and anxiously to watch every part of the public business, in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult

questions brought before her—sometimes political, or social, or personal—as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, manager of her private affairs; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of the Government."—P. 318.

After much and earnest consultation, all parties in the State agreed that the Queen had the right to give to the Prince by Letters Patent whatever rank and precedence she pleased; and, accordingly, on March 5th she conferred on him precedence next to herself. This ought to have been done by Parliamentary legislation; and the factious opposition of the Tories strengthened the Queen's already strong antipathy to that party. What a commentary is it on the high-mindedness of our Prince that the gradual extinction of such feelings in Her Majesty's mind was chiefly due to his influence! We have not space to speak of that happy first year of wedded love in London and at Windsor. The chief discomfort arose from late hours ("the Queen's fault," says Her Majesty); but this was rectified afterwards. The Prince set an example of simple piety to his household, and spent the time immediately prior to each communion in devotional retirement, playing such airs as Mozart's "Requiem," and reading such works as the article on Self-Knowledge in *Hours of Devotion*. All his tastes were at once simple and elegant. He set himself moreover to raise the character of the Court; and in his own life presented an example of irreproachable purity.

Here we must, for the present, take our leave of this truly princely man. We leave him rejoicing over the birth of his eldest daughter—England's daughter—the amiable, pious, and devoted Princess Royal; and proving himself a very model of a husband. He sat by the Queen in a darkened room, read to her, wrote for her, lifted her from her bed to the sofa, wheeled her on her bed or sofa into the next room. He did this on similar occasions all through his subsequent life, often at much inconvenience to himself, but "ever with a sweet smile on his face." What wonder that she gave up her whole heart to him while living; what wonder that she mourns his death with a sorrow which time cannot heal. May our merciful Lord bind up that broken heart!

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Studies in the Gospels. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Macmillan. 1867.

THESE are sixteen brief essays on some of the prominent events in our Lord's life. Those who are familiar with the author's works on the "Miracles" and the "Parables" will find this to be a counterpart volume; the same in its style of thought, the same in its quaint and somewhat affected diction. It is also the same in the felicity with which the salient points of a theme are viewed and exhibited, while its depths and difficulties are, if not evaded, yet with too much ease passed by. The first essay is on the "Temptation," and it is the best. A few sentences on a most important subject we must quote; they will illustrate the dignity of theological tone which is sustained throughout the volume, and at the same time the dexterity with which a subtle difficulty is dismissed.

"In the scholastic theology of the Middle Ages the discussion was carried on with considerable animation whether a possibility of not sinning (a *posse non peccare*) or an impossibility of sinning (a *non posse peccare*) should be ascribed to the Lord. The first had been, in the patristic period, the notion of Theodore of Mopsuestia, and of as many as, not being Nestorians, had yet theological tendencies, which inclined them to advance as far as might be in that direction; while the second had been maintained by St. Augustine. It was with this, as with so many of the earlier discussions, which were resumed and carried out yet further in the period of the mediæval revival of theology; Abelard, as was naturally to be expected, taking up the position of Theodore of Mopsuestia; Anselm and others upholding the Augustinian teaching. This question could never have been so much as started, except in a Nestorian severance of the Lord into two persons, and thus in the contemplation of a human person in Him as at some moment existent apart from the Divine. When we ascribe to Him two natures, but these at no time other than united in the one person of the Son of God, the whole question at once falls to the ground. And such is the Church's faith. Christ was perfect man in the sense

of having everything belonging to the completeness of the human nature; but the person is the Son of God; His human body and soul were also united with the Eternal Word, so that there is not, nor ever has been, any human person to contemplate, or in regard of whom to put this question; while in respect of the Christ, and in the manhood after it was taken up into the Godhead, even Abelard does not ascribe to Him the possibility of sinning.

"When it is asked, and continually has been, Where is the worth of an evidence which could not have been rendered? Where is the glory of not sinning on the part of one who could not sin? The question has its rise in the confusion of a moral and a physical necessity. God cannot lie, God cannot do evil; but shall we therefore cease to praise and glorify Him for His holiness and truth? He cannot, because He will not. The angels now cannot sin; they have so drunk in the glory of God, that, as we believe, they are lifted above the possibility of falling. But does it therefore follow that their obedience then, when they might have followed those who 'kept not their first estate,' had a worth, which now that they cannot, it has ceased to possess? There is something better and higher, as Augustine and Anselm have taught, than the *liberum arbitrium*, even though that should on each separate occasion of choice choose the good; and that better is the *libertas*, the *beata necessitas boni*. When two antagonists enter the lists, our moral certainty that one will overcome, may take away the breathless expectation and interest with which we might otherwise mark the several stages of the conflict, but cannot affect the real excellence and merit of the victor."

This is all true, and deserves to be carefully studied. But it leaves out of view some of the difficulties which have been troubling many minds since the days when the Archbishop's essay must have been written. The same may be said of his reference to the "Forty Days:" "His fast as the true Israel, as the fulfiller of all which Israel after the flesh had left unfulfilled, the victor in all where it had been the vanquished, was as much a witness against *their* carnal appetites as a witness against Adam's. It was by this abstinence of His declared that man was ordained to be, and that the true man would be, lord over his lower nature. In this way Christ's forty days' fast is the great counter-fact in the work of redemption, at once to Adam's and to Israel's compliances with the suggestions of the fleshly appetite. For forty days that arrest of the sense of bodily need had continued; but at the expiration of these, the need suspended so long, made itself felt in its strength. *He was afterwards an hungred.* The Tempter sees, and thinks to use his opportunity; and the temptation proper, dividing itself into three successive acts, begins." What does this word "proper" mean? What a depth of mystery, what a depth of truth as to the forty days' temptation does it evade.

But while we often notice marks of superficiality in these studies, we cannot read them without intense interest. We have no doubt of their being exceedingly popular.

The Romish Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, Traced from its Source. By Dr. Edward Preuss, Principal of the Friedrich Wilhelm's Gymnasium at Berlin. Translated by George Gladstone. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

Bullam "Ineffabilis" ad Veterum Romanorum Pontificum Judicium Revocavit Robertus Car. Jenkins, A.M., Presbyter Anglicanus, Ecclesiæ SS. Mariæ et Eadburgæ in Lyminge Rector. Londini: Excudebant Whittingham et Wilkins. 1867.

Dr. Preuss has done his work admirably, and so has his translator. A dry, repulsive subject is here made animated, interesting—often even picturesque. The whole history of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception is traced out from the beginning. The student of church history or of the Roman controversy will find this book most opportune and valuable.

The learned Rector of Lyminge has sent forth a tract, in beautiful Latin, which may be taken as a very serviceable companion to Dr. Preuss's volume. Having first given an abridgment of the Bull *Ineffabilis*, retaining the words of the original, he proceeds to take up in order point after point, and to show how, in thirty-eight instances, the Bull contains statements opposed to the determinations of the early Popes, of the Fathers, or of Councils, and to the authority of the eminent Romanist divines.

There are few English clergymen so learned as Mr. Jenkins; fewer still who can write such Latin; still fewer, let us add, from our own knowledge, who are so distinguished by most genuine and thorough catholicity of spirit and liberality of conduct, both in his parish, and in all relations with the clergy and churches of other denominations.

A System of Biblical Psychology. By F. Delitzsch, D.D. Translated from the German. By the Rev. R. E. Wallis. T. and T. Clark. 1867.

This learned and complete work deals with a subject that meets with comparatively little attention in England, but has become the centre of a large circle of literature on the Continent. It is not limited to a description of the constituent elements of human nature, but considers those elements in their relation to the Divine Being, the creation and redemption of man, and the entire processes of human salvation. Much in it is too profound for the general reader, and involves speculations bordering too closely on theosophy for universal acceptance. But it is a book of deep learning, sound orthodoxy, and, as a work of reference, one that considerably enriches the library that contains it.

The Church and State Question, as Settled by the Ministry of Our Lord and of the Apostles. By Robert Vaughan, D.D., Author of "Revolutions in English History," &c., &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

It is no wonder that the veteran and distinguished Nonconformist, whose name stands on the title-page of this portable volume, should have felt the present to be a favourable time for coming forward with a manifesto on the subject of Church and State. Dr. Vaughan is a Dissenter of moderate although decided views. He insists that Church and State must be separated, but he disclaims any thought of ecclesiastic "spoliation."

We have ourselves for some time been convinced that what needs to be done is to rectify what is wrong in the Church of England, point by point, and let this process guide us to the right issue. The autonomy of the Church, on principles of equitable representation, both of clergy and of laity, must be provided for. Church courts, parochial, diocesan, provincial, and national, must be organised. Patronage must be done away. Direct political interference, in the way of appointing bishops or otherwise, must be brought to an end. When all this is done, few, we suppose, would continue to contend for the status of the bishops—the number of whom before that time the Church, through its courts of representation and legislation, will have greatly increased; and, in reality, the Church will have come to be completely separated from Parliamentary control, and from political subservience, by a series of Parliamentary enactments. We have little hope that any comprehensive measure, settling the whole question wisely at one stroke, could ever be carried in its integrity in Parliament, or accepted by the country. Still less have we any belief that any wise, comprehensive, and equitable adjustment of the whole question, once for all, could ever be devised by an English ecclesiastico-political statesman. Meantime, to set the Church of England free from State control, as things are, and at the same time to leave to her the bulk of her tithes and endowments, would be the merest folly and injustice. It would be to hand over the national property to Convocation and the bishops in council.

If Nonconformists walk from step to step in the light of equity, of Christian principle, and of patriotic duty, all things will unfold in due order, and for the best results.

On such grounds as these we think that Archbishop Whately, although in theory almost as much an Anti-State-and-Churchman as Dr. Vaughan, was justified in accepting the Archbishopric of Dublin. We, therefore, cannot join in Dr. Vaughan's condemnation of Whately on this point.

In our notice of Mr. Binney's *Micah*, three months ago, we referred to the social ostracism which Nonconformists have to endure. On this point Dr. Vaughan expresses himself strongly. "It is not a small matter," he says, "to find penalties of this sort attending you in all

your social relations; to see that they are more or less inseparable from all your connections in public life; and to observe how a hireling press, such as a wealthy establishment never fails to have at its service, is schooled to ignore your existence, or to watch for opportunities to punish your heresy in religion by assuring the world that you are a pretender in everything else besides. The social schism thus generated is all but omnipresent. The caste of India is hardly more offensive. All Nonconformists of position have this ostracism to bear."

In America, and in many of our Colonies, no such ostracism exists. It is strong or it loses power just in proportion as the principle of a Church establishment prevails.

If a man like Dr. Vaughan thus writes, whose merits and position have long been recognised by such literary organs and authorities as have too much principle to decry a Dissenter merely as such, and who was long ago honoured with the friendship of such a man as Sir James Stephen, what wonder if others of inferior position should utter the same complaints, or only not complain because to do so would be to confess their own weakness. Dr. Vaughan, however, must have found of late years that the injustice of which he speaks has begun to yield to the force of public opinion, and to the irrepressible energy of the Nonconformist mind.

The Water of Life, and other Sermons. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. London: Macmillans. 1867.

Mr. Kingsley has not abandoned his special views. They come out in this volume, especially in one sermon respecting which much was said in the newspapers at the time it was delivered, more indeed than the text of the sermon warrants. But withal there is about his teaching and preaching, as is shown in the present volume, and as was shown in his recent sermons on the character of David, preached at Cambridge, a depth, an earnestness, a tenderness and gravity, of tone and sentiment—there is especially a truth and searching reality in all that he says about the terrible evil and the cleaving curse of sin—which cannot but go to the heart of all who have any desire to be good and right, to avoid wrong and shame and misery, misery for themselves and for others. Mr. Kingsley's violence is repressed without any abatement of his strength, and the bitterness which at times seemed somewhat strongly to flavour his early sermons appears to have passed away. We should wish him, however, to understand that, much as we value such clear and powerful preaching of most needful truth as that contained in his sermon on "The Wages of Sin," he is quite mistaken if he supposes that evangelical preachers, at least all the best and most thoughtful of them, do not preach precisely the same doctrine. That death is the present wages of sin, the daily food, the rations, ὀψώνια, served out by sin to its slaves, is by no means a special doctrine of the Maurice-Kingsley school, any more than that eternal life is the present gift of God. And, as regards Mr. Kingsley's special and at present

somewhat qualified form of universalism, we should like him to weigh what he may read in Mr. Wright's volume, *On the Fatherhood of God*, noticed by us three months ago. Mr. Wright, it is plain, has read as much and as variously on this subject as Mr. Kingsley. For variety and suggestiveness Mr. Kingsley has published no volume of sermons equal to the present, except perhaps his first volume, *Village Sermons*. The first sermon, from which the volume takes its title, is by no means a fair specimen. Though preached in Westminster Abbey, it is rather poor and feeble.

The Keys of St. Peter; or, the House of Rechab, connected with the History of Symbolism and Idolatry. By Ernest de Bunsen. London: Longmans. 1867.

Mr. de Bunsen is the son of the late Baron, and, like his father, is full of learning and of ingenious and unbridled speculation. His book on "Hidden Wisdom" contained some happy suggestions, mingled with an extraordinary amount of mere wild rationalism. The present volume seems to us to contain less of what is valuable and suggestive than the former, and quite as much heresy. Mr. de Bunsen, however, has done good service in bringing forward, with whatever exaggerations, the truth, that besides and before the Sacred Scriptures, there was an unwritten revelation. There were doctrines of morality and of immortality, which are assumed by the Holy Scriptures, so that the written revelation is but the foreground behind which the unwritten revelation must always be understood to stand. No doubt, also, in this connection some of the books contained in the Apocrypha are not only interesting but valuable, as throwing light upon the traditional doctrines current among the Jews and, to some extent also, among other early Eastern nations. This is a subject which has been too much neglected. Hence the common fallacy as to the ignorance of the patriarchs and early Israelites respecting the divine government and a future life.

But, whilst Mr. de Bunsen has done service by directing attention to a truth so important, which has been far too much lost sight of, he has woven round about it a tissue of wild and far-fetched fancies and speculations, which no one is likely to believe in but himself.

The History of the Litigation and Legislation respecting Presbyterian Chapels and Charities in England and Ireland, between 1816 and 1849. By T. S. James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867.

Here is a large and closely printed volume of 872 pages, such as could only have been produced by a lawyer, who is also an earnest, orthodox Dissenter. The writer is the son of the late venerated Angell James, and, beyond any other man, has been familiar, from the first

and throughout, with all that appertains to the very important controversies, the history of which is here recorded. He has prepared and published this volume, with an assured expectation of pecuniary loss, but from a sense of duty to Christian truth and orthodoxy. The veteran champion of orthodox Dissent, Mr. Hadfield, the well-known member for Sheffield, who had so much to do with promoting and sustaining some of the chief lawsuits to which this volume relates, has both assisted Mr. James very materially in its preparation, and undertaken to bear half the expense of publication.

Among the matters reviewed and described by Mr. James are, the erection of the old Presbyterian meeting-houses in England, and the parties asserting a right to them; the Exeter controversy, and the Salter's Hall Assembly; the rise and prevalence of Arianism in England, both in the Establishment, and especially among the Presbyterians; the rise of Socinianism, chiefly through the influence of Dr. Priestley, and its spread among the English Dissenters; the doctrines and opinions of the early English Presbyterians; the Wolverhampton Chapel case; the case of the Hewley charity; Presbyterianism in Ireland; the Clough Chapel case in the Presbytery of Antrim; the Killinchy Chapel case in connection with the Remonstrant Synod; the case of the General Fund in the Synod of Munster; the case of Euston Street Chapel, Dublin; the Strand Street Chapel, also in Dublin; the claims made by the Scotch Presbyterians to the entire benefit of the Hewley charity, with a summary of all the proceedings in Parliament, and a full view of the main arguments set forth on both sides, given in the words of the great lawyers who were concerned in the litigation.

The students of church history, especially those who wish to understand recent controversies and outstanding questions, are greatly indebted to Mr. James and to Mr. Hadfield for this volume.

Mr. James, indeed, regards Calvinism as the only thorough orthodoxy, and Arminianism as a half-way house to Arianism, if not to Socinianism. On the other hand, we were taken to task some time ago in a mild and Christian fashion by the *Weekly Review*, because in an article on the Plymouth heresy we were tempted to show how, by way of reaction, or of logical consequence from genuine Calvinism, various forms of heterodoxy, including Arianism and Socinianism, not unfrequently take their rise. Now perhaps we were hardly right in giving our endorsement to the views respecting Calvinism complained of, on the one side, but surely the fact that, in self-defence, evangelical Arminians are able to point to at least an apparent deduction of Arianism and Socinianism from high Calvinism, as in Ireland, in Holland, in Switzerland, and in France, ought to prevent excellent Calvinistic Dissenters of the old school, like Mr. James, from hazarding such assertions on this point as he has made in his preface. We suspect that Mr. James is not profoundly versed in ecclesiastical history, and has not the philosophy requisite in order to the mastery of what may be learnt from the "History of Doctrines." Very heartily, however, do we thank him for his solid and valuable volume.

Night: a Poem. By George Gilfillan, M.A. London Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

Mr. Gilfillan has the fire and fancy of a poet, as all must acknowledge who have read his writings, and as many beautiful passages in this volume testify; he is very familiar with the masters of song; he has long practised the vocation of a critic of poets and poetry; and yet we fear that he will never himself be a poet; at all events, his present production will, we apprehend, be found wanting in the qualities of a true poem by all competent critics who may pronounce upon it.

No man can write a great poem who has not served a long apprenticeship to poetry. Pollock's *Course of Time* is not a poem, but a piece of theological rhetoric, at times degenerating almost into pulpit rant, although glorified here and there by some splendid passages — faulty indeed, but rich in poetry. Pollock, however, had the advantage of a clear, good plan. His "epic" was not wanting in unity, and the reader saw and felt that he was making progress as he went along. Mr. Gilfillan's poem has no more true unity, either in its general scheme or in its several parts, than the strong declamatory discourses, now happily falling fast out of fashion, of which it sometimes reminds us. It consists of a proem and nine books. The titles of the books, in succession, are—*Night and God; Night and Man; Night: a Revealer to the Eye* (descriptions of various night scenes); *Night: a Revealer to*—(through?)—*the Telescope* (a series of astronomical *tableaux* in verse); *The Joys of Night; the Terrors of Night; the Poets of Night; the Children of Night; Night Lost in Day.*

The poets of night are Homer, Æschylus, Lucretius, Dante, Shakspeare, Ossian (in connection with whom our poet gives us a description of the Massacre of Glencoe), Milton, Addison, Young, Byron, Wordsworth, and Shelley. Why all these are "poets of night," except that they have all somewhere described night-scenes; and why, on the mere ground of such description, they should be held entitled to receive from our poet an elaborate celebration, each and all, in his pages, we cannot imagine. As little can we understand why, if these are to be taken note of as "poets of the night," such brother-bards as Virgil, Spenser, and Cowper, should have been omitted. The omission of the last name, as of one who was indeed a singer in the dark, especially surprises us.

By the "Children of the Night," Mr. Gilfillan means, in particular, "The Suicide," "Danton," and "Swedenborg."

It is evident that, if all may be said in a poem on night which can any way be brought into association with the thought of night, understood literally or figuratively, there can be no proper form, nor any definite bounds, for the poem or its parts. A poem should be like a plant. It should have a root; should develope according to natural laws; should grow into full shapeliness, as a fair and impressive whole; and through it, from first to last, should be felt to circulate a common inspiration and life. Mr. Gilfillan's "poem" can hardly be said to

fulfil one of these conditions; and yet, as we have said, there is much beauty, there is even poetical splendour, in some of its passages.

But Mr. Gilfillan has not, we fancy, the intellectual basis which is necessary in the case of one who aspires to build up a large and lofty poem. Lyric bursts and descriptive studies, we should think, are within his powers. But the steadfast wing of contemplation is not his. He has not the power of mastering a noble theme and setting forth in natural and adequate manner and measure all that is essential to its clear and full presentment, and nothing more. And it is certain that, whether he has the necessary intellectual basis or not, he has never trained himself for the life-work of a poet. No man can leap all at once into the chariot of high poesy, nor guide, at the first attempt, the fiery steeds. Because a man had amused himself with sketches in his waste-book, or in the albums of his fair friends, and had occasionally trifled with crayons, it would be mere madness for him to presume that he was equal to the work of painting a grand landscape or a large, broad, battle scene. So, because a gifted man, past middle age, has read poetry, filled himself with the love and the visions of poetry, and sometimes written fugitive verse, it would be foolish to expect that he might rise at once to the character of a poet, capable of conceiving and working out an elaborate poem on large and lofty themes. A poet may be "born, not made." But, before he stands forth as a poet, mature and mighty, he must have been long in growing, and he must have been perfected by sedulous, very various, and long-continued discipline. Years of preliminary schooling, in which he ascertains and trains his powers by individual studies—figures, groups, scenes, dramatic passages—by flights of lyric song, growing by degrees bolder and higher; by sedulous criticism of phrase and style, so as to acquire perfect truth and finish of expression; by the intellectual mastery of all that belongs to the high themes, in the contemplation of which his soul kindles the most brightly and happily;—must go to the making of the poet whose works and whose name are to live. Mr. Gilfillan has never learned even to finish his prose, which has about it what he himself attributes in this poem to Byron's poetry, a sort of "ragged glory," but "no calm, consummate finish—no repose." And if a man has not learnt to write the prose by which he gains his name as a writer, without waste of words, without haste and inexactitude, he most assuredly is not likely to take rank as a poet.

Oscar: founded on Schamyl, the Hero of the Caucasus. In Twelve Cantos. By J. H. R. Bayley, F.C.P., Author of "The Drama of Life," &c. London: T. Murby. 1867.

THE "Power" which gives men to see themselves as others see them, has never yet crossed Mr. J. H. R. Bayley's doorstep. It is a marvellous thing. Here is a member of a learned profession—and not a youth either—who writes and publishes, under the name of

poetry, a mass of as egregious doggrel as ever made its way into the waste-basket of literature. Poor thought, coarse taste, and hopeless incapacity of writing English, are the claims of the author of *Oscar* upon public attention. As we have sat at the reviewer's desk, with this unmeaning book before us, we have several times asked ourselves, Is it possible that any human being, not belonging to our own unhappy class—the class whose business it is to read for the common good even such works as Mr. Bayley's—will ever travel the length of these weary, melancholy pages? There is only one possibility less possible, and that is already a fact—Mr. Bayley has been found capable of producing them. After this we may fairly ask, What cannot man endure and accomplish?

The New Creation; a View of the Divine Predictions of New Heavens and a New Earth, as having a Progressive Fulfilment in the Christian Dispensation, and a Complete Accomplishment in the Period of the Millennium. By John Mills. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

This work deals with questions of deep interest to the Church of God. The writer is strongly opposed to the doctrine of the pre-millennial advent of the Lord Jesus, and to the theory that after the general conflagration this earth, in its purified and exalted condition, will be the home of Christ's people. He contends that the new heavens and the new earth referred to by Isaiah and St. Paul, form a prophetic representation of Christ's kingdom on the earth, in its commencement in the time of the Apostles, its continuance through successive ages to the present time, and its completion in the glories of the millennial reign. Some of his reasonings are worthy of attention; but the work is not likely to contribute, in any considerable degree, to the settlement of questions which have divided many of the profoundest and most devout students of Christian truth. The style is loose, and for the most part destitute both of beauty and power; nor is the exposition of Scripture marked by that comprehensiveness and depth which are necessary to render any work permanently influential.

Three English Statesmen: a Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. London: Macmillan and Co. Manchester: Ireland and Co.

In their immediate aspect these lectures may be considered as belonging to the literature of the Reform question. The fact of their being delivered in the Manchester Free Trade Hall—the stage which political agitation had reached at the time—and the well-known name of the lecturer, will give to this volume both the advantage and disadvantage of being associated in most persons' minds with a manifest political purpose, while the internal evidence of the lectures themselves will be found to justify this notion. Waiving for a moment the precise applications

which Mr. Goldwin Smith has made of the histories of Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt, it may not unreasonably be asked to what extent the polemic use of history is to be defended. We readily admit that there are dangers attending it, and that a pretence of historical impartiality may be the very thin disguise of thorough-going partisanship. But this need not be the case, and, upon the whole, it is likely that a man will be more, and not less, candid and honest, even as a party-politician, from having studied political history. By far the commonest error on this subject is to read the history of a past age with the mind in unconscious bondage to the spirit of our own. With this fatal hindrance to a right understanding of the past, it need not surprise us that many persons appeal with equal confidence to history to support their opposing political opinions, when in fact those very opinions have been the coloured glass through which they have read history. The result of a historian being also a politician might be instanced in the case of some well-known works, but with the converse of this we are not so familiar; and yet, for the attainment of political truth, it makes all the difference whether we take our political opinions to interpret history or bring history to the formation of our political principles. The one may be called the self-satisfying, and the other the self-denying ordinance. If it be asked what are the characteristics of Mr. Goldwin Smith's lectures in this respect, we think most readers will acknowledge that, whilst he cannot expect all his parallels to be admitted, and his conclusions to go uncontested, he has made no unworthy use of his powers as a historian to explain and vindicate his views as a politician. Let it be remembered that the two periods of history which he has selected, are just those with regard to which it is most difficult for a writer to escape the suspicion, even if he has escaped the spirit, of partisanship. The English Revolution is the well-beaten ground of controversialists. No battles have been so eagerly fought over again. With no period of our history do stronger associations yet survive, which make it almost impossible for us to be other than impassioned in our verdicts. As the period whence modern political parties date their origin, an unusual amount of feeling mingles with our judgment of the men and the times from which, with almost more than the pride of ancestry, we boast our descent. Of another kind are the difficulties which are presented by the life of Pitt, but they are still considerable. Even with the gulf of 1832 between, the times of Pitt are near enough to cause special embarrassments to the historian, and multiply the chances of collision with his readers. Still, with all the difficulties of the undertaking, Mr. Goldwin Smith has made a valuable contribution to political literature. Thanks are due to any man who tries to liberalise and dignify the passing questions of the day by showing their relation to the great contests and accomplished eras of other times, and especially to him whose aim is, to use the language of Coleridge in the second essay of "The Friend," "to refer our opinions to their absolute principles, and thence our feelings to

the appropriate objects and in their due degrees; and finally, to apply the principles thus ascertained, to the formation of stedfast convictions concerning the most important questions of politics, morality, and religion." We must, in concluding this brief notice, render our tribute of admiration to the style of these lectures. It is scholarly and elegant, and will add much to the pleasure with which any reader of taste will peruse the volume.

Essays and Discourses on Popular and Standard Themes. By T. W. Tozer, Minister of the Firs Congregational Chapel, Dudley. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

These Essays and Discourses have evidently formed part of the work of a very earnest and practical ministry of Evangelical truth. They are pervaded by a healthy and vigorous spirit, which is eminently adapted to win attention and to command respect. We wish the estimable author great success in this endeavour to extend his usefulness.

Out of Harness; Sketches Narrative and Descriptive. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Editor of the "Sunday Magazine." London: A. Strahan. 1867.

Dr. Guthrie's many friends and admirers will welcome this compilation of occasional papers. The title describes the book faithfully. The style is sketchy, though here and there a beautiful passage indicates the master's hand. The subjects are partly narrative,—recording some of the author's personal work and experience in connection with the Edinburgh Ragged School, the Cowgate, and with home mission work generally,—and partly descriptive of the various scenes through which he has more recently been passing. The spirit and purpose of the whole book indicate the unchanged attachment of its author to the cause of religious and social progress. May he long be spared to work for it, though "out of harness."

Man's Renewal; or, The Work of the Holy Spirit. By Austin Phelps, Author of "The Still Hour." London: A. Strahan. 1867.

From internal evidence we presume that this is an American work, which Mr. Strahan has deemed worthy of being reproduced in its present attractive form. We regret that we cannot accept it as an adequate exposition of the great doctrine it discusses. Among many things beautiful and true, we miss what we look for first, the clear and definite statement of the work of the Lord Jesus in our redemption. Nor do we find anything satisfactory in reference to the need of forgiveness for personal guilt, and the connection between pardon and renewal. It appears to us that the author has not sufficiently reflected on that word of Christ concerning the work of the Spirit: "He shall glorify Me."

Nine Sermons on the Lord's Supper; with a Special Reference to the Controversies of the Present Times. By the Rev. Arthur Wolfe, M.A., Rector of Farnham All Saints, and of Westley, Bury St. Edmunds; late Fellow and Tutor of Clare College, Cambridge. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer. 1867.

A SEASONABLE protest against the doctrines which are implied in the Ritualism of the day. Mr. Wolfe supports with great earnestness the old Puritan and Evangelical view of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It is a pleasure to welcome such a contribution to the defence of Protestant truth from the pen of a late fellow and tutor of Cambridge.

The Diamond Rose: a Life of Love and Duty. By Sarah Tytler, Author of Citoyenne Jacqueline, &c. London: A. Strahan. 1867.

IT is not long since we commended to our readers—and especially to our lady-readers—a series of stories by Sarah Tytler. We commended them for their purity, their good sense, and their unaffected simplicity of style. They breathed the fine, fresh, summer air of the north country, and were free from the miserable sentimentality and sensationalism, which are the curse of contemporary tale-writing. The "Diamond Rose" "was originally published in the first volume of *Good Words* under the title of 'Lady Somerville's Maidens.' It has now been so completely recast as to make a change of title necessary." The qualities of the work render it a meet companion to the previous productions of Sarah Tytler's graceful and serviceable pen.

Imaginism and Rationalism; an Explanation of the Origin and Progress of Christianity. By John Vickers. London: Trübner and Co. 1867.

A SUPERLATIVELY weak and coxcombical and impudent book. Mr. Vickers has caught the Christian, world, and indeed the human race, in the very act of perpetrating a gigantic piece of self-stultification; and he here stands forth—himself the impersonation of wisdom—and calls upon the intelligent creatures to make merry at the spectacle:—

> Come cat and dog and cow and calf;
> Come every one of you and laugh.

Mankind have been believing all these ages in the God of the Bible, in Christianity, in what is vulgarly called religion, in the supernatural, in good and evil spirits, in heaven, and in no one knows what besides. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Vickers has found you out, you simpletons! you are *Imaginists*, every soul of you. There is not an atom of reality in a single object of your faith. It is all a castle in the air, the handiwork

of imagination. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond the sphere of the sensible.

It is true that, apart from consciousness and general persuasion, there have been occurrences in the history of the world, which seem to favour the imposture thus strangely and persistently played off on human nature by one of its faculties. There are the Old and New Testament miracles, for example—what do you make of them? Mr. Vickers will tell you. He knows all about it. Do not think that a man of his calibre is to be taken in by "revelators," "priestcraft," or any species of religious or ecclesiastical "stratagery."

Let Mr. Vickers lift the veil off two or three of the supernatural events recorded in Scripture.

"It is not unlikely that the burning at Taberah (Numbers xi. 1), and the miraculous fire which consumed Elijah's sacrifice (1 Kings xviii. 38), are instances of the early employment of the celebrated naphtha or liquid fire which Gibbon informs us was imported into Greece by Calinicus [*sic*], a native of Syria, and that to its destructive efficacy when thrown into a crowd in the manner of grenades, Constantinople twice owed its deliverance from the Saracens."—P. 273.

"The turning of water into wine at Cana is called by John *the beginning of miracles* which Jesus performed. . . . An apparent transmutation of liquids is a work of no great difficulty, and has been often effected both in ancient and modern times by magicians. The water-pots at Cana might have been artfully fitted, one within the another, so that while the upper vessel was filled with water, the wine could be concealed and drawn forth from below."—P. 337.

"It is highly probable that the same men who were left in charge of the young ass [near Bethany] were afterwards employed to cut through the bark at the base of the fig-tree which Jesus was directed [viz. by His confederates] to curse, and which, to the great astonishment of the simple disciples, was found on the next morning withered away."—P. 369.

We have taken these examples of Mr. Vickers' exposition of the scriptural miracles almost at random. Many more of the same quality may be found in his volume.

And this believer in Moses' naphtha-bottle talks about the credulity of orthodoxy, and sneers at Paley and Bishop Butler, and charges Mr. Mozley's *Bampton Lectures* with a "crooked purpose," and labours by elaborate argumentation to show that Jesus of Nazareth was a fool and a knave!

In the interest of Mr. Vickers' intelligence and modesty—we speak of nothing higher—we trust the time may come when it will be matter of boundless regret to him that he ever put into circulation this portentous specimen of infidel ignorance, conceit, and effrontery.

The Book of Common Prayer, and the Lord's Supper and Administration of Baptism, with other Services. Prepared for Use in the Evangelical Churches. By Ministers and Members of the Established and Nonconformist Churches. London: W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet-street. 1867.

The Introduction to the Book of Common Prayer, &c. By One of the Ministers engaged in the Preparation of the Book. London: Johnson. 1867.

It is certain that, so long as the Book of Common Prayer, with the Rubric, remains unchanged, in every season of earnest spiritual life and of awakened conscientiousness, Popish principles and tenets must spring up into activity. Hence the necessity, which every true Protestant admits, for purging the Prayer Book and the Rubric from the Popish "roots of bitterness" and strife which at present lie so thick in the soil. And hence the attempt at such a purgation—by way of sample of what might be—which is now before us, together with the *Introduction*, which is to serve as justification and commentary for the revised *Book of Common Prayer*.

The writer of the Introduction goes over well-trodden ground, and we shall not need to follow him with any remarks of our own. It affords an intelligent and complete conspectus of the whole subject, and is written in an excellent spirit. To say this is to say that it possesses high interest and importance.

To Wesleyan Methodists, whose own Service Book of Common Prayer and Book of Offices are adaptations of the offices of the Church of England, these publications cannot but have peculiar interest, especially as the Wesleyan Book of Offices is not regarded as having been brought to the form of ultimate success.

The alterations proposed are very moderate. "The design has been to remove or alter *only* the Romish ordinances and objectionable passages, and to make as little change as possible in the prayers or in the order of the services. There has been no intention of so revising the Liturgy and Forms as to bring them into precise agreement with all the opinions or forms of any particular church or number of persons. Such a formulary, it is plain, could not be a Book of Common Prayer, adapted to general use in any of the Evangelical churches which may be disposed to use it in whole or in part."

What is sought, as "the only sufficient remedy from responsibility and many most serious evils, is to be found in a legislative permission for such ministers and congregations as may be so disposed, to adopt a Liturgy freed from all Romish rites and persecutions."

Such a Prayer Book as is now submitted would then, it is hoped, come by degrees into extensive use.

It is also hoped that it might be adopted by some Nonconformist and Presbyterian churches, not without a due admixture of free prayer, and that it might also be used by American and Colonial Episcopal churches; thus affording a common and voluntary basis of union and

sympathy in the public worship of Evangelical churches in general. The thought is very happy, whether it can ever be realised or not.

It will not fail to be noticed that ministers and members of Nonconformist churches have joined in the preparation of this Book of Common Prayer, a fact which *we* hail with pleasure, but which will insure for this revision of the Prayer Book the bigoted dislike of many Churchmen, not only High, but also (so-called) Evangelical.

The Decline and Revival of Religion. By the Rev. A. Langley, Author of "Christian Gentility," &c. &c. London: Elliot Stock: also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1867.

THIS is a good, sound, stirring book. Both ministers and people cannot fail to profit from reading it; or if they do fail, it must be their own fault.

Studies for Sunday Evening. By Lord Kinloch. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.

A SERIES of short discourses founded on texts of Scripture, Evangelical in sentiment, easy in style, earnest and devout in spirit. Without endorsing absolutely every idea suggested, we heartily commend this book for Sunday evening readings. Many of our readers will fully agree with the opinions expressed in the following extract, and could conduct Lord Kinloch to places of worship where his suggestion has been many years anticipated.

"There are obvious advantages in a Book of Common Prayer. . . . But on the other hand, the very nature of a liturgy, as a prescribed form of worship, beyond which no one can go, involves a want of accommodation to special exigencies. . . . Why should there not be a combination of the benefits of either system: of the general supplication with the occasional prayer: of the worshipping assembly with the interceding pastor: of the fixed form with the varying aspiration: of the devout harmony of the congregation, with the sole earnest utterance of the leader in Israel?"

The Alpha and Omega; or, God's Eternal Purposes in Relation to Angels, Man, and the Earth, Typically and Prophetically Considered. By John W. Drake. Edited and with a Preface by Francis Drake, F.G.S., &c. &c. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

THE relations which modern science and modern Christianity hold to one another, are far from satisfactory. While really brothers, they bear themselves like sworn foes. On the one hand, there is distance, suspicion, and ill-disguised contempt. On the other, there is timidity, reserve, and indignant disdain. Each watches each with an eagle eye, as if any moment might tear the mask from a ravening infidelity, or an ignorant, brutal, and intolerant fanaticism.

Neither Christianity nor science, strictly so called, has anything to do with this state of things. On the contrary, they both protest

against it with the utmost emphasis and energy. Christianity claims to be the whole, of which science is a part; and she has too much self-knowledge and too much self-respect to be divided against herself. What realm of the universe is not a province of her dominion? And where is the sphere of being in which mind does not dominate over matter, and the spiritual and divine take lead of the natural and creaturely? And science—true science—has never pretended to be, and, in the nature of the case, never can be, anything more than a member and appendage of the great system of Christian truth and fact; and, with Christianity before her, she on her part is as incapable of airs of superiority, as she is resentful of whatever would place her in even seeming antagonism to the absolute, ultimate, and all-comprehending jurisdiction of the authority which she reveres. Wherever the blame of the present discord may lie, it is an affront alike upon science and upon Christianity to impute it to either of these ancient and indivisible representatives of the glory of heaven and earth. The real authors of the mischief in question, with few exceptions, are those friends, whether of science on the one hand, or of Christianity on the other, whose eyes are not open to the proper character and prerogatives of the two great systems of truth, and who therefore imagine contrarities which do not exist, or else rashly and mischievously strive to bring about accommodations which are merely superficial and will never hold. It is greatly to be desired, that those zealous friends of Christianity, in particular, who are just now so forward to argue the perfect agreement of the scriptural revelation and the discoveries of modern science, should equip themselves with exact knowledge of such scientific facts and principles as may fall within the scope of their reasoning. On this ground at least it is not admissible that knowledge should be in the inverse ratio of religious chivalry and conviction.

The author of *Alpha and Omega* is not unaware of the existence of scientific objections to Christianity. They are adverted to in his work. But they are nothing to him—as indeed they will be practically nothing with all those who know what Christianity is, and who hold a right moral attitude towards it. Mr. Drake's view of Christianity and of the Bible legitimately and laudably carries him above all difficulties, whether scientific or literary. For him the Holy Scriptures have a self-evidencing divinity; and he gives himself up, without a moment's misgiving, to the sublime contemplations and anticipations which they seem to him to justify and encourage. We have not too many books of this class. We shall be the better for many more, provided only religion and common sense join hands in the production of them. Mr. Drake's work is posthumous; and we therefore wish to speak tenderly of it. We do this the more easily because of the modesty not less than the filial piety with which the editor of the MS. has accomplished his task. The title sufficiently indicates the general drift and purport of the volume. It is a series of meditations on the typical and prophetic meaning of the great facts of the Biblical and Christian revelation. And for devoutness of feeling

and for general religious suggestiveness the meditations are admirable. On the whole, however, we cannot speak of Mr. Drake's book in terms of high commendation. It is cloudy, dreamy, dubious, loose, sometimes weak. It wants foothold and fibre. Strong men will not gain much from it. The editor concludes his preface with the following passage relating to the consummation of immortal man:—

"Then, unhurt amid all the elemental war, the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds, he shall stand serene, and with unclouded brow survey the amazing pomp that shall follow and display itself in every zone of the universe, through all the revolutions of eternity; and amidst the coruscations of Deific light, shall multiply the trophies of his godlike powers through all the regions of space."

The father's composition must not be judged by this example from the son. There is nothing in the *Alpha and Omega* to compare with the false sublime of this passage.

Joel. A Metrical Translation, with Notes and References. By Adam Clarke Rowley, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1867.

This is a volume for the drawing-room rather than the study. A quarto pamphlet of fifteen or twenty leaves, with toned paper, red-ruled pages, handsome type, and elegant binding—you could never consign it to bookshelves. The following selections will illustrate Mr. Rowley's manner.

He renders the first three verses of the prophecy thus:

Hear this, ye old men;
And give ear, all ye dwellers on the earth:
Hath this thing been in your days;
Or hath it even in your fathers' days?

Tell ye concerning it to your children:
Your children also to their children;
And their children to the next generation.

What the gruh locust leaves, the locust eats;
The locust's remnant the wing'd locust eats;
His residue the full-grown locust eats.

The great Pentecost passage of the second chapter Mr. Rowley reads:

And it shall come to pass in the last days,
My Spirit will I pour upon all flesh;
Then shall your sons and daughters prophesy:
Your old men also dream portentous dreams;
Your chosen young men see prophetic visions.
And on the servants even and the handmaids,
Will I pour forth My Spirit in those days.

And wonders will I show,
In Heaven and on the earth:
Bloodshed and fire;
And columns of thick smoke

The Sun to darkness shall be turned;
And the pale Moon to blood:
Before it cometh—that Day of the Lord
The great and terrible.

The "Paraphrase" ends with the words:

> And Judah shall remain to endless ages:
> Jerusalem to successive generations.
> And I will cleanse the blood I have not cleans'd;
> For ever doth Jehovah dwell in Zion.

These are fair specimens of the author's metres. We need not quote from his notes, for they are of the slightest and most ordinary texture, and add nothing to the weight of the translation.

We scarcely know what object Mr. Rowley can have had in view in publishing this volume. It has no value for the scholar or the poet; and we really do not see what advantage the general reader will gain from having a spoiled edition of the Authorised Version of an Old Testament Book put into his hands.

We have a profound respect for the memory of the late Dr. Adam Clarke. Whatever may be the faults of his Commentary, he was a man of real genius, and of wonderful learning, and he gave an impulse to Biblical scholarship in England beyond that which it received from any man of his time. But his grandson will need the full support of his great name, if his metrical paraphrase of Joel is to be read beyond the year which saw it born.

Wurzel-Wörterbuch der Indogermanischen Sprachen. Von A. F. Pott. Detwold. 1867.

Here are two thick volumes forming the *Erster Band* of a dictionary of the roots of the Indogermanic languages, itself a continuation and integral part of the famous *Etymologische Forschungen*. These same volumes, like their predecessors distressingly choked with learning, contain the roots ending in the vowels a, i, u, and the semi-vowel v. Dr. Pott draws heavily upon the patience, not to say the enthusiasm, of his readers; but for those who are philological geologists enough to be content to work where the strata are very much confused and jumbled, there is plenty to be gained from his pages. But it is a weary business for eye and intelligence alike—the reading of Pott. Would that Germany would remember that life is short, and that, in pity to human nature, art ought not to be longer than it can possibly help.

Lessons in Elementary Chemistry. By Henry E. Roscoe, B.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in Owen's College, Manchester. London: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

Mr. Roscoe is well known as an excellent chemist, and as one of the best laboratory teachers of his science in this country. He modestly says in the preface to the little volume here noticed, that in drawing it up it has been his endeavour "to arrange the most important facts and principles of modern chemistry in a plain but scientific form, suited to the present requirements of elementary instruction." This programme

he has carried out in a very able and pleasing manner; and we commend his work to the attention of young men preparing for the matriculation examination in the London University as an efficient guide along the chemical course which that examination requires them to follow. We may add that Mr. Roscoe's volume is one of a very beautiful and valuable series of elementary books, with which the press of Messrs. Macmillan is just now enriching the contemporary scientific literature of Great Britain.

"Our Constitution." An Epitome of our Chief Laws and System of Government. With an Introductory Essay. By Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A. London: Frederick Warne and Co.

This excellent little Dictionary of the Constitution of England will be found very useful, as a book of reference, by a large class of the general public, as well as by those whose pursuits or tastes more immediately necessitate the use of such a handbook. There are many, besides magistrates and Members of Parliament, who will be glad to obtain, in a brief and concise form, that kind of legal information which bears upon the transactions of every-day life, together with a general view of the leading features of our political system and our constitutional history and development. Mr. Ewald's book is fairly complete and exhaustive, without being harshly technical, and without entering into wearisome details and minutiæ; and it has the advantage of being presented to the public in a remarkably compact and convenient, as well as elegant form.

Gallus; or, Roman Scenes of the Times of Augustus. With Notes and Excursuses illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans. By Professor W. A. Becker. Translated by the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. London: Longmans. 1866.

Becker's *Charicles* and *Gallus*—the one an elaborate but highly effective *tableau* of the domestic and social life of the Greeks, the other a similar *tableau* of that of the Romans—have long been in use under their English form in the colleges and higher schools of this country. The volume here advertised is a reprint of the second English edition of the *Gallus*, as published by Mr. Metcalfe in 1849. Respecting this second edition, Mr. Metcalfe, writing in 1849, informs us: "At the period of his too early removal, Professor Becker was engaged in collecting the materials for a second improved and enlarged edition of the *Gallus*, the task of completing which was consigned to Professor Rein, of Eisenach, and the deceased's papers placed at his disposal. Besides interweaving in the work these posthumous notes," he goes on to say, "the new [German] editor has likewise added very much

valuable matter of his own, correcting errors where they occurred, throwing new light on obscure points of criticism or antiquarian knowledge, and, where the explanations were too brief, giving them greater development. He (Professor Rein) has further adopted the plan of the English editor, whereby the excurssues were thrown together at the end, so as not to interfere with the even tenor of the narrative; and the woodcuts removed from the end to their proper place in the body of the text. Much matter has also been extracted from the notes and embodied in the appendix. These changes have given a unity, consecutiveness, and completeness to the work which must materially enhance its literary value. Indeed, so great have been the alterations and additions, and there has been so much transposition and remodelling, that this English edition (the second) has required nearly as much time and labour as the preceding one."

With what ability and soundness of judgment Mr. Metcalfe executed his task of reproducing Professor Rein's reproduction, the scholars of England are generally aware, and we gladly welcome this third and very beautiful edition of the result of his labours. The *Charicles* and *Gallus* of Becker are almost as necessary pieces of furniture for the table of the student of classical literature as is the Dictionary of Antiquities, or that of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology, by Dr. Smith.

Elementary Treatise on Physics Experimental and Applied. Translated and Edited from Ganot's "Eléments de Physique" (with the Author's sanction) by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S., Professor of Experimental Science, Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated by a coloured plate and 620 woodcuts. London: H. Baillière. 1866.

Mr. Atkinson's *Ganot* has already made for itself a deserved name, as being the most comprehensive, convenient, and trustworthy handbook of physics to be found in the English language. It is a little thing to say that the youth who is master of the contents of this volume might have taken honours with *éclat* in the stiffest examination ever held at Memphis or Heliopolis. He will stand abreast of the maturest physical science of Europe in this nineteenth Christian century, so far as all that is substantial and principal, whether in doctrine or fact, is concerned. Matter, force, motion, liquids, gases, sound, heat, light, magnetism, frictional and dynamical electricity, with the elementary outlines of meteorology and climatology, all come within the circle of Messrs. Ganot and Atkinson's plan, and are all treated with surprising mastery, fulness, and precision. The definitions and descriptions of the volume are marked by a characteristically French clearness of statement: nothing that sharpness and variety of type or admirably drawn illustrations can accomplish in the way of rendering the eye the

minister of the mind is wanting to it: altogether it forms as charming and direct an approach to the mysteries which it throws open as is at all compatible with justice to truth and to the minds of its disciples. Mr. Atkinson states in a preface, that "the additions and alterations" which he has made in this second edition of his work "represent about fifty pages of new matter, including fifty-six new illustrations." We strongly recommend this very thorough and satisfactory book.

Methodism in Scotland. By Thomas L. Parker, Wesleyan Minister, Knottingley. Hepworth, Aire Street. 1867.

Methodism in Scotland is an exotic. There are, however, some made soils even in Scotlnad, where in a population largely impregnated with English and Irish elements, Methodism flourishes vigorously. Mr. Parker, moreover, is of opinion that the soil and climate of Scotland are not in themselves unkindly to the Methodist plant, although it was of so distinctively English origin, and although it is so unlike the ecclesiastical products of Scotland. Furthermore, Mr. Parker is of opinion that changes have been taking place in the ecclesiastical and religious temperature and tendencies of Scotland during the last thirty years, which make the present time decidedly favourable to the spread of Methodism in North Britain. Mr. Parker's views are very intelligently set forth in the little publication before us. He sketches the religious state of Scotland when Wesley first visited it; he gives an outline of the history of Methodism in Scotland; he shows what have been the reasons which have prevented its greater success; and he discusses the proper policy for the future. Mr. Parker has been long in Scotland, although he has now received an appointment in England, and knows thoroughly well what he is talking about. We commend his little essay to all who are interested in the subject.

Progress of the Working Class 1832—1867. By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. Alexander Strahan. London.

The authors of this volume are eminently fitted for the task they have undertaken in writing it. They are men of high character; "advanced liberals," but not mere flatterers of working men, not demagogues; nor are they ashamed to write as men of earnest Christian faith.

The volume is divided into parts. The first part sketches the condition of the working class in 1832. The second shows the progress of legislation, from 1832 to 1836, as respects the working classes; and gives a summary of the Protective Acts—such, for instance, as the Factory Acts, with their extensions; of the Enabling Acts—such as those which relate to savings' banks and loan societies and friendly societies, to industrial and provident societies, to co-operative partnerships, and so forth—and those also which relate to the physical and

social well-being, and the educational necessities of the working man and his family; of measures of general benefit, including much recent fiscal legislation, the Press and Postage Acts, the Public Libraries and Museums Acts, much Municipal Legislation, Sanitary Measures, the County Courts Acts, and other laws of a beneficent character; and finally of Political Enactments in favour of the working classes, so far as these had gone—which was certainly but a very little way—previously to the portentous leap which has just been dared by the party which had heretofore been consistently opposed to any advance in the direction of lowering the franchise. Part III. treats of the "influence of the working classes on legislation and policy, 1832—1866." In Part IV. the authors review the "use made by the working classes of improved legislation." They state some of the results of protective legislation, especially of the Factories Acts and the Mining Acts and Merchant Shipping Acts. They sketch the results of enabling legislation, in regard to savings' banks and friendly societies, building and land societies, and co-operative societies and partnerships of industry. They show what has been the spread of general education in regard to science and art, in connection with public libraries and the penny post, with Sunday-schools, mechanics' institutes, with working men's colleges, reading rooms, working men's clubs and institutes, &c. They show what has been the marvellous spread of newspapers and cheap literature, and insist that, on the whole, in this department there has been great improvement as well as amazing advancement. They show what are the recreations of the working classes, and argue that, on the whole, and taking the country throughout, these recreations have been elevated in character as well as greatly increased in number and variety. Part V. relates to trade societies and arbitration in trade disputes, under the general title "What the Working Classes have done without the Law." Part VI. relates to the "General Moral Progress of the Working Man," under the following heads—"The Temperance Question," "The Workmanship Question," "The Religious Question," "Indications of Positive Moral Progress in the Working Class," "An Instance of Moral Progress beginning amidst Diminished Prosperity." Part VII. "The Conclusion," sums up the whole.

The following are the views of the authors respecting the "Workmanship Question":—

"A complaint is heard well-nigh from all parts of the kingdom that the working man does not work so well as he used to do. To put it in the words of a Derby friend already quoted, there is a 'difficulty in getting work fairly and honestly done. . . . Men do not stick to their work with that stedfast industry which used to mark the British workman. . . . The masters in many trades here are sick of their work. . . . Small masters, I know, are getting out of their trade where they employ a few men, and either living on their means or taking to working for others for wages.' A Liverpool friend, very favourable to the working man, speaks of the difficulty now of getting 'a day's

work for a day's wages.' An architect of the highest character contends that one great secret of the enormous rise in the cost of building lies in this, that the men do not work as they used to do. The blame of this alleged deterioration in the industry of the country is generally laid on the men's trades' unions; and so far as one can judge from the hitherto printed evidence before the Trades' Union Commission, almost the sole object of one or two members of that Commission seems to be to fix its stigma upon them.

"But it remains to be seen, 1st, How far the reproach is true; 2nd, how far, if true, it is peculiar to the working man; 3rd, how far he is responsible for incurring it.

"We must say, in the first place, that we do not believe the reproach to be by any means so generally true as it is alleged. England's proud prerogative of solidity of work has surely not quite departed from her. In the valuable volume already referred to, of reports by the French working-men's delegates to our Great Exhibition of 1862, we meet continually with such judgments as these on the part of our rivals: English work 'offers generally greater guarantees of solidity,' says the shoemakers' report. English sewing is of 'incontestable solidity and perfection,' say the glove-makers. 'English goods . . . are generally well made, better set up than ours, and leave very little to be desired," say the harness-makers. The engineers are struck with the 'perfect workmanship' of Penn's engines, 'the finish, the polish of the pieces leaving nothing to be desired,' all of which they find to be equally characteristic of the ordinary trade machinery of the firm; they praise the good quality of English cast iron, &c. The tinmen speak of the superiority of English tinning; the lithographers, of the 'fine and solid' English workmanship, which allows the printing off of very large numbers of copies. The cabinet-makers say that English furniture is made 'very neatly and solidly,' well finished outside and in; the printers, that English printing is careful even in the most trivial works, and particularly in newspapers. The jewellers only go so far as to admit that English workmanship 'is incontestably equal to our own:' and the cases are few in which superior solidity is claimed for French in any department. These criticisms are indeed now five years old; but if any similar report be published as to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, we have not a doubt that its conclusion will be similar.

"The credit of English workmanship, then, does not stand quite so low as might be supposed. Grant, however, that it is falling; that—to generalise an expression well known in the tailoring trade—slop-work is becoming more and more common. Is this peculiar to our handicrafts? Is there no slop-journalism, no slop-literature, slop-art, slop-science, slop-education, slop-law-making, ay, and slop-religion? Are not all these growing upon us? Has 1867 seen no slop-Reform Bills? Does the working-class deserve more than its proportionate share of blame for that weakening of national morality which no doubt is manifested on all sides, in the tendency to substitute the crude, the showy, the dishonest, for the mature, the substantial, the conscientious? Has the most careless of working men any chance of surpassing the

carelessness of a set of Unity Bank directors? or has the most fraudulent anything to teach the promoters, solicitors, chairmen, managers of many another corporate body, dead, dying, or yet alive? No doubt every working man is morally responsible for every wasted minute, for every piece of consciously bad workmanship, still more for every direct fraud. But who are his instructors? When the Merchandise Mark Acts made penal both the use of false trade-marks and the marking of false quantities, weights, measures, &c., was this directed against the tricks of workmen, or the tricks of employers—many of them, it is well known, wealthy and influential? Was the Act for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink aimed at the worker, or at the class which claims to be above him in the social scale, and almost to keep him out of political power? As a matter of fact, what is the main, direct cause of bad workmanship in every branch of human activity, but the excessive pressure of competition, whether that pressure exhibit itself in the contract system, or in purely speculative production,—economic phenomena in many respects very different, but in both of which everything comes to be subordinate to time and cheapness? Nothing can be more instructive, as an instance of the evils thus generated, than the evidence before the Trades' Unions Commission of Mr. Edwin Coulson, Secretary of the Operative Bricklayers' Society, who, after detailing various kinds of frauds practised for the benefit of foremen and contractors, declares that a century ago work was better than it is now, not because there are not men capable 'of doing superior work to what has been done in the olden times,' but because 'we often have no encouragement to do it as well as it might be done.'

"And so far from Trades' Unions causing the deterioration of work, if there is one thing more axiomatically certain than another, it is that the worst work is and must always be done by others than the members of such societies. For the worst work must always receive the worst wages; and the worst wages cannot admit of the exercise of so much providence as the putting by of a few weekly pence in a trade society. The cases in London, for instance, are many, in which, in a given trade, the only society or societies which maintain themselves are those of the West End; the East End workers being either entirely without organisation, or their attempts at organisation proving repeatedly abortive through the lowness of their wages, and the demoralisation thereby produced among them. It may be true, no doubt, that in some cases,—many fewer probably than are supposed,—trade societies do tend to discourage pre-eminent excellency of work, to keep workmanship to a certain level. But in all cases it will be found that the great difficulty of every society lies in the inferior workers,—those who are not capable of earning enough to be worth having as members, but are capable of damaging the members by the competition of their inferior but cheaper workmanship.

"We believe, then, that trade societies, although not by any means likely to carry workmanship to its highest point of excellence, offer

yet the most powerful barrier still existing against mere slop-work in every branch of trade. But behind the trade society stands another form of organisation, which does tend to promote the highest excellence of work. Such is, beyond question, the character of co-operative production. Such must be, in proportion to the extent in which the workers of the establishment are interested in the undertaking, that of every partnership of industry.

"We venture to think, therefore, that a careful investigation of this question will show:—1. That, admitting the falling off in many cases of English workmanship, the working class cannot be justly charged with having done more than share in the general lowering of tone in what may be called the morality of production. 2. That bad work is the necessary result of excessive competition (fostered indeed itself by the maxims of a buy-cheap and sell-dear plutonomy). 3. That the working-man's trade-organisations are the main obstacle to the prevalence of mere slop-work. 4. That his co-operative associations, and his admission to profits in other establishments, afford the best hope as yet open to us of raising anew the standard of English workmanship."

There is much that is true and suggestive in the section on the "Religious Question." Mr. Ludlow refuses to accept the statements of working-men at the Conference lately held in London on this subject as authoritative evidence on behalf of the working men of England at large.

"Without wishing in the least to undervalue the weight of the testimony afforded by the Conference as to the indifference of many of the more intelligent working men to public worship, it must now be pointed out that there is also another side to the question. It is far from true universally that such indifference prevails. The Conference, it must never be forgotten, was held in London, the head-quarters of English *poco-curanteism*—the place where a man of any class may most easily float through life without having to exercise any earnest effort of intellect or of conscience, where a fickle and soon-sated curiosity too often takes the place of all deeper interests and higher purposes. And although the example of London is more or less followed by our larger cities generally, there are very many important towns — whole important districts — where attendance at religious services is the rule and not the exception among the educated working men. Nay, thank God! so far from religious faith and growing intelligence being incompatible, the very reverse is proved to be the case by daily experience. The records of almost every religious organisation will tell of minds awakened, intellects steadied and enlarged, by the reception of religious influences; every one who has taken part, however humbly, in any work of a religious character, *knows* of such instances. One only testimony to this effect shall be quoted; it is that of a minister for many years largely acquainted with the working class:—

"'I spent my youth, as a minister's son, among the manufacturing population of the West of England. I visited their homes with my

father, and knew their characters. I have myself been a minister nearly thirty years, and chiefly in agricultural and suburban districts. I have seen that the common religious meetings, and especially the great Sunday-schools, were powerful educational agents, intellectually as well as morally. If you have ever noticed the utter stupidity of a farm-labourer of middle age, and then marked the wakening up of his whole being when he began to read (or began learning to read) his Bible, to attend religious meetings, to repeat hymns, and to think of God as his Father, and of Jesus as his Saviour, you have seen something very wonderful. And yet that wonderful thing has been continually occurring, and very extensively, indeed, in this land of ours. You will see thus,' he adds, 'that I have observed a rapid improvement in the working classes, and that I ascribe that improvement chiefly to religious agency, and to the various educational agencies connected with it.'

"And indeed, so far from its being generally the fact that hostility or indifference to Christianity among the working class is increasing, the very reverse is, the writer of these pages believes, more and more frequently the case. Many districts could be quoted in which open hostility to religion formerly prevailed among working men, and has been replaced by a friendly feeling,—various towns in which the leaders of the working class were formerly infidels, and are now devout, God-fearing men. Christ's Gospel, let us be assured, has not lost its power over the masses since the days when it was said of its First Teacher, that 'the common people heard Him gladly.' If the churches are deserted by the working men in any quarter, it is because they have no 'good news' to tell him. But they *are* learning that they have good news to tell him, as well as to hereditary pew-holders and paying seat-holders; and he is hearing, or at least opening his ears to catch, the message. Indeed, the probabilities are, not that we are on the eve of an era of greater religious indifference than in the past among working men, but of a great religious awakening among them."

Such a testimony is cheering from one so well acquainted with working-men as Mr. Ludlow. At the same time London, and many more of our large towns, remain as a very terrible difficulty—colossal, abyssmal, stupendous. Doubtless there is great truth in what is said on p. 277: "On the other hand, the restoration of public worship needs something deeper yet in ministers and people—the re-awakening of the sense of fellowship as the very ground of Christian life." Yes, fellowship with God and fellowship with man; a mutuality of glowing brotherly sympathy, intercourse, life, always kindling afresh in each heart and anew in some newly joined hearts. This is old Christianity — ideal Christianity—and is the only sort which is likely to spread triumphantly among the working-classes.

1. A Short Practical Grammar of the Tibetan Language, with Special Reference to the Spoken Dialects. By H. A. Jaeschke, Moravian Missionary. Kye-lang in British Lahoul. 1865.
2. A Compendious Grammar of the Egyptian Language, as contained in the Coptic, Sahidic, and Bashmuric Dialects. By the Rev. H. Tattam, D.D. Second Edition, revised and improved. London: Williams and Norgate. 1863.
3. Grammatica Syriaca, quam post opus Hoffmanni refecit Adalbertus Merx, Ph.D. Particula Prima. Halis. 1867.

The first-named of this *trio* of grammars is a curiosity in several respects. It was published at a place unknown to maps on the borders of High Asia. It is written in English by a foreigner. And it is a lithograph. Tibetan is not only interesting to the student of language; as the custodian of a vast Buddhist literature, it has special claims upon the attention of those Christian scholars who wish to acquaint themselves with the religious history of mankind. Mr. Jaeschke apologises for his broken English and for the uncouth form under which his Grammar appears. He may easily be pardoned on both grounds. His work is executed with admirable exactness and clearness of arrangement, and contains in a small space a large amount of information such as only a person having oral communication with native Tibetans could possibly furnish.

Dr. Tattam's Egyptian Grammar is what he styles it—a "revised and improved" edition of a work which has been for many years before the public. It is written in a loose, slovenly manner. Egyptian and English are jumbled together like so much *chow-chow*. There is no visible distinction made—such as might easily be effected by difference of type—between the phenomena of the Coptic (*i.e.* the Memphitic) and the other two dialects. Altogether the Grammar is very inferior in scientific precision to the works of Peyron and Schwartze, though these also fail to present the differences of the dialects with adequate impressiveness to the eye of their readers. Still Dr. Tattam's book is a good elementary one to work with, and Englishmen generally will find it better suited to their purpose than either of the more elaborate Grammars—the one in Latin, the other in German—just named.

Dr. Merx's republication of the well-known Syriac Grammar of Hoffmann promises to be a very valuable addition to the grammatical apparatus at present in the hands of students of Syriac. Great as are the merits of Hoffmann, he has been left behind by the researches of later scholars, and it is time that his work should be rehabilitated, if not altogether built over again. Dr. Merx is taking the right course in freely recasting Hoffmann's labours, and we rejoice that so important a task has fallen into hands well able to execute it. The transliteration of the Syriac words as it appears in this edition is unpleasing to the

eye, and a brief apprenticeship will be needed to learn its mysteries; but the student will be thankful for the help which is thus afforded him in acquiring the pronunciation—a help the want of which has stumbled not a few who have endeavoured to make their way into the language of the Peshito and of Ephraem Syrus.

Abel Redevivus; or, The Dead yet Speaking. The Lives and Deaths of the Modern Divines. By Thomas Fuller, D.D., Author of the "Worthies of England," &c. &c., assisted by several able and eminent men. A New Edition, with Notes by William Nichols. Illustrated with forty-three Portraits. In two volumes. London: William Tegg. 1867.

Abel Redevivus was published originally in 1651, and has not until now been reprinted, although, as Mr. Nichols says, "it is a book which well merits that honour."

Here are presented in the quaint literary fashion which charmed the readers in the age of the Stuarts—a fashion which was not peculiar to Thomas Fuller, but in him is seen to the greatest advantage and in its most brilliant play—sketches of the lives of those who in Fuller's time were signalised as "the modern divines;" that is to say, Berengarius, Wickliffe, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Luther, Erasmus, Zwinglius, Colet, Œcolampadius, Frith, Bilney, Tindale, and thirty-eight more worthies, including Carlsdadt, Bucer, Justus Jonas, John Rogers, Saunders, Hooper, Bradford, Ridley, Latimer, Melancthon, Calvin, and Jewel, with others scarcely less eminent.

Of these lines some are from the pen of Fuller himself, the others are by Dr. Featly, by Gataker, Bedell, the famous Bishop of Kilmore, and other men of equal mark in their day. All were edited by Fuller. "The whole mass of matter," says Mr. Nichols, "has an intrinsic worth, which has been rightly appreciated by the succession of lovers of good books down to the present day. Complete copies of the old edition are rarely to be found on sale, and can be obtained only at a very high price."

Mr. Nichols has given an accurate reprint in these two compact volumes, in which, however he has judiciously modernised the old spelling. We regret, however, that he has not, on the same principle, corrected the spelling of the title. *Redivivus*, he says in a note, "is the correct form; but I have retained the spelling of the original title-page." Therefore we have for the modern title also *Redevivus*, which is incorrect.

Mr. Nichols is an excellent editor. His explanatory notes and his bracketed interpretations are very valuable. The ordinary reader would hardly have discovered without the editor's learned help that Rottomag means Rouen; or Tigirsum, Zurich; or Argentoratum, Strasburg.

Altogether, Mr. Tegg and Mr. Nichols between them have presented us with a cheap, interesting, and valuable reprint.

Voices of the Prophets; or Faith, Prayer, and Human Life. By C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Vicar of Doncaster. Third Thousand. London: A. Strahan. 1867.

Another of those thoughtful, wise, manly, tender, and most Christian books, by which Dr. Vaughan has of late been talking to his generation. We are among his admiring and grateful hearers. We do not care to inquire whether Dr. Vaughan holds precisely the same doctrinal views with ourselves. On all points affecting the substance and soul of the Gospel we are entirely at one with him; and we have little doubt that our subordinate differences would most of them resolve themselves, on explanation, into various modes of presenting the same truth. Nothing can be more admirable, nothing more exactly suited to the needs of the times than much of the quiet, searching, earnest, practical preaching, which these Scripture meditations of Dr. Vaughan address to the intelligence and conscience of his contemporaries. There is no pedantry in them, no affectation, no sentimentality, no grotesqueness, no rant. They are the dignified, gentle, sympathetic utterances of a spirit familiar with the things which eyes do not see nor ears hear, and yet intensely human in its attachments and yearnings. Dr. Vaughan is a finished scholar. He has studied with success the manifold history of human nature. He has seen the world under numerous phases—phases that are and phases that have been. Purity and nobility of charity reveal themselves in every part of his writings; and his Alpha and Omega is Christ. No wonder that his words are thrilling and mighty. We trust these "Voices of the Prophets" will be listened to as more than the witchery of a skilful player on an instrument.

BEVERIDGE, PRINTER, THANET PLACE, STRAND.