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JANUARY, 1890.

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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1890.

Art. I.—ROBERT BROWNING.

New and Uniform Edition of the Complete Works of Robert Browning. In sixteen volumes. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1889.

IT is now five-and-fifty years since Robert Browning came before the world with his surprising youthful poem, *Paracelsus*; it is full fifty years since he put forth to his countrymen that rare poetic riddle which he called *Sordello*, and which remains yet an unsolved riddle for the multitude. To-day his publishers give us their Uniform Edition of his Complete Works, and show us in its sixteen compact volumes how productive have been all these long years, how full of a restless, fruitful energy; how little this poet lies open to the charge of having buried his golden talent in the earth. At least, it is not as a slothful servant that he can be condemned.

Nor, among the select company of his readers, will any be found to deny the splendour of the gift so liberally put to use for the world's service. It is not our own time that will show us a poet more royally equipped for his work. Alive to all the rich harmonies of form and colour in the poet's sphere of working, he has the word-painter's faculty of flashing on you what picture he will from the great gallery of his imagination. He has also, when he lists to use it patiently and with loving intensity of care and consciousness, the highly educated musical sensibility that can teach how to make verse tread with the

airy foot of a dancer, swing lightly as a bird upon a bough, or move with the massive march of an army, the solemn sweep of a procession. More and better than even these, he has the quick-divining observation, the large intuitive sympathy that, looking under the human mask, discerns the truth about his fellows in their sorrow, their joy, even their guilt, and, comprehending much, scorns little; while a certain robust and sturdy common-sense, a saving salt of manliness, never allows this sympathetic tolerance to sicken into sentimentalism. The seeing eye, the hearing ear, the understanding heart, are his in sovereign measure, not less than the poet's special dower, "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love." To these friendly fortune has added a large and liberal culture, artistic as well as literary, comprehending alike classic lore and modern thought; and, to aid in the attaining of all needful accomplishment, there has been added to these greater things a worldly position so well assured that this poet may write and publish as seems him good, never needing either to sell great thoughts for bread, or to toil at uncongenial work because it brings the better price.

To one so excellently gifted, and so favoured by fortune, we look rightly for good and lasting work. Nor are we disappointed. Marvellous as are the mutations of earthly fame, large as are the poetic treasures which the world's weary memory is ever letting slip, there is much of Robert Browning which will hardly perish while men continue to speak the language in which he has written, much which the world should not and scarcely can let die. Yet, strange as it might seem, it is true that to a large majority of the English-reading public, including not a few gifted and accomplished persons, this kingly poet remains a name only, and for certain of them not even that, being actually known to some eager thinkers and readers solely through the parodist's sneer at him in the clever piece of mockery, where he figures as one who

> "Loves to dock the smaller parts of speech,
> As men curtail the already curtailed cur"—

the imitation being ridiculously good enough to prove effective in deterring from the study of the original.

Nor does the half-adoring enthusiasm of the poet's sworn admirers avail very greatly against the vague distaste of a public, much out of love with depth and difficulty in the works it reads for delight. The ardent devotees of Browning are too apt to speak in the style of the elect, to whom alone out of a wicked world it has been granted to penetrate into certain holy mysteries, which, nevertheless, they are willing to expound to the outside crowd, if they will humbly listen; but the wicked world resents their tone of superiority, and inclines to go on its way heedless of their lore.

That this should be so cannot but at times irritate some, themselves admirers of Browning, who are concerned that no good influence should be wasted, and wishful that as many as are worthy should share in the heritage of delight of which this true poet can make them free. For hardly is there a living writer to whose pages the understanding reader may turn with such a certainty of finding in many of them the keen and stimulating pleasure that arises from high and deep thoughts arrayed in splendid imagery, while his message for the world, when the world can understand it, is full often one well worthy to be heard.

To be angry, however, that the immediate circle of Browning's influence is but narrow, is idle enough. Indirectly that influence is widely diffused, filtering through many a receptive writer who has the art of re-imparting it to the average reader in such measure and in such guise as are fitting. This must content us perforce, since the master-singer has not cared to learn that humble art himself. Even the brief survey of his life-work that we are about to make will show us that he has in full measure *les défauts de ses qualités*, subtlety degenerating sometimes into obscurity, strength becoming mere ruggedness, and both tending to produce peculiarities of form and of diction the reverse of attractive.

There is nothing necessarily unpopular in the predominatingly impersonal character which Browning has chosen to confer on his poems—poems, to a very great extent, "dramatic in principle"—as their writer has said "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, *not me*." He has willed rather to project himself into the minds of others, and to express *their*

thoughts, than to give language to his own; avoiding the error of Byron, most undramatic because least sympathetic of writers, whose personages, one and all, are mere hollow masks and brazen mouthpieces for sending forth to the world the magnified echoes of their creator's single soul, his special personal hopes and fears and despairs, loves and hates, his hates more particularly.

This Byron-method finds small favour with Browning, who refuses very definitely to take the world so deep into his confidence, who will not be lured into "sonnet-writing about himself," even by Shakspeare's example.

> "With this same key
> Shakspeare unlocked his heart, once more?
> Did Shakspeare? If so, the less Shakspeare he!"

is his blunt answer to the plea that he, too, would so unfold himself, "unlock his heart with a sonnet-key." An earthquake, indeed, may shake your house, shiver it from top to bottom, leave it gaping so that the malign curiosity of the mob may explore all its domestic secrets; that you cannot help; but why throw your house open with your own hand? Such over-frankness our poet abjures, preferring to speak in parables and enforce his beliefs and convictions by life-like examples, not his own. And, certainly, if infinite variety in his list of *dramatis personæ* could defend him against overmuch self-revelation, that safety would be his. Here in his pageant you see moving the figures of not a few historic men and women, mingling with a cloud of fictitious personages, typical of many classes: Paracelsus, the charlatan of genius; Sordello, Dante's precursor, amid his Guelf and Ghibellin contemporaries; Strafford, the great earl, and the master who betrayed him, and the men of the Long Parliament, greater than both; kings, bishops, popes; musician, painter, Dervish, spiritualist; Arab physician, Jewish rabbi, Christian martyr, and hero-king of Israel; womanhood, beautiful, forlorn, innocent, or guilty; manhood, noble, debased, sceptical, or believing; *Caliban*, half-human brute, exponent of the devil-worshipping tendency of the savage; *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, exemplifying the divinest aspiration of the Hebrew. Has not our poet acted well up to the saying of that Latin playwright

who was also an African freedman—"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto"?

But how has he succeeded in his chosen work? Many are the poems in which he has aimed deliberately—as in *Sordello*—at setting forth "incidents in the development of a soul," considering, as he avows, that "little else is worth study." Therefore we find him bringing his mind to bear on the doings of men and women, trying to "uncombine motive from motive," and to show what forces may be at work on the human spirit, determining belief, influencing conduct, moulding character, deciding whether this or that immortal soul shall rise heavenward or sink towards the abyss. Has he seen clearly and judged rightly in these matters?—and has he, led by a happy intuition, chosen always the best vehicle for his thought, that mode of expression which most certainly would impress other minds with his opinion, compel them to see and judge as he does? In endeavouring to deal with such questions, relating to the effort and achievement of a master-poet, it behoves us to walk modestly and warily.

Wishful, therefore, to avoid such oracular decisiveness of tone as might befit those inner-court worshippers, the illuminati of the Browning Society, and desirous above all to speak with the humility befitting mere outsiders, we yet do not fear to say that Browning has often succeeded magnificently in his difficult self-imposed task, while sometimes, so far as the mass of his readers is concerned, he has attained only an amazing failure. A failure it assuredly is, when the sacred *Vates*, the appointed messenger of Heaven's truth to men, is all but unintelligible to his hearers. The secret of this disparity in the poet's work is not to be found in the nature of the themes he has handled, in their varying degrees of grandeur or difficulty. Some of his most daring *tours de force* are just those which conquer admiration most thoroughly, which compel us to say, "This is how it really was; this was the true meaning of the life; this was the innermost secret of the man's thought and action; thus the event must have appeared to such an observer; and thus, to such another one."

Was it not an enterprise sublime in its audacity to reconstitute—as in "A Death in the Desert"—for English readers

the death-bed scene and majestic farewell utterances of St. John the Divine?—or, as in the *Epistle* of Karshish, the Arab physician, to bring before us the resuscitated Lazarus, living his life quietly out after his Lord's departure, and show us how his story, and his unusual mental attitude, consequent on an experience so unexampled, tell strangely on a sceptical contemporary? But neither of these splendid attempts is a failure; each poem is in its way indeed a masterpiece. We may or may not accept as a probable fashion of speech for the aged Apostle the intricate close-linked chainwork of argument and illustration which the poet puts into his dying lips; but through these words there burns the special faith, the very love, of the Beloved Disciple, and many will feel that so might he have spent his last breath in strengthening the believing spirit against its latest subtlest adversaries, foreshown in vision to the departing saint.

More consummate yet is the art which displays to us *Karshish*, thoroughly imbued with scientific scepticism, yet unwillingly attracted, and moth-like hovering and circling about that strange flame of faith which glows through all the looks, words, ways of Lazarus, the man so unconcerned about the events of mortal life, so tremblingly alive to all that touches the life of the soul, so unassailable in his hold on the Physician who restored him to life as

> God Himself,
> Creator and sustainer of the world,
> That came and dwelt in flesh on it awhile!

He who could easily sustain himself and bear his reader with him triumphantly in such bold flights of imagination, certainly did not choose a theme at all beyond his powers in the story of the aspiration, attainment, and failure of that impetuous and often fortunate seeker after scientific truth, who yet could stoop from his eminence into depths of vice and false pretension—Aureolus Paracelsus, the "astrological enthusiast and man of prodigious genius," who, scorning and abhorring his own profession of medicine, yet did it yeoman's service. No one was better fitted than Robert Browning to read the riddle of this paradoxical life for us, and to unravel its inconsistencies into clearness. But the long poem he has

devoted to the great empiric, for all its rich felicity of diction and its deep spiritual insight into the struggles of a noble spirit betrayed into grievous sin by pride of knowledge and scorn of men, remains cloud-like and vague in the memory that would fain retain its teaching. We have seen the man's true shape, indeed, but only in a vast dim outline projected on rolling vapour, like the Spectre of the Brocken.

If we are to recognise in *Paracelsus*, produced when the poet was twenty-three, only the faults of manner characteristic of immature genius, what shall we say of that perplexing *Sordello*, wealthy, indeed over-wealthy, in dazzling description, and shifting action, and recondite allusion, but shrouded under gloom and gleam and unshaped blaze of colour? How comes it that such a glowing heap of confusion stands, in order of time, between the temperate, clearly conceived, and firmly executed *Strafford*, and that other drama, so gem-like, vivid, and sharply cut, *Pippa Passes?*

Is not the character of Wentworth, patriot first, then willing tool of tyranny—the servant, the enemy, the victim of the English people—to the full as finely enigmatic as that of the Italian poet who, for all his gifts of heart and brain, achieved not much that is memorable as poet or as man, living as he did in evil days when nobleness of soul was often the surest passport to defeat? Browning, however, has given us a clear, intelligible reading of the one riddle, and has left the other, for the average reader, well-nigh as indistinct "as water is in water." Where lies the reason of this difference?

This poet, who judged truly of his own gifts when he willed to make his work "dramatic in principle," and who calls himself "a writer of plays," has sometimes kept in mind, and sometimes scorned, the needs and proprieties of that function. Here, it seems to us, lies the secret alike of his success and unsuccess; for his genius—affluent, urgent, but prodigiously subtle—stands in special need of some such restraint. In *Paracelsus* the speeches, long and involved beyond human probability, no less than the dearth of definite action, are essentially undramatic; so is the lack of a well-marked plot in *Sordello*. These faults are too common with Browning, who delights in penetrating to the secret springs

of action, in threading the mazy involutions of thought and feeling, and who moves with the step of a master in those dim regions of unworded consciousness, where good and evil motives fight out their momentous battle and determine human conduct. But this alone will not suffice the majority of spectators, who feel they have a right to insist that a poet, who bids them to look on at his play, should show them not only the forces originating action, but also and above all the very action itself. This Browning not seldom fails to do.

In his "dramatic romances, dramatic idyls, dramatic lyrics," he sometimes dwells with such fulness on the inward spiritual drama, that the outward drama resulting therefrom, the moving living spectacle of incident and action, is very insufficiently presented to us, and has to be inferred from slight though pregnant hints, elusive and even mocking, instead of being set before our eyes evidently, in all the vivid detail for which our imagination craves, and which his could so easily supply. Here the popular taste is at one with dramatic fitness, in requiring that a story shall be plainly as well as beautifully told, that a situation shall be set forth with unmistakable clearness, that characters shall unfold themselves in action which we can follow. Failing such concrete, visible, breathing flesh-and-blood reality, the finest demonstration in spiritual anatomy will not be gratefully accepted—even when that demonstration is easy, and not hard, to follow.

Considering these things, and seeing how the prodigal wealth of our poet's intellectual endowment is far too often a snare to him and a bewilderment to his readers, it is not always possible to repress the wish that circumstances had compelled him, as they did Shakspeare, to meet his public at least half-way, to adapt himself to certain fixed requirements, and work within such usefully repressive limits as even the liberally constructed Elizabethan drama imposed. How Shakspeare might have written had he had only himself to please, the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* teach us; and it is not hard to recognise some of their characteristics in their sumptuous exuberances, which the practical playwright soon learned to avoid; in their too minute analysis of thought and

passion; in their over-elaborate fulness of description that is still more imaginatively suggestive than picturesque—faults not remotely akin to those which repel many a reader from the study of Browning. Fate, however, which imperatively bade Shakspeare meet the popular liking if he would live and thrive, laid no such hard command on Browning, leaving him quite free to defy his public if it seemed good to him; and as murmuring against her decree is futile, and perhaps also something ungracious, let us turn not without gratitude to the good work which it has pleased our poet to do in his own special fashion.

And how superbly good the best of it is!

Passing unwillingly by some noble dramas, strong in vividly presented incident or in deep spiritual interest, leaving unnoticed many a quaint or lovely piece of pure fantasy, let us take the two poems which have come the nearest to winning a wide popularity—poems very diverse in form and in manner, but having each a clear organic unity—*Pippa Passes* and *The Ring and the Book*—and note how admirably each is finished, how excellently all the varied details are subordinated to one central idea. That idea is much the same in both poems, though the fashion of its treatment is varied, *Pippa Passes* conforming somewhat to the model of the ordinary acting play, *The Ring and the Book* following the old Richardsonian novel-fashion in permitting many narrators to recount the same story, each from his own point of view. But in each we are bidden to watch an innocent, beautiful soul walking unharmed through fire—gathering no stain from that surrounding blackness of others' guilt which seems ready to overflow and swallow up the God-protected, dove-like creature that flits safely away notwithstanding, shining all the whiter because of the great gloom behind it.

In the drama it is the child-like Pippa, "pretty singing Felippa, gay silk-winding girl," poor and hard-worked, but honest and happy, who, assured of God's love and care, treads lightly and safely through the unguessed woe and wickedness about her, a glad carol ever on her lips; whereby it befalls her to be made a messenger of salvation to other souls in their dire need as she passes singing of God and His goodness, and,

even more, to foil a fiendish plot against herself, as the great Name mingling with her bird-like song strikes awfully on the ear of a man sorely tempted to allow of that wickedness, and drives him back shuddering from the gulf of unspeakable sin that had almost sucked him in; while Pippa, unwitting both of her peril and her escape, passes lightly away to her poor little home.

In the longer narrative poem it is Pompilia on whom the whitest light centres—Pompilia, the wronged and outraged child-wife, grown wise and holy amid strange sufferings, whom the utmost ingenuity of the Evil One and his mortal agents cannot beguile into sin, whose unarmed simplicity of soul is proof against the most cunning and plausible temptations, and who, as she lies dying, stabbed to death at seventeen years old, will breathe no word of bitterness against the destroyers who have slain her body and would fain have killed her soul. What a surprising skill is displayed in the finely discriminating portraiture of these two distinct types of innocent womanhood; how firmly and surely are painted in the various figures, dark and bright, that surround and relieve them. What terrible truth in that scene of passion and guilt, exultant, remorseful, despairing, between the two sinful lovers, Sebald and Ottima, and also in the hideous self-revelation of Pompilia's husband-assassin. What pathetic touches in the home-sick talk of that one poor girl among the group of outcasts that beset Pippa in the street of Asolo. What grand humanity, what compassionate but unflinching Christ-like justice, in the soliloquy of the aged Pope charged with pronouncing final sentence in the "Roman murder-case," where the chief criminal is Count Guido, slayer of Pompilia his wife. It was a consummate art which went to the making of both these master-pieces; but the palm remains, as it should, with the majestic later poem, notwithstanding its extraordinary length, which, cumbrous as we may find it, could not be abridged without some injury to the great power of the whole, dependent much on the slow marshalling of evidence, the exact weighing of proof this way and that, in the confused story of a historical crime that befell two centuries since, and that the poet has made it a labour of

love to disentangle and set before us in final clearness, blame and praise justly apportioned at last.

Were it necessary, however, to throw overboard much of *The Ring and the Book*, and save only its most precious portions, gladly would we sacrifice the all-but-unreadable arguments of the insufferable Italian lawyers, too fully reported, with much of the tattle and gossip of Rome about the puzzling case—more unwillingly would we let go the manly graphic story of the priest Cafronsacchi—in order to treasure up, most carefully of all, first, Pompilia's death-bed utterance, with its unforced, eloquent pathos, its child-angel's sweetness, in expressing which Browning certainly attains that artless-seeming simplicity which is the supremest art, and with which he too rarely indulges us; and after that—as only inferior by defect of simplicity—the noble sermon-commentary of the Augustinian monk on the whole matter, and the soliloquy of the Pope, with its many flashes of strange wisdom and insight—for instance, its sharp-cut portraiture of Guido, the Judas-criminal, the man hardened to fiend under his pretence of piety, who—

> "Proves irreligiousest
> Of all mankind, religion's parasite;"

who, having profaned holy things to base uses, "believes in just the vile of life," and, satiated with common vice,—

> "Draws now on the curious crime, the fine
> Felicity and flower of wickedness;"

as who should do but he who fain had sheltered himself and his sin under the mantle of Christ's Church?

Here in this soliloquy, too, is that fine clarion-note of encouragement to true souls in conflict with sin—

> "Why comes temptation but for man to meet,
> And master and make crouch beneath his feet,
> And so be pedestalled in triumph? Pray,
> "Lead us into no such temptation, Lord!"
> Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
> Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
> Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
> That so he may do battle and have praise!"

And here is that noble praise of resolved and steadfast cleanness of spirit, God's gift to Pompilia—

> "Purity of soul
> That will not take pollution, ermine-like
> Armed from dishonour by its own soft snow.
> Such was this gift of God, who showed for once
> How He would have the world go white. . . .
>
> Everywhere
> I see in the world the intellect of man,
> That sword, the energy his subtle spear,
> The knowledge which defends him like a shield—
> Everywhere; but they make not up, I think,
> The marvel of a soul like thine, earth's flower
> She holds up to the softened gaze of God!"

Let it be said before we leave this great poem, that it is no little triumph to have shown simple innocence and patience, the *courage of the lamb* only, as things neither tame nor unattractive, but manifest heroic virtues adorned with angelic strength and beauty. And this end is attained very much by skilful grouping and well-managed chiaroscuro,—the light which shines so pearly lustrous on the white central figure, lending a mellower glow to the shapes of manly virtue and saintly age nearest to her, while it brings out in sharp relief the traits more and more ignoble of others; sinful men and women of the corrupt seventeenth-century Italy, laics and priests, tainted all with the same corruption, which culminates in the darkly, grimly-shadowed criminal forms of Guido and his household.

In furnishing this background, with its sinister depth of colour that so entrances the beauty of that flower of loveliness set midmost in it and relieved upon it, even the heartless tongue-fence and pedantry of the advocates, the malign curiosity of the scandal-mongers, and the timid craft and trickery of Pompilia's luckless foster-parents have their own use and fitness. If only there were fewer sandy and stony wastes of words for the patient reader to toil over before he can see this wonderful mirage-picture of the imagination rise up before him, complete in all its glowing hues and subtly balanced light and shade! But we have to bear with the

wayward will of our poet meekly; he will not change it for us, but, "being royal, will take his own way."

There are many other poems, long and short, yet more of them short than long, wherein Browning attains true perfection in his own measure. Witness those two wonderful studies of painter-souls, so diverse, yet so fatally alike, in that each artist has taken the lower way, and not the higher, in life and art. *Fra Lippo Lippi* and *Andrea del Sarto*, the latter most pitiable, since the higher path was seen, and loved, and foregone by him, to whom sin was too sweet, yet never sweet enough to blind his eyes and make him content therewith; the former frankly in love with mere earthly joy and beauty, quite sure, too, that the world "means intensely, and means good"; but driven into rageful revolt against religion and decency, because he, a monk from eight years old, has seen religion chiefly as an unhealthy and untrue asceticism, has known decency only as a demure mask to hide stealthy pleasures forbidden else to "the religious." Which, in truth, is the sadder picture, were hard to decide, but a supreme skill has presided over the making of both. Or, if we turn from the art of painting to the art of music, and listen to *Abt Vogler*, who discourses after "extemporizing on the musical instrument of his invention," how surprising it is to see here, fixed on the page for us, a visible image of that most evanescent of fair perishable things, music played once and never to be played again, being an *extempore* only. Are there many who could so make us *see* "the palace of music reared" for one hour's delight by the man who has skill to make the organ or the harp his soul's interpreter to us? And of those who perchance could, who else would have deduced an immortal hope from the rich harmonies that are once heard as the organist extemporizes, and that can never be heard again in this life? They shall be heard again, notwithstanding, says the musician; "there shall never be one lost good."

> "All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

> The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-bye."

It does not always please Browning to give us a lesson so melodiously clear when he is discoursing about music. Not every one that runs may read the moral—well worth hunting for—of *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*, of *A Toccata of Galuppi's*, or even of the noble-rhymed and blank verse our poet has lately devoted to the forgotten memory of "Charles Avison, organist of Newcastle-on-Tyne." In like manner he varies much from himself when dealing with the passion of Love, the music of the soul.

It is not only that he has painted it in every phase and mood—as a hope, a blissful certainty, a tormenting yearning, a despair; as the glad impulse of youth, the priceless possession of ripened life; as the soul's true guiding-star, and as the earth-born meteor that deceives. He might have given us all this rich variety without, therefore, making his love-tale too often into a dark psychological riddle, and adorning it with such "thick-coming fancies" as almost irritate by their very profusion. But, on the other hand, nothing can be more airily delicate, more gem-like perfect, than some of his love-lyrics: the gay spring-like sweetness of *The Flower's Name*, the musical mournfulness of *In a Year*, the passion of pitying, self-effacing love in *The Worst of It*, come back to the memory in melody as flawless as the lark's song from the morning blue, the nightingale's from the moonlight wood. For such as these we are very grateful, and for one thing more—that true, pure love in Browning's verse is throned high, and wears the wings of an angel; that the poet will not stay his gaze on the *feet of clay*, but looks rather at

> "The god-like head crowned with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds."

Let us leave now painter and musician and lover, each wearing something of glory and gladness about him, and let us glance at the ignobler shapes the poet has sometimes chosen to paint—for what reason, beyond the mere artist's delight in doing a hard thing excellently? That motive, quite sufficient

for too many writers of our day, will not often satisfy a singer who holds himself answerable to God for his gift of song. It is not enough to account for the production even of those highly finished studies of different Romish ecclesiastic types—the Bishop of the Renaissance, who, with such æsthetic fervour, very strange on a death-bed, "orders his tomb at St. Praxed's church"; and *Bishop Blougram*, half-sceptical and wholly worldly priest of our own day, who makes so subtle an apology for his own ambiguous position. These almost appalling satires are not Art for Art's sake; still less are certain other poems, blunt and harsh in style, and the matter answering the manner. "What is the use of writing about such wretches?" asked a reader once, as he turned in disgust from *A Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*—that grim picture of jealous hate grown to monstrous proportions in the forcing-house of the monastery; and the same question might be asked as we recoil from the sickening spectacle of exulting ferocious bigotry in the *Heretic's Tragedy*; the poet himself asks it in the closing verses of *Gold Hair*—that startling tale of the beautiful dead girl, whom every one had deemed a saint, too pure for earth, and therefore caught away to heaven in her prime, and whose one faint stain of worldliness had seemed to be her anxiety that her wonderful golden hair should lie untouched about her head in her coffin. And behold, when, years after, her tomb was disturbed by chance, there was disclosed a store of gold coins hoarded up among the gold tresses. Avarice, and not piety, had ruled her life, and her last breath had been spent, not for God, but gold; she would grasp it still in her grave! "Why I deliver this horrible verse?" asks the poet of his reader—

> "As the text of a sermon, which now I preach.
> Evil or good may be better or worse
> In the human heart, but the mixture of each
> Is a marvel and a *curse*.
> The candid incline to surmise of late
> That the Christian Faith may be false, I find. . . . .
> I still, to suppose it true, for my part,
> See reasons and reasons; this, to begin:
> 'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
> At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
> The Corruption of Man's Heart."

Browning at least will not join the "heaven-and-hell amalgamation companies," once so vigorously denounced by Carlyle;—the unmanly softness of too much modern opinion, which can hardly allow of the words "sin" and "corruption," and shrieks at the thought that the God of Love is also the God of Judgment, finds small favour in his keen eyes. He does not fear, therefore, to draw the veil from off the face of evil, and show the thing in its native deformity. Who will not own that Sin is ugly, will hardly confess that Virtue is lovely. We may not admire the coarse rough phrases he sometimes employs for such work; we may with justice blame them for over-repulsiveness; but perhaps the secret of his use of them is found in the opening verse of one of his better-known short poems:—

> "Grand rough old Martin Luther
> Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
> *The better the uncouther:*
> *Do roses stick like burrs?*"

Whether it be our poet's pleasure to array his teaching in rhymes of ultra-Hudibrastic grotesquerie or in the statelier measures that minister delight, we owe him thanks because of his bold witness for God's truth and against the devil's counterfeits of it. What is the heart of meaning in the three or four poems just referred to? Are they not all protests against the Christianity that has nothing of Christ in it?—the loveless and pitiless orthodoxy whose fruit is hatred and bigotry—the hollow shows of holiness covering earthly, sensual, devilish lusts—the piety that is merely a politic scheme for being on the winning side in both worlds? We may rank with them, too, the wild, rough humour and pathos of *Holy Cross Day*; for there it is held a merit in the trampled Hebrew that he refuses the name of *Christian* to his priestly tyrants, whose unpriestly vices he knows, and appeals from them to the crucified Messiah whose name they dishonour—

> "We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
> At least we withstand Barabbas now! . . . .
> Let defiance to them pay mistrust of Thee,
> And Rome make amends for Calvary!"

The weighty and noble parables called *Christmas Eve* and

Easter Day are spoken against sins more insidious, but not less deadly—those which easily beset the refined, the cultured, the art and science lovers. Each of the twin poems tells of a vision of Christ the Lord—revealed, awful in His majesty and purity, to reprove what errors? First, the dainty overniceness that cannot put up with an ungraceful fashion of outward worship—with homely vulgarity, poverty, ungainliness, in a worshipping congregation—with ungrammatical, illogical talk from an uneducated preacher; and second, the spiritual pride that disdains any fellowship with those whose faith errs on the side either of excess or of defect—being mingled with superstition, or impoverished by intellectual doubt. To a polished, enlightened Christian who has just shown himself guilty of such unloving fastidiousness, the Master allows a glimpse of His compassionate love—where the disciple disdains to worship, the Lord scorns not to be present in the midst, according to His word; for He who reads the heart sees that the music of His name charms the thronging crowds in the great Basilica of Rome, has power even in the lecture-room of the Göttingen professor, and yields the fullest delight to the poor and scorned in the homely little English chapel. And the heavenly rebuke works due repentance in the man to whom it is vouchsafed through a vision full of majesty coming in a dream, and who learns to tremble lest in his foolish pride he is shutting himself out, not only from the visible Church but from the Invisible, and from the Divine Presence of its Head.

Such is the lesson of *Christmas Eve;*—that of *Easter Day* is graver, full of awe; here the solemn vision is of Christ as the Judge of All, pronouncing the doom of one whose sin is thus stated:—

> "This world,
> This finite life, thou hast preferred,
> In disbelief of God's plain Word,
> To heaven and to infinity;"

And to whom is given this punishment—

> "Thou art shut
> Out of the heaven of spirit; glut
> Thy sense upon the world; 'tis thine
> For ever—take it!"

We may not now follow out all the noble reasoning that shows how unbearable would be such a doom, and what emptiness of joy must be in earth with all its beauty—art with all its glories—nay, mind with all its triumphs—should these be stripped of their spiritual significance, and cease to be "the garment we see God by"—cease to be hints and intimations of the immeasurably nobler things He has in store for the souls who love Him and gladly choose His service; and in choosing Him, choose Love, infinitely the best thing; lacking which, all beauty, all power, all knowledge that this low world can bestow are void of meaning and delight. But we hold by this grand parable in verse—which touches and attains a rare perfection of style and imagery and graphic power, well befitting its lofty teaching—as a sufficient confutation to the opinion advanced by some persons, ill-affected towards Christianity, who take occasion, from the determinately impersonal character of Browning's poetry, to protest against the assumption that a thinker of his calibre can really hold the creed which his verse very plainly teaches. We refuse to accept such an imputation of dishonesty on a great writer who in no wise deserves it.

It appears to us that only wilful blindness can refuse to see, in the work of his whole life, one pervading and shaping presence—that of a strong, constant, rejoicing faith in personal immortality, in a future life of the spirit immeasurably transcending this present life in grandeur, in the Father of Lights—Giver of every good and every perfect gift—and in the world's Redeemer, the incarnate Love of God, Who brought life and immortality to light. Nor would it much avail to say that our poet believed these things once, and believes them no longer. Whatever inequalities may be discerned in his later work, they still concern its form, and not its substance; his conception of life, his theory of right and wise conduct, remain what they were, nor has he seen any good reason to forsake his faith in the "illimitable God" as both "the All-great and the All-loving," Whose voice comes to us through the thunder as a human voice. Let us look at the cluster of poems called *Ferishtah's Fancies*, published some six years ago; there we

find, invested with Eastern form and colour, and put into the mouth of a Persian dervish, just the same noble and cheerful teaching which, in some much-earlier song, borrowed its imagery from the grand cloud-pageantries of our English skies, or from the rich, glowing nature nourished by the intense sun of Italy.

The problems canvassed by the Dervish Ferishtah and his disciples have indeed a perennial interest for all men, but they are also such as have aroused much recent controversy in our England; and on each point some wholesome counsel is given. Is it the much-vexed question of future retribution that is brought up? The too-curious inquirer is bidden to remember that God's ways are not our ways, in teaching or in punishing—that what concerns each human unit is just himself and God:—

> "Ask thy lone soul what laws are plain to thee
> Thee and no other: stand or fall by them—
> That is the part for thee."

Is it the lawfulness of prayer for earthly good that is questioned? Let man, says the teacher, be content to be man, and as man to supplicate the God, Whose will he knows not certainly; hoping, fearing, craving, deprecating, "till Death touch his eyes, and show God granted most, denying all."

Is it asked—Is life good or bad? Ferishtah will tell you—Evil and good are well and wisely mingled in it, for man's profit, by an all-wise God of Love; be thankful, then, for the small blessings, the little joys of earth—His gifts; reject the pessimistic all-black conception of life; reject the vain "worship of humanity," which ends in worshipping just one's sorry self, and rejoice in Him, the all-powerful and excellent, Who has deigned to reveal Himself to His weak, imperfect creatures, incapable themselves of originating so majestic a conception, yet possessed of it—how, but by His bestowal?

With singular skill, the poet has even placed in the mouth of his Persian teacher, who knows not Christ, a defence of the central Christian doctrine of the Incarnation, as an idea so majestic, so worthy of God, that it may well be true; whereas

man's unbelieving heart is apt to reject it, because it is too beautiful. "Too much love! How could God love so?" is the secret heart of much scepticism.

Such is * the teaching, arrayed in Oriental apologues, rich in suggestiveness, if not always sun-clear to the casual glance of *Ferishtah's Fancies*. That poem is not indeed *Browning's latest word, for which in the present* year we have to turn to the *Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in their Day*, a day quite dead and nearly forgotten, though not very remote. It is a characteristic freak of Browning's to call up into day once more these ghostly-faint notabilities—philosopher, poet, statesman, painter, musician, historian,—and moralize very nobly their obscure success or failure, enclosing the whole in a symbolic kind of framework. Greek myth, with its sad, hopeless thoughts of death, for introduction—and for conclusion, the triumph of John Fust, the first printer, happy and proud in the success of his surprising invention, but giving the glory of it wholly to God, the All-worker, Who shall control its future power for good or evil. Here we find no faltering from firm, joyous faith in Him—the only Great and Wise—Who "concedes to earth's transitory existences a spark of His spheric perfection," ever bringing about "new marvels, new forms of the glorious, the gracious;" and after Whose unattainable omniscience, man will for ever yearningly follow, from glory to glory, rejoicingly, not repiningly. Full of brave hopefulness are the latest words of our poet.

And while he still cherishes faithfully his high ideals, he has lost no wit of his pristine ability to embody them. The keen joy of beauty co-exists still with the delicately-true observation, and the surprisingly-vivid power of word-painting; the quaint, racy humour and biting irony are still alive and at work; after half a century, rich in production, the poet-life is still whole and strong and splendid in Robert Browning, undimmed by whatever grief or vexation the long years may have brought him. Greater contrast hardly could be imagined, on every point except the common possession of genius, that exists between our Browning and that other

* *Easter Day.*

English poet, who haunted and loved Italy—the darling of a past generation, the morbid, self-destroyed Byron. We rejoice in the far nobler poetic voice that has been speaking so long to our Victorian England; we applaud and receive gladly its message of hope and cheer; only we must still regret that its majestic witness for truth and virtue has so often been uttered in a language "not understanded of the people."*

Art. II.—THE LORD'S SUPPER AND THE LITURGY.

1. *Our Inheritance: an Account of the Eucharistic Service in the first Three Centuries.* By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Skeffington. 1888.
2. *Doctrina duodecim Apostolorum.* Edidit F. X. Funk. Tubingæ. 1887.
3. *The Oldest Church-Manual.* By Dr. Schaff. Edinburgh: Clark. 1885.

In his book of five hundred and fifty pages, Mr. Baring-Gould attempts to furnish "a history of the Holy Eucharist in the first ages of the Church, in a form as popular as such a subject admits of treatment." The controversy which was raised at the Reformation, respecting the true character of the Lord's Supper, has received a new impulse from religious movements in our own time, and not a little illumination from recent research. But we can scarcely congratulate our author or his readers on his production. He has certainly collected many facts, as well as not a few fancies, from many sources. He has spread his archæological net widely, and has gathered of every sort: unfortunately, critical discernment has not come in "at the end," to separate "between the good and the bad." His conclusions, nevertheless, are as dogmatic as if they had been reached as legitimately as Q.E.D. in Euclid.

The main position is that the "Catholic" form of the Eucharist, as it is observed in the Romish, Greek, and Anglican Churches, was instituted by our Lord, and handed down by

* As this sheet goes to press, the unexpected death is announced of the great poet, only a few days after the publication of his last volume of poems—*Asolando.*

the Apostles. The "mother Liturgy was fixed, almost certainly, by the Apostles before their dispersion." (Pref. p. vi.) Therefore, the Churches which have this "mother Liturgy," or one of the daughter liturgies, have the "Inheritance." In other words, such Churches are in the "succession." Among the "notes" of the true Church must be included, not only doctrine and government—that is episcopacy—but also the Liturgy. Does not Clement of Rome (A.D. 95) say that the "offerings" are to be presented at the times and places and by the persons appointed by God? * Christianity, then, has an obligatory ritual "instituted by Christ and His Apostles": like Judaism, it has human priests and sacrifices. In vain does "Article" XXXI. assert that the "Sacrifices of Masses" were "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." It is the Dissenter's Sacrament which has no validity: the "Mass" is a holy thing. The Churches which follow this ritual are "Catholic": all others are "Protestant"; and, with our author and his friends, to be a Protestant is to be a heretic.

We have neither time nor space to follow Mr. Baring-Gould in all his investigations and conjectures about the innumerable, but often superstitious, associations which "Catholic" ingenuity has concentrated on the principal Christian rite. But if "Christ and His Apostles" left a liturgy, we ought to know what it was. If the Apostles always celebrated the Eucharist in the morning, and not in the evening, and this on Divine authority, we ought, most probably, to follow their example. Also, if the primitive Church universally held that the bread and the wine of the Sacrament were changed into the "very body and blood of Christ," which thus became a "sacrifice" repeating that of the Cross, then ought we to "repair the injury done at the Reformation," and to go back to our "Catholic" instructors. On these points we will hear what Mr. Baring-Gould has to say.

I. On the first point we had better allow him to state

* *Ep. Clem. Rom.* c. 40. There is nothing in Clement's letter really inconsistent with an evangelical interpretation. In this very passage, quoted by Mr. Gould, p. 407, Clement says: "Let every one of your brethren give thanks (*εὐχαριστέιτω* = let him eucharise) in his proper order." The prayers were not confined to the "priest," then, any more than in 1 Tim. ii. 8.

his own case. In his Preface he condenses his argument as follows:—

"1. We have a number of early Liturgies belonging to all the branches of the Church, as well as to those heretical bodies which separated from the Church in the fifth century. By comparing these Liturgies together, we find . . . . that all are organically one. 2. . . . . these many Liturgies derive from one parent Liturgy. 3. The cause of the differences is due to the fact that this one mother Liturgy was not committed to writing. 4. All the references to the early Fathers to the Eucharist agree with this mother Liturgy. 5. This mother Liturgy was fixed, almost certainly, by the Apostles before their dispersion. 6. In fixing the Liturgy, the Apostles would certainly be guided by their recollection of the institution by Christ, and this they would follow step by step. 7. In the Liturgy we find many traces of derivation from the services of the Temple."*

The theory thus sketched is held by all "Catholic" Liturgists. Bickell, Probst, Le Brun, in the Romish Church, and Neale, Palmer, Littledale, Hammond, and others, in the Anglican Church, would, generally, accept this statement of the case.†

That the Apostles carried on the institution of the "Supper" after the precept and example of our Lord, no one disputes. It is also fairly certain that the words used by our Lord at the institution (1 Cor. xi. 23) would be repeated at each observance. If this were all which was meant by a "Liturgy," there would be no further contention. But Mr. Baring-Gould insists that the Apostles "attempted to fix every feature of the institution," and that the "texts of the early Liturgies point to some such a clinging to reminiscences in the minor particulars, for they speak of Christ lifting up His eyes to heaven, of His elevating the bread and wine, as oblation to the Father—points not mentioned by the Evangelists" (p. 7). We are glad to have the admission that the elevation of host and chalice for adoration, and the supposed oblation, and the

* Pref. v., vi., vii.

† Dr. Gasquet, in the *Dublin Review* for October 1889, however, rebukes the tendency to untruthful interpretation of early writings which exists among the zealous Anglicans. He says, "The exigencies of their position have led them to strain the documentary evidence for a primitive Liturgy beyond what it will bear." Dr. Neale argued that St. Paul, in his epistles, quoted from the early liturgy (*e.g.*, 1 Cor. ii. 9), but Gasquet doubts! How strange that Romish theologians have to correct the δεισιδαιμονία of the English: *O tempora, O mores!*

attitudinizing of the priest are all "points not mentioned by the Evangelists." Nor are they mentioned in the "Liturgies" until centuries after our Lord's time—certainly not in their advanced forms. But it is the latter which our Anglican guide defends. He means, by a "Liturgy," the ceremonial of the "Mass."

The ceremonial forms which were, by successive, gradual, but bold advances, added to the original and simple Eucharist, were all in turn referred by their authors to some precedent in scripture or tradition. Because Justin Martyr said that the Christians did not regard the Eucharist as "common food," the Romish divines of the thirteenth century thought they could justify "Transubstantiation." "Tertullian in sport called the bishops and presbyters 'priests,' but Cyprian did it in earnest." * Cyprian, however, did not pretend to justify the title by the New Testament, but by the Old. He was the ringleader of those who insisted that the ministers of the Christian Church stood in the same relation to the people as the sons of Aaron under the old dispensation. But it required a thousand years to produce the finished doctrine of the absolute identity of the sacramental bread with Christ, and to raise the priest to the full position of "mediator between God and man."

In like manner the development of the sacramental system, and its forms in East and West, may be traceable to their historical sources. But does this make them valid? Here lies the first fallacy of the Romish and Tractarian heresy. Because a belief or observance was received by some one, in the third or fourth century, who called himself orthodox, we are in the nineteenth century bound to receive it as "primitive" and authoritative! This is as scientific as if the botanist classed the fungi and the misletoe with the oaks or the elms on which they grow. Yet this is the "science" which is still taught in English Universities, and which was, indeed, responsible for the "Oxford movement." The reasoning would be quite as good if one were to assert that the Presbyterians must be Israelites because they sing the psalms of David.

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* Ritschl: *Die Entstehung der altkath. Kirche*, p. 562.

Unfortunately, our author and his school dare not fully face this question of "Church authority." They can exalt the Church to the level of Scripture as an organ of Divine revelation and tradition when they wish to browbeat the Dissenter; but when they turn to the Romanist they are mute, or can only quote Scripture like any Puritan. This is among what Dr. Gasquet calls "the exigencies of their position." They are unwilling to believe "that all was wrong, rotten, erroneous in the Church, from the sub-apostolic time till the great outbreak in the sixteenth century."* But if all was not "wrong" before Martin Luther—whom Mr. Baring-Gould compares to Marcion, was *all right?* If so, why does not this Anglican clergyman resign his benefice, and ask Cardinal Manning to admit him to valid orders? Or, if there is an alternative to either position, and if matters before the Reformation were neither "all wrong" nor yet "all right," why does not Mr. Gould mention it? If he does not acknowledge the inviolability of the Roman Church, nor that of the Eastern Church, nor that of the Anglican either, what becomes of his assumption that the Church could not fall into error? Some one must have been in error: who was it? How far did the error extend; and how can the evil be remedied? The history of the Anglican Church during the last half-century shows how perfectly this "working hypothesis" of the Church's incorruptibility operates to the advantage of Romanism. When we ask for some argument in its favour, we are told that "it is not likely the whole Church could be deceived for 1500 years." This is but the pivot on which "Infallibility" turns, and the Anglican who admits the assumption can scarcely deny the consequence.

But let us return to our proper subject. If any "Liturgy" was used by our Lord, would it not be the usual form of Jewish worship in connection with the Passover? Mr. Baring-Gould furnishes some excellent illustrations of the connection of Eucharistic formalities with the Jewish ritual. We wish, indeed, that he had gone further, and had explained to his

* *Our Inheritance*, p. 386.

readers the process by which the Church was emancipated from the Jewish ceremonial. He might have shown that for several years after the Day of Pentecost no man was, or, as a matter of fact and circumstance, could be, a Christian unless he conformed to Jewish ritual. He might have shown that James, the Bishop of Jerusalem, as a strict Jew, could never eat the Lord's Supper with a Gentile; and that Peter drew back at Antioch when "certain came from James." Yet, a century later no one who continued to practise Judaism was recognised as a Christian. Meanwhile, though formal Judaism was abolished from the Church, its spirit was retained. From slender analogies, like those in the First Epistle of Clement, the sacerdotal attributes of the Jewish priesthood passed over to the Christian ministry: the deacon became a Levite; the presbyter a priest; and the bishop a high-priest. The charismata, which were conferred by the free and sovereign Spirit of God in the primitive Churches, were rigidly enclosed in "orders" which the bishops, as successors of the Apostles, dispensed.

But, allowing that the Master of the feast used the ordinary Jewish form of service, which was customary at the household Passover, are we to understand that the same service was to be followed in its minutest detail by all Christians? If so, we must have the Passover elements—the slain lamb, the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread. No one pretends that such a "liturgy" was ever observed in Apostolic times, except by Jewish Christians at the Passover season. They continued the exact following of Jesus in this respect; and their pertinacity about the day of the observance produced the great "Easter controversy."

There is no trace of a "fully organized Liturgy" in the days of our Lord or of His Apostles. Even the Lord's Prayer is a model, not a "liturgy"—"After this manner pray ye." There was no fixed form when St. Paul said, "I will that the men pray everywhere" (*i.e.*, at the Eucharist, 1 Tim. ii. 1). Justin Martyr said that the President "gave thanks at considerable length." As in the Temple and in the Synagogue, so in the Christian assembly, portions of the Law, and Psalms and Prophets, would be used; but the "prayers" were not

definitely prescribed. The Pharisee "stood and prayed with himself," and certainly his prayer was not part of a liturgy, any more than that of the publican, on the other hand.

This attempt, then, to trace back the "Catholic" Liturgy to our Lord and the Apostles is a signal failure. So far as the outward form is concerned, a Moravian love-feast, or a Presbyterian communion in some hill-side church with its rude tables and simple ceremonies, is far nearer the "feast" of the first Christians than the "Mass" in St. Peter's. Would the Apostles recognise the image-decked altar, the priests in many colours, the bread receiving adoration as Christ Himself? Mr. Baring-Gould seems to think that they would, but we do not join in his opinion.

To support his theory, he has to adduce such evidence as can be collected from those manifest impostures, the Liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, St. Thomas, &c. If the twelve had left Liturgies, there would be an end of controversy. In the dark ages of the Church, "when all was right," certain documents passed unchallenged as the undoubted ordinances of the Apostles whose names they carried. But the acumen of Blondel, Daillé, and other Protestant critics proved that these productions were forgeries not less ingenious, nor less culpable, than the "Constitutions of the Apostles," upon which Canon Law is still based. Mr. Baring-Gould himself allows that "at first the words [of the Liturgy] were not fixed—only the framework of the service," and that no Liturgy exists which can be shown to be older than the fourth century. But our author is unwilling to resign entirely the "Liturgies" of James and Thomas and the rest. He says:—

"When the Liturgies were consigned to writing, those who wrote them believed that they were penning the *ipsissima verba* of the Apostles, whereas what they had received was not the words themselves, but the ground-plan on which the words were to be built up. . . . . Those who committed them to paper sincerely believed that the familiar words used weekly in their churches of apostolic foundation were of coeval foundation. To a certain extent they made no mistake; in their broad features, these Liturgies could trace back to the first founders of the Church."*

* *Our Inheritance*, pp. 11, 12.

There were, then, persons in the fourth century ignorant enough and presumptuous enough to ascribe their own compositions to Apostles. Persons in authority connived at these impositions, or were so uncritical that they did not detect them. Yet these are the authorities for "Tradition," which is to take its place on a level with Scripture, or above it! In commercial life, any such impersonation or falsehood would not be tolerated a single moment, and many a man has been hung as a felon for deceptions far less important. Moreover, the "Liturgy of St. James" differs in some points from the "Liturgy of St. Thomas," and all differ among themselves, so that they scarcely prove that the Apostles or their followers were careful to fix every item of the service. Our author himself is compelled to own that in the apostolic and sub-apostolic age "the form of words was not divinely or even apostolically fixed, but that, on the contrary, a wide margin of liberty was allowed, and bishops did not scruple to compose fresh prayers" (p. 12).* If there were any force in logic or authority in evidence, this would be enough to show that the quest after a primitive Liturgy is as illusive as the quest after the Holy Grail. But superstition can flourish in spite of logic or evidence. The promoters of the doctrine of the "Real Presence" do not much care for the discouragements which sober history gives them. In their realm of myth, "tradition" is as good as Scripture, and pious belief is better than criticism.

II. The next part of the subject might appear to be comparatively unimportant, but our author and his party will not allow us so to regard it. The question of morning or evening communion is, they think, vital to Christianity. "Evening communion," some of them allege, "is England's greatest sin."

One would have expected that, if this were the case, there

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* For proof that extempore prayer was customary in the Primitive Church, see 1 Tim. ii. 8; 1 Cor. xi. 4; *Ep. Polyc.* c. 12; Just. Mart. *Dial. c. Tryph.* c. 117; Apol. i. 65; Ignat. *ad Ephes.* c. 7; Hermas, lib. iii.; Sim. 2; cf. Jas. v. 16. In the *Didache*, ch. x., &c., there are forms of prayer to be used at the Eucharist, but they are recommended rather than enjoined; and the direction is added, "Permit the prophets to give thanks (to eucharise) as much as they please."

would be very clear and solemn ordinances on the subject. But in the New Testament there are none. No one ever made morning communion indispensable until the days of Cyprian; and Augustine, eighty years afterwards, said it was optional. If any time for the supper had been enjoined by the New Testament, it would most naturally have been the evening, in accordance with our Lord's own example. But our author laboriously urges that the passover meal which our Lord took with his disciples was "an ordinary supper . . . . and, that being ended, as the day dawned, they celebrated the Eucharist" (p. 174). We need scarcely say that this is most arbitrary interpretation, contrary to the plain teaching of the narrative, and contrary to the judgment of the best ancient and modern commentators. We should have thought that reverence for antiquity would have preserved our author from the exhibition of such a novelty.

His desire to give some colouring to his exposition tempts him to hazard a decided opinion on the apparent variation of St. John from the Synoptists on the date of the Lord's Supper. We should need a volume as large as his, if we were to follow him into the details of the "Passover Controversy." But it is enough to say that he accepts St. John's view that the Supper was held on the evening of Thursday, the 13th Nisan: also, that it was a Paschal meal, but not the Passover: this was due on the evening of the fourteenth. Then he can insinuate that the meal occupied the whole of the evening of the thirteenth, and the Eucharist, proper, came after midnight—at the dawn of the true Passover day!

But St. Matthew (ch. xxvi. 26) says that "*while they were eating,* Jesus took bread and blessed," &c. The Eucharist was an integral part of the feast, as it continued to be for two centuries.* Or, supposing that on this eventful night the whole of the celebration was not completed until midnight, are we to infer that this became the universal practice? Is it not absurd to suppose that Christians could only take the Lord's Supper by attending a feast which lasted all night,

* See a paper on this topic, by the Rev. W. F. Slater, M.A., in the *Wesl. Meth. Mag.*, Aug., 1889.

and which was followed by the solemnity after midnight? This, however, is our author's most astounding conclusion.

Of course, he makes much of the classical passage in Acts xx. 6–12, where we read of the Supper at Troas. "Upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to eat bread, Paul preached unto them, as he was going to depart on the morrow, and he continued his speech until midnight." In consequence of this extended discourse, the meal was delayed beyond its usual hour. Eutychus, who might have been fatigued by labour, "sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead." The accident, and the recovery of the young man, took up yet more time; but the long-deferred Agape was at last commenced; and, with much more discourse, the company only separated when Paul left at break of day.

What is Mr. Baring-Gould's use of this instance? He assumes that the delay of the Eucharist until after midnight was not through St. Paul's long preaching, but was in accordance with the usual order. He does not refer to the accident or the two lengthened discourses, but calmly assumes that all was in accordance with the custom of the Church. He says, "There were the breaking of bread and instructions first, as on the occasion of the Last Supper; first the supper, and then the discourse. Then came midnight, and *after* (italics are his) midnight, *as we are expressly informed*, ensued the Eucharist, the second breaking of bread."

But this distinction between a first and a second "breaking of bread" is entirely of our author's invention. The disciples came together "to eat bread," but the meal was delayed through the long speech of Paul, and for no other reason. To attribute to the entire Church in the first age, the practice of early communion, because of this accidental instance, "after midnight," is to build the pyramid on its point. The attempt shows the pitiful helplessness of those who would claim supreme authority for ritual refinements; but there can be no excuse for such direct misrepresentation of Scripture facts.

It is now admitted by all competent historians that the Eucharist, throughout the Apostolic age, was identified with

the Agape.* Lechler says, "The Lord's Supper was the most important and sacred part of this meal, and, according to the usual assumption, formed the elevating conclusion of the common daily meal." The "Eucharist" was the "Thanksgiving" (εὐχαριστία), which was uttered with the reception, both of the bread and the wine. It usually rehearsed the goodness of God in bestowing food and other blessings upon man, and, afterwards, for His mercy in Redemption.† At a yet later period, the "Eucharist" was separated from the "Agape," and was observed independently of it. When did this separation take place?

Our author asserts that the distinction between the two was always clear, and that the Agape was always held at night, but the Eucharist after midnight! As we have seen, most authorities allow that the union was complete throughout the Apostolic age, but that, at the end of the first century, the two things were formally and permanently disjoined. Bishop Lightfoot urges this date, because it agrees with his view of the time to which the Epistles of Ignatius belong. The epistles say that "it is not lawful, without the bishop, either to baptize or to celebrate a love-feast"; from which it seems clear that the "love-feast" represents the sacramental feast. In the days of Ignatius, therefore, the "Lord's Supper" and the "Love-feast" were united. What, then, was the time of the writer of the epistles? Unless it is allowed that it was in the first decade of the second century, Bishop Lightfoot has lost his labour, and his great work can only have a secondary importance in criticism. But can it be shown that the Agape was separated from the Eucharist so early in the second century?

It is too often supposed that the letter of Pliny to Trajan (A.D. 109) settled this question, and Church-historians have, until recently, followed one another on this subject with more than customary obsequiousness. But the publication of the *Didache*, and further reflection, have raised doubts.

* See Dr. Plummer in Smith's *Dict. of Ch. Antiq.* i., "Agapæ"; Schaff's *Oldest Church Manual*, p. 58; Neander, *Planting*, &c., i. 249; Stähelin, Herzog, Real-Enkyk, *Abendmalsfeier*; Lechler, *Apostol. and Post-apost. Times*, i. 46, 139.

† *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*, c. 10.

Gieseler held that the Agapæ were continued in some Churches during the second century. But Dr. Bigg, in his *Bampton Lecture*, says that at the end of the second century, "in the Church of Alexandria, the Eucharist was not distinguished in *time*, ritual, or motive from the primitive Supper of the Lord."* He holds this view with some hesitation, because it is so contrary to the common opinion, but he can show very good reason for it. He urges that the Eucharist is not described as a separate office by Clement of Alexandria, or by Origen; that the Agape in both its public and private forms is; and that no Oriental writer before Clement's time speaks of the Eucharist as a distinct and separate office. If this be so, it is not needful to place Ignatius in the first ten years of the second century, because he speaks of the Lord's Supper as a Love-feast. If, at the end of that century, the two were identified at Alexandria and Carthage, surely, the association might have lasted longer at Antioch than Bishop Lightfoot's theory supposes.

This theory rests on the assumption that the brief reference in Pliny's letter supplies a full and trustworthy account of the Christian custom. The consul says that the Christians "met on a stated day before light, and sung a hymn antiphonally to Christ as God, and bound themselves by an oath (sacramentum) not to do evil . . . . and, having separated, they re-assembled to take a common but harmless meal." Pliny forbade their meetings as he forbade other secret assemblies. But we cannot take Pliny's brief statement as a full and exact description of the Christian customs. Or, if there were anything obligatory in the primitive usage, we might ask what became of "the simple meal" to which he refers? Why was this discontinued? Bishop Lightfoot says that the feast had begun "to provoke unfavourable comments."† But Pliny says it was "a harmless feast"; therefore, that could not be the reason. Bishop Lightfoot says again, "The Eucharist was the core of Christian worship; this, at all events, could not be sacrificed. On the other hand, the Agape was not essential." But how had it been discovered that "the Agape

* Bigg's Bampton Lect.: *The Christian Platonists*, p. 103.
† Lightfoot's *Ignatius*, i. p. 386.

was not essential?" It was "essential" in the Apostolic age; and in the Churches from which the Didache came down; and Dr. Bigg tells us it was so reckoned in the Churches of Alexandria until the end of the second century. Further, what an instance is this of the care to "note every point in the ritual," which was so characteristic of the sub-apostolic Churches, as Mr. Baring-Gould has it! The "Eucharist" was but, in fact, one item of the religious ceremony of the feast during the Apostolic age, but immediately afterwards was found to be "the core of Christian worship;" and the "feast" might lapse as a non-essential thing! *

However, our author has no doubts. "The edict of Trajan against club-gatherings, probably, led to the severance of the Agape from the Eucharist in the first years of the second century; indeed, Pliny says in his letter, that, at his command the Christians had abandoned their love-feasts" (p. 183). *Causa finita est!* Yet we may question, whatever temporary submission was wrung from the trembling Christians by imperial threats in Bithynia, whether this would be sufficient to change the custom of the whole Christian world. Bishop Lightfoot is much more cautious in saying, "There can be but little doubt that the union of the two did not generally survive the persecution of Trajan." And, Mr. Baring-Gould finds it necessary to add, "Certainly, when Justin Martyr wrote, twenty-eight years later, the two were separated."

Yet any one who will read the account given by Justin (*Apolog.* cc. 66, 67) will see that the Lord's Supper is a feast, and not a mere ceremonial. It is the "food" which is the Eucharist. There is nothing in his language to suggest that the bread sent to the absent consisted of sacred frag-

* Mr. Gould admits that nothing can be inferred in favour of his theory from the "sacramentum," which, Pliny said, the Christians joined in at their morning assembly. The Latin word, *sacramentum*, "could have no ecclesiastical use in the Apostolic and Sub-apostolic ages during which the language of the Church was exclusively Greek." (Smith's *Dict. of Ch. Antiq.*). The word "Sacrament" had not been connected yet with the two principal Christian rites; or, if with either, its meaning, "oath" or "pledge," would best apply to baptism, as by Tertullian. Mr. Gould says that Pliny "has mixed up the Eucharist with the baptismal pledge." But, more probably, baptism was administered in the morning, as Justin Martyr shows, and the Lord's Supper in the evening.

ment, or that the "Supper" was anything but a meal. Yet it has been quite axiomatic among writers on the subject to assume that in Justin's time the separation of Agape and Eucharist had taken place;* yet Clement of Alexandria describes the Eucharist as still part of a feast, and there is nothing in Origen to make it quite clear that the separation had taken place in his day.

"But does not Tertullian speak of women who spent all night at the Paschal solemnities?" Yes; this occurred once a year, at Easter, when the Lord's Supper was observed in commemoration of the Passover, in connection with a vigil. But, in this case, the feast might take place before midnight. Besides, what inferences can be made from an occasional usage? Mr. Baring-Gould would have us to believe that the Christian wife could never partake of the Lord's Supper without attending a service which extended from the evening until after midnight! Well might their heathen husbands complain! But who can believe that this was the invariable condition of things?

Tertullian also says that some "defame the Lord's Supper" by calling it a surfeiting. But how could it be a "surfeiting" unless it retained its character as a feast? Some also raised a suspicion about the salutation—"the Kiss of the Agape," which continued long after the feast had ceased, and lingers in Coptic Churches even to this day.† He tells us that the Christian "feast is explained by its name; the Greeks call it 'Agape.'"

We conclude, therefore, that the assumption that the Eucharist was finally separated from the Agape in the early part of the second century, is entirely unhistorical. Consequently, there is a very strong presumption that the celebration of the Eucharist was not, for two centuries at least, confined to the morning. Such conjectures as that the Sabbath Service of the Synagogue was put off until late on the Satur-

* We cannot be surprised that the Rom. Cath. Funk (*Doctrina duod. Apost.* 1887, p. 34) should be of this opinion, but we may wonder that Dr. Schaff (*Oldest Ch. Manual*, p. 57, &c.) should so meekly accept it. See also Lechler (*Apost. and Post-Ap. Times*, ii. 298), who quotes Zahn (*Forschungen*) on the same side.

† Cf. 1 Pet. v. 14: "Salute one another with a kiss of love."

day evening, in order that the Eucharist might come in the first hours of the first day of the week, show how weak a theory Mr. Baring-Gould has to support. He supposes that, in this way, the difficulty connected with two sacred days was got over. But this is fancy, not history. Moreover, it is clear that in the case at Troas, of which he makes so much, the disciples came together in the evening of the first day, and not of the seventh. Then, if they waited until after midnight for the Eucharist, it would be the morning of the second day before the celebration! Surely, Mr. Gould does not mean that; or, if he does, what comes of his supposed amalgamation of the Saturday and Sunday Services?

These multiplied but improbable conjectures are due to the fact that a history suited to Mr. Baring-Gould's theory has to be supplied from imagination. He does not relieve his case by saying, as he does at a critical point, "We cannot indeed say for certain that it was so." The date for the fabrication of legends about the Apostolic time is past, long since. Those who would understand that period must be guided by the elementary idea of its absolute simplicity, and freedom from the developments of later times. Especially, they must be acquainted with the Apostolic doctrine that "the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

III. But these questions, about a Liturgy of the Lord's Supper, and the time of its observance, are of little moment in comparison with the further inquiry—What was the real significance of the Supper? What was the great doctrine which it was supposed to exhibit? Mr. Baring-Gould would not have given himself to the researches embodied in this volume in any merely archæological or antiquarian interest. He is anxious to show the true Church-doctrine of the Lord's Supper, which has been so strangely obscured, as he thinks, by Protestantism. He would fain restore the Faith of "Catholic" times, when the Lord's table was an altar, the Supper was a sacrifice, and the Minister a priest.

But the New Testament will not favour his suppositions. Christianity "has no sacred days or seasons, no special sanctuaries, because every time and place are holy. Above all, it

has no sacerdotal system."* The Apostles, who still worshipped at the altars of Judaism, could not call their "tables" altars. St. Paul, who preached a spiritual Christianity, and entirely separated himself and his followers from formal Judaism, could not do so. He, and other apostles, spoke of "spiritual sacrifices," of prayer, and praise, and consecration. So did Clement of Rome, and Ignatius, and Justin Martyr, and Pseudo-Barnabas, and the Epistle to Diognetus. Clement of Alexandria and Origen fully entered into the spiritual significance of the Eucharist. Tertullian used the terms, "altar" and "sacrifice," when referring to the Lord's Supper; but the "altar" is the table on which the people's offerings are presented, and the sacrifice is theirs. It was not until the days of the arch-heretic, Cyprian, that the "sacrifice" was represented to be the body and blood of Christ. It may be taken as a specimen of Mr. Baring-Gould's treatment of authorities that he claims Tertullian as one who speaks of the "pure sacrifice." But, in the passage referred to (Tert. *C. Marc.* iii. 22), the latter speaks of the sacrifice of prayer. "Elsewhere he speaks of the prophecy of Malachi i. 10, as referring to the 'simple oblation of a pure conscience.'"† Now, every one knows how frequently this prophecy is quoted by Romanists on behalf of their doctrine of Eucharistic sacrifice, and its accompanying "incense." Mr. Baring-Gould should, therefore, have quoted Tertullian correctly. He does not speak of "oblation," but of the "simple prayer of a pure conscience."

The doctrines of the Real Presence and of Transubstantiation, and the like, can only be supported from these primitive writers by reading into their florid and tropical utterances a later and more critical meaning. Mr. Baring-Gould's view is "that all the terms, 'Sacrifice of Thanksgiving,' 'Sacrifice of Praise,' 'giving of thanks,' &c., used by St. Paul and the primitive Fathers, are applicable to the Eucharist as the Christian peace-offering, in which the faithful, by participation in the body of

* Lightfoot, *Philipp.*, page 178.

† *Our Inheritance*, p. 431. Tertull. *C. M.*, iv. 1: "Simplex oratio de conscientia pura." Mr. B.-G. has read *oblatio* for *oratio*. Clark's *Ante-Nic. Lib.* reads the latter; so Semler.

Christ, who is made our peace, are brought into communion with the Father" (page 366). He can find a sacrificial import in the Saviour's direction: "*Do* this in remembrance of Me." The Eucharist is the antitype of the "shewbread," or "Bread of the Presence." That his ground is very uncertain when he speaks of an "altar" and sacrificial worship among the primitive Christians, his later pages confess. For instance (page 378), he says: "If, with some Protestant controversialists, we allow that the words of Minucius Felix, Origen, Clement of Alexandria, &c., exclude all sacrificial worship, we are left to face the difficulty that we have collateral evidence showing that such worship did exist in the Church."

But what "collateral evidence" is there to show that Christians had sacrifices, and altars, and the like, against the express arguments and testimonies of the writers mentioned that they had none? Mr. Baring-Gould has been misled by the Romish theologians whose works he has so carefully studied. It needs but a little calm investigation of authorities to discover that the strong assertions of such writers as Möhler and Probst are built on interpretations which no law court in the world would recognize.* Romish scholars are bound to affirm the correctness of the traditional doctrine and interpretations; but why should the Anglicans take upon them this yoke of bondage? Is it not more scientific to interpret the language of the early Fathers by the ideas and terms of the New Testament, from which they were derived, than to read into it the conceptions of men who lived in later and more corrupt centuries? Why should Cyprian, rather than St. John, expound Justin Martyr? Were Augustine or Cyril more likely to represent the doctrine of Polycarp and Irenæus than St. Paul? We know that the dream of a reconciliation of East and West haunts the Anglican mind. This, it is

* It would be impossible to overestimate the influence which Möhler's *Symbolik* has had in Germany and England during the sixty years since its publication. It had a great deal to do with the origin of Tractarianism. A reply to it was one of Baur's first essays. Probst, Rom. Cath. Professor at Breslau, seems to be a leading authority now on ecclesiastical subjects, and often referred to by High-church writers.

supposed, can never come to pass unless the "Catholic" tradition is recognized. But Rome laughs them to scorn. She dreads nothing but Scripture. Her victory over those who, like Mr. Baring-Gould, will not use it, is very easy; and all who exalt the traditions of the fourth century above the facts and teachings of the first, are sure eventually to fall into her hands.

Art. III.—SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

Giovanni Acuto. Storia d'un Condottiere. Per G. Temple Leader e G. Marcotti. Firenze. 1889.

THE eye of the visitor to the Duomo at Florence is arrested by a picture, which hangs on the wall at the west end of the church, of a knight in complete armour, except that, instead of helmet, he wears a cap, or *berrettone*, riding an ambling charger, a short cloak depending from his shoulders and the *bâton* of a general in his right hand. The picture is a copy of a fresco by Paolo Uccello, painted in 1436, to perpetuate the memory of one of the ablest and most faithful servants the Florentine Republic ever had—an Englishman, one Sir John Hawkwood, a native of Essex, who, after wandering many ways and fighting many battles, closed a chequered, but not ignoble, career at Florence on March 16, 1394. With the fame of this man, whom Hallam justly calls the first real general of modern Europe, the chronicles of the fourteenth century are full, and from time to time attempts have been made, both by Englishmen and foreigners, to put together some sort of consecutive account of his life and achievements. Little, however, was, or indeed could be, effected until the labours of Ricotti, Gregorovius, Sismondi, and others had evolved something like order out of the chaos of Italian history during the fourteenth century, and the livelier interest in historical research which, as one effect of the revival of Italian national life, had opened a variety of theretofore inaccessible sources of information.

Accordingly, now, in the year of grace 1889, we have

before us, as the result of the joint exertions of an Englishman and an Italian, the first real life of Sir John Hawkwood that has ever appeared.

Of the manner in which the task has been executed we, who before its appearance had occasion to examine most of the authorities for ourselves, can speak, on the whole, in terms of the highest praise. The work is accurate and scholarly, except that, by some oversight, for which we are at a loss to account, certain curious errors occur in the citation of authorities; the style, though, perhaps, a little too diffuse, is clear and interesting; enough of the general history of the period is interwoven with the narrative to make Hawkwood's relation to it intelligible, though, nevertheless, the book is kept within the very moderate compass of 248 octavo pages, while it derives additional value from an appendix of original documents drawn chiefly from the archives of various Italian cities and hitherto inedited. The book is thus a valuable contribution to the history of mediæval Italy; it is also of special interest to the English reader as the story of the life of an Englishman who, in an age remote from ours and amid various and startling changes of scene and circumstance, exhibited in a peculiarly striking manner some of the essential traits which in later times have come to be recognized as the special characteristics of the men of action of his race.

Sir John Hawkwood was, like many distinguished Englishmen, a younger son. His father, Gilbert Hawkwood of Hedingham Sibil, Hinckford Hundred, Essex, was a substantial tanner, residing on an estate which had been in the family since the time of King John, and had a coat of arms, trade or manufacture being, according to old English ideas, no "diminution of gentry." The date of Sir John Hawkwood's birth has not been precisely determined, but we shall probably not be far wrong if we place it in the second decade of the fourteenth century. His early life is a blank, but it is probable that, with the view of pushing his fortunes, he joined the English army in France, and served under the banner of Edward III. or the Black Prince at Crecy or Poictiers. He does not, however, emerge into history until 1359, when the war was virtually at an end, and the peace of Brétigny looming

in the near future. Unable to endure inaction, Hawkwood raised a company of freebooters in Gascony, and began levying war on his own account. He sacked Pau, despoiling the clergy but sparing the laity. From Pau he marched on Avignon, then the seat of the Papacy. It so happened that at this time other bands of freebooters, driven southward by the vigorous measures then being taken by King John for the restoration of peace and order in France, were concentrating in the neighbourhood of Avignon, and to these Hawkwood joined his forces. Pope Innocent VI. had none but spiritual arms to oppose to theirs, and, having exhausted the resources of ecclesiastical stage thunder, was fain to bribe them to go in peace and take service under the Marquis of Monferrato, who was then much in need of stout hearts and strong arms to help him in his struggle with his own and the Church's arch-enemies, the Visconti of Milan. The money duly paid – some 60,000 francs, says Froissart—the free companions took their departure like men of honour, and made their way by Nice and the Riviera into Italy. The Marquis of Monferrato employed them, under the command of Albert Sterz, a German, in ravaging the Milanese. This they did with such effect that early in 1363 the Visconti made peace. The company then passed into the service of the republic of Pisa, at that time engaged in one of its innumerable petty wars with Florence, and in December Sterz was superseded by Hawkwood.

T. e White Company, as the force of which Hawkwood now found himself the commander was called, probably from the immaculate splendour of their arms, which were burnished to the brightness of a mirror, made a profound impression on the Florentine mind. Filippo Villani has left a lively description of their *personnel*, their equipment, and their tactics. All in the prime of life, inured to every kind of hardship in the French wars, laughing to scorn the utmost extremes of Italian heat and cold, making no distinction between night and day, brave to impetuosity, but trained by severe discipline to render implicit obedience to the word of command, they were such warriors as Italy had never known since the best days of the ancient Romans. By what strikes the modern reader as a curious anachronism, they were essentially a corps

of mounted infantry. The unit of organization was "the lance" —*i.e.*, a knight and a squire, armed with a single long and heavy lance or pike, and a page to attend on them. The knight was sheathed in iron or steel from head to foot; the squire somewhat less heavily armed; both rode powerful chargers; the page attended them on a palfrey. They appear to have fought both on horseback and on foot, but used their lances only in the latter mode, forming in close square or circle, each lance grasped by its proper knight and squire on either side, while their pages held their horses. Thus behind a hedge of level lance points, projecting like the tusks of a wild boar, they waited to receive the enemy or advanced against them slowly, and with fierce shouts and in unbreakable order. Their tactics on horseback are not described, but presumably they charged like other cavalry, using their swords to cut down the enemy. They also carried bows slung across their backs. Besides the mounted infantry, the White Company included a corps of infantry proper, armed with the long bow of yew, which they fixed upright in the ground before drawing it, and in the use of which they were extremely expert. Their mode of fighting was savage in the extreme, every sort of atrocity being ascribed to them except the torture of their prisoners, a practice in which their German *confrères* were only too apt to indulge. A company of these latter, under one Hans von Bongard, entered the Pisan service about the same time as the White Company, and was also placed under Hawkwood's command. Together the two companies mustered about 9000 men. It would be tedious to enter into the details of the petty war which ensued. Suffice it to say that the Florentines permitted Hawkwood to advance to the gates of their city without opposing any serious resistance; that he made two attempts to force an entrance, but was beaten off with considerable loss, and that on his retreat he was deserted by the bulk of his army, corrupted by a lavish distribution of Florentine gold, and arrived in Pisa with only a few hundred of the White Company; that a Florentine army 4000 strong then marched on Pisa, and encamped at Cascina, a few miles from the city; that Hawkwood attempted to carry this camp by a *coup de main* and effected a breach in its palisades, but was eventually repulsed;

that a revolution thereupon took place in Pisa, one Giovanni dell' Agnello being elected doge of the city, and that he forthwith made peace with Florence (Aug. 1364). Upon this Hawkwood resumed his old profession of free lance, roving about Tuscany, pillaging and levying contributions. Hawkwood, however, was not without a formidable rival in Hans von Bongard, who had also found in Tuscany his happy hunting-ground, and seems to have regarded Hawkwood as a sort of trespasser. At any rate when Hawkwood, in November, made his appearance before Perugia, with the intention of taking toll of that prosperous republic, he found himself opposed by Von Bongard. Perugia, in fact, had adopted the policy of setting the barbarians to fight one another, and had hired Von Bongard to defend it. The policy, however, was hardly successful, for the companies, being equally matched, fraternised, and, swearing eternal friendship to the commune of Perugia, dined together at its expense, and billeted themselves upon it for the rest of the month.

Perugia seems to have had special attractions for Hawkwood, for we find him returning thither in the following July. This time, however, Von Bongard was true to his engagement with the republic, and fought a stubbornly contested pitched battle with Hawkwood, in which he was victorious, Hawkwood escaping with the fragments of his company into the Sienese, whither Von Bongard pursued him, driving him eventually into the Maremma. Hawkwood, however, soon beat up recruits, and, joining his forces with a German company, under a certain Count John of Habsburg, and an Italian company, under Ambrogio, a bastard son of Bernabò Visconti, made another descent upon Tuscany. The havoc wrought by these bands of marauders was indescribable. Most of the Tuscan towns had exiled their feudal aristocracy, or, at any rate, deposed them from power, without organising any civic militia. Hence they were absolutely at the mercy of any well-armed and disciplined band of brigands that happened to appear before their gates. In vain the Pope excommunicated the companies, in vain he preached a crusade against them. They laughed to scorn his brute fulminations, knowing well that he had neither money nor men to back them up. At last he

conceived the bizarre idea of converting them into soldiers of the Cross, then much needed to cope with the infidel Turk, who was already in possession of Greece, and was daily become a more and more serious menace to Christendom. He applied to the Marquis of Monferrato, who, as also Emperor of the East, was most nearly interested in the success of the plan, to take them into his service and carry them abroad. The plan completely failed, owing to the invincible repugnance of the freebooters, who much preferred the lucrative and easy occupation of pillaging the peaceful and emasculate natives of Tuscany to the hard knocks which were all they were ever likely to get from the infidel dogs. There is extant a curious letter from St. Catherine of Siena to Hawkwood on this subject, which, though undated, appears from internal evidence to have been written in 1374, and which shows how long the idea of converting Hawkwood lingered in that ardent mind. She addresses him as her dearest and most beloved brother in Christ Jesus, and begs him with pathetic earnestness to exchange the service of the devil for the service and Cross of Christ, and leave warring upon Christians and go to war against the infidel dogs. Thereby, she adds, he will prove himself a true knight. The exhortation, we need hardly say, had no effect upon the hardened *condottiero*.

For some years prior to the date of this letter Hawkwood's life had been one of incessant activity. He had been drawn into the thick of the struggle between the clerical and anti-clerical, the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, which kept mediæval Italy in a state of all but perpetual internecine war. The heads of the anti-clerical party were at this time the Visconti of Milan. They sought by every means, lawful and unlawful, to extend their dominion or influence in the peninsula, and in particular by fomenting discord in the free cities, in order that they might have a pretext for intervening by force and setting up a nominee of their own as tyrant, or doge, or podestà, supported by a garrison from Milan. They possessed the only standing army in Italy—an army composed chiefly of ultramontane mercenaries—German, Hungarian, English—but which also included the Italian company commanded by Ambrogio Visconti, and which may thus be regarded as the

germ of Italian military organisation. To counteract their growing power the Pope had, in 1367, formed an alliance with the Emperor and some of the principal Italian States, and in May 1368 the Emperor had invaded Lombardy with a large army. Hawkwood, who came to Milan about this time, drawn thither, perhaps, by the approaching marriage of Galeazzo Visconti's daughter Violante to Edward the Third's third son, Lionel Duke of Clarence, which was celebrated with much magnificence on the 5th of June, entered the Milanese service in the following August. The war was very languidly prosecuted, and the Emperor made peace in the following spring. The Visconti, however, were bent on carrying on covert hostilities against the Pope, and found their opportunity at Perugia, which had hitherto refused to acknowledge Papal suzerainty. In 1369 the Pope sent an army into the Perugino to enforce what he conceived to be his rights, and the Visconti placed Hawkwood and his lances at the disposal of Perugia. He was, however, defeated near Arezzo by the Papal German levies, and taken prisoner, but forthwith ransomed by the commune of Perugia. Collecting his scattered forces, he marched on Montefiascone, where the Pope then was. The Pope fled to Viterbo. Hawkwood pursued, but was compelled to retreat after burning the vineyards in the neighbourhood of the town. Retreating through the Pisano he encountered at Cascina a Florentine army of 4000 men under Malatacca of Reggio—Florence was then in alliance with the Pope—and, though outnumbered by two to one, completely routed it, taking two thousand prisoners, much booty, and the standard of the republic (Dec. 1). He then marched to Sarzana, collected reinforcements, and returned to the Pisano, being commissioned by the Visconti to restore Giovanni dell' Agnello, who had recently been deposed by the citizens. He made an ineffectual attempt to carry the city by escalade, and then retired, burning Livorno by the way. He was next employed in an attempt to reduce Reggio, which had joined the Papal League, but was defeated under its walls by the Florentine general, Manuo Donati, who, however, died of wounds received on the field of battle. Soon after this peace was made. Employ-

ment, however, was found for Hawkwood's restless energy in a little war which the Visconti were waging with the Marquis of Monferrato. Together with Ambrogio Visconti, he invaded the marquisate, and laid siege to Asti; but, finding himself hampered in his conduct of the operations by a council of war, whom he scornfully described as "scribes," he threw up his command and entered the Papal service. A new war between the Papal League and the Visconti soon broke out, and Hawkwood, of course, had his full share of the toils and honours of it. He inflicted a signal defeat on a superior Milanese force on the Panaro, in January 1373, was in his turn defeated by Gian Galeazzo, son of Galeazzo Visconti, at Montechiaro, on May 8, but, rallying his forces at Gavardo, turned on the pursuing Milanese, and completely routed them, after which he retreated to Bologna. The war was now permitted to languish, and Hawkwood, sick of inaction, and unable to obtain regular pay from the Pope, took once more to levying contributions in Tuscany. It was probably about this time (1374) that the letter of St. Catherine of Siena, to which we have already referred, was written. Meanwhile the exactions of Papal legates and governors, most of whom were Frenchmen, had excited the utmost discontent and indignation in the cities subject to the Papacy. Florence was veering round to the side of the Visconti, and when, in June 1375, Hawkwood appeared before its walls with a considerable force, and threatened to burn its corn unless he were paid a handsome contribution, the republic made terms with him, paying him 130,000 florins of gold in return for the disclosure of a plot to betray Prato into his hands and an engagement not to molest the city for five years, except in obedience to superior orders, and granting him an annual pension of 1200 florins for life. From this time his allegiance to the Pope seems to have been of very doubtful quality. The condottiero, to whom pay was all-important, had felt the magic of the Florentine gold, and the Pope continued a bad paymaster. Events occurred which subjected his loyalty to a severe strain. Florence concluded an alliance with the Visconti, and her emissaries were soon busy in Romagna and the Bolognese organizing a general revolt against the Church. The signal

was given by Città di Castello, a little town on the site of the ancient Tifernum, between Perugia and Rimini. Hawkwood was stationed at Perugia, when, early in November 1375, came intelligence that Città di Castello was in revolt. He was forthwith despatched to reduce the town, but before he had done so was recalled to Perugia, which had also risen. He found the governor besieged in the citadel, and siding with the populace, compelled him to capitulate, and sent him under escort to Rimini. The rich booty thus obtained was shared by his soldiers with the populace. By way of security for his pay Hawkwood seized the castle of Castrocaro, to which the Church, now anxious to conciliate him, added the fortified towns of Bagnacavallo and Cotignola. The revolt now became general—about eighty cities and towns shaking off the Papal yoke; and Hawkwood did, and indeed could do, little to cope with it. He laid siege, however, to Granaruola. On March 20 Bologna caught the flame. Hawkwood at once raised the siege of Granaruola, and marched into the Bolognese. Arriving at Faenza, a city as yet outwardly loyal, he entered it, expelled the inhabitants, except a few of the wealthiest, whom he held to ransom, and the more attractive of the women, and then marched on Bologna, desolating the country with fire and sword. The Bolognese, however, held his two sons as hostages, and to obtain their release he conceded a truce of sixteen months. He then betook himself to Cotignola, where he strengthened the fortifications and built himself a palace. Early in the following year he was summoned to Cesena, where the populace had risen against the Breton garrison, which had been placed there by the Cardinal of the Twelve Apostles, Robert of Geneva, afterwards Anti-Pope Clement VII. His instructions were brief and simple, "Blood, blood, and justice!" Hawkwood proposed to spare those who laid down their arms, but the Cardinal would not hear of it, and added, emphatically, "I command you." Hawkwood accordingly led his men into the town on the night of February 3, and in the course of a three days' massacre put to the sword some thousands of the inhabitants, without distinction of rank or profession, age or sex, sparing neither the infirm, nor women with child, nor children at the breast,

while the Cardinal rode by his side and ejaculated, "Affatto, affatto!" ("Thorough, thorough!") For the honour of our countryman it must, however, be added that he contrived to save a thousand of the women, and sent them under escort to Rimini, which was crowded with fugitives in the utmost destitution. Cesena itself was completely looted and desolated.

This was Hawkwood's last act in the service of the Church. In April he entered the service of the Anti-papal League, Bernabò Visconti promising him one of his natural daughters, the Lady Donnina, in marriage. It is not clear whether he was then a widower, or whether the two sons mentioned in connection with the revolt of Bologna were illegitimate. The marriage was celebrated with much splendour at Milan in May. The summer and autumn passed in some desultory fighting and negotiation in Tuscany, and in March 1378 a congress assembled at Sarzana to arrange terms of peace. Its deliberations were interrupted by the death of the Pope, Gregory XI., but his successor, Urban VI., made peace in July. He was unpopular with the French Cardinals, who elected Robert of Geneva as Anti-Pope, and a war followed. Hawkwood, meanwhile, was fighting the battle of Bernabò Visconti against the Scaligers of Verona, whose inheritance, they being illegitimate, Bernabò claimed in right of his wife Beatrice, sister of Car Signore della Scala, their father. Louis of Hungary, however, sent an army to their support, under Stephen Laczsk, Waiwode of Transylvania, by whom Hawkwood was defeated under the walls of Verona, and compelled to retreat. Bernabò Visconti then treated him as a traitor, putting a price on his head, and he retired to Bagnacavallo in the spring of 1379. Soon afterwards the Breton forces of the Anti-Pope were defeated at Marino by the Italian company of St. George, and he himself took refuge in Avignon. Queen Joan of Naples having taken his part, the Pope, following time honoured precedents, offered her kingdom to Louis of Hungary, who commissioned his nephew, Charles of Durazzo, to conquer it. He marched through Italy, meeting with little resistance, and occupied Naples in July, 1381. The Anti-Pope, however, found a rival claimant in Louis, Duke of Anjou, who assembled an army in Provence, and finding as

little difficulty in traversing Italy as Charles had done, arrived in Apulia in 1382. The Pope forthwith secured Hawkwood's services on behalf of his nominee by arrangement with the Florentine Government. The war, however, if such it can be called, was very languidly prosecuted, and Hawkwood soon marched northward, and, after a little raiding and ravaging in Tuscany, entered, in December 1387, the service of Francesco Carrara, Marquis of Padua, then at war with the Scaligers. He brought with him only 500 English horse and 600 English archers, but was placed in command of the entire Paduan army, which numbered about 7500 horse and 1000 foot. With this force he crossed the Adige at Castelbaldo in January 1387, and advanced unopposed into the heart of the Veronese. Here, however, his army soon began to suffer severely from hunger and thirst, the enemy intercepting his supplies and poisoning the wells; and he was at length compelled to retreat, closely pursued by a Veronese army immensely superior in numbers, and including a battery of bombards, a kind of rude artillery which discharged a stone projectile about the size of a hen's egg. At Castagnaro, on the Adige, he made a stand, selecting a position between the raised bank or dyke which confined the stream within its channel and a small canal which connected the dyke with a neighbouring marsh. In order to attack him it was thus necessary that the enemy should descend into the ditch, in effecting which operation they were, of course, exposed to the arrows of his men. They did so, however, and, covered by the fire from their bombards, climbed up the other side and engaged in a hand struggle with the Paduan defenders, who were already giving way, when Hawkwood, at the head of the English contingent, passed round the end of the ditch where it joined the Adige and took them in flank and rear. They fell into confusion, the Paduans charged down the slope, and the enemy were completely routed. The rout became a massacre, which was prolonged far into the night, and Padua was for a time relieved of all danger of invasion. Not for long, however. Carrara, whose service Hawkwood quitted soon after the victory, entered into an alliance with Gian Galeazzo, now, by the murder of his uncle Bernabò, sole lord of Milan, for the partitioning of the

Veronese. Gian Galeazzo, Count of Virtue, as he was called, as if in irony, easily conquered the Veronese, and then invaded the Padovano. Carrara abdicated in favour of his son, Francesco Novello, and the latter was compelled by the Milanese general, Jacopo del Verme, to surrender Padua. He was taken a prisoner to Milan, but escaped thence, and fled by a circuitous route to Florence, where he at once began to intrigue for his restoration.

Hawkwood, meanwhile, had retired to the castle of Montecchio, near Cortona, which he had recently acquired, where he was joined by Bernabò Visconti's son, Carlo. Suspecting that such a conjunction boded no good to himself, Gian Galeazzo laid a plot to destroy his nephew by procuring some poisoned figs to be sent him. This, however, Hawkwood detected in time, and put Carlo on his guard. The two then collected a considerable force, with a view to striking a blow at the Count of Virtue when opportunity should present itself. The help of Florence was, however, indispensable, and Florence hesitated to challenge so powerful an adversary. Hawkwood and Carlo accordingly, in the autumn of 1388, marched into Apulia, and placed their swords at the disposal of Queen Margaret, widow of Charles of Durazzo.

Neapolitan affairs had long been in a condition of anarchy. Both Louis and Charles were dead, but their partisans continued the struggle in the interest of their infant sons. At this time the Angevin faction was in the ascendant, and held all Naples, except the Castle of Capuana, which still held out for Queen Margaret. An attempt was made in the spring of 1389 to relieve the garrison, Hawkwood, of course, taking part in it. It failed, however, and towards the end of April the governor capitulated. A year later Hawkwood was recalled to Florence, where it had at length been determined to take energetic action against the Count of Virtue, who was already threatening Bologna, and thought to be aiming at the sovereignty of Italy. Hawkwood was received by the citizens with every sign of enthusiasm, was appointed commander-in-chief of the Florentine forces, and, after taking all necessary measures for putting the city in a posture of defence, hurried to Bologna, accompanied only by a small escort. The city was

held by 1200 lances and 3000 infantry, under Giovanni da Barbiano. The Milanese investing army, under Jacopo dal Verme, withdrew on Hawkwood's arrival, and he was thus able to employ the garrison in offensive operations in the Modenese and Reggiano. This brought Jacopo dal Verme upon the scene again. Hawkwood engaged and defeated him, near Samoggia, a few miles from Bologna, on June 21. About the same time came the news that Francesco Novello had recovered Padua, where Hawkwood joined him in the autumn at the head of a considerable force, drawn partly from Florence, partly from Bologna. In January the allies invaded the Veronese, crossing the Adige at Castelbaldo. The plan of the campaign was to effect a junction with the Comte d'Armagnac, who was to enter the Milanese from the side of Provence with a large army of French adventurers. He was, however, unexpectedly slow in taking the field, and Hawkwood, after making two reconnaissances in force in the Veronese, returned to Padua without obtaining any tidings of him. At length came the news that D'Armagnac had entered Piedmont, and Hawkwood about the middle of March again crossed the Adige. He advanced almost unopposed into the heart of the Bergamasco, and there, in June, at a place called Pandino, in the district between the Adda and the Oglio, about fifteen miles from Milan, encamped and waited for news of D'Armagnac. No news, however, came, but instead Jacopo dal Verme made his appearance, with an army of about 10,000 effective combatants and a mass of militia besides. Hawkwood's army had at starting numbered 2200 lances and a considerable body of infantry, including 1200 crossbowmen, but was probably by this time somewhat reduced in numbers. Nevertheless, Jacopo dal Verme steadily refused to risk a pitched battle, but hovered about the camp, cutting off Hawkwood's supplies and harassing him with frequent skirmishes. Accordingly towards the end of the month Hawkwood was compelled to retreat. He made for Cremona, but halted at a place called Paterno Fasolaro, a few miles to the north of the city, where he lay for four days, affecting the utmost despair, and permitting the enemy to come close up to his lines and indulge in every kind of insult. His object was to lure them into a false security, in which he suc-

ceeded so thoroughly that Jacopo dal Verme sent him a trap with a live fox in it, by way of indicating that he had him in his toils. Hawkwood, however, with a smile, released the animal, and sent the empty trap back to the Milanese general, remarking that the animal had found his way out. On the fifth day he made a sudden sortie, by which he placed between two and three thousand of the enemy *hors de combat*, and cleared his way to the Oglio. Though closely pursued by Dal Verme, he succeeded in passing this stream, and also the Mincio, without serious loss.

There remained, however, the Adige between him and safety, and as he approached Castagnaro, the scene of his brilliant victory in 1386, he found his difficulties increase. The rivers of the great Lombardic plain were then as now only prevented from overflowing their banks by raised dikes, and the dike of the right bank of the Adige had, whether by design or accident does not appear, been broken down in parts, so that the country about Castagnaro had become a vast lake. Meanwhile the Milanese army was pressing on Hawkwood's rear, so that he found himself in as uncomfortable a position as the Israelites of old when, with the Red Sea in their faces, they heard the sound of Pharaoh's chariot wheels behind them, while he had nothing to trust to but his own audacity and resource. To wait and give battle to the Milanese general was out of the question. Hawkwood's men were wasted by hunger and forced marches, and probably, though we have no precise information on the point, much reduced in number, and, except the little English contingent, no longer to be depended on for fighting. There was therefore but one course to take, and that an extremely hazardous one, to push on across the inundated plain. The chief difficulty was how to dispose of the infantry. Many a general would have abandoned them to their fate. Not so Hawkwood. Trusting to the strength of the mighty chargers which his cavaliers rode, he directed each of them to mount a foot soldier behind him on the croup, and, leaving the rest in the camp with flags flying and fires burning to delude the enemy into the idea that it was still occupied in force, he slipped off by night, and guiding his men by devious tracks, where he judged from his accurate knowledge of the country that the water was likely

to be shallowest, arrived in the morning at Castelbaldo, not without considerable loss, but with the bulk of his army intact. Here he was safe, for the Milanese general did not venture to follow him up by such a trackless path; and indeed it was universally conceded that none but Hawkwood would have dared such a venture. Poggio Bracciolini, the Florentine historian, waxes eloquent on the entire retreat, comparing it to the most brilliant feats of the ancient Roman generals, and later writers, such as Sismondi, have been hardly less eulogistic.

Soon after Hawkwood's arrival in the Padovano, D'Armagnac was defeated and slain under the walls of Alessandria, and early in the autumn the Milanese forces invaded Tuscany. Hawkwood, however, was there before them, and, though greatly outnumbered, contrived by incessant skirmishes and Fabian tactics to wear out the enemy, and at last compelled them to retreat, so that in the spring Florence was able to conclude an honourable peace, Padua remaining in the hands of Francesco Novello. Hawkwood was now advanced in age, probably an octogenarian, and for the rest of his life resided quietly at Florence, where he had a house called Polverosa, in the suburb of San Donato di Torre. The republic raised his pension to 3200 florins of gold, settled a jointure of 1000 florins of gold on his wife, and voted marriage portions for his three daughters of 2000 florins of gold apiece, conferred the freedom of the city upon himself and his issue male for ever, saving only capacity to hold office, and gave orders for the construction of a splendid marble monument to perpetuate his memory.

Though he must have made considerable sums at various times by the exercise of his profession, he does not seem to have been, even in his later years, a very wealthy man. Most of his gains he probably spent, and his savings were chiefly invested in various estates, which he was on the point of realising with the intention of returning to England, when the project was frustrated by his death, which terminated a short illness in the night of March 16, 1394. He was buried in the Duomo at the public expense and with the utmost pomp, all the church bells tolling for the dead, the citizens closing their shops, and many of them in deep mourning following the bier, which, draped in scarlet velvet and cloth of gold, was borne by Florentine knights

amidst much waving of banners, blazing of torches and church candles, flashing of armour, and wailing of women from the Piazza dei Signori to the house of mourning, and thence to the church of St. John the Baptist, where the body was exposed for a time. Gregorovius comments with some severity on the fact that Florence could deny a tomb to Dante, and could yet pay such honour to the memory of Hawkwood the freebooter. In truth, however, Hawkwood was very far from being a mere freebooter; was, indeed, nothing less, again to use Hallam's phrase, than the first real general of modern Europe.

As surely as Dante closes the epoch of minstrelsy and troubadour song and opens that of modern poesy, so surely does Hawkwood close the epoch of chivalry and open that of modern scientific warfare. However rude his strategy, the fact remains that he knew how to win a victory or avert a defeat by other means than mere courage or fortitude, that in planning an attack or selecting a position for defence he seized with "vulpine astuteness" any advantage which chance or circumstance or the natural features of the country or the time of day could afford. At Cascina he first wore the enemy out by a succession of feigned attacks, and then delivered his assault when they least expected it, late in the afternoon, and at a point where the rays of the sinking sun struck and the evening breeze carried the dust full in their faces; at Castagnaro he chose with the keen eye of a general a position admirably adapted both for defence and for attack; at Paterno Fasolaro he lulled the enemy into security, and then burst upon them with the suddenness and fury of a whirlwind. These qualities, together with his masterly conduct of the entire retreat from Pandino, effectually distinguish him from the peers and paladins of the Middle Ages, and mark him out as the forerunner of the great strategists of modern times.

How long Hawkwood's remains rested in the Duomo is not clear; it is certain, however, that Lady Hawkwood entertained the idea of transferring them to England, to which end she obtained in 1395 from Richard II. a letter to the Florentine Government, requesting the necessary permission. It was granted, and, as she had already realised her husband's estates, it is not improbable that she carried out her intention.

The contemporary chronicler, Minerbetti, in describing Hawkwood's funeral, mentions his "very numerous family" as taking part in the procession. As, however, he had by Donnina no more than four children—viz., one son, John, and three daughters, Janet, Catherine, and Anne—it is clear that other children of his, whether legitimate or not, must also have been present. We have seen, in connection with the revolt of Bologna, that he had then two sons, though of their subsequent history we know nothing. We also read of a daughter, named Antiocha, married as early as 1387 to Sir William Coggeshal, then resident at Milan, but who afterwards returned to Essex, and lived the life of a country gentleman on his ancestral estate of Codham Hall; of another daughter, named Fiorentina, married to a Milanese noble, Lancellotto del Mayno; and a third, Beatrice, wife of John Shelley, M.P. for Rye between 1415 and 1423, and an ancestor of the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley; but who may have been the mother of these children, or whether she was Hawkwood's lawful wife, or only his mistress, remains at present wholly uncertain.

Of his children by Donnina we know only that the two elder daughters were married in his lifetime, Janet to Brezaglia, son of Count Lodovico di Porciglia, commander of the Bolognese forces, podestà of Ferrara, and for a brief period after Hawkwood's death commander of the Florentine forces; Catherine, to Conrad Prospergh, a German condottiero, who had served under Hawkwood in his last campaign, and received the honour of knighthood from him; and that the third daughter, Anne, married after Hawkwood's death, Ambrogiuolo di Piero della Torre of Milan; while his son John came home to England, lived quietly on the ancestral estate at Hedingham Sibil, and died without male issue. The manor still retains the name of Hawkwoods, and in the parish are to be seen the ruinous remains of a cenotaph, bearing the Hawkwood arms, a falcon flying between two trees, placed there soon after the death of the great condottiero by some of his friends, but no one of the name has since achieved distinction in any line. We leave it to the speculators in heredity to determine whether Shelley may have been indebted in any measure for the ardour and passionateness, the insurgent energy

of his temperament, so strangely unlike that of the race of hard-drinking commonplace country squires from whom he sprang, to his far-off descent from the fourteenth century free lance and his Italian wife.

Of Hawkwood's private life and character we have not the materials to form a picture. We ask in vain what sort of a husband and father he was, what were the recreations of his leisure hours, his religious opinions, his inner personal characteristics. Physically, however, if the portrait by Paolo Uccello is to be trusted—and there seems no reason to doubt its substantial fidelity—Hawkwood seems to have come near to realising the perfect type of the warrior. Somewhat above the middle height without being exactly tall, deep-chested and broad-shouldered, his figure, as he sits erect upon his powerful charger, seems to combine in an unusual degree the qualities of agility and strength. The features are handsome, the forehead massive, the eyes large, the nose straight as a Plantagenet king's, the clean-shaven mouth and chin finely, even delicately, moulded. An anecdote related by Sacchetti gives pleasant evidence that he was not without a touch of true English humour. Some mendicant friars, it appears, presented themselves one day at his castle of Montecchio in the Aretino, and prefaced their prayer for alms with the customary "God give you peace." Hawkwood promptly replied, "God take away your alms." The friars in confusion protested that they meant no offence, to which Hawkwood rejoined, "How so, when you come to me and pray God to make me die of hunger? Know you not that I live by war, and that peace would undo me? and as I live by war, so do you live by alms; so that my answer was of a piece with your greeting." So the friars, being provided with no repartee, took their leave without their alms. Probably Hawkwood was no friend to the clergy; indeed, the condottieri generally seem to have had remarkably little respect for the Church or fear of its spiritual arms.

The Castle of Montecchio mentioned by Sacchetti was situate in the Val di Chiano near Cortona, and came into Hawkwood's possession, with some minor adjacent fortresses, about 1384. Here he kept the state of a feudal baron, as he

had previously done at Bagnacavallo and Cotignola in Romagna. The latter places, however, were much coveted by his neighbour, Astorre Manfredi of Faenza, with whom he was constantly engaged either in litigation or open warfare on their account. He accordingly ceded them to the Marquis of Este for 60,000 ducats in 1381. Montecchio, however, remained in his possession until his death, and was afterwards sold by Lady Hawkwood to the Florentine Government. All three places continued to be of considerable military importance for some centuries. Cotignola had been strongly fortified by Hawkwood, but of its works nothing now remains but a single circular tower, designed as a look-out. Montecchio, though ruinous, is in better preservation, and still presents an imposing and picturesque appearance, its square bastioned walls only partially dismantled, and its shattered tower, crowning a pine and olive-clad hill, commanding a fine view across the Val di Chiano to Monte Amiata and Lake Trasimene. Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti tell us that its present owner is engaged in partially restoring the fortress. Let us hope that the work will be done judiciously, and that this interesting monument of mediæval military architecture may long preserve the memory of our adventurous countryman.

In the foregoing pages we have perforce confined ourselves to the most salient points in Hawkwood's career, and have treated him almost exclusively as a man of action. There is not wanting evidence, however, that he had another side to his character—that he was not merely a man of action, but also a man of affairs. The evidence is somewhat scanty, but, nevertheless, decisive. It is clear from the chronicles that it was he that was primarily concerned in the negotiations which led to the congress of Sarzana in 1378, and in Rymer's *Fœdera* are documents, curiously overlooked by Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti, which show that during the latter part of his career he was accredited by Richard II. as ambassador to the Holy See, the republic of Florence, the kingdom of Naples, and most of the Italian States.

The same authority also furnishes us with a commission granted him by the English king in 1386 to settle the affairs of Provence, then in utter anarchy, and in which Richard as

Duke of Aquitaine conceived himself to be interested. These clues have never been followed up. We have ourselves made some slight attempt in that direction, but with no result. We have not even been able to discover whether he actually went to Provence or not, nor have we found any traces of his diplomatic activities in Italy. It would seem, however, highly improbable that the archives of the principal Italian cities, if properly ransacked, should entirely fail to furnish some information on these points; and it will be reserved for some future biographer of Hawkwood to make the matter the subject of special research. Meanwhile we must be thankful to Messrs. Temple Leader and Marcotti for the rich present they have made us. We could wish, indeed, that clearer indications had been given from time to time of the state of Italian politics, so far as it determined or helped Hawkwood's action; that the style had been a trifle less diffuse, and that the citation of authorities were more accurate. It is curious, for example, to be referred to Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores* for Ghirardacci's *Storia Bolognese*, to Weever's *History of Essex* and to Morant's *Ancient Funeral Monuments*. But these are minor matters: the text is, for the most part, substantially accurate throughout, and, on the whole, the work is one of which its authors may well be proud. While we write a translation is announced, in which the minor blemishes to which we have referred will doubtless have been removed. We trust that in its English form it may have many English readers.

Art. IV.—THE PENTATEUCH CONTROVERSY.

1. *A New Commentary on Genesis.* By Franz Delitzsch, D.D. Translated by Sophia Taylor. London: T. & T. Clark. 1888.
2. *The Inspiration of the Old Testament Inductively Considered.* By Alfred Cave, B.A. Congregational Union. 1888.

3. *Essays on Pentateuchal Criticism.* By various Writers. Edited by TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, D.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1888.

4. *Prolegomena to the History of Israel.* By JULIUS WELLHAUSEN. Translated by J. S. BLACK and A. MENZIES. London: A. & C. Black. 1885.

5. *The Origin and Composition of the Hexateuch.* By A. KUENEN. Translated by P. H. WICKSTEED. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

6. *The Old Testament in the Jewish Church.* By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, B.A. London: A. & C. Black. 1881.

7. *The Pentateuch, its Origin and Structure.* By E. C. BISSELL, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

8. *The Mosaic Origin of the Pentateuchal Codes.* By GERHARDUS VOS. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

THE fires of controversy concerning the character and credibility of the books of Scripture are never quite extinguished. They may in turn die down for a while into smouldering embers, but a slight breeze will suffice to fan any one of them again into flame. The centre of the conflagration varies, being found now here, now there, changing its position from causes not always easy to discover; and the fierceness of the flame in particular spots varies likewise. For some twenty years preceding the present decade, the conflict between faith and unbelief was chiefly waged on the battle-field of the New Testament, and the sacred Gospels bore —triumphantly, as is generally acknowledged—the brunt of a most determined assault. But for some years past the chief burning questions have arisen concerning the Old Testament, and what has long been known as the Pentateuch controversy has entered upon a new stage.

It is with the present stage of that controversy alone that this article is concerned. The writer has no intention of reviewing the history of Pentateuch analysis from the time of the physician Astruc, more than a century ago, down to the latest production of German theorizing. The names of only a few books recently published, and such as are likely to find

their way into the hands of English readers, have been placed at the head of this paper. The voluminousness of the whole literature of the subject is something appalling. One list of books alone—the bibliography contained in Bissell's *Pentateuch*—covers more than sixty pages, at the rate of thirty-three volumes to a page. Even in the most recent discussion of this subject, so far as this country alone is concerned, three stages may be marked out, the first of which already begins to read like ancient history. These are the Colenso stage, the Robertson Smith stage, and that existing position of parties in the conflict with which we are immediately concerned. Colenso has been for a long time an extinct volcano. The excitement raised by the trial of Dr. Robertson Smith and the publication of his *Old Testament in the Jewish Church* has also for some time subsided, though the polemic then initiated has been vigorously continued in successive volumes of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. During the last three or four years, however, we seem to have been entering upon a new phase of the contest. That which makes the present position of matters more serious is, that several scholars of eminence, who profess to have no sympathy with rationalism, have more or less fully espoused the Kuenen-Wellhausen theory advocated by Robertson Smith, and loud cries of gratulation are heard that now at length there is a general consensus of critics all along the line in favour of the new school of Pentateuch criticism. Confident assertions *in terrorem*, such as may well scare the modest old-fashioned student, are freely made. It is said that this theory represents "the growing conviction of an overwhelming weight of the most earnest and sober scholarship,"* that at last all "those who know" are united on the long-debated subject of Pentateuch analysis; that, except in a few unimportant details, all scholars in Germany and England whose opinion is worth anything virtually accept the Grafian theory in its latest, most carefully elaborated form; and, consequently, that the whole Pentateuch, nay, the whole Old Testament history, must be correspondingly reconstructed. Not only scholars like Canons

* Robertson Smith, *Old Testament in Jewish Church*, p. 216.

Cheyne and Driver, but the very pillar of orthodox scholarship, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, has now, it is said, virtually given in his adhesion to the current fashionable views, and it is as much as a man's critical reputation is worth to oppose them.

Such assertions demand attention. Are they true? What precisely are the theories in question, and to what views of the composition of the Pentateuch and the history of Israel do they commit their adherents? Are the arguments by which they are supported unanswerable? Further, is this a question which ordinary intelligent Christians may leave to be threshed out by experts, or does it touch the very foundations of faith? What attitude should be held towards these critical theories by a Christian reader of moderate and sober scholarship, who cannot profess to be an authority on such questions, but is quite competent to read and master arguments upon it clearly and succinctly presented? Such are some of the questions which are now being asked very freely by ministers and intelligent laymen in Evangelical churches. We propose to give such answer to them as may be possible within the compass of a review article. Only the outlines of argumentation on both sides can, of course, be given, and only general conclusions reached; but such a bird's-eye view of an exceedingly complex subject may be in some respects of more service than a detailed discussion of the various points at issue. What, then, is the Kuenen-Wellhausen theory of the origin and composition of the first six books of the Bible, which are classed together under the name of the Hexateuch?

At first sight the results of the analysis are bewilderingly complex. The following is a greatly simplified formula to set forth in brief compass the outline of Wellhausen's views. According to him, Hexateuch $= (J+E)R^{je} + DR^{d} + (P_1+P_2+P_3)R$. These hieroglyphics, being interpreted, denote the following history of documents. The earliest record of any kind that we possess dates from about the eighth century before Christ. Somewhere about that time two narratives were drawn up, containing the history of Israel, largely legendary in character, beginning with the creation of the world. It is doubtful which of the two is earlier in date. One of these narratives is called the Jahvist

(J) from the name of God, which he chiefly uses; and his narrative, so far as it has come down to us, begins with Genesis ii. 4, and includes a number of scattered paragraphs and clauses, reaching down to the middle of the Book of Numbers. The other, called the Elhoist (E), perhaps Ephraimite in character, begins, so far as we are concerned, with the patriarchs (Gen. xx.), and extends into the Book of Joshua. These two documents were in the possession of a later writer, who constituted himself their editor or redactor (R^{je}), and from them constructed one narrative on harmonistic principles, making, for the most part, J his basis, but sacrificing from time to time portions of each, in order to fit it in with the other, and sometimes embodying the accounts of both side by side. Some parts of this writer's work are independent, and it is important to note that it contained the earliest legal code—the so-called "Book of the Covenant" (Exod. xx.–xxiii.). The reign of Josiah marks the next stage. At this time there was a kind of reaction against the abominable idolatries and wickedness of the times of Manasseh, and a new law-book was produced, directing, for the first time in the history of Israel, that the worship of Jehovah should be confined to one place—Jerusalem. It was based upon the "Book of the Covenant," but largely amplified and modified its contents. It consisted, in the first instance, of Deuteronomy xii.–xxvi., the work of the so-called Deuteronomist (D); but there was more than one recension of this code; the first four chapters were added as a suitable prefix, and many additions were made, notably in the Book of Joshua, the whole work of successive modifications being summed up in the word Redactor (R^{d}).

It will be noticed that as yet there has been no sign of the distinctive and characteristic features of the Peutateuch. The central books containing the whole mass of detailed legislation concerning the tabernacle, priests, and sacrifices, together with the history inseparably bound up with the legislation, are not yet in existence. For all this, together with other matter, including the account of creation given in Gen. i. to ii. 4, we are indebted to a certain *Priests' Code* (P), the history of which is long and complex. There was, perhaps, an unwritten priestly code during the period preceding the Exile, but the earliest traces

of it we possess are found during the Captivity, in the last chapters of Ezekiel, and in the brief code, Lev. xvii–xxvi. A little later than this, a full history of Israel, from the creation to the settlement in Canaan, was written from the point of view of the newly developed sacerdotalism, which is called by Wellhausen the Book of the Four Covenants. On the return from the exile, Ezra prepared a more complete edition of the now rapidly maturing law-book, embodying in it, together with the various editions of the *Priests' Code* (P_1,P_2,P_3), the Jehovistic edition of the Hexateuch, which contained Deuteronomy. It was probably about 444 B.C. that Ezra brought out what is substantially our Pentateuch, though changes and interpolations continued to be made in it till at least 300 B.C. The final redaction is symbolized in the formula given above by the last R. No formula, however, can indicate the almost innumerable additions, modifications, and alterations in the documents which Kuenen and Wellhausen perpetually postulate for the full development of their theory. The material has, according to them, been "worked over" again and again by editors, who multiply upon us so fast that we should be compelled to style them, in mathematical fashion, R^n. It must be understood, moreover, that in many details Kuenen differs from Wellhausen, and both these again from other critics of their school. The above outline does, however, we believe, present, though in the barest possible way, the main features of Wellhausen's hypothesis—a theory which claims to embody the very finest results, and represent the very climax and consummation of nineteenth-century criticism as applied to the Old Testament.

In other words, we are asked to believe that the Old Testament does not consist of an orderly series of documents, containing the history of God's progressive revelation of Himself to men, but an amalgamation of miscellaneous materials, which did not finally assume the form in which we have them till two or three centuries before Christ. Moses himself wrote nothing,* and was indeed little more than a mythical person-

* Kuenen would indeed allow that an abbreviated form of the Decalogue is to be ascribed to Moses; but Wellhausen holds himself to have proved that if there were any "stones" in the Ark, there was probably nothing written on them. See *Prolegomena*, p. 392.

age, whose name was used to give sacredness to legislation long subsequent to his time. Three codes of laws form three several centres or kernels, round which the rest of the materials have gathered,—the short code beginning with Exod. xx. 22, the expanded code of Deuteronomy, and the ceremonial code of Leviticus and Numbers. But the first accounts of the early history of Israel that have come down to us date some 700 or 800 years after the Exodus; were distant, that is, from the events described as far as the time of William the Conqueror from our own, a few scanty records only intervening to bridge the broad gulf. Both the history and the greater part of the legislation of Deuteronomy were devised to meet the requirements of the kingdom of Judah about 620 B.C.; while the whole ritual and ceremonial code, together with the history in which it is embedded, was similarly devised a thousand years after the period supposed to be described, being in reality brought back from Babylon by Ezra and the priests, though accepted by the people as a venerable system established by the great Lawgiver, and supposed to be rendered sacred by centuries of observance. The older historians, represented by the Books of Samuel and Kings, had no knowledge at all of the Mosaic ritual and Aaronic priesthood; and the Books of Chronicles are a sheer perversion of history, written in order to sustain this astounding claim to antiquity on the part of Ezra's ritual, to establish the "legal fiction" of the supremacy of the tribe of Levi, and to invest with a fictitious sacredness the recently invented assumptions of the priesthood.

Now there is nothing particularly new in the formulating of an exceedingly elaborate German critical hypothesis. Our learned Teutonic kinsmen have been at this kind of work for a long time, and are past masters in the art. Their products do not last long; Wellhausen's specimen is only the last of a long list of theories dealing with the Pentateuch, which in turn have had their day, and made way for new ones. It is only yesterday since all our traditional ideas were to be put on one side to make way for the views of Ewald; but now it appears that Ewald, like all that went before him, knew next to nothing, and had not mastered the elements of the problem. In a somewhat different shape this very hypothesis as to the

order of the legislative codes was received very coldly some fifty years ago. De Wette laughed at it then, when propounded by Vatke and George, as the only hypothesis remaining which had not been tried by previous critics. In its present form it is the result of a long process of shaping from the mode in which it was originally propounded by Graf (1855–1866), who really obtained his ideas from Reuss of Strasburg (1833). So many hands have, however, been at work upon this theory, and so many modifications introduced by its latest exponents, that it may be taken to represent, we presume, the survival of the fittest among the efforts of rationalism, when it tries its hand at constructive work.

In spite of the recognized ability of the accomplished scholars by whom it has been elaborated, this theory, viewed merely as the latest product of rationalistic criticism, would not detain us long. There are obvious reasons why such theories should rapidly succeed one another under the present conditions of thought in Germany. Granted (1) a fundamental disbelief in the supernatural; (2) a strong desire to account for the facts of Scripture on naturalistic principles, and to trace the outlines of natural evolution in the history of religion; (3) a comparative disregard of external evidence, and the granting of a perfectly free hand to any one who chooses to start a new theory; (4) a natural competition among able Biblical scholars to attract attention by the brilliance, novelty, and ideal completeness of their theories, and we have all the materials ready to our hand. Those who do not accept the fundamental premisses of these chartered libertines of criticism will not pay much regard to the rapid changes of fashion which take place among them, it being so very easy to build a new house, foundation and walls, roof and portico, when the construction itself is wholly in the air.

There is, however, more than this to be said in the present case. There are considerable difficulties in the traditional theory of the Mosaic origin of the Pentateuch which must strike every careful reader, and for which no quite satisfactory solution has been offered. This is not simply an instance of the desire of rationalism to get rid of the supernatural. Dr. Robertson Smith, in his *Old Testament in the Jewish Church*,

claimed that Wellhausen's theory, which he advocated, "afforded a key for the solution of many difficulties and the natural removal of contradictions which, on the current explanation, present a constant stumbling-block to faith" (p. 387). He claimed that "criticism is a reality and a force, because it unfolds a living and consistent picture of the Old Dispensation" (Preface, p. ix.), and there can be little doubt that Wellhausen's graphic unfolding of his imagined history has done much to commend his case to readers who would never have been attracted by the mere dry bones of his theories. Further, as has been already remarked, there has been a manifest tendency amongst some more or less orthodox scholars in favour of these views. Professor Cheyne has not written directly on the subject, but leaves us in no doubt that he accepts Wellhausen's conclusions to the full. Canon Driver has even written a series of Sunday-school lessons upon the basis of this theory. The younger Nonconformist writers, like Mr. Horton, together with certain professors at Congregational colleges, are found favouring, if not accepting, these views. Writers of every school in Germany have been more or less moved by the widening waves of Wellhausen's influence. At the same time, it is not to be understood that there is the complete agreement to accept them of which we sometimes hear. The venerable name of Delitzsch was long arrayed against the Grafian school. In his new *Commentary on Genesis*, he says:

"Later on the more recent revolution in the criticism of the Pentateuch so far influenced me, that I now perceive that the writer, with whose account of the Creation the Pentateuch opens, is not, relatively to the narrator of the occurrences in Paradise, the more ancient, but the more recent; and that the historico-legal and literary process by which the Pentateuch was brought into its present form was continued down to the post-exilian period. Nevertheless, my view of the circumstances differs essentially and in principle from the modern one" (vol. i. p. 26).

The last sentence is important, and the difference may be briefly described as consisting in this—not only that Delitzsch retains, as no rationalist could, a definite belief in the supernatural, and is an orthodox Christian in the usual sense of the word, but he holds firmly to a strictly Mosaic nucleus of

legislation, including the Decalogue, the Book of the Covenant, the core of Deuteronomy, and some other portions of the Pentateuch, though he assigns to a comparatively late date the redaction of these books, and is prepared to admit that the ritual legislation exhibits a gradual and very slow development, extending to the post-exilic period. Dillmann also, essentially a Semitic scholar, with no orthodox proclivities, strongly opposes the attempt to place the original edition of the *Priestly Code* (which he calls A) so late as the Exile. He and Nöldeke agree in placing it about 800 B.C., and he agrees with Delitzsch in emphasizing the fact that writing was practised in Israel long before that time, and that what we may call the core of Pentateuchal legislation was very ancient. Count Baudissin, moreover, whose *Studien zur semitischen Religionsgeschichte* proved him to be a master in the exhaustive handling of Biblical questions, has just published a very full and minute examination of the fashionable theory, and, like Dillmann, he is prepared to prove P's priority to Deuteronomy.* There are many signs, in short, of counter-waves tending to neutralize the effect of those produced by the great stone with which Wellhausen troubled the critical waters; but there is no denying the large measure of acceptance which his views have received among scholars.

We must add to these facts, the weight of which we do not attempt to conceal, another—namely, that English scholars have shown themselves strangely shy of taking up the gauntlet thrown down, eight or nine years ago, by Robertson Smith. The replies by Professor Watts, though marked by some ability, were far from sufficient. Professor Stanley Leathes has given us to understand † that he is unshaken in his adherence to traditional opinions. Principal Cave's volume on *The Inspiration of the Old Testament* is only partially occupied with this controversy, and,

* F. E. König, of Leipsig, attempts to show that the Grafian theory is quite consistent with orthodoxy; while R. Kittel (*Geschichte der Hebräer*, Gotha, 1888), without agreeing with Wellhausen, seeks in his own way to reconcile the position of Evangelical believers with the results of advanced criticism.

† If we may assume that the initials "S. L." appended to some scholarly articles in the *Guardian* a few months ago point to his authorship.

though he finds several joints in his opponents' armour, his suggested solution of the difficulties can hardly be said to meet the whole case. Singularly enough, it is to America we must go if we would find an adequate reply to modern critics. Professor W. H. Green, of Princeton, in his *Moses and the Prophets* and *Hebrew Feasts*, Professor Bissell, in his more complete work on *The Pentateuch*, Dr. Ives Curtiss, in his volume on *Levitical Priests*, and Mr. Vos, a pupil of Professor Green, have all written better books than England has to show on this side of the argument. The *Essays*, edited by Dr. Talbot Chambers, described at the head of this article, vigorously espouse the traditional view, and exhibit much ability, while nothing could be more complete of its kind than the duel on a grand scale now going on between Professors Green and Harper, in successive numbers of the high-class American periodical, *Hebraica*. That Wellhausen's views, however, are not generally acceptable among American scholars is shown by the fact that Dr. Harper only undertakes to present the best case he can for the new views, without professing to express his own opinions, while Green, on the other side, evidently writes with the ardour of deep and strong conviction.

In taking a decided stand in this article against the Kuenen-Wellhausen theory, we wish to make our own position clear. Orthodox Christian thinkers can have no quarrel with Biblical criticism as such. We understand by it simply the fullest inquiry into all that can be learned concerning the origin, composition, and structure of the books of the Bible. If we feel bound to object to the unwarrantable prejudice against the supernatural which characterizes so many critics, we recognize ourselves how much good has indirectly been done by them, and are disposed to contend that orthodox students have many things to learn from those with whom they differ upon the fundamental articles of their faith. Orthodox scholars need not shrink, and do not shrink, from literary, historical, or scientific criticism, even though they may be compelled to give up some traditional views that have long been current in the Church. Because we believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and in the salvation which

comes to men through Him, we are not necessarily pledged to believe that Moses wrote with his own hand every letter of the books which our Saviour quotes; and for the orthodox as well as the unbeliever the question of authorship and dates in the Old Testament is mainly a literary question, which both should be prepared frankly and fairly to discuss. We are not pledged to traditional views concerning the precise way in which God revealed Himself in time past to the Fathers through the prophets, and a fresh study of the history may lead us to recast our views. We ourselves, for example, are quite persuaded that the Pentateuch is a composite work, containing narratives and traditions prior to the time of Moses, the central core or nucleus of the whole being due to the great lawgiver himself, with many subsequent additions. The books themselves testify in parts to their own composite character, and it is the business of criticism to examine, and, as far as possible, determine the structure of a work which grew with the growth of God's people, and itself testifies to the progressive character of His revelation. In this investigation many difficulties arise, and it is, perhaps, because orthodox scholarship has been somewhat chary of frankly dealing with these that the work has been left to less friendly hands, with the results which we see.

Between such work of criticism, however, and the theory of Wellhausen there is a gulf wide and deep. We are prepared to contend, as we shall shortly do, that the theory itself is destitute of adequate foundation, that it raises more difficulties than it solves, implies inconsistencies of a very grave kind, and is open to serious objection merely as a theory; but, in spite of the special pleading which endeavours to rule out this fundamental objection, we hold that Wellhausen's hypothesis is simply incredible and untenable by those who wish to retain the authority of the Old Testament, because of the amount of fraud and deception it implies on the part of certain writers, and we protest at the very threshold against the attempts made to smooth over the grave, the insuperable moral difficulty which meets us at the very outset. Such a "literary fiction" as the use of the name of Solomon in Ecclesiastes forms no parallel. Neither, in another direction, is there any true analogy in the

fact that "in Roman jurisprudence all law was supposed to be derived from the laws of the Twelve Tables," adduced by Robertson Smith to make more palatable the idea of "legal fiction." If Wellhausen's theory be true, the opposition to reform in the time of Josiah was widespread and virulent, and was only overcome by a pious fraud which persuaded the people that the purification of their worship was enjoined by a law-book of the venerated Moses, though it had only been devised by the "reform party." If this theory be true, there has been deliberate, persistent, unjustifiable falsification of records, romancing with intent to deceive, and an elaborate system of what is vulgarly called "cooking" evidence, simply incredible in the case of books claiming such religious authority as we hold attaches to a series of Divine revelations.

We know very well all that is urged on the other side; and are not taking up a superficial objection, such as might be put forward by those not familiar with the history of literature. Professor Robertson Smith compares the customs of Arabian historians before the time of Mohammed—a parallel which will weigh with those who think that in the Old Testament we have only writers on a par with those obscure chroniclers: we hear much about "the legitimate assumption of a great name," and we are told that we are not to judge the Jewish historians of 2000 years ago by the standard of a Macaulay or a Freeman; but this is really beside the mark. Wellhausen, to do him justice, makes no pretence in the matter. He knows that if his version of the history of Israel be true, there has been wilful and deliberate perversion of facts in the supposed interests of religion. His language, if offensive, is at least candid. The tabernacle "rests on an historical fiction"; * we are told that, "after the well-known method of pious pragmatism, retrospective validity is given to the Deuteronomic law, which did not come into force till three centuries afterwards;" † and this was possible because "it is not the case that the Jews had any profound respect for their ancient history." ‡ Such phrases as the following abound in Wellhausen's pages:—"A deliberate and, in its motives, a very

* *Prolegomena*, p. 39. † Ib., p. 133. ‡ Ib., p. 161.

transparent mutilation of the original narrative;" "statistical phantasy, which revels in vast sums and numbers on paper;" "the clerical tribe of Levi an artificial production;" "tradition twisted and perverted, and set off with foreign accretions." * More definite statements are not wanting—"This pedantic supernaturalism, sacred history according to the approved recipe, is not to be found in the original accounts;" "a pious make-up, full of inherent impossibilities; there cannot be a word of truth in the whole narrative." †

Candour at all costs. Professor Robertson Smith knew his Scotch hearers and English readers well enough to understand that he must adopt a different tone, and his theological position differs doubtless in some respects from that of Wellhausen. ‡ In any case, he does his best to round off these awkward angles in the teaching of his master; but Wellhausen, in his uncompromising, even insolent, manner, utters truths which his disciples vainly try to explain away. If this analysis of the Pentateuch is correct, and the books of the Bible are based upon romance, passed off as history and "worked over" by priests anxious to foist upon the people late legislation under the pretence of antiquity and the shadow of a great name, all reverence for the authority of the Old Testament is gone. It is "a histrionic, not a historic, claim" that is put forward by these Judaic ecclesiastics. If the substance of the Pentateuch be, as it professes to be, Mosaic, there is room enough for difference of opinion as to the date at which the whole was completed, and the amount and character of the additions made to the Mosaic nucleus, which some able scholars, like Delitzsch, hold to have been comparatively small, while others, like Professor Green, hold that the whole bulk of the five books is to be ascribed to Moses himself. But writers who would invent incidents to account for laws, imagine a Tabernacle, and describe its suppositious details, falsify numbers, alter dates, and tamper with every line of sacred records, must have been

* *Prolegomena*, pp. 173, 181, 218, 227. † Ib., pp. 235, 248, 249.

‡ It may be added, however, that Robertson Smith's *Religion of the Semites*, published since this paper was undertaken, shows conclusively that the master's position is the logical one, and that the disciple is rapidly following out his theories to their inevitable conclusion.

adroit, and may have been pious in their own estimation; but they are not likely to command the reverence of ages: and we make bold to say, wherever they may have existed—history presents no parallel to such an achievement as Wellhausen supposes—they were *not* the authors of any part of the Old Testament.

It will be said that we are creating a prejudice against a theory instead of examining into its evidence. Not, however, we trust, unfairly. There is, and must be, a pre-judgment with regard to such a theory as this in the minds of those who have been accustomed to reverence the Bible. Such defenders of their faith may fairly say—we at least say, fearlessly—if we be absolutely *driven* to accept such views by cogent, irresistible evidence, we are fully prepared to lay aside traditional views, however cherished and sacred, but we shall expect a weight of accumulated argument that would not be necessary where less important issues are at stake. External evidence of a weighty kind, or internal evidence amounting almost to demonstration, must be forthcoming; no clever manipulation and ingenious sketching that events *may* have been thus and thus can possibly avail. On what solid and irremovable pillars, then, does the theory of the new criticism rest? What are the unanswerable arguments which compel the reconstruction of the Old Testament, and threaten the utter destruction of its authority as a Divine revelation?

I. It must be understood, first of all, that there is now no attempt to rest a case upon the improbability that Moses in those early days committed anything to writing. The light that has been cast of late upon the early civilization of Egypt, the evidence of the cylinders as to the customs of ancient Chaldæa, and the fragmentary knowledge we possess concerning the Hittites, all give us such a general idea of the period as to constitute a strong antecedent probability that Moses left written records. The hundreds of monuments, pictures, and inscriptions, the papyri of various ages, explaining ancient texts, are evidence enough that in the dim distance of 3000 years ago a comparatively high degree of civilization obtained amongst the Semitic inhabitants of the region of the Tigris and Euphrates; and the literary productions of Egypt, and the

historic spirit manifested by her learned priests at that remote period, are now as well known as they are remarkable. We may add, while on this subject, that the tendency of the very latest discoveries is to discredit the scepticism of thirty or forty years ago concerning the credibility of early traditions. Signor Lanciani, in his *Ancient Rome in the Light of Modern Discoveries*, shows that the narratives of the regal period of Roman history, so scorned by Niebuhr and others, are much more trustworthy than was supposed. "Late discoveries have brought forward such a crushing mass of evidence in favour of ancient writers, and in support of their reports concerning the kingly period, that every detail seems to be confirmed by monumental remains." Monumental evidence is certainly not in favour of the view which would make Jewish literary history a total blank up to about 800 years before Christ.

II. It must further be distinctly understood that there is *absolutely no external evidence whatever* in favour of the Kuenen-Wellhausen hypothesis. All tradition runs the other way. Unsupported tradition, of itself, proves nothing; but tradition continuous and universal in one direction lays a weighty burden of proof upon those who, on internal grounds alone, proceed to lay it wholly on one side. In this instance, a *primâ facie* case against Wellhausen might be made out from the testimony of—(1) The Samaritan version of the Pentateuch; (2) the LXX. version of the Old Testament; (3) the language of Josephus concerning the Canon—all telling decidedly against the assumption that books, regarded with such almost superstitious veneration by the Jews during the period extending from about 250 B.C. to the time of our Lord, had such a history as the theory would assign to them. If we were arguing the question at length, it would be necessary to insist on these points, especially upon the history of the Samaritan Pentateuch; but we pass them by with the simple remark that every line of argument adduced in this discussion is drawn from the supposed evidence of the documents themselves, no confirmation of any kind coming from outside sources.

III. Once more it must be premised that internal evidence,

upon which the whole case rests, is proverbially insecure as a foundation. The method pursued by the critics lends itself in the most obvious way to the establishment of preconceived views. But when, in the application of internal evidence, unlimited freedom is granted to cut out from any narrative paragraphs, verses, phrases, words, *ad libitum*, to posit as part of the hypothesis any amount of alteration and modification of the text, with no evidence whatever but the critic's personal opinion that thus it must have been, it is perfectly clear that we have before us question-begging on the largest and boldest scale. We are well aware that the proof of the "working hypothesis," as in mathematics, is supposed to lie in the subsequent verification; but it must not be forgotten that in this case the "verification" lies only in the agreement between the theory and the documents, the latter having been simply cut and carved until, with some approximate measure of accuracy, they have been made to fit the former. For example, the following is an extract from the supposed contents of the document P, showing the arbitrary way in which precisely so much of a given narrative is assigned to a particular author as may suit the exigencies of the hypothesis. In the *Toledoth* of Isaac, beginning with Gen. xxv. 19, the following portions are included in P: Gen. xxv. 19, 20–26 *b*; xxvii. 46; xxviii. 1–9; xxix. 24–29; xxx. 4 *a* (half a verse), 9 *b* (?); xxxi. 18; xxxiii. 18; xxxiv. 1 *a*, 2 *a*, 4, 6, 8–10, 15–17, 20–24. This is only a sample of the method employed throughout. In the very first instance of this piecing of documents, Gen. ii. 4, the critics mark anything but a *callida junctura*. They make P to end with Gen. ii. 4 *a*, and JE to begin with Gen. ii. 4 *b*, entirely altering the customary use of the phrase, "These are the generations of," and making the opening sentence of JE to be a long and clumsy one, simply because a more natural arrangement does not fit their theory. We need quote no more examples. A hypothesis so pliant and convenient, wielding at will all the powers of transposition, excision, and insertion, and indefinite modification, may well become "a universal solvent." As Professor Green says: "An argument that proves everything proves nothing." The very nicety of the manipulation seems to

testify that it is a device for getting rid of that which the hypothesis fails adequately to account for.

Let us, however, lay aside all these preliminary doubts and difficulties, and, with such content as we may, embark upon the open sea of unfettered theorising which modern critics love. If, in the documents themselves, irrefragable arguments for this reconstruction can be shown, we must accept them. What are they?

Not, be it observed, arguments based upon linguistic evidence. The use of the names Jehovah and Elohim, which first suggested the documentary theory, is a narrow foundation on which to build, and the critics have left it a long way behind them. We should be prepared to contend that there has been far too rapid a leaping to conclusions from this use of names. We have seen no answer to the argument based upon the variations of the LXX. In Genesis alone there are forty or fifty places in which the Greek varies from the Hebrew in the use of κύριος and θεός. Again, the phenomena of the twofold editions of certain Psalms, one using the name Jehovah, the other Elohim, point in a very different direction from the theory of the critics. More complete knowledge of the history of the text, Hebrew and Greek, is necessary before in these matters we can gain a thoroughly firm footing. But as all are prepared to grant that the variation of names is instructive within limits, and the critics only contend that the *general* lines of cleavage in the documents are indicated by it, we say no more on this head.

The subject of archaisms, also, which comes under the head of linguistic evidence, is but slightly touched by the critics. The explanation given of the *Q'ri perpetuum* הוּא,* the epicene use of נֹעַר and other peculiarities, is far from satisfactory. It is, at all events, generally admitted that there are no signs of post-exilic date in the characteristic language of P. If the arguments of Professor Margoliouth, in a lecture lately delivered at Oxford on the place of Ecclesiasticus in Semitic literature, be sound, the tables will soon be turned upon the critics very effectually, and the untenability of their theory be shown on linguistic evidence alone. This accomplished Hebraist

* See Kautzsch's opinion, with reasons, in the latest edition of *Gesenius' Grammar*, p. 100, note 2.

claims to show that modern Hebrew was in use when *Ecclesiasticus* was written, about 200 B.C. It follows that the way must have been preparing for this from the time of the Captivity onwards, and that to no works written in classical Hebrew can we fairly assign a post-exilic origin. We by no means assume that this theory is proved, the arguments used requiring confirmation; but Professor Margoliouth at least shows how great caution is necessary in accepting wholesale the present fashionable theories, which drag so large a portion of Old Testament literature down to the post-exilic period of Jewish history.

The main arguments relied on by Wellhausen and his school, to show that the Pentateuch represents a late arrangement of various strata of legislation actually spread over many centuries, are these:—I. It is contended that in the codes themselves, as above described, there is distinct evidence of progressive development, illustrated under the several heads of (1) the Place of Worship, (2) Sacrifices, (3) Feasts, (4) Priests and Levites, (5) the Provision made for the Priests and Levites. II. It is maintained that a careful study of the historical books exhibits a striking corroboration of this process of evolution. The silence of certain books and the positive evidence of others are, it is asserted, strongly confirmatory of the order which is suggested by the laws themselves. III. It is urged that the double narratives of the same events, and the discrepancies observable in various parts of the Old Testament history and legislation, can only be explained on this theory of gradual development of legislation and ritual, the documents representing the various stages of stratification having been combined at a late epoch of Jewish history.

Arguments in reply are of two kinds, defensive and offensive. (A) In refutation of Wellhausen's objections to traditional views, it may be urged:—I. In the very construction of the theory, unwarrantable assumptions are made, the evidence of certain important existing books being arbitrarily excluded, while hypotheses based upon the supposed evidence of non-existing documents are taken for granted. II. The sweeping conclusions constantly drawn from arguments *e silentio*, based upon the absence from certain books of what we might expect to have found in them, are far from being warranted by the

facts, and are such as would lead to a *reductio ad absurdum*, if applied to other history. III. The testimony of the books of the Old Testament must be taken seriatim. *a*. The statements of the books themselves concerning the authorship of certain parts must be well weighed; though we are quite prepared to concede that these of themselves are not decisive. Further, the evidence in the Pentateuch itself of early date, indicated by its language, local colouring, and the phraseology of its legislation, is not sufficiently accounted for by the theory, which either ignores this part of the evidence, or assumes on the part of a post-exilic author a clever reproduction of existing circumstances, to which history affords no parallel, and which would be of itself a kind of literary miracle. *b*. The testimony of the books which the critics do not admit in evidence—*e.g.*, Joshua, 1 & 2 Chronicles, Psalms—cannot be entirely disregarded. *c*. Setting aside this, there is evidence enough in the earlier historical books and the prophetic writings seriously to invalidate the theory. IV. The alleged discrepancies must carefully be examined; some will be found to disappear, and others to have been greatly exaggerated. Difficulties doubtless remain, as they do, and will, on any theory. V. The testimony of the New Testament need not be adduced by way of argument, as indeed it would have no weight with our opponents. It may fairly be admitted that our Lord's use of the term "Moses" does not preclude investigation into the literary history of the Pentateuch, provided that the historical credibility of the narratives be not impugned, and that the core or substance at least of the legislation be attributed to Moses as a divinely commissioned lawgiver; but it must also in all fairness be urged that there is much in the language used in the New Testament concerning the Old which is quite incompatible with the proposed reconstruction of Old Testament history. We hold, further, that (B) a very strong case may be made out against the whole view of Jewish history implied in Wellhausen's hypothesis. His brilliant sketch of that history, as he has conceived it, has undoubtedly done much to secure the acceptance of the hypothesis on which it is based; but those who have been dazzled by the clever, imaginative picture, have failed to perceive the inconsistencies it implies, and

the utter impossibility of removing the whole centre of gravity of Jewish history and literature to so late a period as three or four centuries before Christ. Tempted by the prospect of tracing out a process of evolution, the critics are obliged to suppose improbabilities of the most extreme kind, both as regards Israel's early condition, the accomplishment of successive reformations, and especially the conditions of life in the period immediately succeeding the Exile. Grant all Wellhausen's assumptions, and it comes to a question of probability—Which is more likely to have been the true history, this or that? We are by no means compelled to stake everything on the answer to that single question, but we think that on this score alone a case of the strongest kind might be made out, which would convince all who are not persuaded beforehand that the history of Israel *cannot* be based on Divine revelation, but must exhibit a human development similar to that observable in other religions.

It is, of course, impossible for us to follow these arguments into detail. With Kuenen and Wellhausen on the one side, and Green, Bissell, Vos on the other—the evidence of Dillmann and Delitzsch, from their several points of view, being duly taken into the account—readers who wish to master what it would take a volume to describe will find all they need before them. We propose now to take one illustration in full detail, such as will sufficiently show Wellhausen's mode of procedure, and the kind of reply with which it is sought to meet his arguments. Readers will then be at least partially prepared to judge of the rest. Let us select that which Wellhausen puts in the forefront of the battle, the question of the place of worship, unity or plurality of sanctuaries.

Wellhausen's position is that three stages may be discovered in the legislation concerning Israel's places of worship, corresponding to the three codes. In JE, plurality of sanctuaries is freely allowed or even enjoined; in D, for the first time we find objection raised to the *Bamoth* or high places, and an attempt is made to secure unity of worship; in P, this unity of worship is taken for granted, and assumed to have existed from the very earliest times, the fiction of the Tabernacle being invented to give special sacredness and divine authority to the

idea. This orderly development of ideas is also, it is said, confirmed by history. But this is only proved by summarily rejecting important evidence in the Books of Kings—Chronicles, as a "late priestly composition," being left entirely out of the question—and confining attention to certain passages in Judges and Samuel, which may be shown to refer to an exceptional period.

Let us now examine the codes, and see how far these positions are sustained. And, first of all, for the Book of the Covenant. The passage mainly relied on here—a cornerstone of the whole theory—is Exodus xx. 24, the exact position and meaning of which must therefore be very carefully considered. It runs thus: "An altar of earth shalt thou make unto Me, and shalt sacrifice thereon thy burnt offerings, and thy peace offerings, thy sheep and thine oxen; in every place where I record My Name, I will come unto thee and I will bless thee." The context of the passage must be carefully studied. The question is, Does the phraseology of this verse imply the co-existence of many altars at any places where the people might choose to erect them, and is there anything in the occurrence of this passage where it is incompatible with the erection of the Altar of the Tabernacle, and the subsequent centralization of worship in Jerusalem? We are not disposed, with Professor Stanley Leathes and others, to insist upon the peculiarity of the phrase used here בְּכָל־הַמָּקוֹם which means literally not "in all places" (as in the ambiguous rendering of A.V.), nor "in every place," but "in all the place in which I record My Name." Let it be granted that the translation above given fairly represents the original. It nevertheless remains, that the plural number is not used here or elsewhere in such a way as to imply contemporaneous "altars of God," such as might freely have been spoken of were the theory correct. Further, the phrase, "in every place," is strictly limited by the words, "where I record My Name,"* implying permission only to build altars and sacrifice on spots distinguished by a Theophany, or special manifestation of God's presence and power.

* Wellhausen's explanation of this phrase—"Spots somehow or other selected by the Deity Himself" (*Prolegomena*, p. 30)—is very feeble.

The most natural interpretation of the passage is that it is a general injunction, given some time before the erection of the Tabernacle, granting to Israel the right to offer worship on Sinai, at the successive places where the Tabernacle rested, and subsequently at specially consecrated spots, particularly when circumstances might render complete centralization of worship impossible. There is nothing, we submit, either in the phraseology of the command or in the general character of "Mosaic" legislation, inconsistent with this. It is said that the Altar of the Tabernacle cannot come under the general directions of these verses, because it was not an altar of earth. But, it may be conjectured that the Brazen Altar was a kind of case, in which masses of earth or unhewn stone were placed, according to the direction; or it might fairly be contended that these particular injunctions did not apply to the Altar of the Tabernacle made under express direction of God Himself. The chief point, however, to be insisted on is that there is nothing in this passage which necessitates a belief in the co-existence of many contemporaneous altars as required by the theory. Indeed, the Book of the Covenant, in some of its parts, seems to imply unity of worship. Else why, as has been repeatedly argued, should Exodus xxiii. 14–17 require every male to appear three times in every year before the Lord? According to the conditions supposed by the critics to exist prior to the time of Josiah, when altars of Jehovah-worship were so numerous, and no attempt at centralization had been made, such an injunction could have had little or no meaning.

Let us turn, however, to Deuteronomy. There is no question that, in this book, unity of worship is inculcated with a vigour and earnestness such as is not found in JE or P. There is no question further that the circumstances described are in many details such as were realized in the later history of Israel. The question is whether there is anything in the book itself, in its attitude towards previous legislation, to necessitate the supposition that it was the product of a late reaction against the long-established worship of Jehovah at many sanctuaries, and whether it is incredible that Moses, as a prophet, could foresee, and would legislate for, the prospective circum-

stances of Israel when finally settled in Canaan. The theory requires that there should be *opposition* between JE and D on the subject of unity of worship; whereas we find Deuteronomy (xxvii. 5, 6) quoting the very passage from the Book of the Covenant which we have just been discussing, and which was supposed to be the charter of plural sanctuaries. It is quoted with a difference, no doubt; a difference due to differing circumstances, but with no indication that previous legislation is to be repealed. Further, the denunciation of the many sanctuaries in Deuteronomy (see xii. 2, 3, and elsewhere) is always connected with a stern condemnation of idolatry. But the whole theory of the critics turns upon the supposition that the *Bamoth*-worship was Jehovah-worship, legitimate enough until the time of Josiah, when an insufficiently explained reaction evoked its own legislation. The sternness of the polemical tone in Deuteronomy is no doubt to be explained by the lax and careless habits into which the Israelites had fallen during the thirty-eight years of wandering in the wilderness (see Amos v. 25, 26); and, without discussing the whole question of the date of Deuteronomy, it would not be difficult to show that its tone is far more suited to the time at which it professes to have been written than to the time of Josiah. It can be shown, that is, if the reality of prophecy and the supernatural be admitted; with those who proceed upon the tacit denial of these we are not professing just now to argue.

As to P, is its tone on the subject of unity of worship what might be expected from the theory? According to Wellhausen, in P this unity is presupposed, and the whole description of the Tabernacle is a fiction, intended to consecrate by the reverence due to early associations—known both by the authors of the legislation and the people to be supposititious!—the idea of unity of worship. Does the description of the Tabernacle correspond with this? Understood as history, its functions during the wandering life of the wilderness is obvious enough; understood as a late fabrication, the account is pointless as regards the subject we are now discussing. The names by which it was known—"Tent of Meeting" and "Tent of Testimony"—and the account of its origin (Ex. xxv. 22; xxix. 42–46) do not point to the desirability of one central

place for sacrifice as the main object of erection, for according to the narrative the Tabernacle was built before the full Levitical ceremonial was instituted. It is true that in Lev. xvii. 8, 9, the people are bidden to bring their sacrifices "to the door of the tent of the congregation," but the very tone of these verses is adverse to Wellhausen's theory that, in P, unity of worship is taken for granted, and he has recourse to the "redactor" to get rid of a difficulty. Without pressing this point, our position is that Wellhausen's hypothesis by no means accounts for the terms in which the Tabernacle is spoken of in the Priest's Code.

Turning to the history, the critics claim to show that "there is not a trace in *Judges—Kings* of the Mosaic *ôhel-mo'ed*," that "the restriction of worship to the one sanctuary was not thought of before Hezekiah," * that "people and judges or kings alike, priests and prophets, sacrificed without hesitation whenever occasion and opportunity presented themselves"; that "throughout the whole of the earlier period of the history of Israel the restriction of worship to a single selected place was unknown to any one even as a pious desire." † In order to reach this position, 1 Sam. ii. 22 (b) is rejected as an interpolation, and 1 Kings viii. 4 is said "not to belong to the original account of the building of the temple by Solomon." The reiterated statements of Chronicles as to the tabernacle being pitched at Gibeon in David's time are treated with characteristic contempt. Thus the way is prepared for fastening attention upon the lawless and disturbed period of the Judges, and the exceptional circumstances of the time of Samuel. The people in the time of Judges are said to have "known nothing" of the legislation of P; and the cases of the people's sacrifice at Bochim (Judges ii. 5), Gideon's altar and sacrifice at Ophrah (vi. 21), and the offering of Manoah (xiii. 19), are alleged as illustrative proofs of this. We reply that the lawlessness and rebellion of Israel during its "Iron Age" is distinctly condemned by the narrator, but this, according to the critics, is only a device of a later historian to point his own moral. We say further, that the instances of sacrifice above alleged are in

* Kuenen, *Hexateuch*, p. 199. † Wellhausen, *Prolegomena*, pp. 29, 30.

harmony with the principle of Ex. xx. 24, as already expounded; that, wherever God specially revealed Himself, sacrifice on man's part was not only permitted but appropriate—a principle by no means inconsistent with the doctrine of the one sanctuary, if rightly understood, throughout Jewish history. Micah and the Danites, on the other hand, distinctly broke the Law, and are as distinctly condemned.

The circumstances of Samuel's time were peculiar. For some time the ark was in captivity, then it was for a long period separate from the sanctuary; and, throughout the history of Saul and the early history of David, the people were only slowly recovering from the apostasy into which they had fallen, and passing into the better ways in which Samuel had laboriously endeavoured to train them. We have no objection to admit evolution and progress in the *history* of the people in the extent to which divine legislation concerning one sanctuary and other topics was *actually observed*; it is a part of our case; what is asserted is that there is no proof that their early aberrations were unforbidden, but, on the contrary, the very progress of God's people is due to the existence of a law which they often sadly and seriously disregarded. During the period of transition of the central sanctuary from Shiloh to Zion, we find a measure of freedom justifiable only under the peculiar circumstances of the time, though Samuel's rebuke of Saul for sacrificing before his arrival (1 Sam. xv.) shows that this freedom was by no means unregulated and unlimited. David sacrificed on the threshing-floor of Araunah, on the principle above referred to, that a Theophany on the part of God demanded reverent expression of faith and obedience on the part of men. After the erection of the Temple, as we know, the *Bamoth* or high places were more or less continued, but the kings who favoured or tolerated them are repeatedly blamed by the writer of the book of *Kings*. This is viewed by the critics as the opinion of a later day, "not shared by the monarchs themselves or their contemporaries"—a statement justified only by the exigencies of the theory.

Another section of this discussion is opened up by the language of the early prophets. Kuenen holds that "not one of the prophets of the eighth century champions the exclusive

claims of Jerusalem," and Wellhausen says "that the holy places should be abolished was by no means their wish." * They attempt, in other words, to show that the strong language used from time to time by the early prophets against the high places was not directed against their existence, but against the way in which they were used. The reply is, that such distinction is not borne out by the words. Hos. viii. 11–14 may stand as a representative passage. "Because Ephraim hath multiplied many altars to sin, altars have been unto him to sin. Though I write for him my law in ten thousand precepts, they are counted as a strange thing." † The nature of the prophetic work must be borne in mind, and no candid reader will expect to find in prophetical books frequent mention of priestly legislation or ritual observance; but it may easily be maintained that no countenance is given in the writings of any prophet to the idea that "worship upon high places was for centuries the practice of the truly pious," and there is abundant recognition in all of the existence of a Law upon whose moral and spiritual precepts it was the chief duty of the prophets to insist.

The free use made of the argument *e silentio* by the critics appears from what has been said. If a single verse mentions the tabernacle at an awkward moment, it is held to be an interpolation; if we do not read of it for many chapters together, it did not exist, the writers "knew nothing" of it. How dangerous such an argument is, especially when freely used to support a preconceived hypothesis, we need not stay to show. It is dangerous in the extreme to say what measure of practical forgetfulness of religious law a people may or may not reach. The history of Christendom teems with illustrations, not only of un-Christian actions, but of the maintenance of an un-Christian standard. At how many periods in that long and often-saddening history might the critic say, as he examines the records, these people "knew nothing" of the New Testament, such a book could never have been in their hands, its pure spirituality must have been the product of an

* Kuenen, *Hexateuch*, p. 200; Wellhausen, *Prolegomena*, p. 23.

† The twelfth verse is full of ambiguity, and has been very differently understood; but any fair translation of the passage will sustain our present contention.

altogether later time. Those who believe that God's Law is above and beyond men, a standard of which men fall perpetually short, will not be startled by the existence of long periods of neglect and disobedience, and will not need to pull to pieces Old Testament history and attempt its reconstruction in order to prove that Divine legislation was the gradually evolved product of man's efforts after reform. Especially will they hesitate to believe that law did not exist because many of its precepts were habitually disregarded or systematically ignored.

Here we must pause, in the very middle of our subject. We have no space to dwell upon the view of the narratives in Genesis implied in Wellhausen's theory of the sanctuaries. We read of sacred places there, hallowed by God's presence, but the stories of the patriarchs, of Shechem and Bethel, Hebron and Beersheba, Mahanaim and Penuel, are, according to the critics, mere legends. The touching histories of simple patriarchal worship are "only to be understood as a glorification of the relations and arrangements of the cultus as it existed in a later day." Bethel has vanished indeed, and Jacob's dream has become the dream of "the later Elohist!" But this is a section of the subject on which we cannot enter. It will be plain to our readers that directly the detailed discussion of one of the points at issue is taken up, an excessive demand is made upon limited space. We hope, however, in a subsequent article, to show what is the position of the critics respecting Priests and Sacrifices, and to place our readers in a position to judge of the issues of the whole controversy. That it will ultimately issue in good, and that the wheat of truth will be separated by searching examination from the chaff of error, we have no fear whatever. Perhaps we are not as yet fully ripe for a determination of the large and complex questions involved, but the issue will be more speedily as well as more satisfactorily reached, if apologists will frankly face difficulties, and critics will abstain from slipping into their premisses what they desire to appear in their conclusions.

Art. V.—THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

The Roll of Battle Abbey: with some account of the Roman Lineages. By the Duchess of Cleveland. Three vols. Small 4to. Murray.

FEW events in history are more picturesque than the conquest of England by the grandson of the tanner of Falaise. Not the invasion only, but all that led up to it is put before us in almost contemporary literature more clearly even than in the quaint, faded roll of the Bayeux tapestry. Two poets, and more than half-a-dozen chroniclers, give us a wealth of illustration seldom exceeded even in modern days.

What a succession of scenes—the long-cherished scheme, first broached when the captured Harold is forced to swear fealty, and the "great relics" are unveiled on which he has unwittingly sworn. The appeal to the Bretons, "to whose long Celtic memory the prospect of fighting the Saxon intruder would have charms"—(Freeman); and the opportune death of Count Conan when, instead of help, he sent the laconic reply, "I'm glad you are going to England. Good luck to you! Only, before you go, give back to Brittany that Neustria which of right is hers." How graphically these are described. Conan's chamberlain took his master's message to William; and, on his return, smeared with poison his master's gloves, bridle, and hunting-horn. The next time Conan rode out he put his hand to his mouth and before long was a corpse. Again, there is the mission to Rome. The opposition of Alexander II. (Anselm of Lucca); the debate in the conclave, most of the Cardinals *submurmurantibus quod ad tanta homicidia perpetranda operam impendissem* (Hildebrand's letter to William); Hildebrand's strong will at last persuading the Pope not only to sanction the enterprise, but to bless it, to blast Harold's cause as that of a perjured usurper, and to send his rival—

"Un gonfanon e un anel mult precios e riche e bel;
Si come il dit, de soz [dessous] la pierre aveit un des cheveuls Saint Pierre."

It was not for nothing that the far-seeing Hildebrand took

sides with the invader. The English Church had been lax in its obedience to Rome; above all, William's appeal and the Pope's decision would form a valuable precedent for one who looked forward to have the Papal jurisdiction recognized by all temporal sovereigns.

"Never surely" (says Mr. Freeman) "did the world see a more perfect triumph of unrighteous craft than when the invasion of England was undertaken in the name of religion."

How striking, again, is the stormy meeting (the very roof of the hall seeming rent in sunder) at which William tried to win over his barons to his enterprise, and failed. Then came his private appeal to each separately. "They feared the sea; so changed was the race that had once manned the ships of Rolf and Harold Blaatand—and they were not bound to serve beyond it"—(Freeman). But alone, each yielded to William's persuasions. He shaped his promises according to each one's temper. To one he ensured broad lands; to another he would give an English heiress, rich and lovely; another should carry home a store of all precious things. All he wanted was, *for this once*, what William Fitz-Osbern had already undertaken on their behalf—a double contingent, the lord of twenty knights' fees to serve with forty knights, and so on. And in the dim corner of the room sat the clerk, who, as each was overpersuaded, set down his contingent of ships and men.

Then comes the building and gathering of the fleet, to which bishops and great nobles contributed; and the weary waiting for a wind, the chroniclers, full of their classics, finding parallels to Agamemnon at Aulis; the storm that forces them into St. Valery harbour; William, like another Xerxes, burying his drowned men by night, lest the sight should discourage the survivors; his putting his daughter Cicely into a nunnery, answering to the Greek king's sacrifice of Iphigenia; and then, after the solemn bringing forth of St. Valery's bones, the procession round the saint's shrine followed by the sudden change of wind. And so the great host sets sail, Norman feudatories almost outnumbered by volunteers from Aquitaine, Flanders, Brittany, and even from hostile Anjou. "Come all; in England there is plenty for all," had been the invitation.

Of the scenes on English ground we need say little—William, stumbling as he lands, but with ready wit, crying out:—

"Seignors, par la resplendor Dé, la terre ai as dous [deux] mainx seizie."

The death of Harold, of which Florence of Worcester, with that brevity with which all the English annals tell the tale of national disaster, simply says, ignoring the legends of his escape, *Heu, ipsemet cecidit crepusculi tempore.* The brutal mutilation of his body, in which, says Guy of Amiens, the bearers of such names as Guy of Ponthieu, Giffard * and Montfort, and Eustace of Boulogne took part. Lastly, the finding of Harold, after the two Waltham monks had sought in vain, by *Eddeva pulcra et dives,* "that Swan-neck, white as snow," as Kingsley calls her.

It is, indeed, a grand series of pictures, which every historian, from Sharon Turner to Mr. Freeman, has delighted in retouching. But more important than its picturequeness is the effect of this latest Norse immigration on English character. On the Norman invaders its ultimate effect was to make them Englishmen: "they had fallen from their first love, had cast away the laws and speech of their forefathers, and now came back to the Teutonic island to be won back into the Teutonic fold, to be washed clear of the traces of their sojourn in Roman lands, and to win for themselves, among brethren whom they were to meet as momentary enemies, a right to an equal share in the name, the laws, and the glories of Teutonic England"—(Freeman). This is true if we stretch the "moment" so as to cover the hundred and fifty years between Hastings and Runnymede. Then, at last, the barons were forced to make common cause with the commons, because alone they could not stand against the king and his mercenaries. But, unlike the earlier bands who settled down, in the Danegeld and elsewhere, side by side with such of the old inhabitants as remained, the companions of the Conqueror came as a caste, showing in word and deed as great a scorn for the "Saxons" as their

* One hopes it was not Giffard, son of Richard, who (Thierry says) alone of the invaders refused any share in the spoil. "I came," he said, "to do my duty to my feudal lord, not to enrich myself with the plunder of others."

fathers had shown for the Gaulish peasants whose revolt was so mercilessly crushed by Robert the Devil. At the outset they were simply a class apart. No matter what a man had been before, Norman drover or Flemish weaver, if he had luck he became in England a lord. Thierry points out how Bonvilain, Troussebout, Hugues le Tailleur, and other names (in *Dugdale's* copy of the Roll) are a proof of humble origin. Equally so he thinks are many others, such as St. Maur, Verdun, Champagne, which, without any distinguishing *de*, simply denote landless townsmen. The treatment of the English women—*Nobiles puellae despicabilium ludibrio armigerorum et ab immundis nebulonibus oppressae (Orderic. Vital.)* —was such as none but a conquering caste would indulge in. The wholesale transference of lay property was not enough; the English bishops were deposed; nay, even English saints were discredited. Lanfranc said that Alphege of Canterbury, the Archbishop whom the Danes beat to death, and Edmund, King of East Anglia, after whom the great minster at St. Edmundsbury had been named, were not saints at all. Lanfranc's reputed son Paul, installed Abbot of St. Albans, whose English Abbot Frithrick had joined the Camp of Refuge, signalised his arrival by breaking in pieces the tombs of his predecessors, *quos rudes et idiotas, contemnendo eos quia Anglicos, appellabat.* Mingled with a ferocity which belonged to their Norse ancestry, was a vulpine astuteness, the memory of which is still preserved in French proverbs, like *Franc Picard; rusé Normand.* The Dane was cruel, and (say the English chroniclers) faithless: burning a man's house over his head is, in the Sagas, a common form of reprisal; but the Dane had not reached that Oriental refinement of cruelty in which the Normans excelled. With their wonderful adaptability, they had, in a short century and a half since Rolf the Ganger, become steeped in those race ideas which were the legacy to the Teutonic conquerors from that slavery on which Roman society was based. And for them race was not a matter of blood, but of brotherhood in arms. They forgot how near Danes (aye, and Saxons too) were to them in blood, and treated them as the Dutch treated the Hottentots. The change did come; the

consummate ability of our Norman kings prevented the caste from crystallizing, as it did elsewhere. The English of the towns had helped Stephen against his nobles; the English in town and country were able yet more efficiently to help the barons against John. Thenceforward a different feeling grew up. That century and a half of feudalism left its mark (1066 to 1215), notably (as many American writers have pointed out) in the different treatment we accord to "woman" and to "lady." But caste distinctions were softened down at once during the struggle for the Great Charter; and the process was continued during the long French war. The noble caste was not half numerous enough to undertake such an enterprise; it became more and more dependent upon yeoman help, and those who helped asked, and got, consideration in return. "*Tuez-moi cette ribaudaille qui nous empesche de combattre,*" cried the French commander; and straightway his knights fell on their own crossbowmen. Contrast this with the tender care that our leaders always took of their archers. The victories over the French still further helped to do away with the feeling of superiority with which William's followers had looked on themselves and had come to be looked on by the conquered. Before long it had wholly ceased to be a question of Norman descent; and not till long after did people begin to talk about "Norman blood," and to inquire how many of our noble and gentle families can claim a share of it. In part, no doubt, this was due to the wonderful plasticity of the Norman character. Everywhere it is the same. In the Hebrides you find household after household Norse in stature and features, yet speaking Gaelic, and thinking and acting on Gaelic lines. It was the same plastic race which, in Ireland became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores.* There they entered as conquerors, meaning to fill the place of the native chiefs. But they also adopted native ways, posing as heads of clans, Burkes and Fitzgeralds, and such like; and this in spite of edicts like the Statute of Kilkenny, intended to keep the races asunder whose fusion seemed a danger to English supremacy. How a race lacking in plasticity would have fared after Hastings is seen from the case of the later English settlers in Ireland. England's anxiety to keep the

two peoples asunder was certainly not stronger than before; sometimes she seemed to desire that they should coalesce; but the Elizabethan and Jacobean and Cromwellian settlers have, unhappily, remained a people apart. Of course difference of religion helped to accentuate the severance; but Norman adaptability would have overcome even that.

Here, then, we have a body of invaders, who for a time wholly crushed down the national spirit, but whose influence was in the long run good, politically and perhaps socially. Guizot has pointed out how the weakness of the English monarchy was paving the way for the practical re-establishment of the heptarchy. Given another Edward the Confessor, and England would have been broken up among the great Earls, as the Carolingian empire was among the great crown vassals. The Norman kings kept their nobles well in hand, preventing any from becoming too powerful.

The social benefits of the Conquest are more problematic. Plastic in form, the Norman character preserved its own spirit and diffused it. "*They high-mettled the blood of our veins,*" is Campbell's bombastic phrase for that mixture of contempt for the rights and feelings and industry of "the lower orders," which, as well as a certain surface refinement, a taste for scholastic subtleties and for magnificence in art, is traceable to this last Norse admixture. The so-called Saxons, says M. du Chaillu, are as thorough Norsemen as Harold Fairhair himself; and the kinship may help to account both for the final and complete amalgamation of conquerors and conquered, and also for the persistence of ideas as to work being degrading, &c., from which, despite our Christianity, we are only beginning to get emancipated.

The amalgamation has been going on for more than six hundred years, and, if we had a perfect "Roll of Battle Abbey," along with trustworthy genealogies of all those named therein, we should see how thoroughly it has been carried out. There is absolutely no difference between those who can trace, directly or indirectly, a connection with the invaders and those ennobled in later times. *The Romance of the Peerage* forms the substance of the Duchess of Cleveland's volumes. Her book is just so far genealogical as to be saved from being a

collection of anecdotes. There are anecdotes in plenty, showing what manner of men the English who claim Norman blood have been. We find no one type. There are singularly noble natures, and natures altogether as base and sordid; occasional reversions to old savagery, and conduct guided along the highest lines that Christian self-denial has laid down; hereditarily fortunate families, and families that were crushed out by mischances as cruel as the fate in a Greek tragedy. And this romance belongs as much to *novi homines* as to the "Companions of the Conqueror;" for whether the founder of this family or that was at Hastings, can seldom be asserted with anything like certainty. Yet it is idle to deny to our nobility a strain, however crossed, of the invaders' blood. Even those that can trace directly to the Roll are more numerous than superficial students of the Peerage imagine. We often forget that many who "came over with the Conqueror" remained for centuries simple squires. To say that "England has scarcely a Norman noble left" is simply untrue. Take the Russells; they were undoubtedly Henry VIII.'s men. John Russell got to Court through being able to talk Spanish to the Archduke Philip when, in 1506, he was forced to put into Weymouth harbour; and, once there, he used his opportunities so well, that his enemies called him "the King's fire-screen." As a Lord of the Council he was first in the field, and got the pick of abbey lands—Woburn, Thorney, the very wealthy Tavistock, and "the Convent Garden with the seven acres" (now Covent Garden and Long Acre; then valued at the yearly rent of £6 and a rose noble). Yet Russell, or Rushell, is in all the Rolls as Lord of Rosel in the Côtentin. Till the Archduke's misadventure, the family never rose above the squirearchy (their place was Berwick, close to Bridport); but they certainly "came over with the Conqueror," which the Grosvenors did not. The Duchess of Cleveland makes great fun of this "Grand Huntsman of Delamere Forest," who would have been Grand Veneur; for Gros Veneur could never have been anything but a nickname. In 1386, having married the heiress of Pulford, Sir Robert Grosvenor challenged Lord Scrope for stealing his coat of arms. The trial, the most notable in the

history of heraldry, was held before the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal. Noble and illustrious witnesses were called on both sides, amongst them the poet Chaucer, who seems to have looked on the whole thing as an excellent joke. "As I was walking down Friday Street," he said, "I saw the said arms hung over a quite new inn, and I asked, '*Quele herbergerie ceo estoit qui avait pendu hors cestez armes du Sorop*'; *et un autre respondist et dit*, '*Nenyl, seigneur*, these are not Scrope's arms but Grovenor's.' And that was the first time I ever heard speak of Mr. Robert Grovenor, or of his ancestors, or of any of his name." The court decided against Sir Robert, but offered him the Scrope's "bend *or*" with a difference—*i.e.*, "within a bordure," to denote a junior branch. He scorned this; and was adjudged instead "one of the wheat-sheaves of Chester" (a gerb *or*), typical of the gold which since then has so multiplied that the income of the family baffles calculation. When, in 1676, Sir Thomas, third baronet, married Mary Davies, and got with her the freehold of a few grass fields, he was unwittingly adding Grosvenor Square and all its surroundings (Davies Street among them) to the hitherto scanty Cheshire estate. Wealth brought titles. To the rents of Grosvenor Square were due first the title of Baron Grosvenor in 1761; then the earl's coronet given just a century before the third marquis was made duke. This latter dignity can be traced to the lucky purchase, in 1761, of the land on which Belgravia now stands. George III. wanted to buy it, for it adjoined the grounds of Buckingham House; but its owner, the Duke of Athol, asked £20,000 for it, and the Ministry would not sanction the expense. It was put up to auction, and everybody thought Lord Grosvenor had given more than it was worth. They changed their minds when he began building Grosvenor Place. Belgrave Square followed in due course; and within living memory a big part of Cubittopolis was built on the Five Fields, a swamp said to have been the chief London burying-ground during the Plague. The claim of Temple-Nugent-Brydges-Chandos-Grenville, for three generations Dukes of Buckingham, to belong to the victors at Hastings is only secondary, and due to intermarriage. The Temples, like the Tollemaches, call themselves pre-Norman.

They quarter the black eagle of Mercia, by right of that Leofric who, says the story, was husband of Godiva. The Grenville's ancestor was at Hastings; and while one branch of the family settled in the West, at Bideford and Kilkhampton, and produced the famous Sir Richard, immortalized in Lord Tennyson's fine ballad, and his chivalrous grandson Sir Bevill, who, after driving the Cromwellians out of Somerset, was killed on Lansdown, above Bath, the other furnished only a succession of simple Buckinghamshire squires at Wotton. The marriage, in 1677, of Hester Temple with Richard Grenville was the making of the family. Since then the family can reckon three First Lords of the Treasury, three Secretaries of State, two Lords Privy Seal, four First Lords of the Admiralty, besides a host of minor placemen. Less gold, however, fell to them than to the Grosvenors and Russells; and Stowe was costly to keep up, with its 500 acres of pleasure-ground full of dainty little temples. Contested elections were a serious drain; so was the magnificent hospitality to the exiled king, Louis XVIII. The property was "dipped" before the second duke succeeded to the title, and he went on buying land when land in England was dear, borrowing money to do so. Then the Queen stayed at Stow; a special carpet, white, with the Chandos arms emblazoned on it, being made for the occasion. The next thing was the sale at Stowe, and the dispersal of its priceless collections. Lord Chandos behaved nobly. He refused to take advantage of the entail, and thus allowed most of the land to be sold for the good of the creditors, himself working as salaried chairman of a railway company. One is glad to think he saved the old house, and was at last able to live in it, though not at the old rate.

Almost every family has its romance, some creditable, some the reverse. Only a very few held firmly by their faith when Henry VIII. changed the State religion—far fewer than suffered for their allegiance to Charles I. Among the former was Lord Hussey, of whom Froude disparagingly says (whom does not Mr. Froude disparage now and then?): "he had not the manliness to join the Pilgrimage of Grace, nor the loyalty to help in repressing it." It was a grand family in the Conqueror's day, tracing on the spindle side to "un

Sarazyn" (all heathens were so called) "qi vient hors de Denemarche en ffrance, appelez Rollo."

Among conspicuous turncoats was Black Will Herbert, a "bastard slip" of the Fitz Herberts, Edward IV.'s Earl of Pembroke. "This young fellow came up to London," says Aubrey, "with a golden angel given him by my cousin's great-aunt." By-and-by he was arrested, but killed a sheriff and escaped to France:—

"Here he betook himself into the army, where he showed so much courage and readiness of wit that he was favoured by the king, who commended him to Henry VIII., who much valued him. Henry gave him, upon the dissolution, Ramesbury Abbey, in Wilts, with much land belonging to it, and Wilton Abbey with a country of lands and manors thereabout belonging to it. He could neither read nor write, but had a stamp for his name. He was of good naturall parts, but very colericque. In Queen Mary's time, upon the return of the Catholique religion, the nuunes came again to Wilton Abbey; and this William, whom Edward IV. had made Earl of Pembroke, came to the gate, cappe in hand, and fell on his knees to the Lady Abbess, crying *peccavi*. Upon Queen Mary's death he came to Wilton like a tigre, and turned them out, crying—

'Out ye jades! to worke, to worke. Ye jades, goe spinne.'"

The Russell who got the Convent Garden, and was made Earl of Bedford, was also a turncoat. "He was always of the king's religion," says Camden, which under Henry VIII. was a feat as notable as suiting your coat to the changing colours of the chameleon. In 1550 he helped to crush the Catholics of the West, who rose in protest against Protector Somerset's unbearable oppression. Two years later, under Mary, he was equally zealous in quelling a Protestant rising.

To some families loyalty brought ill-luck, notably to the Bonviles, who, from mere west-country knights, rose, after Agincourt, to be peers of the realm. They followed the White Rose, and in two months three generations of them were swept away, Lord Bonvile's son and grandson being slain before his eyes at Wakefield, and he himself being beheaded soon after. Henry VI. had assured him he should receive no hurt, but "Queen Margaret never rested till his head was taken off;" and misfortune continued to dog the family. His sole descendant, a great-grand-daughter, Baroness of Bonvile and Harrington, was married at ten years old by Edward IV.

to his wife's eldest son, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and was great-grandmother of the unhappy Lady Jane Grey. Very unlike them were the Bourchiers. One of them married a grand-daughter of Edward III.; and his son, brother of the archbishop, began as a zealous Lancastrian, receiving many favours from Henry VI. But marrying the Duke of York's sister, Edward IV.'s aunt, he went over and drew his brothers with him, though one of them, Lord Berners, had been made a knight of the garter for his bravery on Henry's side at St. Alban's. He was loaded with forfeited estates—among them the Cambridgeshire property of the Irish Earl, "John Ormund alias Boteler;" and, more valuable still, he was licensed to transport "1600 woollen clothes without any accompte or customs for the same," just as if, instead of being an Englishman, he had been one of that favoured community, the German merchants of the Steelyard.

One who profited much by the dissolution was Sir Anthony Browne. On the Field of the Cloth of Gold he unhorsed King Francis; and Henry gave him Battle Abbey, with its belongings. He was holding his housewarming, when a monk strode up to the daïs and cursed him: "By fire and water shall your line perish off the earth." Browne became Viscount Montague, and entertained Queen Elizabeth at his other seat, Cowdray. There he kept great state (deriving his name from Brennus!), had a gentleman of the chamber to see him to bed, and minutely described in his "booke of order and rules" the ceremonial which he thought befitting an English noble. He is the Lord Montague of Guy Fawkes's letter; and his loyalty in showing it to the king was repaid, Stuart fashion, with a fine of £4000.

Nevertheless, in the civil wars the Brownes were on the king's side, suffering so severely that they were forced to sell Battle. The family clung to the old faith till after 1760, when its head married one of Lady Huntingdon's followers; and their son, aged twenty-four, was drowned, along with Mr. Sedley Burdett, in trying to swim the Rhine just above the Falls. His servant caught him by the collar, crying, "My lord, my lord; the curse of water," but he broke away and leaped in. The letter announcing the total destruction

by fire of Cowdray was on its way to him at that very time. In 1815 a new fulfilment of "the curse of water" befell the Poyntzes, connected by intermarriage with the Brownes, a boat-load—wife and children—being drowned before the husband's eyes.

Some really Norman names are altered past recognition. Lovel, for instance, is Lupellus; Wolfcub, as Ascelin, a vassal of William of Breteuil, was called because of his savage temper. This he proved by the way in which he won his wife Isabel, William's daughter. He captured her father, kept him for three months half starved in a dungeon, the price of freedom being Isabel and 60,000 livres. Breteuil held out, and seemed likely to hold out indefinitely. But, one bitter winter's day, Ascelin dragged him to the top of a tower, stripped him to his shirt, fastened him to an iron staunchion, and got his men to keep pouring bucket after bucket of cold water over him. The poor fellow was soon sheeted in ice, and the torture made him "come down." He sent for Isabel (she was doubtless safe in a convent), and, in the church porch, put her and her money into the Wolfcub's hands.

Who, again, would refer Chaworth, so sadly connected with Lord Byron's life, to Cahors? Who in Sacheverel would find Saut de Chevreau? Estrils, again, *i.e.* Escriols, from Criol, near Eu, becomes Cruel, Kyriell, Kyrle. The family arms are on the roof of Canterbury Cathedral; its only members who emerged are the unæsthetic trooper who bombarded Goodrich Court, and his nephew, "the Man of Ross," name-father of the Kyrle Society. The Lanes, who sheltered Charles II. after Worcester, figure in the Roll as L'Asne. Frazer (what a strange "survival" is the story of the wicked Lord Lovat!) is Frissel. Robin Hood, *nobilis ille exlex*, the Duchess traces from (Fitz) Otho, Ooth, Ood (Hode of Lynn was one branch), the Conqueror's goldsmith. Musgrave, which the family has chosen to explain as Mewsgrave, the steward of the royal hawks, is clearly from Mucegros in Normandy. Miners, or Manners, immortalised in that "Marquis of Granby, whose bravery at Minden was in such contrast to Lord George Sackville's indecision, is Mesnières. Clarvis and Clarfax, which have long ceased to be "gentle" names, are from Clairvaux

Veitch is De la Vache; Davros is Devereux; Drury is from De Rouvray; Mainwaring from Mesnil-Garenne. We recommend the curious reader to look out Peach, and Winfarthing, and Dakins; though there are many more equally unexpected in the Duchess's volumes. Indeed, on almost every second page there is some etymological puzzle; while not seldom we get proof that many a peasant might truly boast:

d'après mon blason je crois ma maison
aussi noble, ma foi, que celle du roi.

We have all read of Fulk, Baron de Breauté, and his defiance of the judges in Henry III. time, but not every one knows the "vulpine subtlety" wherewith he defrauded the monks of St. Albans. He had robbed them of much land; when, one night, his wife moaned in her sleep, and woke in a passion of tears, explaining to her husband that she had seen him seized by two strong angels and flogged in purgatory by St. Alban himself. "Wherefore," she said, "sweet lord, reconcile yourself to him while yet there is time." As soon as it was day, Fulk mounted his horse, rode to the abbey, and begged the abbott to gather straightway a full chapter, and let each monk bring with him a rod. Then he submitted his back to them all in turn, ending with the disappointing speech:—"This my wife hath caused me to do for a dream that she had. But if you require restitution of what I took, I will not hearken to you."

The pride of heraldry comes out strangely here and there. The de Lévis claimed kinship with the Virgin Mary. At Mirepoix, their old seat, is an extraordinary picture. The Virgin says to a de Lévis, who is standing hat in hand: "Couvrez-vous, mon cousin," and he, maintaining his right, while careful not to outrage politeness, replies: "Pardon, ma cousine, c'est pour ma commodité." The de Veres number Noah among their ancestors. His shield is an ark naiant proper on a field vert. What a satire on this is the story which the Duchess tells of a Scotch peer in America. He sent his carriage to be repaired, and was disgusted to see, not long after, his coat of arms on half-a-dozen others, in which families that had "struck ile" were driving about. He complained to the coachmaker. "I guess," was the reply, "that pattern has been very much admired." Among unsuspected connections is

that of Pons with Clifford—some members of which family must have had a peculiar charm. Of one of them (temp. Richard II.) the poet boldly declares, "*si je estoie une pucelette*—I'd give my heart to that gallant lord"; and, in connection with "the Shepherd Lord," in the Wars of the Roses, there is the ballad of "the nut-brown mayd." Some of them were masterful, too; one to whom Henry III. sent a mandate made the messenger eat it, seal and all. Of several English villages the second name is Tony, their distance apart being a proof of that wise parcelling out of manors which prevented even such great lords as William of Mortain, and De Albini, who married Henry I.'s widow and got Arundel, from becoming predominant over a whole district. This Tony is Toesni, whose lord, though hereditary standard bearer, refused to carry the Gonfanon at Senlac, lest it should hinder him from smiting the enemy. It is interesting to read how the family, sprung direct from Rollo, throve till its last representative became Duke of Buckingham. The fall, through the treachery of Banestre (wrongly styled "a servant"—his name is in the Roll, and his blood was as good as that of his over-lord) is tragic, and no less so is the traitor's punishment. The Duke, dressed as a labourer, was digging a ditch when Banestre pointed him out to the king's officers. As he was being seized, he turned and cursed his betrayer; whereupon "Banestre's eldest son waxed mad and dyed in a bore's stye; his daughter became leprous; his younger son falling in a small puddle was strangled and drowned. He in extreme old age did murder a man, and was saved by his clergy." But (adds Holinshed, with unconscious bathos), "of the £4000, the price of his treachery, he got not one penny." The Toesni arms were blazoned also by the Beauchamps, a family which, says the Duchess, has wholly died out, though some fifty places are named after it. Of "the God-like brood, whose history would fill volumes," remain only those English villages, and the little township near Avranches, of which their representative at Senlac was lord. Another instance of ruin was that of de Beaumont, "the poor," who (temp. Richard II.) "did not take care of his castle, and so fell to a knight's estate, and thence to beggary." Even then good blood was little without broad acres. The hero of the horn of Egremont,

Boyvill, is found in some of the Rolls. "Captured by the Paynim, they used to hang him by his long hair, so that his toes scarce touched the ground. His jailor's daughter, who loved him, was by him instructed to cut it off, but unskilfully she brought away the scalp too. He escaped home, and blowing the horn, showed the hatterell. Whereupon his brother confessed the wrong he had done in leaving him in prison unransomed, and gave up the inheritance." Of course some of her Grace's prettiest stories are well known. So, too, are some of her grimmest, *e.g.*, the horrible tale of *Wild Darrell of Littlecote and the Blindfolded Midwife*, and that of the last Mistress Ferrers of the Bedfordshire branch, who, loving a highwayman, used to ride out and share his exploits; and the last time, rode home sorely wounded, stabled her horse, and was found dead, with the crape over her face, just inside the door of her secret staircase. A more cheerful story is that of Ferrers of Okeham, who can claim a horseshoe from any peer the first time he passes through his grounds. Lord Willoughby d'Eresby sent a gold shoe as "ransom" for his horse "Clinker."

Of course there are plenty of traitors, none more despicable than (Fitz) Herbert, Lord Torrington, who, being an officer of James II., carried to William the paper inviting him over. Of greed, too, there are as many instances as of noble self-denial. Thus, the Dacres of the South, as famous in Henry IV.'s time as their Northern kinsmen, were ruined, the head of the house being hanged at Tyburn, because he was accused of slaying, at a Sussex deer hunt, Sir T. Pelham's gamekeeper, he having been accidentally killed in quite another part of the park. We see in the case of the Russells that those who clung to their spoil with the proverbial tenacity of the Vicar of Bray were not merely the "new men." The Reformation, managed as it was, was an irresistible appeal to selfishness. Popular feeling in the towns had so turned against the Church that the nobles felt sure of impunity in appropriating her lands. No one saw what was being done till, with the change of masters, came the Enclosure Acts, followed by Kett's and other too tardy risings. The possessors of Church property were ready enough in Mary's reign to change their creed, but

they would not give up their spoil. Like Roger de Vieille's son, lord of Belmont Rogier, he who first broke the English palisade at Senlac, and who, having by force and fraud added to the ninety manors given him by William, was, when dying, urged by his confessor to make restitution, they would have answered: "If I do, what will I leave my sons?" But we can only give a taste of the rare feast that her Grace has provided. Naturally, she has many anecdotes of her own sex. She tells of women as really gentle as that lady of Lesser Asia who, says her epitaph, though her father, husband, brothers, all were absolute princes (τυράννων), οὐκ ἤρθη νοῦν ἐς ἀτασθαλίην. She tells of others equally unlovable—women like Lady Howard,* wife of Judge Fitz and also of Sir R. Grenville.

One thing she does not attempt, nor shall we—the hopeless task of verifying the Roll. There is no Battle Abbey Roll. Either it was lost at the Dissolution, or burnt in the Cowdray fire. Nor, were it extant, could any one distinguish the true names from those "put in by the monks for such as were willing to pay," as the Athenians are said to have bought themselves into Homer's catalogue of ships. Leland's copy differs widely from the Duchess's. The differences cannot be explained (as the Duchess suggests) by misreading of several letters which in old MSS. closely resemble each other. Brompton's Chronicle gives quaint pairs—Maundevyle and Dundevyle; Ylebon and Hyldebrond; Malebouche and Malemeyn—which are more mnemonic than convincing. Then there is "Dives Roll," and the "Nobiliare de Normandie," all which her Grace briefly discusses, referring those who seek (and will not find) more light to the well-known authorities, from Holinshed and Dugdale to Mr. Planché. Her conclusion is that, carelessly as the existing "copies" must have been made, they certainly do not deserve Sir Egerton Brydges' epithet—"disgusting forgeries." That the Roll was read out after Senlac, in order that Bishop Odo might

* The Howards are not in any of the Rolls. The rapid rise of the family, till then knights living at East Winch, was due to the marriage of Sir Robert with a daughter of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal. Their son, Sir John, knighted at Towton, was a vassal of the Pastons (see "Letters"); and, made Duke of Norfolk by Richard the Third, fell by his side at Bosworth. The legendary genealogy identifies Howard with Hereward the Saxon!

know for whom to sing Mass, is as credible as any other incident of the day. Ample allowance made for interpolations, there are still many names common to all the Rolls, given, too, in Wace, and in the "Roman de Rou," about which there is no doubt. Still, this does not help us to answer the question: "Who now-a-days can fairly claim to be directly or collaterally of Norman blood?" That must be left to genealogists like Sir Bernard Burke; and so much doubt overhangs the beginnings of most genealogies that we can but seldom say of an existing family: "It has undoubtedly absorbed one of direct Norman descent." Still less is the study of the Roll a help towards estimating the effect of the Norman Conquest on the English character. That effect is manifest enough; but it has not been limited to one class. Normans (and Norsemen, whatever we may say of "Saxons") had more to do than "the hard grey weather" with making "hard Englishmen." The Conquest did modify our national character, but happily not by giving us another class. This it did only for a time. For many centuries our nobility has been in a state of flux, as different as possible from the crystallized condition of the Spanish noblesse. Often peer has sunk to peasant, peasant risen to peer. The Duchess of Cleveland speaks of a foundered emigrant ship, several of the steerage passengers of which bore "Roll" names, and were almost undoubtedly "Normans in direct line." We need not seek far for corresponding instances of the opposite kind.

The interest, then, of her Grace's book is almost purely literary. It gives us little help towards solving social questions. The men and women whom she brings before us act just as men and women of other blood would do under like conditions. But its literary interest is very great. Here and there we have necessarily "an old story retold;" but, besides these, there is in the three volumes sensation enough for a whole library of historical romances, and also valuable and abundant material for county histories.

Art. VI.—PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.

Memoirs of Prince Czartoryski and his Correspondence with Alexander I. Two vols. Edited by Adam Gielgud. Remington & Co.

THE Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski, so ably edited by Mr. Gielgud, place not only a historic figure before us, but what may also be called a great representative name. The Czartoryskis are identified with the supreme efforts made by Poland to reform her constitution; they are associated with those last struggles for national life and independence that convulsed her while she was writhing under the heel of the spoiler and oppressor. And though some may question whether Poland could ever have settled her own internal difficulties, even had fair play been allowed her, still her undoubted wrongs and sufferings, her superhuman and oft-renewed resistance, the heroic figures of Kosciuszko, Sobieski, Poniatowski, and last, but not least, of the Czartoryskis, have invested this page of European history with keen interest, and have coloured it with the hues of poetry and romance.

It is towards the middle of the eighteenth century that the Czartoryskis, in the persons of two brothers, Michael and Augustus, begin to play a prominent part in the history of Poland. These distinguished statesmen were animated by the purest zeal and most fervid desire to serve their country, and save it, as it were, almost in its own despite. They would have constrained it to follow in the general wake of Western progress and development; they were eager to carry out the necessary reforms, and to establish those principles of constitutional liberty which, through all its errors and subsequent throes, Poland held sacred—and which, so far as they reached, were a natural growth in that country as in England and Hungary. As Mr. Gielgud says, in his lucid and interesting preface, these eminent statesmen used all the forces at their command—prestige, wealth, social relations—to carry out their high political aims. None the less true or devoted was

their patriotism, although time has shown them to have led a forlorn hope. Not only, indeed, was Poland split up into factions, divided by fierce political differences, and trammelled by obsolete customs, but the elective nature of her monarchy opened a way to foreign intrigues in behalf of one or another favourite candidate, and courted foreign interference. Moreover, another and more fatal bar to the success of any patriotic schemes lay in the unscrupulous ambition of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who coveted certain portions of Polish territory, and left no stone unturned to secure their own ends. It would take too long to explain here the apprehension with which these allied Powers saw "the rich dawn of an ampler day" in the neighbouring State, in whose very disorder and constitutional weakness they hoped to find their opportunity. They took cunning advantage of every abuse; they imposed arbitrary checks on every reform calculated to make her stronger; they fostered her dissensions; and, if ever one or other found it expedient from time to time to play the part of Poland's friend, it was only to lead her more certainly to her own destruction.

Unfortunately, the very reforms advocated by the Czartoryskis were not carried out without rousing active opposition on the part of some of the great nobles, and even awakening a feeling of anxiety in the heart of the king. The state of anarchy into which the country had fallen was such that no statesman could act with authority and practical effect without the support of some foreign Government. The Czartoryskis, deprecating a civil war, and with their country's vital interests at stake, sought the armed intervention of Russia. Circumstances possibly left them no other alternative, but time has proved this invitation of foreign interference to have been a fatal mistake. The eagle was only too ready to fasten on its prey. The evil day was put off a short space by reason of the mutual jealousies of the spoilers, but the doom of Poland was practically sealed. In 1772 Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa of Austria, and Frederick the Great of Prussia, signed a treaty, in the name of the Holy Trinity, followed by the first partition of Poland. What remained of the kingdom was formed into a hereditary monarchy in the house

of Stanislas Poniatowski, the reigning king, whose election Russia had sanctioned.

We get but passing references to Michael and Augustus Czartoryski in the memoirs before us. The former died in 1775, the latter survived the mutilation of his country ten years. Michael's grandson, Prince Adam Czartoryski, the subject of these memoirs, born in 1770, grew up in the traditions of his house—passionate love of his country and ever-watchful readiness to serve her.

The opening chapters of the memoirs give us glimpses into the life of one of those great nobles who formed the most distinctive class in Poland, and exercised the authority of sovereigns in their respective provinces. We also get a pleasant picture of family affection in the midst of pomp and state. "Living as we did for each other," so speaks Prince Adam—"our mother for her children, and we for her—our life was a very happy one." But more characteristic of the time and class is the following account of a semi-royal progress made by the Czartoryskis to their estates in Podolia and Volhynia, where Prince Adam's father (a man worthy of his illustrious race) retired after the defeat of his party at the Diet of 1782:—

"We left for the estates in Podolia with a large suite. My father at that time had a very numerous court, chiefly composed of noblemen's sons, many of whom came even from Lithuania. Dozens of carriages followed each other in line, and we travelled at the rate of not more than six miles a day. After breakfast we proceeded to the next stage, where we dined; the food and wine always preceded us. There were a great many led horses, and we often mounted them to get over the ground more quickly. One of the principal officials of the Court always went on beforehand to get our quarters ready. We stopped on our way at the houses of several landowners, many of whom joined our party, which increased the number of our led horses and carriages; we had also brought some camels with us, as my father wished to introduce them into general use. The caravan stopped at Klewan, the first of my father's estates in Volhynia."

The Czartoryskis settled at Pulawy, the princely residence whose library and art treasures were subsequently confiscated and scattered. Here Prince Adam prosecuted such studies as were deemed necessary for a young man of his rank and position—mathematics, languages, classics, universal history,

and fencing. Then followed a time devoted to that grand tour without which no elegant education was complete. He visited Germany, where he saw Goethe, "then in the brightest period of his youth;" Paris, where the Revolution was breaking into apparently splendid dawn; and London, where he studied the English constitution under Lord Mansfield, and was present at the trial of Warren Hastings. At this period of his life he has been described as "a very fine young man indeed, tall, handsome; full of great expectations of happy changes in society; full of ardour, benevolence, and adventure." His expectation was often foiled, but the ardour endured to his life's end.

There is a break in the Czartoryski memoirs from 1786 to 1795, which history fills in sadly enough. During the twenty-five years of Prince Adam's life many of the disastrous influences we have recounted had been at work in his unhappy country, already shorn of its fair proportions. In 1791 the more patriotic and enlightened Poles succeeded in passing the famous constitution which Burke eulogized as a glory to humanity. Russia saw that such an unmistakable manifestation of vigorous and independent national life was incompatible with her despotic policy, and arbitrarily opposed it. Her armed opposition met with armed resistance that resulted fatally for the cause of freedom. The first partition of Poland may in a measure have been brought about by the Poles themselves; but what shall be said of those that followed? In 1793 the second division took place between Russia and Prussia. In vain the nation, stirred to its very depths by this further iniquitous spoliation, rose under the leadership of Kosciuszko. The people's heart beat in unison, but the Poles were unaccustomed to act rapidly in concert, the sinews of war were wanting, the old internal divisions were fatal as ever, and even more ruinous were the treachery and desertion of faithless friends and allies. Kosciuszko fell at Maciejowice, and the third and last partition of Poland, between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, took place in 1795. As a nation she ceased to exist, and her people were reduced to slavery.

Prince Adam Czartoryski had taken part in the first cam-

paign in 1792, and been decorated for his valour. He was absent from his country when Kosciuszko took arms in the defence of Poland, and was arrested by order of the Austrian Government while hurrying back to throw in his lot with the indignant patriots. When liberated his country was in the hands of the spoilers, his family in exile, and their estates confiscated. The Prince joined his parents at Vienna, from whence efforts were being made to induce the Empress Catherine to cancel this act of confiscation. "Let the Czartoryskis' sons come to me," said the autocrat at St. Petersburg, "and then we will consider." An anxious family council ensued.

"Our father," says the Prince, "kind and considerate as ever, did not venture to demand this sacrifice from us; and it was the fact of our knowing this that prevailed over every other consideration. Our fatherland was lost; were we also to condemn our parents to want, and make it impossible for them to discharge their debts? We did not hesitate an instant. At the same time, we knew well that to go to St. Petersburg, far from all our connections, to give ourselves up, as it were, into the hands of our most detested enemies, of the executioners of our country, was, in our situation, the most painful sacrifice we could make to paternal affection. For to do this it was necessary to act in opposition to all our sentiments, all our convictions, all our plans, to everything that was nearest our hearts and minds."

Prince Adam Czartoryski was twenty-five years old when he set out with his brother for the Imperial Court of Russia, really in the character of a hostage. He bore himself with such dignity and personal disinterestedness through the years that followed, making the very bitterness and anomaly of his position serve the interests of Poland, that he stands out in heroic proportions against the sombre background of his country's humiliations and disasters.

The picture that the memoirs give us of the Court of Catherine II. is full of interest. That remarkable woman, though a German by birth, had imposed her despotic rule over the Russian people. They may be said to have idolized her, and to have allowed her to carry out the most arbitrary measures unchallenged. She possessed a powerful intellect, but was utterly unprincipled. There can be no exaggeration in affirming that there was hardly one of the Ten Commandments for which she had shown a particle of regard. It

must be admitted, however, that, questionable as were the means she used, she was no unworthy successor to Peter the Great, and held the reins of government with brilliant success.

Though Catherine had summoned Prince Adam and his brother to her capital, they spent some time in St. Petersburg before they were admitted to Court, and then only through the intervention of the reigning favourite, whose good graces were the necessary passport to Catherine's presence. The young Pole thus describes the woman who had exercised such an influence over his destiny and that of his countrymen :—

"She was well advanced in years, rather short than tall, and very stout. Her gait, her demeanour, and the whole of her person were marked by dignity. None of her movements were quick, all in her was grave and noble; but she was like a mountain stream which carries everything with it in its irresistible current. Her face, already wrinkled, but full of expression, showed haughtiness and the spirit of dominion. On her lips was a perpetual smile, but, to those who remembered her actions, this studied calm hid the most violent passions and an inexorable will. In coming towards us her face assumed a gentler expression, and, with that sweet look that has been so much praised, she said: 'Your age reminds me of your father when I saw him for the first time. I hope this country suits you.'"

The young men evidently impressed Catherine favourably at this anxiously anticipated interview, and the efforts made by the friends of the Czartoryskis were not without effect. After some delay Catherine made a present to Prince Adam and his brother of their parents' confiscated estates and revenues. The young men sent their father full power to dispose unconditionally of the property thus ceded to them, and completed their filial sacrifice by accepting commissions as officers in the Empress's Guards—the *sine quâ non* of the restitution. "Thrown out of our natural sphere by misfortune, surrounded by violence and compulsion, filled with disgust and despair, we thought it our duty not to express any wish whatever; it was not worth while."

The Memoirs furnish many interesting details concerning the Russian Court, where Catherine ruled as despotically as elsewhere. Her husband, Peter III., had been deposed and foully done to death, it may be safely said, by his wife's

orders; and his son and natural successor was entirely kept in the background. His is a sombre and fantastic figure. While submitting to the tyranny of his mother, he bitterly resented the manner of his father's death. His ungovernable temper and eccentricities were doubtless akin to madness. He was both dreaded and disliked, and his popular and all-powerful mother had nothing to fear from him. He was not allowed the care of his own children, and his sons were brought up under their grandmother's immediate supervision. It was to the persons of these young princes, Alexander and Constantine, that the two Czartoryskis ultimately became attached by their official duties. Alexander had a singularly fine and attractive disposition, and between him and Prince Adam there sprang up a close and generous friendship. In a reciprocity of views, and the perfectly open communication that existed between himself and Alexander, Prince Adam saw a means of furthering his country's interests by the most legitimate means. Not by foredoomed plots and insurrection did he hope to succeed, but by strengthening the liberal aspirations and the principles of right and justice that filled the heart of the man who should succeed to the unrighteous inheritance of Poland. Alexander was near enough to the throne to indulge in visions of power that had a touch of disinterestedness and generous romance about them, and its actual obligations and responsibilities were too remote to serve as a check on his day-dreams. So the years sped not altogether unhappily, or devoid of hope, in that alien land, and under the hated uniform.

Prince Adam was a spectator of the closing scene of Catherine's life, with its wild confusion and disorder. She fell a victim to apoplexy, brought on by mortification and resentment. He gives a very graphic picture of it all: the inanimate Catherine lying prone on the mattresses hastily placed under her on the floor, and already dead to this world and its concerns, while Zuboff, the last of her favourites, rushed with dishevelled hair from the room to his own apartments, where there was much compromising matter to destroy.

The ill-starred Paul succeeded to his mother. He issued immediate orders that the body of Peter III. should lie in

State beside Catherine's; and those still living, who were accused of complicity in his father's death, were commanded to walk beside the remains of the murdered sovereign and his consort, and follow in the funeral procession. This was no unfitting prologue to the gloomy and tragic reign that followed. There was no limit to Paul's fantastic caprice, no measure in his madness. His paroxysms of passion were positively blasting, and his deeds of kindness and moods of mercy and justice too wayward to counteract their effects. Many of his acts, and the orders he issued, would be ludicrous if they had not so terrible a side. The whole Empire, more especially St. Petersburg and its vicinity was kept in a state of constant anxiety and apprehension. But what more closely concerns the present sketch was the Emperor's attitude towards the Poles. On the whole, it was more generous than that assumed by his mother. Prince Adam says that the reign of Paul in the Polish provinces was always mentioned as a period when there were fewer abuses, and acts of oppression and injustice, than at any other time when Poland was under foreign rule. Paul liberated the Polish prisoners, notably those who had passed the famous Constitution of 1791. In theory he professed to regret the partition of Poland; in practice he did not consider it in his power to go back upon the past. He treated the dethroned Polish king with hospitality and consideration, lodging him in an Imperial residence at St. Petersburg. Stanislas Poniatowski had in the days gone by been one of Catherine's favourites, and she had been glad to settle old scores and, at the same time, gratify the wish of Augustus and Michael Czartoryski, by placing this Polish nobleman on the throne of Poland. No sentimental consideration, however, had made her hesitate to dispossess him of crown and kingdom when it suited her purpose to do so.

"This unfortunate prince," says Czartoryski, "seemed to me to accept his position too patiently. He strove to make himself agreeable to his masters who had dispossessed him, and to indulge the capricious fancies of the Emperor, who pretty frequently came with the Imperial family to dine with him. The King and his suite, in order to vary the entertainments he was able to offer to the Emperor and Empress, were preparing a *soirée* with private

theatricals, when he was struck down by an attack of apoplexy, on the 2nd of February 1793. The news at once spread through the town, and we hastened to the Palace. Dr. Bekler had bled the patient and employed all the resources of his art, but in vain. The King lay on his bed unconscious, the persons of his suite stood round him in tears. The Emperor also came with the Imperial family."

The moralist might pause a moment here before so pitiable a figure of fallen greatness, contemplated by the son of the very woman who had used this handsome puppet of a man to serve in turn her lust and her ambition.

Prince Adam was out of Russia on diplomatic service when the Emperor Paul was assassinated. He received an urgent letter from Alexander entreating him to return at once. On arriving at St. Petersburg he learnt all the details of the tragic event.

"Alexander spoke to me of his father's death," says Czartoryski, "with inexpressible grief and remorse. It was a thousand pities that a prince so anxious and so well qualified to be a benefactor to his country did not hold aloof from a conspiracy which resulted almost inevitably in the Emperor's assassination. The recollection paralysed his best faculties at the commencement of his reign, and plunged him into a mysticism sometimes degenerating into superstition at its close."

Then follows the ugly story of the consent wrung by irritated and ambitious malcontents from the son for the deposition of the father; of the convivial supper held by the conspirators on the fatal night; of the secret entry effected into the Palace and Emperor's bedchamber. It is a grim page in history which tells of Paul's sudden awakening, of his ineffectual efforts to conceal himself, and his desperate appeals for mercy at the hands of men inflamed with wine and drunk with stormy passions—of the insults heaped upon the lifeless body. Alexander was aware that his father would be called upon to abdicate that night, and was lying full dressed on his bed, anxiously awaiting tidings of what had passed in the Imperial apartments. When he saw Count Zuboff standing before him, his face flushed with wine, and heard the terrible truth fall from his lips, the Prince was prostrated with grief and despair. "The idea of having caused the death of his father filled him with horror, and he felt that his reputation had received a stain which could never be effaced."

This was an ill-omened prologue to a reign that had been anticipated in so many golden day-dreams and with such generous aspirations. But Prince Adam, who had for Alexander a sincere friendship and regard, speaks throughout his memoirs with respect and appreciation of the naturally fine, if very complex, character of this "Greek of the lower Empire, harassed with a conscience." He had lent a patient ear to his schemes, even when he saw their impracticability; and he expressed no surprise when Alexander, feeling himself "in the iron hand of reality," found it inexpedient to put them into practice. He sought to strengthen by all his personal influence the opinions and sentiments which had seemed so admirable in Alexander when grand-duke, and which, however, modified by caution and the possession of absolute power, still, as the Prince maintains, moulded the principles on which the Emperor would fain have acted. A secret council of able and ardent young politicians was formed, with whom Alexander discussed those liberal measures which he hoped to introduce gradually into his administration, but which ever remained among the unfulfilled dreams of his generous youth.

Though high in the Emperor's favour at this time, Prince Adam seems to have been sick at heart with hope deferred, and with longing for his own country and people. The eager desire to serve Poland was the one thing that reconciled him to his anomalous, irksome, and increasingly difficult position. Between himself and Alexander there was growing up an increasing constraint with regard to the subject that lay nearest his heart. The Emperor assured his friend that he had not changed his opinions or intentions; but he seldom spoke of Poland, and no longer in the same way as heretofore. "The dreams of my early youth," says the Prince, "had vanished like the morning mist, and whose was the blame? Can I expect of men more than they know how to give?" Still there is no doubt that Czartoryski did serve his country, and that it was owing to his personal influence that the Emperor still remembered and busied himself about the future of Poland, while actually improving the administration and regulating the course of justice in the Polish provinces.

"These acts," says Prince Adam, sadly, "deserved our gratitude, but could not compensate us for the loss of our national existence, and were far from realizing the hopes expressed in the conversations of our youth. My life was one continuous struggle between the consolation of having done some good, and the regret, not to say self- , of never being able to reach the object of my wishes and hopes."

In 1804 Prince Czartoryski was appointed Foreign Minister, a post he was well qualified to fill, as he had already acted as Assistant Foreign Minister to the retiring Vorontzoff. This advancement did not expose him to greater suspicion or calumny than he had been subjected to before, and gave him, as he hoped, wider opportunities of serving his country, "by inaugurating a system of policy based on equitable principles." He says:

"I felt like a soldier, who, being thrown by chance and friendship into the ranks of a foreign army, fights zealously from a feeling of honour, and in order not to abandon his master and friend. Alexander's unbounded confidence made me feel it my duty to do my best to serve him, and to add lustre to his policy so long as I had the direction of it. Moreover, I firmly believed that it might be possible for me to reconcile the tendencies of the Russian nation with the generous ideas of its ruler, and to make use of the Russian craving for glory and supremacy for the general benefit of mankind. I would have wished Alexander to become a sort of arbiter of peace for the civilized world, to be the protector of the weak and oppressed, and that his reign should inaugurate a new era of justice and right in European politics."

This programme, somewhat incompatible no doubt with human egotism and self-seeking, was nevertheless an exalted one, and, even partially carried out, it shed a very distinctive lustre over Alexander's reign.

The close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries were a time of mighty ferment throughout Europe, and the history of one nation can only properly be read in connection with the history of all. France was the leavening mass; she had stirred the very foundation of things with her frenzied revolt and antagonisms. Her long-pent-up energies came fresh and jubilant to the task of uprooting ancient landmarks, and creating a constitution that should convert the philosophic formulas of liberty into established law. She was so instinct with life that she sent a thrill through the whole European continent. There was no hope or ambition

but caught inspiration from the wild medley of her excited passions.

When Prince Adam accepted office as Foreign Minister under Alexander, Napo[illegible]s already crowned Emperor, and there seemed no limit to exercise of his splendid and lawless power. Czartoryski was strongly opposed to any alliance between France and Russia, which he considered incompatible with the principles advocated by Alexander, and fatal to the interests of Poland. Events, however, marched with astounding rapidity, and the face of things changed from day to day. The iniquitous and unjustifiable capture of the Duke d'Enghien by Napoleon, in an independent country, and the summary execution of this prince, led to an open rupture between Russia and France. All Europe was exasperated and alarmed at Napoleon's insatiable and unscrupulous ambition, and, after prolonged negotiation between the Great Powers, the Coalition of 1805 was formed. Alexander put himself at the head of his army, accompanied by Czartoryski, and the latter hoped that good might accrue to Poland during this European crisis, from the attitude of Prussia at the commencement of the campaign, and from the success of the allies. He was ever on the watch to further the cause he had so passionately at heart.

The battle of Austerlitz was fatal to the coalition and to Prince Adam's hopes. With the graphic account of this important event the memoirs close. They were dictated during the Prince's last illness, and he did not live to complete them. Skilful use has, however, been made by Mr. Gielgud of a mass of notes, letters, and diaries to complete the unfinished narrative; while the matter furnished by himself throughout the two volumes adds greatly to the interest and value of the work.

In 1806 Prince Czartoryski resigned his post of Foreign Minister. The brilliant victories of Napoleon had changed the face of European politics, and in the likely event of France declaring war against Russia Prince Adam foresaw that, in any invasion of Russia Poland would be taken as the basis of operations; and he foresaw also the advantages the French would gain from the disaffection of its people. There

could be little doubt that Napoleon would secure the co-operation of the Poles by promising to restore their national independence, Prince Adam strongly urged his master to forestall events by proclaiming Poland as a kingdom, separate indeed, but irrevocably attached to the throne of Russia; and to grant her a constitution in conformity with her ardent desire and ancient customs. He answered for the enthusiasm with which the Poles would hail Alexander as King under such conditions. The proposal was not accepted, and the failure of this scheme, which seemed to reconcile such conflicting interests, must have been a bitter disappointment to Czartoryski. In a frank, dignified letter, he pointed out to his Imperial master the dangers that were impending, the martyrdom he endured in carrying out measures he could not approve, the growing anomaly of his position. The relations between the two men were becoming painfully strained; and, though the Prince did not forfeit the friendship or confidence of Alexander, his resignation was finally accepted.

Matters turned out as Czartoryski had foreseen. At the close of the first Franco-Russian campaign Alexander was obliged to submit to the formation of an incipient Polish kingdom on his frontier—a kingdom compacted out of the provinces annexed by Prussia in the various partitions, and which bore the euphuistic title of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw.

Prince Czartoryski now held increasingly aloof from Russian affairs, only retaining his curatorship of the University of Wilna. He was tortured by conflicting feelings; torn by perplexity and inward debate. Czartoryski had felt the thrill of life stir the seemingly dead bones of Poland when Napoleon had created the Duchy of Warsaw, rousing a local outburst of patriotism; his heart throbbed with the hope that Poland might yet shake off her shackles, and take her place again as a separate kingdom. His friendship for Alexander had been personal and sincere, but it was based on their mutual desire for the good of Poland. Now that that was proved to be illusory on the Emperor's side, while it remained so terribly real on his own, could he in honour serve Alexander any longer? If events followed their probable

course, Napoleon might be looked to as the liberator of Poland; yet could he throw in his lot with a man whose policy he had execrated and opposed with all the weight of his influence? In the notes concerning this anxious period of his life Prince Adam writes:—

"Directly the hopes of restoring Poland revived I strove to make the possibility of the restoration of Poland serve to glorify the Emperor, and to unite by the bonds of a common advantage the two interests that were most dear to me. My counsels were not heard, my plans were not followed. The interests I wished to unite again parted from each other, and I retired from a situation where I must have been guilty, either on side or the other."

He asked for permission to leave Russia, which was granted.

So ended the first chapter of a friendship which is assuredly one of the most striking in history; and which, foredoomed to end as it ultimately did, speaks well for the generosity of both the men whom it united.

Prince Czartoryski returned to Poland, after his long exile, in 1810, and devoted himself to the duties connected with his curatorship of the University of Wilna. The Russian who eventually succeeded to this post gave it as his opinion that the twenty years' services of his predecessor had retarded the fusion of Lithuania and Russia for fully a century. Even this appointment, however, Prince Adam wished to resign before long, in consequence of certain arbitrary measures. Several letters passed between him and Alexander, slightly deprecatory on the part of the latter. "You wish," he said, "to break the only public connection which exists between us; and after an intimate friendship of more than fifteen years, which nothing has been able to alter, we are become strangers to each other, if not by our sentiments at least in our public relations. This is a thought which is painful to me to dwell upon, the more so as I believed the moment had arrived when our intimate relations might be developed to their fullest extent." The day for such illusions had almost passed with Prince Adam.

On the 9th of May 1812 Napoleon set out from Paris for his great Russian campaign. As Czartoryski had foreseen, Poland became the basis of his operations. The Diet stationed at Warsaw proclaimed the kingdom of Poland; Lithuania (a

province annexed by Russia) gave in her adhesion, and Napoleon entered Wilna amidst the shouts and acclamations of the people. The work begun by his former victories would now be consummated. Enthusiasm reached fever pitch. If there were any signs that Napoleon was not altogether sincere in his professions, or that his policy was temporizing and double-faced, all such apprehensions were lost for the time being in the frenzied hopes and exultation of the moment. Had Napoleon contented himself with securing Lithuania and fortifying the frontiers, instead of advancing into Russia, the kingdom of Poland would indubitably have been restored to its former limits, and the destinies of France and Europe would be other than they are.

It is not our purpose to follow Napoleon after he left Wilna: the incidents of that memorable invasion of Russia —the burning of Moscow, and the unparalleled horrors of the retreat—belong to another page of history. The result of the campaign was utterly disastrous as far as Poland was concerned. In a passionate longing for national life—for which who shall blame her?—she had thrown in her lot with Napoleon. He had been defeated, and she now had an incensed Russia to deal with. The attitude of Prince Czartoryski in this hour of national calamity is eminently characteristic. Strong in conscious integrity, and in his conviction of the righteousness of the cause he had maintained, he seems almost like the accredited mouthpiece of his heroic people, listened to by all at least with deference and respect. He appealed to Alexander—not to his clemency, but to his nobler self, to the ideals of their youth. That such an appeal was possible again speaks well for both men. "If your Imperial Majesty, at the moment when the Polish nation is expecting the vengeance of a conqueror, will hold out your hand and offer that which for Poland was the object of the war, the effect will be magical." Alexander answered with words that were smooth enough, and full of professions of personal friendship, signing "Yours in heart and soul;" but none of the Prince's suggestions were acted upon, and Poland, convulsed and expectant, lay at the cruel mercy of her oppressors.

In October 1814 the International Congress met at Vienna which was to settle by arbitration new landmarks to replace those torn up in many a bloody campaign and by much iniquitous spoliation. The most important question at issue concerned the East of Europe. The first object of deliberation at the Congress was Poland. Though Prince Adam held no official position, he was tacitly recognized as the representative of his country. Alexander, not unmindful of the ideals of their generous youth and their mutual aspirations, asked the Prince to accompany him on this momentous occasion, glad to avail himself of Czartoryski's counsel in framing a scheme for the reconstruction of Poland as a separate kingdom attached to the Russian Crown. This project was calculated to satisfy the enthusiastic and liberal tendencies of Alexander, and if he required the whole of Poland to complete his plan, the attitude he had maintained before Europe, and the services he had rendered the coalition, allowed him to proffer the claim with weight and authority. This scheme in its entirety was never to be realized. Space fails us to dwell on the opposition and support it met with. The principle that the former partition of Poland, which the Poles have ever considered their greatest misfortune, was intolerable, and ought to be held invalid, should have been insisted on in the interests of right and justice and sound policy; but the re-creation of the kingdom, under the sceptre of the Czar, was held to give an undue balance of strength to Russia, and the partition was in part maintained. Thus the dismemberment of Poland was ratified before the world, and her doom sealed.

Yet it might seem as if the treaty finally signed on the 15th of February 1815 realized, at least in a measure, the wishes of both Alexander and Prince Adam. The former had obtained a fair proportion of what he had asked for. As to the latter, if the new kingdom of Poland was shrunk and meagre, yet such as it was it came under the sceptre of the man whose friendship and lifelong professions were a guarantee that the conditions imposed by the Treaty of Vienna, securing a representation to the Poles, and such rights as preserved their national life, would not only be respected, but accepted gladly. Czartoryski himself was placed at the head of the provisional

government at Warsaw. This, however, was probably the saddest and bitterest hour of the Prince's life. The Czar of all the Russias is by birth and training an autocrat. Alexander was fast losing under the Imperial purple the liberal tendencies of his earlier years. An independently national and liberal constitution, under such tutelage, was fated to become a dead letter. The Poles, who had seen the mirage of liberty stretch out before their eager eyes, were given over to the violent and capricious rule of the Emperor's brother, Constantine.

As long as it might seem of any avail, and even when all hope was abandoned, Czartoryski pleaded for his unhappy countrymen, pointing out the increasing violations of the constitution and the disregard of every promise and engagement. It was a useless task, and a thankless one. At last all correspondence ceased. Before this, which may be called their final separation, Alexander offered Prince Czartoryski both promotion and decorations. "Sire," said the latter, "I would remind you that these formed no part of our agreement." He had always refused distinctions and favours, and his salary had never been drawn while serving his Imperial master.

In 1825 Alexander died, and was succeeded by his brother Nicholas. Things went on from bad to worse. In 1830 the exasperated Poles broke out into open insurrection and revolt. It is almost certain that Prince Adam took no part in preparing this outbreak. The issues were too uncertain for a man of his sagacity to have done so. But, the die once cast, he threw himself heart and soul into the patriotic movement, giving it the weight and countenance of his personal influence and European prestige. He was unanimously elected President of the National Government, after the retreat of Constantine. A great wave of hope swept over the whole nation, which rose to vindicate its right to national existence and liberty with overmastering purpose and at first with signal success. But alas! Poland had against her her internal feuds, the overwhelming superiority of the Russian army in point of numbers, and the absence of any support from other nations who, from first to last, have passively watched the dismemberment and death-throes of Poland. For one year

she made her heroic stand; then the remnant of her army, in whose ranks fought Prince Czartoryski, was driven across her frontiers by Russian bayonets.

During the remaining years of Prince Adam's life, years spent in exile and comparative poverty, he remained faithful to the principle that had guided all his actions, and to his love for the country he had so ardently desired to serve. A dignified and somewhat austere figure, he appears in the pages of contemporary history as the universally recognized representative of his fallen country.

Of the large charities supported by the Prince and his wife to mitigate the sufferings of the Polish exiles—of the school for girls opened at their residence in Paris—the memoirs do not speak, and perhaps advisedly. There is so little of anything purely personal in the autobiography, that Mr. Gielgud has done well to complete the portrait on the lines laid down by the Prince himself. Filial piety, friendship, philanthropy, his very marriage—all seem but as

"Many a voice of one desire"—

the good of his country. This gives the record of his life a singular unity and dignity.

From his land of exile Prince Adam watched Poland writhing under the heel of the oppressor, goaded into partial insurrection, and groaning under ever harsher reprisals. While his heart bled, he let slip no chance that seemed to favour his hopes in the ever-shifting current of public events. There is something eminently pathetic in this patient watchfulness, in this hope baffled through a long life-time, but never abandoned. The European crisis that culminated in the Crimean War seemed a fitting opportunity for again bringing forward the Polish question. But, as Lord Palmerston had pointed out to Czartoryski several years earlier, circumstances and treaties often prevent States from following their most just impulses.

"The treaty of Paris," says Mr. Gielgud, "was a great disappointment to him; but he did not abandon all hope. At the time when the negotiations of the Paris Congress were still going on, the Prince was preparing a fresh memorandum on the Polish question, when a friend informed him that the bases of the Treaty had been agreed upon, and that Poland was not mentioned in it. An expression of pain passed across his face; he stopped writing for a

moment; but soon proceeded with his manuscript, saying: 'It will do for another time.'"

Prince Adam Czartoryski died at Montfermeil, in France, on the 15th of November 1861. His last words were of his country. The passionate hopes he had entertained for Poland through his long life grew stronger in his dying hour. Death, in mercy, left those hopes with him to the last.

And yet, alas for these hopes, when contrasted with the subsequent blood and ruin, and even with such a minor matter as the following, extracted from a recent number of the *Times*!—

"The Vilna correspondent of a Polish paper gives the following particulars as to the recent prohibition by the Russian Government of the use of the Polish language in the provinces:—'Not only shopkeepers, but people of all classes here are forbidden under penalties to speak Polish. Servants, coachmen, and artisans are invited by the Russian officials to watch for and report any case in which their employers speak Polish, and when such reports come in, the Commissioner of Police at once rewards the informer and levies a fine on his victim. Yesterday a poor but decently dressed old woman knelt as is the custom here, on the pavement in front of the chapel of the Virgin of Ostrobrama, and began to say her prayers aloud in Polish. She was immediately taken to the guardhouse, and after being soundly rated by the officer in charge, was sent home more dead than alive. Old men who are in the habit of praying daily in the churches have been ordered by the police in future to say their prayers in Russian. A boy has been expelled from school for writing his name in Polish on one of his school-books."

Art. VII.—THE FORTUNES OF THOMAS WOLSEY.

1. *Life of Henry VIII., from his Accession to the Death of Wolsey.* By J. S. Brewer. London: Murray. 1884.
2. *History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times.* By Ernest Law, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Bell & Sons. 1885.

FEW names of English history have so completely become household words as that of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal Archbishop of York. The magnificence of his retinue, and the splendours of his palaces at Hampton Court and White-

hall, have impressed the imagination of the young, from generation to generation; whilst his death-bed testimony, preserved by his faithful servant Cavendish, has touched the hearts alike of young and old, and pointed many a moral against worldliness from the lips of the preacher or the pen of the essayist or poet. Hampton Court is still Wolsey's palace for the crowds of sight-seers who come from all parts of the English-speaking world. Many princes have dwelt there, but none of them has eclipsed the fame of the great Cardinal, who founded the princely pile, and presented it to his royal master.

The *State Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.* have abundantly vindicated the honour of the statesman whose fame had been clouded by contemporary slander and misrepresentation. Mr. Brewer studied these documents, which, for the first time, revealed the true significance of Wolsey's work, till he became an expert in identifying the authors of anonymous letters, in judging handwriting, in discriminating between the original manuscript and a copy of later date. His prefaces to the *State Papers* form the best biography of Wolsey which has yet appeared. Few volumes are more fascinating, or do more to clear the memory of a great man from unmerited calumny. Mr. Law's *History of Hampton Court* * is, as a description of the famous palace, scarcely less valuable. Every feature of its architecture is pointed out with loving accuracy. We see the place as Wolsey found it; we watch it growing in his hands, till it became the most sumptuous house in England; we become familiar with the Cardinal's state and manner of life in his suburban palace; we follow the fortunes of the place in the hands of Wolsey's royal successors. The volumes are crowded with picturesque details, and full of capital woodcuts, plans and portraits, which make them one of the most complete and tempting histories of an English palace.

With such guides to supplement and illustrate that quaint volume by Cavendish, which no amount of research can supersede because it is an eye-witness's labour of love, modern students of history will gain a new view of Thomas Wolsey's

* See "Brief Notices," Historical Section.

work as a statesman. Professor Creighton's book in the *Twelve English Statesmen* series is an excellent epitome of the Cardinal's life, written with the newest lights, which puts the chief facts in small compass for busy readers. Henceforth Wolsey cannot fail to take front rank both as a statesman and a patriot.

Ipswich, we know, was Wolsey's birthplace. Mr. Brewer thinks the story of his low birth is exaggerated. He describes him as "an honest poor man's son." Professor Creighton thinks that his father was "probably a grazier and wool-merchant." Skelton's malicious satire harps on Wolsey's poverty of birth:

> "They dare not look out at doors,
> For dread of the mastiff cur;
> For dread the butcher's dog
> Would worry them like a hog.
> Why come ye not to court?"

We are inclined, on the whole, to accept the old story o Wolsey's parentage. The fact that he bore the satire patiently when he might have taken away its edge by some simple statement, seems to us to give force to the generally accepted account of his birth. Robert Wolsey and his wife, Joan, managed, however, to send their son to Oxford at the age of eleven, where he took his degree when he was only fifteen. Little is known of his University course. He was dubbed the "boy bachelor," and became Fellow of Magdalen. He was also appointed master of the College Grammar School, and in 1498 became bursar. Colet was then delivering his famous lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, and Wolsey's friendship with him probably dates from this time.

In 1500, at the age of twenty-six or twenty-nine, Wolsey quitted the University. The Marquis of Dorset, whose sons had been under his care at Magdalen School, invited their tutor to spend his Christmas with them. The nobleman was so much pleased with Wolsey that he presented him with the living of Lymington. Here the young priest had a rather unpleasant adventure. Sir Amyas Pawlet, a magistrate of the neighbourhood, "was so bold as to set the schoolmaster by the heels during his displeasure." Tradition has it, that Wolsey

was at some fair near Lymington, where he got too much wine. Sir Amyas lived to mourn that piece of work when the man whom he had put in the stocks became Lord Chancellor. Wolsey sent for Sir Amyas, to whom he administered a severe reprimand, and forbade him to leave London. To pacify Wolsey, the old man covered his house in the Middle Temple, at the Gatehouse next the stairs, with the Cardinal's arms and hat, but he remained in disgrace for five or six years.

In 1501 Wolsey became chaplain to Dean, Archbishop of Canterbury. This post he held till the Primate's death in 1503, when Sir John Nanfan, Treasurer or Deputy-Lieutenant of Calais, secured his services as chaplain and secretary. The experience gained in such a post must have been of the greatest value to Wolsey in his later diplomatic labours. He won such favour in the eyes of Sir John, that, when he retired from public life, he recommended Wolsey to the service of Henry VII.

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, was then Lord Privy Seal. Wolsey at first seems to have acted as one of his secretaries. The Bishop and Sir Thomas Lovell, Constable of the Tower, soon saw the capacity of their new assistant. In the spring of 1508 he was sent to the Court of Scotland on a special mission; in the autumn he was employed as confidential messenger to the continent on business connected with Henry's proposed marriage to Margaret, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, Wolsey's sound judgment and unwearying zeal had already won golden opinions from the king; but the speed with which he accomplished his mission to the Low Countries added much to his reputation. He took boat from the palace at Richmond at four o'clock in the afternoon; got down to Gravesend in three hours; then posted to Dover, whence he crossed to Calais. There he landed before noon the next day; the same night he reached Mechlin. In less than twenty-four hours he was on his return to Richmond, where he arrived, after an absence of three days and a few hours. When he presented himself to the king in the morning, he was reproved for not having set out on his journey. Great was his royal master's amazement to find that he had successfully accomplished his mission. Wolsey had noticed and

supplied some omission in his instructions. The pursuivant, dispatched as soon as the error was discovered at Court, had toiled after the winged messenger in vain. Wolsey begged pardon for his boldness in supplying the omission. He received the gracious answer, "We do not only pardon you, but give you our princely thanks for your good exploit and happy expedition." Soon after this mission, Wolsey received the rich deanery of Lincoln; then he became royal almoner, a post which gave him free access to the king. Wolsey thus had his feet firmly planted on the ladder of promotion and success when Henry died at Richmond, in April 1509.

A new age seemed to have opened with the accession of Henry the Eighth. Mountjoy wrote to Erasmus: "Come and behold the new star. The heavens smile, the earth leaps for joy, and all is flowing with milk, nectar, and honey. Our king desires not gold or precious stones, but virtue, glory, and immortality." Nor was the great scholar disappointed. When he came over to visit our country, he wrote: "Where is the Athens, the Porch, or the Academe, that can be compared with the Court of England? It is a seat of the muses rather than a palace. The Golden Age is reviving, and I congratulate the world." All England shared the feeling of Erasmus. Scholars spoke warmly of their new prince's scholarship, which augured well for the New Learning; nobles and courtiers looked forward to warlike enterprises and gay revels; the common people felt proud of the young king who moved amongst them so freely—the handsomest, strongest, gayest, most open-handed prince that had ever ruled over England.

Wolsey was made a member of the new king's Privy Council. Henry also gave him Sir Richard Empson's house at Bridewell, with thirteen gardens attached. He became Canon of Windsor and Registrar of the Garter in 1510; Prebendary of York in 1511; Dean of York in 1512. His capacity as a judge was conspicuous. Cavendish says, "His sentences in the Star Chamber were ever so pithy and witty, that upon all occasions they assigned him, for the fluent eloquence of his tongue, to be the expositor of the king in all their proceedings; in whom the king received so great content, that he called him still nearer to his person; and the rather, because he was most

ready to advance the king's own will and pleasure, having no respect to the case." The same witness adds: "He had an especial gift of natural eloquence, and a filed tongue to pronounce the same, so that he was able therewith to persuade and allure all men to his purpose in the time of his continuance in fortune's favour."

Such a man could not fail to rise rapidly in Henry's Court. The two great ecclesiastics of the time were Warham of Canterbury, who was Lord Chancellor; and Fox of Winchester, who was Privy Seal. It has been said that Wolsey unfairly supplanted them. But the fact is that Warham had no influence with the king or queen, and had scarce a friend at Court. He belonged to the "old order," and was pressing for permission to resign his office. Fox had a deep conviction that his true work lay in his diocese. Both men welcomed the appearance of one who seemed born to fill their place. Cavendish hints that Wolsey's interference was resented by Warham. Yet we still have the hearty note in which Wolsey invited him to recruit his failing strength at Hampton Court, as well as Warham's friendly answer.

The war with France in 1513 lifted Wolsey to the foremost place among the king's ministers. Burning for renown, Henry had joined the Holy League formed by Pope Julius II., and had sent an auxiliary army into Spain. The raw English levies landed in Spain in 1512. They could not endure the privations to which they were now exposed. The sailors stole the victuals when the troops were sea-sick on the outward voyage. When the regiments disembarked, they had to sleep in the open fields. "The season was pestilential; the hot wines of Spain increased the evil; worst of all, no beer was to be had, and the English had not yet learned to fight without it." At last the patience of the men gave way. Henry sent the savage order "to cut every man's throat who refused obedience." But, before it was received, the soldiers had set sail for England. All the world was soon sneering at British valour. It was impossible for Henry to sit down under such a disgrace. The task of organizing the new expedition fell on Wolsey. He settled the cost, marked out the line of march, determined the number of troops, provided for the victualling

of the whole army. So far was Fox from being jealous of Wolsey's growing power, that he wrote: "I pray God send us with speed, and soon deliver you out of your outrageous charge and labour; else ye shall have a cold stomach, little sleep, pale visage, and a thin belly, *cum pari egestione.*"

In April 1513 the Lord High Admiral, Sir Edward Howard, lost his life in an attack on some French galleys at Brest. He had leaped on board the ship of the French admiral, but, before his men could follow, the cable was cut. He was left almost alone, but made a brave stand, till he was thrust overboard by the enemy's pikes. The gallantry of his deed sent a thrill through the hearts of his countrymen, and taught all Europe what an Englishman dare do. Two months later, Henry and his forces crossed to Calais. Terouenne and Tournai were taken. The Battle of Spurs showed how the French army dreaded an encounter with English troops. It was a proud year for the young king. He returned in November with his laurels. Meanwhile, Katharine had been rejoicing over the victory of Flodden Field. For Wolsey also it was a year of honour. Henry had conferred on him the Bishopric of Tournai. On their return to England, the See of Lincoln and the Archbishopric of York were added. He had also Bath, Worcester, and Hereford in farm. His revenues must have been more than princely.

It was in the year after the French campaign that Wolsey became the master of Hampton Court.* The district had been formerly an open track forming part of Hounslow Heath. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John had a preceptory for sisters of their Order here before 1180; a hundred years later, they seem to have been owners of the whole manor. On Midsummer Day, 1514, the Prior, Sir Thomas Docwra, and the Knights of St. John gave Wolsey a ninety-nine years' lease, at a rent of £50. He took over the modest manor-house. A few forms, two tables, and a cupboard stood in the hall; the other rooms were equally bare; the vessels in the chapel were of lead or pewter. The knights pledged them-

* The Court was the portion of a manor which the lord reserved for his own use, and called the demesne lands.

selves to find £4 13*s.* 4*d.* towards the support of a priest for the chapel, besides four loads of timber every year from St. John's Wood for the repair of Hampton Weir. A thousand pair of conies were to be left in the warren when his lease expired, or fourpence paid for every couple short of that number.

The legend of the parish says that Wolsey employed the most eminent physicians in England to select the healthiest spot within twenty miles of London for a residence. He even, it would seem, called in the help of doctors from Padua. Hampton Court was chosen because of its "extraordinary salubrity." Its springs were said to be good for the stone, from which Wolsey suffered much. The silent highway of the Thames took him quickly and without fatigue from the door of his house in London to his new palace. His magnificent state barge, manned by stout yeomen, was crowded with the gentlemen of his household.

Every detail of the building at Hampton Court was carried on under his own eye. A priest called Williams was probably his architect. The present palace covers eight acres, and has a thousand rooms. Wolsey's was not much smaller, for, though William III. added to it, he destroyed some rooms of Wolsey's palace. The leaden cupolas, which so picturesquely adorned the turrets with their crockets, pinnacles, and gilded vanes, are gone; but the decorated chimney-shafts, each with its separate individuality of art, show how careful was Wolsey's work. His moat is one of the last made in England. The need for such defences had died out with the Wars of the Roses. The cardinal's cross of black brick may still be seen in the red-brick wall which skirts the Kingston road near the paddock; on one of the turrets in the Clock Court; and on an old tower near what was once Wolsey's orchard. On the inner side of the gateway under the Clock Tower, his arms are affixed to an archiepiscopal cross, supported by two cherubim, with a cardinal's hat above, and the motto, *Dominus mihi adjutor.*

The furniture and decorations at Hampton Court threw Richmond Palace completely into the shade. Foreigners were amazed at its grandeur; nothing like it had ever been seen

before, outside of Rome. Sir Richard Gresham helped Wolsey to secure his magnificent tapestry. In December 1522 he bought twenty-one complete sets, consisting of 132 pieces, adorned with Biblical and mythological subjects. Ambassadors busied themselves about his carpets. His plate was worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. One sideboard groaned under the weight of gold and silver worth £25,000. A cupboard held vessels valued at £30,000.* His household of five hundred included many nobles and gentlemen of the best families, such as young Earl Percy. His master-cook was arrayed in velvet and satin, with a gold chain round his neck. One hundred horses and mules stood in his stables—six horses were to wait on him; there were also six grey and white ambling mules "for my lord's own saddle." Water was brought from Coombe to Surbiton, under the Thames, in a double set of leaden pipes, at a cost of £50,000 in present value. The House Park, with its magnificent trees, was Wolsey's recreation-ground.

His chapel was served with surpassing splendour. Sixty priests in copes walked before him in procession round the cloisters. The dean of his chapel was "a great divine and a man of excellent learning;" there was also a sub-dean, gospeller, pisteller, twelve singing-priests, twelve singing-children, sixteen singing-laymen. The king, who felt that the choir far eclipsed his own, said that, were it not for the love he bore Wolsey, he would have men, boys, and all.

Wolsey was made Chancellor in 1515. He sat in his Court of Chancery till eleven, then he presided in the "Star Chamber as occasion served him; he neither spared high nor low, but did judge every man according to right." The rest of the day was spent in State business. When at Hampton Court, if he had any time in the afternoon for recreation, he walked in his galleries and cloisters, if the weather was rough; if it was fine, he strolled in his park or garden. His Evensong and other prayers were often said thus in the open air, with his chaplain walking at his side. "What business matters soever he had in the day, he never went to his bed with any

* These figures must be multiplied by ten to represent present values.

part of his divine service unsaid, yea, not so much as a single collect."

His dress was sometimes of scarlet velvet, with hat and gloves of the same colour. Sometimes he wore robes of fine crimson taffata, or crimson satin ingrained; his pillion was scarlet; a black velvet tippet, lined with sables, was about his neck. His shoes were orange-colour, embroidered with gold and silver, inlaid with pearls and precious stones. His procession to Westminster Hall at beginning of term was one of the great pageants of the day. As he stepped into his presence-chamber crowded with nobles and officers, his pursuivant went in front with a mace of silver gilt, whilst the gentlemen ushers shouted: "On, my lords and masters, on before; make way for my lord's grace." His servants in crimson-velvet liveries, with gold chains round their necks, headed the procession; then came the inferior officers in coats of scarlet, bordered with black velvet. Two gentlemen followed, bearing the great seal and the Cardinal's hat. Next came two priests with silver pillars or pole-axes, and "two of the tallest and comeliest priests that he could get within all this realm" bore two great crosses of silver, one of which represented his archbishopric, the other belonged to his office of legate. Wolsey, with his stirrups of copper gilt, rode on a mule, trapped with crimson velvet. The procession was closed by four footmen bearing gilt pole-axes, and yeomen in tawny French liveries, with the letters "T. C." embroidered on their breast and back, beneath the Cardinal's hat.

In the year after he became the master of Hampton Court, Wolsey was also made Cardinal. England had seen no Cardinal since the days of Archbishop Morton. Wolsey's installation was a national rejoicing. The papal messenger who brought the red hat in November 1515 was received with public honours at Dover, Canterbury, and Rochester. On Blackheath a party of nobles, with the Bishop of Lincoln, awaited him. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, mounted on horseback, stood ready in the City. Thus the precious hat was borne in procession to Westminster, and placed on the high altar. The following Sunday, Dean Colet preached the installation sermon. Wolsey's procession marched from his

palace at York Place, between eight and nine o'clock, for the Abbey, where the Archbishop of Canterbury sang mass. Four archbishops, seven bishops, with many abbots and members of the nobility, were present at the service. Henry was not less delighted with the honour than Wolsey. He called daily for the red hat, that he might feast his eyes upon it. Three years later, Wolsey's appointment as legate *de látere* gave him ecclesiastical precedence, and entitled him to use his insignia of office in Canterbury as well as in his own province. At one time the Papacy itself seemed almost in his grasp. On December 16, 1521, after the Spanish Ambassador had dined at Richmond with the king and Cardinal, Wolsey told him that they had heard of the death of Leo X., and that Henry had set his heart on his (Wolsey's) election. But though Charles V. on various occasions promised his support, he had too keen an eye to his own interests to carry out his promises.

Cavendish, who wrote his biography in the reign of Queen Mary, has a homily on Wolsey's ostentation:—

"Here," he says, "is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of men exalted by fortune to dignities; for I assure you, in his time, he was the haughtiest man, in all his proceedings, alive, having more respect to the honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession, wherein should be showed all meekness, humility, and charity, the discussing whereof any further I leave to divines."

But Wolsey had good reason for his magnificence.

"The same regal taste was at work," says Mr. Brewer, "in all that he did—the same powerful grasp of little things and great. A soul as capacious as the sea, and minute as the sands upon its shores, when minuteness was required, he could do nothing meanly. The last great builder this nation ever had, the few remains which have survived him show the vastness of his mind, and the universality of his genius."

The enormous press of State affairs made Wolsey very impatient of unofficial interruption. One pertinacious fellow attempted to get an audience when the Cardinal was walking in his park at Hampton Court, but Wolsey refused to listen. "I had rather be commanded to Rome than deliver letters to him and wait an answer," said this messenger. "When he walks in the park he will suffer no suitor to come nigh unto

him; but commands him away as far as a man will shoot an arrow." Wolsey's scanty leisure at his surburban palace must have been very precious to him. Even the Venetian Ambassador could not always gain an audience. But Giustinian himself gives the reason in a remarkable description written in 1519:—

"The Cardinal is about forty-six years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies the magistracies, offices, and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal: and all State affairs likewise are managed by him, let their nature be what it may. He is pensive, and has the reputation of being extremely just. He favours the people exceedingly, and especially the poor, hearing their suits, and seeking to dispatch them instantly. He also makes the lawyers plead gratis for all paupers. He is in very great repute, and seven times more so than if he were Pope."

The pensiveness of which the ambassador speaks was probably due to a drooping eyelid. Skelton's satire has it—"So full of melancholy,—

> 'With a flap before his eye,
> Why come ye not to Court?'"

The fact that Wolsey was compelled to take special precautions against the Sweating Sickness must not be forgotten when we see how strangers were sometimes kept at a distance. The sickness attacked him four times in a few months. His life was despaired of, and he even made a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham to pay a vow, as well as to secure country air and change. When in a crowd or troubled by suitors at this time, Wolsey used to have an orange which he held up to his nostrils. A sponge with prepared vinegar had been put inside the skin of the orange.

In May 1516 Wolsey was ready to receive their majesties at Hampton Court. Henry greatly enjoyed a visit to "myne awne goode cardinall." Sometimes quiet entertainments were provided with a homely air, minstrels played during dinner; after it, came a masquerade or dance. Sometimes Henry sang, accompanying himself with his harpsichord or lute. Cavendish lingers with much satisfaction over some of the splendid receptions at Hampton Court:—

"Such pleasures were then devised for the King's comfort and consolation as might be invented or imagined. Banquets were set forth, masques and mum-

meries in so gorgeous a sort, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, nor damoselles, meet or apt to dance with the masquers, or to garnish the place for that time with other goodly disports. I have seen the King come suddenly thither in a masque with a dozen masquers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion and physiognomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold-wire or of silver, or else of black silk; having sixteen torchbearers, besides three drums; and other persons attending them, with visors, clothed all in satin, of the same colour."

On one of these occasions Wolsey went, hat in hand, to a gentleman of the Court, thinking that he was the king. Henry could not help laughing, but "pulled down his visor, and dashed out such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all the noble estates there assembled, perceiving the king amongst them, rejoiced very much." The Venetian Ambassador says of one banquet, that the like was never given by Cleopatra or Caligula. The whole banqueting-hall was decorated with huge vases of gold and silver. "I fancied myself," he said, "in the tower of Chosroes, where that monarch caused divine honours to be paid to him."

As to Wolsey's merits as Lord Chancellor there is but one verdict. That great and unwilling witness, Sir Thomas More, Wolsey's successor, says:—

"He acquits himself so well as to outdo all men's expectations; and, what must be admitted to be very difficult, even after so excellent a predecessor, he gives the greatest satisfaction." Fox sends his hearty congratulations, "perceiving better, straighter, and speedier ways of justice, and more diligence and labour for the king's rights, duties, and profits to be in you, than ever I see in times past in any other." Such a man, of course, had enemies. "The lawyers hated him for his strict adherence to justice, his discouragement of petty legal artifices, endless forms, and interminable verbosity; the nobles hated him still more, because riches and nobility were no recommendation to partiality or favour, as they had been in the days of his predecessors."

Wolsey's great reputation as a statesman rests on his foreign policy. He found England a third-rate power, overshadowed in all matters of continental policy by France and Spain. The *tres magi* of Bacon—Henry VII., Maximilian, and Ferdinand of Arragon—gave place to younger princes. Louis XII., a decrepit old man at the age of fifty-three, was followed by Francis I. The change of rulers introduced a new era of

European history. Maximilian, the man of few pence, the charlatan of the century, who would stoop to any meanness that promised profit, lingered till 1519. Ferdinand, "suspicious and niggardly," died three years before.

Henry VIII. had more available treasure than either of his young rivals—Charles V. or Francis I. He far outstripped them in learning and in personal popularity. The position of England gave her great influence in the struggle for power between France and Spain. Wolsey availed himself of these circumstances as only a great statesman could have done. His aim, which he pursued with unfaltering resolution and unwearying industry, was to make his master "the arbiter of Christendom." The "Field of the Cloth of Gold" showed all the world what a price Francis I. was willing to pay for the goodwill and help of England. The negotiations with France were protracted whilst Wolsey and his master dallied with Charles the Fifth. It is a miserable story of political plotting and unreality. But the fact remains that kings and emperors came on bended knee to win over the great English minister.

"It rested with him," says Mr. Brewer, "to determine whether Europe should have peace or war; whether a crusade should be or not be; who should dictate to the titular Pope, whether a Frenchman, a German, or a Fleming; and who should overshadow the Papal tiara; and all this he had accomplished without moving from his chair, without a blow, with a peace-expenditure and rigid economy. There had never been such a minister in England."

Even the crafty diplomatists of France and Spain found themselves foiled. The Commissioners of Francis I., who came to arrange a marriage between their king and the Princess Mary, expressed their chagrin at Wolsey's acuteness. "We have to do with the most rascally beggar in the world, and one who is wholly devoted to his master's interests —a man as difficult to manage as can be." It would be hard to conceive a higher compliment to Wolsey's sagacity and loyalty.

For eleven years after he became Archbishop of York, Wolsey's influence was unbounded. The ambitious policy which Henry VIII. pursued on the Continent, however, brought many

heavy burdens on the country. The Chancellor's weapon was diplomacy; but Charles V. persuaded Henry to resort to arms against France in 1522. The war soon languished for want of money. Wolsey had the unthankful task of raising supplies. He could not tell the king that war was impossible. All that remained was to make the best of a bad business. Hence arose constant discontent and unpopularity. In 1525 the people resisted a heavy levy made on them. It was the act of the Privy Council, but Wolsey had to bear the blame. He compared himself to Joseph, who took the Egyptians' property for Pharaoh. "Because every man layeth the burden from him, I am content to take it on me, and to endure the fame and noise of the people, for my good will towards the king, and comfort of you, my lords, and other the king's counsellors; for the eternal God knoweth all."

In the same year he found it wise to allay his master's jealousy by offering him his suburban palace. Henry querulously asked, "Why he had built so magnificent a house for himself at Hampton Court?" Wolsey was astute enough to answer that he had intended it for his master from the first. On his surrender of Hampton Court, the king gave Wolsey permission "to reside at his pleasure in his manor of Richmond." The Cardinal repaired Richmond Palace at great cost. There we find, from Hall the chronicler, that Wolsey spent the winter of 1525, keeping open house for lords, ladies, and all comers. His lavish hospitality, with his splendid plays and mummeries, outshone Henry's Court at Eltham. People and courtiers began to murmur, "Soe a butcher's dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond." But, though the gift of Hampton Court to Henry is said to have taken place as early as June 25, 1525, Wolsey was evidently allowed free use of the palace. We find him in residence there in August of the following year. In 1528, also, he retired there when the Sweating Sickness was raging in London. Henry afterwards resided with him there for several days at a time.

Anne Boleyn proved herself Wolsey's evil genius. The lady cherished some resentment against him for the part which he was compelled to play in her separation from her lover, Earl Percy. In 1527, when the Cardinal returned to Rich-

mond from the Court of Francis I., where he had been trying to further the king's schemes for the divorce, he sent a messenger to ask when and where he might have audience of the king. Anne Boleyn was with Henry, and somewhat saucily replied: "Where else should the Cardinal come? Tell him he may come here, where the king is." Wolsey was seriously annoyed that he was thus prevented from having a private interview, but he concealed his resentment. The divorce proved his ruin. Wolsey, indeed, clearly saw that the difficulties would prove well-nigh insurmountable, but he was utterly powerless to stay the rising tide of Henry's passion. If he wished to retain his influence, his only course was to lend himself to Henry's schemes at any cost. He had already tried to alienate Fisher, of Rochester, from Katharine's side, by representing that Henry's object was only to satisfy the world that the marriage was good and lawful. This was Wolsey's least creditable act during the struggle.

The mortifications which he had to bear during the next two years were in themselves a heavy penalty for his conduct. Anne Boleyn and her friends had the king's ear during the Cardinal's absence in France in 1527. They persuaded him to despatch Knight as a special messenger to the Pope, unknown to Wolsey. Knight was in Rome when Anne Boleyn treated the Cardinal with such discourtesy at Richmond. His complete failure showed that Wolsey was the only man who could manage the tangled negotiations. It was his agent, Stephen Gardiner, who secured the appointment of Cardinal Campeggio and Wolsey as Joint Commissioners to try the case. Anne Boleyn meanwhile pretended great friendship for the man on whom so much depended. She wrote:—

"In my most humblest wise that my poor heart can think, I do thank your Grace for your rich and goodly present, the which I shall never be able to deserve without your great help; of the which I have hitherto had so great plenty, that all the days of my life I am most bound of all creatures, next the King's Grace, to love and serve your Grace, of the which I beseech you never to doubt that ever I shall vary from this thought, as long as any breath is in my body."

When Campeggio came to England after long delay, Wolsey's cup was soon full. Katharine rested firmly on her

rights, despite the cajolery of the cardinals. The Italian spun out the trial, as he had been instructed to do. He came in October, but the case dragged on till the end of the following July. Wolsey had to bear the brunt of Henry's wrath. After one audience with the king, the Bishop of Carlisle, who was with Wolsey in his barge, referred to the heat of the day. "Yea," said Wolsey; "if ye had been as well chafed as I have been within this hour, ye would say it was very hot."

On July 23, 1529, when the King was in court, expecting the verdict to be given, Campeggio, in obedience to secret orders from the Pope, rose and declared that he must follow the Roman precedent, and adjourn the court for two months. The game was really played out. The Pope soon recalled the Italian Cardinal, and the farce of the legatine court at Blackfriars was ended. When the time came for Campeggio's taking leave of the king, Wolsey went down with him to Grafton in Northamptonshire, where the Court was staying. Lodgings had been prepared for the Italian, but not for Wolsey. Nevertheless, Henry received his old servant with cordiality, for which he was afterwards taken to task by Anne Boleyn. After dinner, the king had a private interview with Wolsey. Next day, Anne had prepared a picnic with a view to keep Henry from any further intercourse with his minister. The two legates returned to London on the same day, September 20. Wolsey attended the Council at Westminster as the king bade him, but he could read in the "higher and stronger" spirit of the Lords that his own power was gone. The first day of Michaelmas Term he opened the courts with his usual state. This was his last public appearance.

When Campeggio left England, on October 8, his baggage was searched at Dover for the Pope's decretal, giving the cardinals power to try the divorce; but Campeggio had already burned it. Had it been found, the king would have made Wolsey act as sole judge. Foiled in this unworthy device, Henry had no further use for his old servant. All his anxiety now was to seize on the Cardinal's fortune. The very next day, a writ of *præmunire* was sought against Wolsey, on the ground

that his acts "as legate were contrary to the statute." Wolsey was in an agony of suspense and fear. A week later, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk came to York Place to demand from him the Great Seal. Wolsey refused to accept their verbal order. "The Great Seal of England," he said with dignity, "was delivered me by the king's own person, to enjoy during my life, with the ministration of the office and high room of Chancellorship of England; for my surety whereof I have the king's letters-patent to show." The peers were thus compelled to withdraw. Next day, however, they brought letters from the king. Wolsey now quietly gave up the Seal, and prepared for his journey to the little house belonging to Winchester Diocese at Esher. Before he started, he had an inventory of all his property drawn up, that he might resign everything into the hands of the king. The gold and silver plate was piled on the tables at York Place; silks, velvets, and fine linen were arranged in order. The officers of his household took care of the articles usually in their possession, until the king should come to claim them.

On October 19 the mournful procession passed to the Privy Stairs, where Wolsey took his barge for Putney. "Never was a fallen minister more unpopular." A thousand boats floated on the Thames, filled with those who rejoiced over his disgrace. At Putney, where he mounted his mule to ride over to Esher, a royal messenger was waiting, who bore a ring as a mark of Henry's favour. The Cardinal kneeled down in the mud, and lifted up his hands for joy at this unlooked-for gleam of sunshine. Henry soon went secretly from Greenwich with Anne Boleyn and her mother to see the treasures that had fallen into his hands. He found them far greater than he had expected.

Wolsey remained at Esher till the following February. All his friends deserted him save Thomas Cromwell, whose good offices brought some slight mitigation of his sorrows. He had no money to pay his household. His health also suffered much from the strain of the past few years, and from the "moist and corrupt air of Esher." When Henry heard of his serious illness, at Christmas, he sent him a ring with a kind message, and even persuaded Anne Boleyn to add a little gold tablet

which she used to wear at her girdle. A few weeks later, money and goods to the value of £6,374 were granted to him; he was restored to his archbishopric, and was allowed to remove to Richmond.

The letter to Cromwell, in which he expresses his delight at the change, is the first sign of returning hope. At Richmond, he lodged in the Great Park, now the Old Deer Park, where, says Cavendish, there was "a very pretty house and a neat, lacking no necessary rooms that to so small a house was convenient and necessary; where was to the same a very proper garden, with divers pleasant walks and alleys." Here he remained for rather more than a week. Then, in the beginning of Lent 1530, he removed to the adjoining Charterhouse, "Jesus of Bethlehem at Shene," where he remained in a lodging which Dean Colet of St. Paul's had formerly made for himself. A secret gallery passed out of this chamber into the Carthusian Church, where he attended service every day. In the afternoon, says Cavendish, "he would sit in contemplation with one or other of the most ancient fathers of that house in his cell, who among them, by their counsel, persuaded him from the vain-glory of this world, and gave him divers shirts of hair, the which he often wore after, whereof I am certain, and thus he continued for the time of his abode there in godly meditations." In Passion-week he journeyed north to his diocese, where the "godly meditations" bore good fruit. It was a sad reverse of fortune for the proud prelate who had once been master of York Place and Hampton Court. He had been shorn of his wealth. There was not a man to be found near Southwell who could plaster the walls of the archbishop's house with lime and hair. The houses were so ruinous that they were almost ready to fall down. His creditors were clamouring for money, which he was quite unable to pay. Meanwhile, he was winning the hearts of the people. A pamphlet, published in 1536, gives a touching picture of his life in those days.

"Who was less beloved in the North than my Lord Cardinal—God have his soul!—before he was amongst them? Who better beloved after he had been there awhile? We hate ofttimes whom we have good cause to love. It is a wonder to see how they were turned, how of utter enemies they became

his dear friends. He gave bishops a right good example how they might win people's hearts. There were few holy days but he would ride five or six miles from his house, now to this parish church, now to that, and there cause one or other of his doctors to make a sermon unto the people. He sat amongst them, and said Mass before all the parish. He saw why churches were made. He began to restore them to their right and proper use. He brought his dinner with him, and bade divers of the parish to it. He inquired whether there was debate or grudge between any of them. If there were, after dinner he sent for the parties to the church, and made them all one. Men say well that do well. God's laws shall never be so set by as they ought before they be well known."

The ruin which overhung his scholastic foundations was the great trouble of Wolsey's life during these months. Ipswich was the first to suffer after his disgrace. Its estates were sequestrated by the king's command; its tenants refused to pay rent. With one blow its income fell to £300 a year. Soon after, it was entirely swept away. His Cardinal College at Oxford escaped, though shorn of its proportions, deprived of a great part of its endowments, and called by the new name of Christ Church. When Wolsey heard the evil tidings in the north, he wrote to Cromwell: "I am in such indisposition of body and mind, by the reason of such great heaviness as I am in, being put from my sleep and meat for such advertisements as I have had from you of the dissolution of my Colleges; with the small comfort and appearance that I have to be relieved by the King's highness in this mine extreme need, maketh me that I cannot write unto you for weeping and sorrow." Then he begs the help of Cromwell and his friends.

To Henry himself he wrote a touching note:—

"Most gracious sovereign Lord and merciful Prince! Prostrate at your Majesty's feet, with weeping tears, these shall be in most reverent and humble manner to recommend unto your excellent charity and goodness the poor College of Oxford, which, for the great zeal and affection that your Grace beareth to good letters and nourishing of learning, and in consideration of my painful and long-continued service, your Grace was contented that I should erect, found, and establish . . . it may please you to have pity on the Deans and Canons of the said College, who are coming to know your pleasure concerning their establishment."

Wolsey spent a busy summer. By November he was ready for his installation as archbishop; but, before this ceremony

could be arranged, he was placed under arrest, through the treachery of an Italian physician, in whom he had reposed entire confidence. Wolsey had turned to Francis I. for help in his sudden collapse of greatness. He thought that the French king's friendly intercession might soften his master's indignation. His enemies pretended that he had been plotting with the Pope and other Courts against his king. The real reason for this renewed attack was that his enemies were not safe till Wolsey was in his grave. A few days before the arrest, Henry is said to have remarked, whilst discussing affairs with his Privy Council: "Every day I miss the Cardinal of York."

The Earl of Northumberland, once the Cardinal's attendant and the suitor of Anne Boleyn, was chosen to serve the warrant on his old friend. Wolsey had dined, and retired to an upper chamber, where he sat over his dessert, when the Earl and his servants entered the hall of Cawood Castle. Wolsey heard the noise made by the party, and descended to welcome the Earl. Northumberland met him on the stairs, and took him by the hand to his bed-chamber. There he laid his hand upon Wolsey's arm, saying, with a very faint and soft voice: "My Lord, I arrest you of high treason." Both stood for some time without a word. Then Wolsey demanded his commission. When he refused to produce it, Wolsey surrendered himself to Walter Walshe, one of the gentlemen of the king's privy chamber. This was on Friday, November 4th. He was in an agony of trouble for his attendants, even more than himself. No information was given him as to the charges under which he had been arrested. On the Sunday evening he was moved to Pomfret. The country people had heard of his departure, and loudly expressed their grief, praying that "the foul fiend might catch" all who had taken the Cardinal from them. At Sheffield Park he was prostrated by dysentery, and unable to move for eighteen days.

Whilst he was thus helpless, Sir William Kingston arrived with twenty-four soldiers of the guard to conduct him to the Tower. When his faithful Cavendish proceeded to break this news, he found his master sitting at the upper end of the gallery upon a trussing chest of his, with his beads and his staff in his hand. He caught the meaning of the escort at once.

Cavendish tried to comfort him, but Wolsey simply answered: "I perceive more than you can imagine or know. Experience of old has taught me." Next day, Wolsey proceeded on his journey. His dysentery grew worse. Before he reached Leicester Abbey, he was "so sick that he was divers times like to have fallen from his mule." As the Abbot met him, Wolsey said, "Father Abbot, I am come to leave my bones among you." This was on Saturday night. On the Tuesday morning, after a night of sickness and swooning, Wolsey seemed a little better. Kingston came into the room to ask about the fifteen hundred pounds which Wolsey had scraped together for his installation. He tried to comfort the broken-hearted man. It was then that Wolsey made that memorable answer: "Well, well, I see the matter against me, how it is framed, but if I had served God so diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs." Then he spoke of his master: "He is sure a prince of a royal courage, and hath a princely heart, and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one-half of his realm in danger. For, I assure you, I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Take heed," he added, "what you put in the king's head, for you can never put it out again." After a closing warning against the Lutherans, his eyes grew fixed and glazed. By eight o'clock he had passed beyond the reach of his enemies. That afternoon, his body was placed in a rude coffin and borne into the church with much solemnity. Four men stood by the bier with burning torches, whilst the convent choir chanted the solemn office for the dead. By six o'clock next morning the great Cardinal was resting in his lowly grave.

Thus closed the life of Thomas Wolsey, who was "probably the greatest political genius whom England has ever produced." Mr. Brewer says: "His name still stands out pre-eminent above all others, as the one great statesman before the Reformation; and even now, of the very few who have since deserved that distinction, it is of profounder interest and

significance than any other." Polydore Virgil seems to have originated not a few of the contemporary slanders on Wolsey. This man had been thrown into the Tower because of a treasonable correspondence with Cardinal Hadrian, in which he libelled both the king and the Pope. From his prison he wrote an abject letter to Wolsey for mercy. Whenever Wolsey would allow him to present himself before him, his spirit should rejoice in him "as in God my Saviour." Polydore took revenge when he was safe at Rome again. "He painted Wolsey as an ambitious priest, successful only because he was unscrupulous; distinguished mainly for his underhand intrigues in banishing Fox and Warham from the Council-table." It is surprising that other historians should have repeated his libels. The Chronicler, Hall, followed him. "It was the fashion of the sixteenth century to exculpate the king at the expense of the Cardinal, and attribute every unpopular measure of his reign to his minister. His devotion to his master, for whom he sacrificed all, left him none to vindicate his memory. . . . . Except Henry himself, none knew precisely the amount of responsibility due to the Cardinal."

Wolsey also committed a great mistake in neglecting to gather helpers around him in the service of the State. The king saw this, and urged him to promote younger men, and provide for "contingencies in the public service." But Wolsey seems to have dreaded lest younger hands should spoil his schemes. "With the failing natural to old age," says Mr. Brewer, "he was more willing to tax his waning strength, than undertake the ungracious and unpalatable task of communicating his designs and explaining their bearing to raw associates. The policy was fatal: it angered the king, it raised up a host of enemies in the able and rising courtiers. It left Wolsey friendless when he most needed friends; and the moment an opportunity offered of attacking the minister behind his back, it was readily seized on. Without any great ingratitude on the part of his sovereign, his fall was inevitable; the work and the time had outgrown him; and the expression put into his mouth by the great dramatist—'The king has gone beyond me'—expresses

Wolsey's profound conviction of the real causes of his disgrace, and the impossibility of his restoration."

For his royal master Wolsey had an unbounded devotion. "He had but one idol in the world, and that idol was the king." In the second of the articles against Wolsey, which the Lords drew up, he is indeed charged with saying in his letters to Rome or to foreign princes, "The king and I—using himself more like a fellow to your highness than a subject." Hall unfairly represents the expression as "I and my king; as who should say that the king were his servant." Hence comes the famous phrase, "I and my king." Wolsey did not use that phrase, nor did the Lords charge him with putting himself before the king. In Latin documents, of course, the order was *Ego et rex meus.* Not even a courtier could alter that. It was his excess of devotion to Henry that led Wolsey astray. For the king he sacrificed his peace of mind, his self-respect, and his independence of judgment, to reap a bitter harvest of ingratitude and ruin.

Art. VIII.—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By Wm. C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. London: Sampson Low. 1888.

WE have here a remarkable book about a remarkable man. A book which certainly presents a solid opportunity for doing full justice to the renowned preacher of Brooklyn, inasmuch as it contains, on a rough estimate, at least 336,000 words, devoted almost entirely to the sayings, doings, and special personality of Henry Ward Beecher. Whatever estimate of his worth and his talents may be accepted on this side of the Atlantic, it is indisputable that he occupied a large space in his own countrymen's field of vision; and to his near-of-kin biographers—his son and son-in-law—he looms out in such gigantic grandeur that they will let slip no jot or

tittle of the minute particulars of his early days, even down to the ordinary pranks and pastimes of a healthy, growing boy. We can scarcely blame Mr. Beecher that he appraised himself at the valuation which a wide circle of admirers put upon him; and, for our own part, we are not sorry that his estimate of his own importance to mankind at large led him to pen a host of details about his early days, which are far more pleasant reading than the pros and cons. of the wearisome wrangles of his later life.

Of good old Puritan descent, child of the steadfast divine, Lyman Beecher, and of the gifted and beautiful Roxana Foote, Henry Beecher was blessed with all the advantages that a happy, God-fearing parentage can bestow. In the present day it has become the fashion to trace every good and bright quality in a man to his mother's side. Beecher's case might have presented a little difficulty to enthusiasts about the transmission of maternal graces and energies, since the fair Roxana was distinguished by her excessive modesty, her fine face being tinted with blushes whenever she opened her mouth in company; while, on the contrary, her son Henry became one of the most self-reliant of speakers, unburdened with the faintest tinge of a blush. He himself, however, smooths away these little discrepancies in a favourite theory in this way:—

"From her I received my love of the beautiful, my poetic temperament; from her also I received simplicity and child-like faith in God."

Henry was the ninth child of his parents, and was born, June 24, 1813, at Litchfield, a quiet village in Connecticut, blessed with pure air and a beautiful landscape. In after years he thus sang the praises of his birthplace, and gave a list of the homely and useful accomplishments which he there acquired in Nature's school:—

"Dear old Litchfield! I love thee still, even if thou didst me the despite of pushing me into life upon thy high and windy hill-top! Where did the spring ever break forth more joyously and sing at escaping from winter, as the children of Israel did when that woman's rights Miriam chanted her song of victory? Where did the torrid summer ever find a lovelier place in which to cool its beams? What trees ever murmured more gently to soft winds, or roared more lion-like when storms were abroad?

"It was there that we learned to fish, to ride a horse alone, to do the barn chores, to cut and split wood, to listen at evening to the croaking frogs and the whistling tree-toads, to go to meeting and go to sleep, to tear holes in new clothes; there we learned to hoe, to mow away hay, to weed onions, to stir up ministers' horses with an unusual speed when ridden to water; there we went a-wandering up and down forest edges, and along the crooked brooks in flower-pied meadows, dreaming about things not to be found in any catechism."

When he was three years old, he lost the sweet mother, of whom he knew so little. Of her angelic temper we find a beautiful illustration in one of his sister Harriet's reminiscences: —

"Mother was an enthusiastic horticulturist in all the small ways that limited means allowed. Her brother John, in New York, had just sent her a small parcel of tulip bulbs. I remember rummaging these out of an obscure corner of the nursery one day when she was out, and being strongly seized with the idea that they were good to eat, and using all the little English I possessed to persuade my brothers that these were onions such as grown people ate, and would be very nice for us. So we fell to and devoured the whole; and I recollect being somewhat disappointed in the odd, sweetish taste, and thinking that onions were not as nice as I had supposed. Then mother's serene face appeared at the nursery door, and we all ran toward her and with one voice began to tell our discovery and achievement. We had found this bag of onions and had eaten them all up. Also, I remember that there was not even a momentary expression of impatience, but that she sat down and said: 'My dear children, what you have done makes mamma very sorry. Those were not onion-roots, but roots of beautiful flowers; and if you had let them alone, ma would have had next summer in the garden great, beautiful red and yellow flowers such as you never saw.' I remember how drooping and dispirited we all grew at this picture, and how sadly we regarded the empty bag."

Of his early school days his own description gives us a perfect picture. We must content ourselves with noting that, whatever may have been the luxurious surroundings of his later years, in youth he endured healthy hardship. Like the other children who attended the district school, he carried his sewing and knitting with him, and, a "bashful, dazed-looking boy, pattered barefoot to and from the little unpainted school-house with a brown towel or a blue checked apron to hem during the intervals between his spelling and reading lessons." At this school the pupils' principal business was "to shake and shiver at the beginning of school for very

cold; and to sweat and stew for the rest of the time before the fervid glances of a great box-iron stove, red-hot."

"The woods," he says, "were full of temptations; the trees called me, the birds wanted me, the brooks sung entreaties. It seemed cruel to be shut up. The brooks, birds, flowers, sunshine, and breezes were free; why not I?"

The grand old Calvinist, his father, maintained the traditional Puritan discipline, but its bitterness was modified by his sympathy with his large group of boys and girls, with whom, when permitted by his pastoral duties and the hard task of making ends meet, he frolicked and romped with hearty goodwill. Henry had the advantage of being left much to himself amongst the charms of a New England farm life:—

"I knew where the sweet flag was, where the hickory trees were, where the chestnut trees were, where the sassafras trees were, where the squirrels were, where all things were that boys enterprise after; therefore I had a world of things to do, and so I did not come much in contact with family government."

In his reminiscences he gives a delightfully natural account of "going to meeting" in those boyish days—his reflections on the Sundays of those times; and these are well worth attention:—

"Little good did preaching do me until after I was fifteen years old—little good immediately. Yet the whole Sunday, the peculiar influence which it exerted on the household, the general sense of awe which it inspired, the very rigour of its difference from other days, and the suspended animation of its sermon time, served to produce upon the young mind a profound impression. A day that stood out from all others in a hard and gaunt way might, perhaps, be justly criticised. But it left its mark. It did its work upon the imagination, if not upon the reason. It had power in it; and in estimating moral excellence power is an element of the utmost importance. Will our smooth, cosy, feeble modern Sundays have such a grip on the moral nature? They are far pleasanter. Are they as efficacious? Will they educate the moral nature as much?"

So he grew up, a sturdy, red-cheeked, active, fun-loving boy, on whom the careful training of a stately stepmother, the strict enforcement of school attendance, and the task from the Catechism, irksome as they might be at the time to his impulsive nature, were already exercising a wholesome influence.

The chief impulse to a godly life came neither from the deeply theological master nor from the polished mistress of the parsonage; but from a very humble man, a coloured servant on the farm, who slept in the same room with Henry, and, as if unconscious of the boy's presence, would there read his Testament, and

"would laugh and talk about what he read, and chuckle over it with that peculiarly unctuous throat-tone which belongs to his race. I never had heard the Bible really read before; but there, in my presence, he read it, and talked about it to himself and to God. He turned the New Testament into living forms right before me. It was a revelation and an impulse to me.

"He talked to me about my soul more than any member of my father's family. These things impressed me with the conviction that he was a Christian; and I never saw anything in him that led me to think otherwise. The feeling that I was sinful, that I needed to be born again, that there was such a thing as a regenerate life produced by the Spirit of God in the soul—these feelings came to me by observing the actual example of persons that I lived with more than from all other sources put together."

At ten years of age Henry's appearance and culture were, according to his sister, Mrs. Stowe, anything but promising. With several good qualities, he was a poor writer and miserable speller, and—wonderful to relate—had a thick utterance and an awkward, bashful reticence. Who could then have discerned in him the germs of the clear, ringing, ready-witted, unabashed orator of his riper years? The rust, however, began to be rubbed off; the fine manly nature burst through the ungainly bark, and the thick fog which seemed to envelope his spirit gradually dispersed. A little incident at school at Bethlehem brought into play his powers of argument, and gave a dim foreshadowing of future renown. One of the elder boys, having primed himself with Paine's *Age of Reason*, was propagating infidel sentiments among his schoolfellows, when the rough, rosy-cheeked, bashful boy from the parsonage came to the rescue, challenged the Philistine Painite to single combat, and gained a signal victory and great glory in the eyes of his mates.

In 1826 Dr. Beecher moved with his family to Boston, and a new world opened before the wondering eyes and ears of Henry — the Boston bells, the Navy Yard, all the stir and

bustle of a growing city. Here, as the good father was coming to the front as a leader of the Orthodox Old School Presbyterians, the son became the undoubted captain of the North End Boston Boys. He himself tells the tale of some of his escapades in admirable style, reminding the reader of Hugh Miller's captivating stories in *My Schools and Schoolmasters*.

As he grew, boyish restlessness and the seaport atmosphere determined him to begin life as a sailor. He tied up his little bundle, walked the wharf, and talked with sailors and captains, but could never take the final step of stealthy departure to grieve his father's heart. So, not to take the old divine by surprise, he wrote a letter to a brother, announcing his fixed intention, and dropped it where his father could pick it up. Dr. Beecher was equal to the occasion, and gravely proposed to send him to a good school at Amherst as a preparation for gaining the higher prizes in a naval career. At Amherst his character developed, and he conquered the thickness of speech which had hitherto been a drawback to his oratoric efforts. The method employed by his judicious teacher to correct this defect is thus described by Mr. Beecher :—

"His system consisted in drill, or the thorough practice of inflexions by the voice, of gesture, posture, and articulation. Sometimes I was a whole hour practising my voice on a word—like 'justice.' I would have to take a posture, frequently, at a mark chalked on the floor. Then we would go through all the gestures, exercising each movement of the arm and the throwing open the hand. All gestures, except those of precision, go in curves, the arm rising from the side, coming to the front, turning to the left or right. I was drilled as to how far the arm should come forward, where it should start from, how far go back, and under what circumstances these movements should be made. It was drill, drill, drill, until the motions almost became a second nature. Now I never know what movements I shall make. My gestures are natural, because this drill made them natural to me. The only method of acquiring an effective education is by practice, of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued and trained to right expression."

In his college course young Beecher could not settle down steadily to the study of the classics and mathematics, but was brilliant in rhetoric and kindred accomplishments, which seemed to have more of living interest in them. While at Amherst, he made his first attempt at talking in a religious

meeting, and had that dreadful experience of collapse which is not at all uncommon in the early efforts of men who afterwards make their mark as speakers. His youth was characterized by a certain amount of susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex. Before he was nineteen he became engaged to Eunice, daughter of Dr. Artemus Bullard—the lady who was his loving companion, in sunshine and storm, for fifty years, and whose reminiscences of their courting days are simply delightful.

Meantime affairs at home were very straitened, and the good pastor was almost at his wits' end to keep his boys at school and college. One Saturday night the outlook was very black, but Dr. Beecher said, "Well, the Lord always has taken care of me, and I am sure He always will." On the Sunday morning there was a ring at the door, and an anonymous letter was handed in, which, contrary to the wont of such epistles, contained—not abuse or ridicule, but—a bill for a hundred dollars; and the heavy hearts of the father and mother were lightened for a time.

While still at college, Henry Beecher began lecturing, and for his first formal lecture was paid ten dollars; walking to the appointment and back—fifty miles each way—in order to have the unbroken amount to spend in books, etc. Such determination and endurance deserved success; and the investment of his first earnings by public speaking in books brought its reward in the proud satisfaction which accompanies the formation of a man's own, very own, library. "After this I was a man that owned a library!"

His next step was to commence his theological studies at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, of which his father had been elected president and professor of theology. Here he found a large variety of employment—editing a paper, painting the family mansion, leading the choir at his father's church, acting as special constable to protect the negroes and their friends from riotous Kentucky slaveholders, lecturing on temperance and phrenology (!), and, above all, beginning to keep a "Journal of events, feelings, thoughts, plans, &c.; just as they have met me, thus giving in part a transcript of my inner and outer life." This journal is a valuable record, and

gives no unfavourable impression of the man. It depicts an open, hearty, honest nature; abounds with criticisms of Scott and Shakspeare, Crabbe, Coleridge, Byron, &c.; but its remarkable deficiency in certain respects seems to have struck the filial biographers very much:—

"We find very little, almost nothing, concerning the regulation work and studies of his theological course, possibly because some other book which has not come down to us contained these."

The fact is, he seems to have devoted only so much time and thought to theological study as was necessary to carry him through the usual examinations. The excess of controversial divinity which had been dinned into his ears in boyhood, and now the tedious debates which were being held as to his father's orthodoxy, no doubt tended to give him a strong dislike for systematic theology, and so deprived him of the advantage of a firm basis of accurate thought and expression, and left him much at the mercy of waves of fashionable novelties and "cranks." Already, during his college course, he had become a convert to phrenology; and, we are told, he "accepted this philosophy as the foundation of the mental science which he used through life"! With such a foundation we need not wonder that his "mental science" was neither wide nor lofty.

He had begun to preach in 1831; and now in the West, in August 1835, he makes mention of further efforts:—

"Preached twice in George's church. In morning with great dryness and trouble, and felt much mortified—more, I think, than *grieved*. Afternoon, smaller audience, but had great liberty and fluency, and produced effect; but whether superficial or permanent and saving, God only knows."

In 1837 he received his first "call," and became the pastor of the small and struggling Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Here his first sermon is said to have been a lamentable failure, through nervous apprehension in having to face an audience of one hundred persons—to him, in those early days, an immense assemblage. It was not a very captivating field of labour for the young preacher—"a place where they had four gigantic distilleries, from which was carried to market a steamboat-load of liquor every

day." The Church consisted of one man and eighteen or nineteen women. Large or small, Henry Beecher was determined to do his duty to it, and at once set down his "little plans and devices for pastoral labour." We quote them, as, in some respects, worthy of imitation, but especially as giving a clue to part of his subsequent success and popularity :—

"1. In different districts get men quietly to feel *themselves* responsible for progress of temperance or Sunday-schools.

"2. Quietly to visit from house to house and secure congregations.

"3. Secure a *large congregation*. Let this be the *first* thing. For this—

"1. Preach well uniformly.

"2. Visit widely and produce a personal attachment; also wife do same.

"3. Get the young to love me.

"4. See that the Church have this presented as a *definite* thing, and set them to this work just as *directly* as I would to raising a fund, building, &c.

"4. Little girls' societies for benevolent purposes."

With hearty good-will he put his hand to all the necessary labour of the material "church." He was sexton; bought lamps, filled and lit them; swept the building, and lit the fires; opened the church before, and shut and locked it after, every meeting; took care of everything in it, but "did not ring the bell, because there was none." He had now to undergo an examination before the Miami Presbytery, and, to his own surprise and theirs, passed the ordeal successfully, as being unimpeachably orthodox. But a further test had to be undergone. He was required to give in his adhesion to the Old School Presbyterian General Assembly. This—apparently from sympathy with his father, whom the Old School now regarded as a sad heretic—he refused to do. So he went back to his little congregation, and told them of the vote which declared their church vacant, and said, "Now, brethren, one of two things is necessary; you must get somebody else to preach for you, or you must declare yourselves independent of the Presbyterian Church." They quickly chose the latter alternative, and declared themselves an independent Church; Henry was ordained by the New School Presbytery in Cincinnati, and went steadily on with his work.

By this time the hopes of seven years were fulfilled, and he had at his side a loving helpmeet, with whom, like Goldsmith's parson, he was "passing rich on '*sixty*' pounds a year." Mrs. Beecher's reminiscences of those early, happy days, with their hardships and difficulties, surmounted with light hearts and active arms, are exceedingly interesting.

The young preacher at once made his mark, and soon filled his church. The chief characteristics of his later ministry were discernible in the little sphere of Lawrenceburg—"fluency, glowing rhetoric, abundance of illustrations, witty points, brilliant ideas"—all the stock of a born orator, but not the highest qualifications for a great preacher. The records of his first church are still accessible, although they underwent a genuine American experience. In one of the great floods the volume was floated out of the pastor's study, and was afterwards found embedded in the yellow mud of the Ohio. Mr. Beecher's personal influence was wide and beneficial. Consorting and chatting with all sorts and conditions of men, he was ready to put his hand to any helpful work; as when he called to a poor German woman to bring him her clothes-line, and showed her how to drag in from the river the drift-wood floating by, and then helped her to get in enough to supply her with fuel for the winter. Never was he in a happier frame of mind than at this poor post:—

"I was," he says, "thankful as I could be. Nobody ever sent me a spare-rib that I did not thank God for the kindness which was shown me. I recollect when Judge —— gave me his cast-off clothing, I felt that I was sumptuously clothed. I wore old coats and second-hand shirts for two or three years, and I was not above it either, although sometimes, as I was physically a somewhat well-developed man, and the judge was thin and his legs were slim, they were rather a tight fit."

His next call was to Indianapolis, a larger sphere, where his activity and influence were still greater. In his own opinion, his first *real* preaching began here. At Lawrenceburg, though in many respects highly successful, he had not felt that he was doing real, lasting work. "I can preach," he said, "so as to make the people come to hear me, but somehow I can't preach them clear into the kingdom." Now he set himself to find out the defect in his preaching, and came to

the conclusion that he had been making the sermon "the end and not the means."

Amongst other occupations of his long, busy days, he filled the editorial chair of the *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, and gave brilliance and attractiveness even to the dull, dry topics of fodder, fertilizers, and plantings. His early days of farm life, and his congenial work in his own garden, had given him practical knowledge of what he wrote about. In after-years he thus sums up the chief incidents of his Indianapolis pastorate:—

"Here I preached my first *real* sermon; here, for the first time, I strove against death in behalf of a child, and was defeated; here I built a house, and painted it with my own hands; here I had my first garden, and became the bishop of flowers for this diocese; here I joined the editorial fraternity, and edited the *Farmer and Gardener;* here I had my first full taste of chills and fever; here, for the first and last time, I waded to church ankle-deep in mud, and preached with pantaloons tucked into my boot-tops."

He here modestly omits one important item of his work in the State capital—his fearless denunciation of slavery from the pulpit, at a time when the city was full of lawyers and public men, attending the State Courts and Legislature, and when the feeling, in this border-land of freedom and slavery, ran high against Abolitionists, who were denounced as "cranks" and "fanatics." It was a prelude to the battle which he was afterwards to fight so manfully in the great metropolitan centre with such excellent results.

In June, 1847, he received an invitation to undertake the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn—a Church just organised on the Congregational plan; and in the following October he left the Church over which he had presided eight years, and travelled eastward by the first passenger train run from Indianapolis to Madison. The wretched conveyance, "a wood-car, rigged up with boards across from side to side," was conveying him to an entirely new sphere in the chief city of the Western continent. Would he be equal to the occasion? He had been a great power at Lawrenceburg, had fought and conquered at Indianapolis; would he succeed at Brooklyn, or sink to the level of the legion of aspirants who are shining lights in thinly peopled back settlements, but dwindle into

insignificance in the blaze and roar of the metropolis? His more cautious friends feared he was too outspoken to keep a Church together in Brooklyn. If he could only keep his tongue from *politics!* — for the question of slavery, in their eyes, was a political, a legal, but not a religious or moral one; a question for debate in Congress or argument in the law courts, but not to be mentioned in the pulpit, lest offence should be given to church-members or seatholders, whose property or interest lay in slaves and slavery. It certainly was not for want of warning that he came to the city charge.

"In coming to Brooklyn," he says, "I had but one single thought—that of zeal for Christ. I came under all manner of warnings and cautions. Many good brethren told me how men got puffed up in the city, what temptations I would encounter, and how I would very likely be conservative, and forget my zeal, and so on; and I was obliged at last to say to my father. 'Father, do you understand, then, that God's grace only extends to the country, and that He cannot protect anybody in the city?'"

On the evening of the first Sunday in his new church, he gave his congregation to know what his intentions were with a plainness which one cannot but admire:—

"If you come into this church and congregation, I want you to understand distinctly that I will wear no fetters; that I will be bound by no precedent; that I will preach the Gospel as I apprehend it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear, and that I will apply it without stint, and sharply and strongly, to the overthrow of every evil, and to the upbuilding of all that is good."

Now began that extraordinary career of successful ministry, which continued almost unimpaired for forty years. The congregation kept on increasing, till the building became too small, and just then it was much damaged by fire. A new church had to be built, and was opened in January, 1850, to seat 2100 persons. Seven years after, this capacity was not enough; folding seats and benches along the walls were added, and 800 more could be seated; and, subsequently, *standing* space, almost always occupied, permitted 300 more to be present; making, during his last twenty-five years there, a grand total of over 3000 hearers. The man that could command such a congregation in such a city for so many years

must have had more than a little force of character and great intellectual ability.

The spirit in which he began his ministry at Brooklyn was unimpeachable. His supreme anxiety, he tells us, in gathering a Church, was, "to have all its members united in a fervent, loving disposition; to have them all in sympathy with men; and to have all of them desirous of bringing to bear the glorious truths of the Gospel upon the hearts and consciences of those about them." He threw his soul into the work; and the whole series of services, prayer-meetings, social meetings, full Sunday services, and Tuesday-evening "lectures" were instinct with life. Aided by his wise adaptation of manifold evangelical appliances, his genial good-fellowship, his pulpit eloquence and power in prayer, the Plymouth Church grew in numbers and graces, and was for a time a model Church, which seemed to revive, in the very heart of a money-making, pleasure-loving population, much of the essence of primitive Christianity; showing how the old Puritanism might still flourish, shorn of the bigotry and intolerance which disfigured its early days on the shores of New England.

No sooner had his new Church been completed than Mr. Beecher's energies were called to the service of a cause which had always lain near his heart, and to which his great oratoric powers were for several years to be devoted. The great national struggle between slavery and freedom was now rapidly coming to a climax. To all true friends of the States in England, it was a time of intense pain and anxiety. To see a nation, which had aspired to be the very home and citadel of freedom, degrading itself from the first principles of rational liberty, ignoring the A B C of Christianity and civilization, from fear of offending the cotton-lords of the South and the brokers and dealers of New York, was a spectacle to grieve men and angels. Happily, the bulk of the North was really sound at heart. The small phalanx of Abolitionists, though pooh-poohed by party politicians, was mighty with tongue and pen in rousing the slumbering conscience of this great people. Whittier, with his grand denun-

ciations of slavery, Lowell, with his scathing satire and keen insight into the coming storm, and other men of might, were swaying the national mind; while Mrs. Stowe (Harriet Beecher), by her immortal story—only too true in its details—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was exciting the disgust of the whole civilized world against the horrors of plantation slavery.

By no means the least considerable of the warriors in this battle for the right was Henry Ward Beecher. His eloquence was never more telling, his moral power never more commanding, than in this period of his life—a period when he rendered such service to his country and to humanity at large as should never be lost sight of in any estimate of his long career. By impassioned appeals from the press and the platform, by powerful logic, by biting sarcasm and laughter-stirring humour, by readiness to unearth every sophism and demolish every refuge of lies, he aided the upward course of the good cause.

In the eventful years which led up to the Southern Secession and the great Civil War, his labours in behalf of the slave were not confined to words. The auctions which he held in his Tabernacle and elsewhere were not merely striking displays of dramatic ability, but were effective in purchasing the freedom of several despairing daughters of slavery who seemed doomed to a shameful destiny. It is very easy now to sneer at the intense realism of these displays; but the times were out of joint, and required heroic methods of treatment. If much excitement attended them, it was of a kind to raise the tone of the national morality, and never was there more legitimate cause for excitement.

This was the most glorious portion of Mr. Beecher's life. His name must ever be identified with his country's history at this critical period, as taking a leading part in the grand struggle which resulted in the emancipation of the slave, and the destruction of the Southern slave-owning party which had too long deadened the conscience and poisoned the morality of the United States. When, at length, in April 1861, the first shot was fired against Fort Sumter, and the war was begun, he was true to his principles, and backed up the North throughout the dire struggle, in defeat and depression, just as

courageously as in the hour of victory. On the eventful day when the tidings of the Southern outbreak reached New York, his eldest son—true heir of his father's freedom-loving spirit—had left his employment up the river, and had enlisted before reaching home. When Mr. Beecher came in from a journey that night, his son's first words were: "Father, may I enlist?" and the answer was: "If you don't, I'll disown you." Such was the spirit of one of the tenderest of fathers at this testing time of the nation's mettle.

When the war was over, Mr. Beecher found himself at the height of his ambition—head of a flourishing Church which had sent forth many healthy offshoots—a foremost man of the press, whose utterances on all political difficulties were eagerly looked for by a large and docile public—a real, vital power in Church and State. Here, then, we leave him, on the very crest of the highest wave of fortune, before the Tilton discussions had disturbed his peace and lessened his influence. When, at length, the worst of the trouble was over, and a period of calm had again set in, he devoted himself, "comparatively undisturbed," to his work in the pulpit, the press, and the lecture-room. His later years seem to have passed in elegant comfort, if not in luxury. He had built himself a house on the banks of the Hudson; and thither, far from the bustle and worry of New York and Brooklyn, he retired, from time to time, to shake off his cares and ailments and recruit his energies. There he had farm and garden, bees, poultry, cattle, and enjoyed all rural sights and sounds with the zest of his youth renewed and increased. His activities were kept up to the last. In 1886 he paid his final visit to England, and was delighted with his reception. Some months after his return home he was attacked by paralysis, and died, after a few days' illness, on March 8th, 1887. His last recorded words his filial biographers might well have left unrecorded:—

"I had a dream last night. I thought that I was a duke and your mother a duchess; and I was trying to figure the interest on a hundred thousand pounds a year—you know I never was good at mathematics. It gave me a headache; but I'll have your mother boil a page of arithmetic and make a tea of it. I'll cure it homœopathically."

Making due allowance for his comatose state, the unchari-

table reader will still be apt to think that the utterance may have revealed something of his uppermost thoughts at the time; and the more lenient will agree that both the dream and the joke had better have been consigned to oblivion.

The *Biography*, though sadly too ample in its dimensions, abounds with matter of lively interest. It gives, on the whole, an attractive picture of its subject; and even when we come to discount the estimate of admiring and regretful affection, we see him to have been a highly gifted man, a nobly endowed speaker, ready, brilliant, versatile, and rich in human sympathies. But he can scarcely be pronounced to have been a great divine, a good expositor, a profound philosopher. In his correspondence no traces are afforded us of the professional culture, the ripe scholarship, the steady thought, the painstaking working out of the higher problems of life, which we expect to find in a complete, well-furnished preacher of the Gospel. It is true his reading was pretty extensive, but it was rather the general reading of a man of the world than that of a specially equipped theologian. In fact, effective preacher though he was, he was, perhaps, better fitted for the platform than for the pulpit, for political orations and miscellaneous lectures than for the exposition and enforcement of sacred truth and precept. Wide spread as was his fame on both sides of the Atlantic, we cannot think that his reputation will long survive him, even in his own land, except in connection with his great anti-slavery work, and his grand defence of his country in its agony of struggle and distress, when he visited England as its representative and advocate during the great civil war—for both of which he deserves to be held in lasting honour.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Credentials of the Gospel; a Statement of the Reason of the Christian Hope. Being the Nineteenth Fernley Lecture. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. London: Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room. 1889.

THE new Fernley Lecture is not inferior to any of its predecessors either in the timeliness of its subject, or the ability of its plan and execution. A statement of the evidences of Christianity, at once adapted to modern thought and compendious in form, was a desideratum, and Mr. Beet's volume just meets the case. His habit of thinking out everything for himself saves him from loading his argument with the details which often confuse the issue to general readers. The points he selects, and works out, are just sufficient to carry conviction to all who take the trouble to master the outline of proof here sketched. We doubt whether it would be possible to put the entire argument in briefer compass or clearer form. To any one seeking an apology to put into the hands of an intelligent inquirer, we say, "Here is just what you want." We say "intelligent" inquirer, because no statement of the Christian argument can dispense with all thought and effort on the inquirer's part; and those who are not willing to pay this price for intelligent conviction do not deserve, and will never find it.

The volume is a capital example of the cumulative character of the Christian argument, the full force of which depends on the combination of many lines of thought. The branches of the argument here discussed are the testimony of conscience, the argument from creation, the social influence of Christianity, the evidence of Scripture, and the historical argument. These are separately expounded with the greatest lucidity and force; and then, after objections have been disposed of, they are combined in a final statement of "the result." The argument of the treatise gathers weight as it goes on, each step adding a new element, until the conclusion comes in with resistless force.

We can only remark on some salient features. The first, second, fourth, and fifth branches of the argument are treated in a way which it would be difficult to improve upon. The third branch, "Christianity compared with other Religions," which, however, treats only of the social influence of the Gospel compared with other religions, is slighter. It is almost startlingly original to

find the superiority of Christian nations in war treated as a point of excellency. The defence given is, that "military power must be counted, even by lovers of peace, an element of material good," as a source of security, and condition of progress. Would that it had been possible to adduce the extinction of war, and the warlike spirit, as a social fruit of Christianity! This, no doubt, will be possible to the Christian apologist some day.

The chapter on the first point, "The Evidence Within," will well repay careful study. It is shown that comparison of ourselves with the moral law, revealed in universal conscience, and still more clearly in Christ's teaching and life, leaves us with the sense of guilt, of moral weakness, and of unfitness for God's nearer presence. Christ comes offering pardon, moral renewal, and eternal life. Antecedently to any examination of His authority, the mere fact that Christ professes to give just what we need is strong presumptive evidence of the truth of His claims. Still it is only a presumption. More specific proof is given under the other heads.

The next section, on "The Evidence in the Material World," almost breaks the sequence of the argument begun in the former section, save that negatively nature supplies no revelation of mercy. But the section is a compact, strongly reasoned putting of the theistic argument. The lecturer wisely limits his proof to a single fact, which he brings out with the strongest possible emphasis —the beginning of life. "That our planet was once entirely lifeless, all students of natural science agree." This fact is the final, insuperable barrier to atheism. Spencer ignores it. Haeckel simply denies it, accepting the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, because otherwise he would have to believe in supernatural creation. If life is not different in kind from chemical action, what is meant by difference in kind? The conclusion is irresistible. In the mysterious origin of life we find "complete proof that there exists a force other and higher than those at work in inorganic matter. This force must be of a loftier kind than any of its effects; i.e., it must be superior to human intelligence. Moreover, the immense importance of life, proportionately insignificant in bulk as it is, to the history of our planet, forbids us to suppose for a moment that the presence of life on earth is a mere accident, an unconscious outworking of blind forces. . . . The grandeur of the universe points upwards to a source greater than itself."

The section on "Christ, and the Christian Documents," resumes the thread of the first section, and is a piece of skilful exposition. Leaving out of sight altogether the inspiration of Scripture, he takes Paul's chief epistles as acknowledged works, and asks what was his belief about Christ and His teaching. The articles of this belief, including Justifying Faith, Propitiation, and the Sanctifying Spirit, are shown to harmonize substantially with the teachings of the Gospel and other New Testament writings, and to be traceable only to Christ as their source. The question—Who and what is Christ? then becomes of transcendent importance. Paul's belief on this subject, and that of the Gospels, are shown to agree. And it is based on and explained by Christ's resurrection from the dead. "Paul and the early Christians believed

that Christ rose from the dead in a way which gave absolute proof of His Divine mission; and believed that God raised Him from the dead with the definite purpose that His resurrection might be the immovable foundation of His people's faith."

The question of Christ's Resurrection, and its consequences, is pushed still farther in the brief section on "The Historical Argument," which puts the alternative to the Christian conclusion in a very powerful way. If Christ did not rise, the Christian Church is built on a delusion, and "a delusion has saved the world." "If this be so, we owe to delusion and to error a debt greater than we can conceive." Then falsehood has done more for the world than truth ever did.

Among objections, the assertion that "miracles do not happen" is dealt with. The beginning of life is again appealed to as disproving this cool assumption. "Something which never happens, now happened in an age gone by." The same is true of the origin of motion, and of man. "The course of human history does not favour the supposition that the earliest races of men were the lowest. We have no record of a savage race rising into culture apart from the influence of existing cultured races. The self-development of barbarism into culture is one of the events which 'do not happen.'"

In the summing-up of "The Result," the evidence supplied by the personal experience of all who put the Christian faith to the test, is well developed. "This last evidence disproves the frequent assertion that the teachings of theology are incapable of verification. Theology is but an orderly and reasoned statement of whatever we know about the unseen world, and man's relation to it. And, as I have endeavoured to show, some of the findings of theology are daily verified in the hearts and lives of all servants of Christ. The correct statement would be that the objectors have not themselves verified the teachings of theology. To say that they cannot be verified is an unproved dogmatic assertion."

There are five long notes on The Origin of the Moral Sense, Freedom or Necessity, Scientific Agnosticism, The Bible and Science, and Biblical Rationalism, containing much valuable, and some, perhaps, debateable matter, upon which it is not necessary for us to enter.

There are a few blemishes in this well wrought book. "Self-adaption" (p. 50), "unform" (p. 137), "heteregeneous" (p. 139), are simple misprints. The writer wavers between "historic" and "historical" (p. 119 and elsewhere). There is an awkward sentence at the bottom of p. 179. It is also open to question whether the title quite describes the contents. "The Gospel" is generally used to denote the special teaching of Christ's own words and life, "the Good News announced by Jesus of Nazareth"; whereas the author's apology refers to the whole system of Christian truth, "the Christian faith" (p. 147), "the Christian theory" (p. 148). No doubt exceptions might be taken to some sentiments and puttings of arguments here and there, but these in no way mar the force of the essay as a whole.

The Kingdom of God. By A. B. Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

This volume professes to give a connected view of Christ's teaching according to the synoptical gospels. After an introduction referring to the three Gospels, and especially to St. Luke's variations, it deals with the following subjects in succession:—Christ's Idea of the Kingdom, Christ's Attitude Towards the Mosaic Law, The Conditions of Entrance, Christ's Doctrine of God, Christ's Doctrine of Man, The Relation of Jesus to Messianic Hopes and Functions, The Son of Man, and Son of God, The Righteousness of the Kingdom, its Negative Aspect and its Positive Aspect, The Death of Jesus and its Significance, The Kingdom and the Church, The Parousia and the Christian Era, The History of the Kingdom in Outline, The End, The Christianity of Christ.

It is an attractive and suggestive scheme of study, and none can doubt that the author of *The Training of the Twelve* must say much that is thoughtful, searching, acute, suggestive. Those, however, who have been increasingly alarmed at the growing inroads of rationalistic habits of thinking on the substance of Dr. Bruce's theology in his recent works, will not be comforted or reassured by this learned volume. The tone in which this Scotch Free Church Doctor of Divinity allows himself to speak of the Lord Jesus, of His feelings, His purposes, His mental and moral exercises, is alarming. We are told, for example, in the chapter on "The Righteousness of the Kingdom in its Negative Aspect," that "Jesus loyally recognised moral criticism as one of the perilous tasks connected with His Messianic calling," and that His depictions of Pharisaic vanity are "in the style of one to whom the whole subject is familiar, and who contemplates it with an artist's placid penetrating eye." An "artist's placid eye"—critially analysing the vanity of the Pharisees—as if he were a modern, half-cynical, half good-natured novelist! Going on to refer, by way of contrast, to the temper and the "spasmodic speech" in which "men of noble spirit" in our own age are wont to utter their "everlasting no" against the religious counterfeits of their time—he says: "Of these agonies of 'honest doubt' there is no trace in the life of Jesus." In what sense the hackneyed phrase used in this last sentence can be applied in its connexion we entirely fail to see. But what we do see is an irreverent freedom in speaking of our Lord which—though we are reluctant to speak disrespectfully of such a writer as Dr. Bruce—seems to us to savour of a certain "vanity," which is not, indeed, "pharisaic," but is professional. Let us take, from the chapter on "The Conditions of Entrance" into the Kingdom, another passage, "If Christ's praise (of the centurion's faith) was exaggerated, it but the more conspicuously evinces his philo-Pagan spirit, and raises the hope that the generous eye of heaven may detect traces of faith in the hearts of benighted heathen. . . . . We may safely assume, however, that the praise, while generous, as was always Christ's way, was in the main deserved." So the Professor, on the whole, thinks it fair to conclude in regard

to Him, of Whom it is said that "the Father hath committed all judgment into His hand." We could multiply quotations of a similar brand—quotations in which Dr. Bruce, with the greatest coolness, and sometimes with an apparent condescension, as of one who speaks from the eminence of modern enlightenment, discusses and pronounces upon the qualities and endowments, the character, the words and actions of Jesus Christ. It will not seem surprising, after this, that he should treat the Baptist still more loftily and criticize him with a freer hand. His prophetic claims and character, as estimated by Dr. Bruce, are very inferior to the position assigned him by the Greater than he, whose way he came to prepare. We could not but, in reading, continually compare Dr. Bruce's treatment of the Baptist and his doctrine with Dr. Reynolds' views of the same supreme prophet of the Lord in his great book on the subject. We need hardly add that Dr. Bruce is quite ready to make concessions to rationalistic criticism at many important points of the sacred history. He intimates, for example, on the mere alleged internal ground of somewhat obscure connexion with what precedes and follows, that that master-parable, the parable of the Prodigal Son, with the others in the same chapter, may perhaps not be genuine, and that its genuineness is a matter of no great moment. Such laxity, not to say levity, as this—and if *that* parable be not Christ's own divine teaching, of very little in the Gospels can we feel sure—tends to reduce the Christian history to a mere working hypothesis, and yet we do not believe at all that Dr. Bruce, at whose feet in the past so many have been glad to sit, is himself come near as yet to this lamentable conclusion. There is very much evidence to the contrary even in this volume;—its more general tone—its final summings up—are to the contrary. Nevertheless, such pregnant seeds of scepticism and of self-sufficient rationalism as we have referred to—and which are found on many pages of the volume and in every part of it—will undoubtedly bewilder many minds, and cannot but produce the fruits of unbelief in some of the students into whose hands this volume will pass. We confess that we are sorry for the "old students of the Glasgow Free Church College," to whom this volume is dedicated.

Prayers for Christian Families. Wesleyan-Methodist Book-Room, 1889.

In Dr. Gregory's introduction to this volume, he refers to the fact that the late German statesman and philosopher, Bunsen, bore his testimony—it must now be nearly forty years ago—to the prevalence of the habit of family prayer in the best and highest homes of England, and recorded his judgment that "to this happy domestic usage was chiefly owing the solidity, the stability, the high principle, and the reverence for Scripture, and the unseen and eternal, which characterize the Anglo-Saxon race." Very recently, in a devout tract on the claims of Sunday to religious observance, that exemplary nobleman, Lord Norton, has incidentally borne witness to the fact that the habit of which Bunsen spoke a generation since still holds its place firmly in the family

customs of the best English society. Indeed there is every reason to believe that in what are spoken of as the "upper classes," the use of family prayer has much increased during the last generation. The question arises, and we fear cannot at once be answered in the affirmative,—If among the "upper classes," this devout and Christian habit has increased its hold and prevalence, as a family institution, can as much be affirmed as to the classes at a lower social level? And if within the Church of England this mark of family piety and godly discipline has increasingly prevailed, has it maintained its ancient position and influence within Nonconformist communities? The tone of Dr. Gregory's Introduction would lead us to infer that he has doubts on this point. We know that such doubts are shared by others who have good means of forming an opinion on the subject.

This volume of Family Prayers is marked by the characteristics of a proper but not excessive brevity in the prayers, fitting them for the conditions of this busy and pre-occupied age, great variety, adaptation to the practical conditions of middle-class life, choiceness and yet simplicity of expression, and a savour of Scriptural language and allusion which, without verging on the pedantry of textual quotation, greatly enriches the prayers. Throughout also a sympathetic tone, with not infrequent touches of loving tenderness, adds force and effectiveness to the language of thanksgiving or supplication. There is an appendix of appropriate prayers for special needs or occasions, including the Christian festivals. The Introduction on Family Prayer, and a table of lessons for family worship, add much to the value of the volume, which will be a welcome occasional aid in many families where there is no need of such a help for ordinary use in daily family worship.

Sermons, Addresses, and Charges. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, President of the Wesleyan Conference. Wesleyan Book-Room, 1889.

Mr. Bush is a remarkably original preacher; he seems to us the most absolutely original in style and treatment of a subject we have ever known. He is as racy as he is original. His style is incisive and epigrammatic, and never is a word wasted. Many sermons lose in reading; the reverse is the case with Mr. Bush's sermons—they gain when read. Earnest always, this preacher is often also playful; sharp, not seldom, he is never sour or bitter. He is an excellent expositor, having, as a craftsman can see, always studied his subject closely and deeply and in the original text, as well as with proper aids. But never was all show of learning, all display of apparatus, more carefully eschewed by anyone than by Mr. Bush. This small volume is very rich in suggestion, very full of matter. Of the Charges contained in this volume we have already given our judgment three months ago. All the other discourses are from the same mint. The material is precious, and the workmanship befits the material. The special sermons are strikingly adapted to the special occasions.

Alone with the Word. By G. STRINGER ROWE. Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

In these "devotional notes on the New Testament," it is not Mr. Rowe's object, he tells us, to add another to the many existing commentaries, but simply and briefly to suggest topics useful for devotional and practical purposes. Such a volume is sure to meet the wants of a large class, and all who know Mr. Rowe's style will be prepared to find that he has accomplished his task with grace, skill, point, and, on the whole, great success. We think that he has been more successful with the Gospels than with the Epistles. The Gospels are dealt with as a whole, and the lessons arranged as taken from a harmony, by far the more convenient and useful plan. Mr. Rowe's habit of mind also, if we mistake not, admirably fits him for bringing out the salient features and practical lessons of the Gospel narratives. The work of writing devotional notes is perhaps less easy when the Epistles are reached. More exposition is required than the writer feels himself free to give in some parts of the book. Especially, it is impossible to help feeling that the notes are neither rich enough nor deep enough for the themes handled. But in this part of the work also there is very much that is good, and the whole is so chaste in style, so devout in spirit, and forms such profitable and pleasant reading that it would not be gracious or right to dwell upon deficiencies which are to some extent unavoidable. The book is beautifully printed and got up, and we trust it will have a large sale. Wherever it goes it must benefit those who will use it as a help when "alone with the Word."

The Word. By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, Author of *Reminiscences of Oriel College.* London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

This title contains, not an exposition of St. John's Word, as the title leads us to expect, but a number of brief papers on miscellaneous topics. The venerable author ("I am more than half through my eighty-third year") tries indeed to link the topics on to the subject indicated in the title, but the connection is generally verbal rather than real. Even where an exposition of the Apostle's utterances is attempted, it is exceedingly vague. The style too is often wordy. Readers will feel a respect for the writer's venerable age which they will hardly be able to accord to his opinions.

A Reply to Dr. Lightfoot's Essays. By the Author of *Supernatural Religion.* London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1889.

The republication of *Dr. Lightfoot's Essays* has called forth the republication of the seven essays written in reply to them. We have no intention to discuss them minutely. The final chapter, "Conclusions," sufficiently

indicates, not what the author has proved and accomplished, but what he thinks he has proved and accomplished. The destruction is complete enough to satisfy Hume or Comte. It is no objection to the author's arguments to say that they are not new; we are only surprised at their weakness. The first one is that there are false miracles as well as true. The existence of quacks disproves the existence of doctors. Everything telling against miracles is sedulously overstated, the evidence for them is put at its weakest. The arguments are every way worthy of the conclusion.

Biblical and Theological Dictionary; illustrative of the Old and New Testaments. By the Rev. JOHN FARRAR. A new Edition, revised and greatly enlarged by the Rev. J. ROBINSON GREGORY. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1889.

Mr. Farrar's well-known Biblical Dictionary has been thoroughly revised in the light of the recent developments of Biblical research in Palestine, Assyria, and Egypt, by the competent hand of Mr. J. R. Gregory. Some articles have been entirely re-written, whilst a considerable number of additional articles, mainly geographical and historical, are added in an appendix. The book is very neatly bound and is well supplied with woodcuts and maps. It is just the book of reference that local preachers and Sunday-school teachers want—compact and portable, yet full, clear, and well up to date. The last sentence of the "Preliminary Note on Biblical Chronology," gives 41 instead of 44 as the date of Agrippa's death.

The King's People; or, the Glorious Citizenship of Zion. By the Rev. CHARLES NORTH. Edited, with Preface, by the Rev. WILLIAM UNSWORTH. London: C. H. Kelly. 1889.

The late Mr. North left an unfinished manuscript among his papers which his widow put into the hands of Mr. Unsworth for publication. The editor's task has been difficult, as the work was in parts fragmentary, and needed much revision; but he had enjoyed the advantage of talking over the book with Mr. North so that he was in a measure prepared for the part he had to fill. *The King's People* is an allegory, describing the Christian's pilgrimage to Zion. Its twenty chapters are full of good thoughts on religious life put with considerable freshness. It deals with such questions as baptismal regeneration in a very happy style, and has many a description which will provoke thought and lead to closer study of the Word of God. We have found it bright reading throughout, and though Bunyan has made us all somewhat severe judges of any new religious allegory, this book will be read with great interest and much profit. The best tribute to Mr. Unsworth's work as editor, is to be found in the fact that his revision cannot be traced in style or matter. The book is of a piece throughout.

The Aggressive Character of Christianity; or, Church Life and Church Work. By the Rev. WILLIAM UNSWORTH. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: C. H. Kelly. 1889.

This book is full of suggestive hints for all Christian people. The obligation and inspiration to aggressive work seem to grow more powerful with every chapter. In the first part the patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian dispensations are sketched in three thoughtful chapters, which clearly show that God's purposes from the first stretched out beyond a family and a nation to the whole race of man. The topic is well worn, but it is treated with much freshness and force. In the second part, which occupies more than three quarters of the volume, Mr. Unsworth deals with objections and suggests methods for Christian aggression. The treatment is eminently practical. Consecrated common-sense, which gives its best to God, and leaves no means of usefulness untried, is the means by which our work is to be accomplished. Mr. Unsworth is in hearty sympathy with the most recent developments of mission work. All who know the writer will be thankful for these bracing counsels, in which his own heart and life are unveiled. They are well expressed in language both simple and terse, with abundant illustration and genuine enthusiasm for the subject. We are thankful that this revised edition has been called for. It cannot fail to be useful.

Bye-Paths of Bible Knowledge. XIII. The Life and Times of Isaiah, as Illustrated by Contemporary Documents. By A. H. SAYCE, LL.D. Religious Tract Society. 1889.

It is enough for us to direct the attention of our readers to this authentic and interesting illustrated guide book to the history and times of the greatest of the prophets.

PHILOSOPHY.

Moral Order and Progress: An Analysis of Ethical Conceptions. By S. ALEXANDER, Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London. Trübner & Co. 1889.

WHILE reading this book we felt more than once strongly tempted to refrain from noticing it. It is an octavo volume of over four hundred pages, carefully written, and evidently containing the results of much study and meditation, and deserves to receive considerate and careful treatment at

the hands of a reviewer. Unfortunately our space does not permit of our even analysing its contents with any sort of detail, much less of adequately criticising them. Moreover, we find ourselves hopelessly at variance with its fundamental positions, and therefore we fear that with the best intentions in the world we shall hardly seem to do justice to the author. On the whole, however, it seems best to attempt to give some general indication of the scope of the work, and also to note by the way, and as briefly as possible, a few of the points on which we find ourselves at issue with it.

The book, then, purports to furnish an answer to three questions—(1) What is it to which we apply the terms right and wrong, morally good and morally bad? (2) In what does goodness itself consist? (3) What is the law, if any of the growth or development of goodness? To the first question Mr. Alexander makes answer, "conduct," which he explains to mean not merely volition issuing in outward act, but self-determination in general. On this our criticism is, that conduct in this large sense is merely equivalent to volition, and nothing whatever is gained but much lost in clearness by substituting the one term for the other; and, secondly, that volition is not the only subject of moral attributes. Mr. Alexander himself recognises intentions as even though they never issue in volition at all, are the subject of moral praise or blame; so that at last he has to stretch the content of conduct so as to make it include disposition, temperament, character. We think Mr. Alexander might have saved himself and his readers a great deal of trouble, and lost nothing in accuracy or depth, if he had simply said that the subject of moral judgment was intention whatever its content.

In order to answer the second question, to wit, What is goodness? Mr. Alexander has recourse to the idea of a moral equilibrium or "equilibrated order of action." Self-denial, *e.g.*, is good if it enables some desire to be gratified which compensates that foregone, and the gratification of which "is required by the past and future needs of the individual taken as he is with all his faculties." So far as we are able to follow Mr. Alexander's exposition of this theory, we do not see how it materially differs from the doctrine that conduct is good in so far as it tends to the perfect development of the individual character. We have not space for detailed criticism. We must be content with propounding the following *dropia*, by which we were much troubled in reading Mr. Alexander's pages. Can an ignorant, narrow-minded and intolerant saint be said to do that which is required by his past and future needs, taking him as he is with all his faculties, and yet is he not a good man?

The last division of the work contains much that is interesting on the gradual development of the moral ideal in progressive communities. We have, however, already exhausted our space and can only hope that this elaborate contribution to ethical science will receive the attention which it deserves from those of our readers who are interested in the topic.

The Timæus of Plato. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By R. D. ARCHER-HIND, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This volume consists of an introduction of fifty-two pages, followed by the text of the *Timæus*, with a translation on the opposite side, and notes at the foot of the page. We have not seen so luminous an introduction to any of Plato's dialogues. Mr. Archer-Hind shows clearly the leading place which the *Timæus* holds in the Platonic philosophy, and after a singularly clear account of the positions reached by Herakleitos, Parmenides, and Anaxagoras, he shows the point from which Plato started in his philosophy. The doctrine of ideas as stated in his *Republic* with the searching criticism to which the great philosopher subjected it in the *Parmenides*, *Theætetus*, and *Sophist* is next treated. The *Philebus* brings us for the first time to constructive ontology: but the solution of the fundamental problem of the One and the Many is not worked out till we come to the *Timæus*. We have not read a more searching or lucid statement of Plato's idealism than that compressed into such reasonable compass in this introduction. Minor matters of interpretation and difficult points in the dialogue are dealt with in the notes. Special attention has been paid to the intricate mathematical passages. It is a great convenience for reference to have Greek text and translation facing each other. The translation is clear and well-expressed. Altogether this is an edition worthy of the *Timæus*, and one which will be of the greatest value to all students, whether classical or philosophical.

Kant, Lotze, and Ritschl. By L. STÄHLIN. Translated by D. W. SIMON, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

The importance of Ritschl in the contemporary religious thought of Germany is well-known to all familiar with the subject. The controversy concerning the real tendency of his writings has been long and often bitter. Herr Stählin's part in it is to point out very temperately, but very searchingly, the real character of Ritschl's theology, by tracing out its metaphysical basis in Lotze, and ultimately in Kant. The volume before us is devoted to a full enquiry into the significance for theology of the system of Kant, the Neo-Kantians and Lotze, thus preparing the way for a trenchant criticism of Ritschl himself, whose fundamental principles are directly or indirectly borrowed from these sources.

It will naturally be asked, What have we in England to do with German theological controversies? Dr. Simon, the able translator of the volume, answers in his preface, that in these days no nation is isolated, and in the study of theology, particularly, we are closely connected for better for worse, with our German cousins. But the examination into fundamental principles here conducted by Herr Stählin is so thorough that his volume forms an admirable mental exercise for all who would understand and meet the most subtle forms

of modern Agnosticism. His criticism is constructive in the best sense of the word, for he shows the weakness and insufficiency of the phenomenalism current about us everywhere, and the right way of meeting it. It would, perhaps, be fair to reply to some of our author's arguments, that many writers are better than their creed, and that in tracing out to their logical conclusions the tenets of Kant, for instance—and, in a measure, of Lotze and Ritschl—he hardly does justice to the Königsberg philosopher. There are logical inconsistencies in Kant, we all know; it is, perhaps, a little hard to hold him closely responsible for all logical deductions that may be drawn from some of his premisses. But by the publication of this critique Herr Stählin has done admirable service to those whose fundamental theological principles are in process of formation, and Dr. Simon has rendered good service to English-reading theologians, by re-publishing the treatise in this country. We need continually to be reminded of Sir W. Hamilton's dictum that "no problem emerges in theology which has not first appeared in philosophy," and no one can lay aright the theological foundation-stone of a true knowledge of God and defend it against Agnostics, who does not himself possess a sound theory of cognition. Stählin's book not only shows where the *Erkenntniss-Theorie* of Kant and Lotze is defective, but how the defect is to be remedied. We are grateful to the publishers for this volume, which deserves to be carefully read and studied.

A Treatise on Money, and Essays on Present Monetary Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Many readers will be thankful for the careful discussion of monetary matters in their current phases which Dr. Nicholson has given in this valuable collection of papers. Such questions as bi-metallism, credit, the fall of general prices, and the desirability of issuing one-pound notes, are discussed as only an expert could discuss them. The extended feeling in favour of bi-metallism is seen in the fact that such men as Dr. Nicholson and Mr. Henry Sidgwick hold that both gold and silver might with advantage be made legal tender at some fixed ratio. The treatment of the silver question as regards India is the most instructive we have seen. The author thinks it would be well if our "emaciated half-sovereign were replaced by five robust and well, weighted florins." We fancy that such a change would prove inconvenient to many, and that whatever people may think about one-pound notes, they would find it awkward to do without the half-sovereign. The most difficult pages are those which deal with the "Measurement of Monetary Standard," which will afford a profitable discipline for all readers. The most entertaining essay is that on "John Law of Lauriston." No more valuable discussion of monetary problems has been lately published.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The History of Hampton Court Palace in Tudor Times. Vol. I. Illustrated with one hundred and thirty autotypes, etchings, engravings, maps, and plans. Vol. II. *Stuart Times.* Illustrated with copper-plates, etchings, engravings, &c. By ERNEST LAW, B.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: George Bell & Sons, 1885 and 1888.

WE have already described this work as one of the most complete, most entertaining, and most valuable histories we possess of any of our English palaces. But it was not possible in our article on *Wolsey* to do justice to Mr. Law's notable book. It is not easy to speak too highly of the portraits, plans of the palace, etchings of chimney stacks, and views of Hampton Court in every aspect, and at every stage of its history, with which these volumes abound. No pains have been spared to give illustrations of every distinctive feature of the palace, so that architects and artists, as well as those who turn to the volume for information on the history of the famous palace and its residents, will find it a trustworthy and helpful guide. One striking feature of Mr. Law's work is the abounding detail as to points in the architecture, trees in the park, and all other features of the palace. The visitor to Hampton Court who has studied these volumes will find new charm about the place. He will see Wolsey's black crosses in the red brick wall; he will read the history of Henry VIII.'s married life in the decorations of the halls and gateways. Every incident which the State Papers, and such books as Cavendish's *Wolsey* could supply, has been gleaned by Mr. Law for his history. The volume on *Tudor Times* is crowded with dramatic incidents, such as the pitiful attempt of Katherine Howard to get into the presence of the King, who was hearing mass in the Royal Closet in the chapel, or the pathetic picture of Queen Mary's miseries there. Paget ants abound in this stage of the History of Hampton Court. The second volume, on the *Stuart Times*, has not to chronicle such magnificent banquets and revels, but it is not less valuable. The Hampton Court Conference, where the "Royal Pedant" was in his glory, is graphically described; the marriage of Lord Chief Justice Coke's daughter to a husband whom she detested, introduces, some painful pictures of the time. The dislike of Charles I. to his Queen's French attendants, the sketch of Cromwell's home life at Hampton Court, and the way in which he was comforted after the death of Mrs. Claypole, together with the debasing manners of the Court after the Restoration, are described in such a way as to make many memorable scenes live again before us. Those who love Hampton Court, will find in these deeply

interesting volumes a perfect history of one of the most famous of our English palaces. We shall look forward with much interest to the final volume, in which Mr. Law will finish his work, and give some account of Bushey Park with its splendid avenue of chestnut-trees.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by LESLIE STEPHENS. Vol. XX. Forrest—Garner. Smith & Elder.

This is more than an average volume, full of brief yet deeply interesting lives, like Mr. Henderson's Forret, the Scotch martyr, converted when Canon of Inchcolm, by reading St. Augustine. One would like to be quite certain, by the way, that the Bishop of Dunkeld did "thank God he never knew what the Old and the New Testament was." Another life, in its way equally interesting, is Fulcher, the Sudbury poet and publisher. This we owe to Mr. J. M. Rigg, who points out how Fulcher's *Village Paupers* is a mixture of Crabbe and Goldsmith, while his *Sudbury Pocket Book* a laudable instance of local enterprise, contained from year to year pieces by Bernard Barton, the Howitts, James Montgomery, &c. Forster's father, too, who with his son, was in the worst of the Irish potato famine, and who, disheartened by President Pierce's coldness about emancipation, died in Tennessee, in 1854, "a martyr to the cause," is in Professor Blackie's best and tersest style. More in detail and with full sympathy, Mr. Humphrey Ward tells the story of the son, of his *Lectures on Pauperism*, his view of the Jamaica trouble, his educational work, his Irish difficulty, "immensely increased (as he thought) by that desperate act of the landlord party, the rejection in the Lords by a vast majority, of the Commons' Compensation for Disturbance Bill." Mr. Ward does not forget to point out how his how his "plucky" behaviour at Tullamore, where, as usual, he plunged into the thickest of the troubles, favourably impressed the peasantry. The Rev. W. Hunt's Life of Charles James Fox fills seventeen pages. One does not think of young Fox, who actually lowered the tone at Eton by the "vulgar extravagance which his father enabled him and his brother to indulge in," as pulling up at Hertford College, Oxford, and "finding mathematics vastly entertaining." Hard work (he also mastered five languages) did not hinder him from being an outrageous fop. He and his brother once rode from Paris to Lyons simply to choose patterns for their waistcoats; and up to the age of 25 he used to appear in the House with a hat and feathers, red-heeled shoes, and blue hair powder. Strange that a man who "was seldom in bed before 5 a.m. or up before 2 p.m." should, in Gibbon's view, have "approved himself equal to the conduct of an empire." Such lack of *morale* was, however, fatal to success. Party politics apart, there were thousands of English people whom the dread of a *roué* minister kept on Pitt's side, despite what they felt to be Pitt's mistakes. "Fox twice utterly broke up the Whig party, for he constantly shocked the feelings of his countrymen, and during a long public life failed

signally in winning the nation's confidence. . . . But for the sweetness of his disposition, the buoyancy of his spirits, and the unselfishness of his conduct, he would never even have made the mark he did." This is not a high estimate, but it is a true one. We must not forget, however, that Fox in 1788 was strongly in favour of totally abolishing the slave trade. His nephew, the third Lord Holland, and the more famous Lady Holland, who married his lordship, by whom she had already had a son, three days after she had been divorced by Sir Godfrey Webster, are dealt with by Mr. J. M. Rigg, whose notice of the imperious lady who once said to Sidney Smith, "Ring the bell, Sidney," gives all that is needful without being too diffuse. Such a life must be fully studied in Hayward and Greville and Sir H. Holland. It is much to Mr. Rigg's credit to have brought in all the chief points and several of the best anecdotes in little more than three columns. Rev. Alexander Gordon in *George Fox*, makes the pregnant remark that the rise of quakerism synchronises with the parliamentary attempt to regulate the Church of England on the Presbyterian system; it was a protest against that system as inefficient for evangelising purposes. "Wesley," he notes, "never mentions Fox; yet the early quakerism anticipated Methodism in many important points, as well as in the curious detail of conducting the business of meetings by means of answers to queries." Mr. S. L. Lee admits that Foxe the martyrologist was "too zealous a partisan to write with historical precision. . . . His mistakes are often the result of wilful exaggeration. He sometimes refused to correct proved errors, *e.g.*, that Greenwood, 'the Ipswich martyr,' never suffered at all." Of Bishop Fraser, Mr. J. A. Hamilton says: "When he first went to Manchester the extreme Protestants looked to him to crush out Ritualism. And it was not till the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act," Disraeli's disastrous attempt at Church legislation, "*of the policy of which he approved*, that the strife began." Mr. J. A. Froude's brilliancy has so eclipsed his brothers that, though Richard Hurrell is affectionately remembered by the survivors of the Oxford school, few suspect that another brother, William, was a singularly able engineer, great in elliptical skew bridges built with taper bricks, and chief authority on the trochoidal sea wave, and the method of reducing a ship's rolling by means of a deep bilge-keel. The editor contributes Sir Phillip Francis, of whom he tells a great deal, besides discussing the probable authorship of *Junius' Letters*. He inclines to the view that Francis was Junius, it being hard to believe that there were at the same time two men, each arrogant and vindictive in the extreme, unscrupulous in gratifying their enmities by covert insinuations and false assertions, yet courageous in attacking great men, rigid and even pedantic in adhering to a set of principles which had their generous side; really scornful of meanness and corruption in others, and certainly doing much to vindicate the power of public opinion, although from motives not free from selfishness and the narrowest personal ambition." This sums up the case clearly and ably. Mr. L. Stephen's other life is old Fuller, who (as he

says) "has been called 'dear Thomas' and 'quaint old Tom Fuller,' with a rather irritating iteration. He has fascinated posthumous as well as contemporary friends with his unfailing playfulness, and his wit exuberant yet always unforced. He tells a story admirably because with infectious enjoyment." When to the above we add Rev. Alex. Gordon's sympathetic notice of Fransham, the quaint Norwich scholar, who, if he got a bargain at a book-stall, insisted on paying the full value as soon as he knew it; and Mr. Alsager Vian's *Life of Frampton, the Father of the Turf* (Mr. Vian discredits the story of Frampton's shocking cruelty to his horse Dragon), we have shown that in this excellent volume the editor has even more than hitherto found the right man to do each special work.

Walpole. By JOHN MORLEY. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

In this book Mr. John Morley is seen at his best. No philosophic dogma, no religious, or anti-religious prejudice interferes with the exercise of his best faculties as a writer. His experience in public life has, doubtless, increased his ability to deal with such a character in history as that of Walpole. He is not merely a trained and able literary man, and master of research, but he brings the special knowledge gained by him as a public servant, and a "man of affairs," to aid in the work of delineating the life and times of the great politician. The volume may, perhaps, be a surprise to some of Mr. Morley's admirers. It is a thoroughgoing defence of Walpole. Those who regard Mr. Morley as being, what he recently called himself, an idealist, would hardly, it may be supposed, have looked for such a defence from him, of such a manager of affairs and of men as the great Minister of George II. On the other hand, if, holding such opinions as he does hold, and rejecting such principles as he rejects, he be recognized in his true character as being radically and of necessity a utilitarian, especially in morals, it will not be regarded as surprising that he should admire and defend the statesman who was, above all, guided by common-sense in his general aims, and by practical expediency, apart from any question of high principle, in his choice of methods and agencies. If his constituents, before they went in for "heckling" him at Newcastle, had had the opportunity of consulting this volume, we can imagine that some of them might have found matter for questioning. Mr. Morley makes an able and elaborate apology for Walpole's free employment of public money for his political ends. Not only so, he does not shrink from defending his large absorption of sinecure offices for his own emolument, and his lavish bestowal of them on his nearest relatives—sinecure offices of which the sums total for himself, and for his family respectively, amounted to very many thousands a year. On the main principle involved he thus quietly moralizes: "Indirect rewards have long disappeared, and nothing is more certain than that the whole system of political pension, even as a direct and personal reward, is drawing to an end. Whether either the purity or the efficiency of political service will gain by the change is not so certain. Walpole, at least, can hardly be censured for doing what, in the very height

of his zeal for reform, Burke seriously and deliberately defended." As to another point of radical doctrine, he defends Walpole's inaction. "One of the grand articles against Walpole is, that though he was at the head of affairs for so many years, not one important change for better or worse marks the period of his supremacy. He ought, according to Whigs of our day, to have shortened the duration of Parliaments; yet all the wisest of the reforming Whigs of that and the next generation held, that more frequent elections would be an aggravation of every parliamentary mischief." We do not quote these passages as indefensible. We merely refer to them as curious, when viewed as the deliberate judgment of an advanced Radical doctrinaire. The volume itself is able and interesting to a high degree, and is excellently written—though no amount of idiomatic authority or precedent can convince us that it is proper to speak of "the whole circumstances" of any transaction, and that "all the circumstances" would not be a right and proper correction. Let us note as one of the most interesting and instructive chapters that which traces the gradual development of "The Cabinet."

Lord Strafford. By H. D. TRAILL. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Among "English men of action" Strafford holds a foremost place, and this work of Mr. Traill's seems to have been a labour of love. It seems to us to be a great improvement on his handling of William III. in the Statesmen series. Mr. Traill does not seem to be in much sympathy with the Parliamentarians, and certainly he has no liking or admiration for Charles I. But he has great admiration for Strafford, and great sympathy in the main with his Irish policy and government, though he does not venture to defend all his acts. The result is a whole-hearted monograph, in which Strafford figures as an able and high-minded statesman and administrator, a man of heroic mould, who had to contend with malignant enemies, and was betrayed by a weak and perfidious king. This is an able and very interesting study of a great character, which shows how much may be honestly and persuasively said on behalf of a ruler and of a policy little likely to find favour with modern democrats. But Mr. Traill lets it be clearly seen that democratic assumptions and maxims have no sacredness in his view. Does he represent a coming reaction? Reactions quite as unlikely have taken place during the century now approaching its close.

The Church History, Series V. *Athanasius: His Life and Life-Work.* By H. R. REYNOLDS, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society. 1889.

It has been hitherto of necessity very rare—and, when it has occurred, it has been an altogether admirable thing—for a Nonconformist divine to rise to the same eminence of learning as well as ability to which the princes of Christian erudition in the Church of England have attained. Half a century

since Dr. Pye Smith attained such eminence. Since his time, we doubt if any Nonconformist minister can be said to have won an equal reputation for learned attainments combined with powers of doctrinal discussion and with mastery of style, except only the author of the volume before us, Dr. Reynolds, of Cheshunt College, whose volume on *John the Baptist*, and especially whose great work on *St. John's Gospel*, have established for him a name and a position among the best informed students of scripture and theology scarcely less eminent than that held by the supremely learned and able Bishop of Durham. We are glad that the Religious Tract Society have placed in his hands the congenial task of writing a compendious and yet thorough monograph, in a form available for general use among Christian students, on the great Athanasius. Very cordially and confidently do we recommend this volume.

The Coming of the Friars, &c. By REV. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP, D.D., Author of *Arcady*, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Almost everybody nowadays reprints his magazine articles; but few have so much right to do so as Dr. Jessopp. To a charm of style unsurpassed by Mr. Froude, he adds a general fairmindedness to which Mr. Froude makes no pretension. Dr. Jessopp is supposed to hold a brief for the monastic orders; some say that in his *Visitations of Norwich Diocese*, he too hastily "whitewashes" the monks from the charges made by Cromwell's inquisitors. In the essays which gives its title to this volume there is no question of that kind. The Friars continued to the end poor and of clean lives. Henry did not gain much by suppressing them: "Rob the county hospitals to-morrow, or make a general scramble for the possessions of the Wesleyan body, and how many broad acres would go to the hammer? Voluntaryism leaves little for the spoiler." Dr. Jessopp notes, what most thinkers have acknowledged, that Rome in the thirteenth century was far wiser in her way of dealing with reformers than was the Anglican Church in the eighteenth: "When John Wesley offered to the Church precisely the successors of the Minorites and Dominicans, we would have no commerce with them. We did our best to turn them into a hostile and invading force." Students of Court Rolls are not so uncommon as they used to be, but to how few has the study given such a clear insight into the lives of our forefathers as is displayed in "Village Life 600 years ago?" "The Black Death in Anglia" is a grim picture, for every dark shadow in which the writer gives us authority. "The Building up of a University," shows how thoroughly the writer has assimilated Mr. Mullinger's book, and Willis and Clark's splendid *Architectural History of Cambridge and its Colleges*. It is curious that "the wealth and power of these privileged corporations," the colleges, very nearly crushed out the idea of a University. The reaction began, says Dr. Jessopp, when George II. gave Bishop Morris's vast library to the *University*, and when the first stone of the Senate House was laid in 1722. Since then the idea of the University has been steadily growing in practical importance.

English History from Contemporary Writers. England under Charles II., 1660–1678. Edited by W. F. TAYLOR. London: David Nutt.

This is but a small and slender volume, it contains short extracts from such books as the Memoirs of Reresby, Sir John Bramston, Ludlow, from Clarendon, from *Contemporary Records and Letters*, from the news sheet called *Mercurius Publicus*, and from the *London Gazette*, from Pepys and Burnet, from Parliamentary Debates, and other such sources. The specimens are very interesting. To many quiet country readers, this series of volumes will be full of freshness as samples of the sort of material from which, in part, modern works on history are composed.

Some Eminent Women of our Times. Short Biographical Sketches. By Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

These biographical papers, written for *The Mothers' Companion*, are necessarily brief, but Mrs. Fawcett has managed to compress into a few pages the distinctive features of each life, and to point its moral. There are twenty-three sketches, opening with a beautiful little paper on Elizabeth Fry. Queen Victoria is commemorated in a paper suggested by the jubilee celebration. The book is one that all women will read with pleasure.

Eminent Methodist Women. By ANNIE E. KEELING. London: Charles H. Kelly. 1889.

The memories of rare saints, of humble, holy, consecrated women, who never took any other vow than that of love and allegiance to Christ, are here embalmed in charming memoirs, whose only fault is that they are too brief. The women commemorated in this handy and very tasteful volume are Susanna Wesley, "the mother of Methodism;" Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mortimer (Miss Ritchie), Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, Barbara Heck, the foundress of American Methodism; Agnes Bulwer, a "Christan Poetess," every way a superior and excellent woman; Mrs. Walker, for many years of Cheltenham; Mrs. Tucker, the devoted missionary's wife, herself a missionary pioneer and a "teacher of the heathen" in the Tonga islands, and the very remarkable Irish saint and student, Miss Lutton.

BELLES LETTRES.

Marooned. By W. Clark Russell. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Mr. Russell is the great marine word-painter of our generation. These volumes testify that his hand has not lost its cunning. His temptation, however, naturally is to make too much of voyages and nautical life and sea-and-sky scenery. This characteristic defect, or excess, is one of the features of this story, no less than of others that he has written. The consequence is a sense of tediousness in some parts of the tale. Nevertheless, on the whole, the interest and merit of *Marooned* must be set high. The story, indeed, is one of a very singular character. A young gentleman has charge of a beautiful young lady, with Spanish as well as English blood in her veins, whom he is to convey to South America, there to be married to his cousin, whose best man he is to be. The sailing vessel in which they take their voyage—the story is not of a very recent period—has a tyrannical and brutal captain. The crew mutiny, murder captain and mate, and after some time "maroon" their two passengers—*i.e.*, deposit them on a solitary uninhabited island. There they live together for not a few weeks, and afterwards, finding a boat, navigate the ocean together in the boat, till they are picked up by a ship and eventually taken, not to Rio, but to England. It will not seem wonderful, after such fellowship in adventure as this, that the actual marriage takes place not at Rio but in England between the two so strangely thrown together. The skill of the author is shown in the delicacy with which he describes, in not a little detail, the life of the two, utterly dependent on each other, as passed on the desolate island and in the open boat. Vivid as the description is, and minutely detailed as are the shifts, contrivances, and incidents while they were thus in their solitude thrown into the closest possible relations with each other, there is nothing approaching to a questionable phrase or suggestion throughout, while the account is made to seem neither impossible nor unnatural. Some of the scenes on the voyage back to England, when both were shyly feeling that their past must dominate their future, and compel a shifting of relations in the matter of marriage, are conceived and described with singular grace and tenderness of touch.

A Reputed Changeling. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

This is a story of two centuries ago; it is coloured, politically and religiously, as was to be expected in any scene-painting from Miss Yonge' hand. We doubt the ability of Miss Yonge to depict the domestic habits and manners, the country style and life, of the time of James II., either in the

higher or the lower classes, either among Puritans in relation to whom her conscientious efforts not to be too unkind or prejudiced, are painful to note, or among country cavaliers; nor do we believe that among the classes supposed to represent superior social claims, there was such a contrast as in this story she implies to have existed between the country-bred baronet's family and those who are described as gentle-mannered and well-behaved London-bred young gentlemen. The *Reputed Changeling* is the son of a Puritan gentleman and soldier, made, of course, to be a hard character, and especially a severe father, but is popularly believed to be an elf or imp substituted soon after birth for the true child. The impish character and misdeeds of this somewhat ill-favoured, and from his infancy misjudged, and therefore ill-biassed boy, are set forth in amazing detail, and his fortunes occupy much of the book. He was somewhat redeemed by the gentle kindness of a sweet girl, and her mother, a clergyman's widow (these were from London, the country scenes being near Winchester). He is also succoured and humanised by the influence of his uncle, a minister employed in the foreign diplomatic service, with whom he lives abroad, but yet he becomes smuggler and outlaw, being crossed in his love of the fair girl who had pitied his early waywardness, and through love of whom, last of all, he has at least the grace to die nobly. On the whole, the substance of the story is hardly pleasant, though there are bright passages and bye-stories. Nor do we think the story is a faithful transcript of the life of two centuries ago. It is lacking in breadth; it teaches no general truths; it attempts to describe obscure bye-ways of life; for want of real genius the picture fails to give the impression of nature or reality.

Thorndyke Manor: a Tale of Jacobite Times. By MARY C. ROWSELL. London: Blackie & Son. 1890.

This is a skilfully composed and charmingly written story. Some points in it are highly improbable, but of course the story on that account is so much the more interesting; at least to the young readers for whom it is particularly intended. The scene is laid, sometimes in the Hoo, sometimes in London, and the characters are well drawn. The Hoo, till a few weeks ago, was a region utterly unknown to most, even well-informed English people. An act of supreme folly, dictated by stupid, though possibly conscientious bigotry, has now directed the attention of the whole country to it. It is a name given to the "dreary low-lying peninsula of marshy land which borders the Kentish side of the reaches of the Thames, ere they widen out into the tossing waters of the English Channel." This is the region known as the "Hundred of the Hoo." The natives of this part of Kent, as they existed two centuries ago, are well described in this tale. Not only Jacobites, but smugglers appear on the scene. There are, of course, villains, one especially; there are several brave-hearted and true Englishmen, one in particular, and sister to that one, who is the lord of the manor in the Hundred of the

Hoo, there is a charming and still braver young woman. There is wrongful imprisonment, a public trial for treason, not, we think, exactly conducted according to precedent, but on that account the more exciting, where the sister by her courage and eloquence, proves the innocence and saves the life of her brother, all this, and much more, may be read in this good story.

A Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This is a book that makes one both laugh and cry. The Scotch village with its religious customs has almost become classic through Mr. Barrie's earlier volume of sketches. In *Auld Licht Idylls*, as the title implies, the chief interest centres round the church. Here the home life of the Scotch weavers is presented in every phase by the hand of a master. "On the track of the Minister" gives an amusing description of the restless curiosity which makes everyone in such a place as Thrums know your business better than yourself. Hendry McQumpha and his home live before us on Mr. Barrie's canvas. It is not easy to describe the pathos of the chapter, "Dead this Twenty Years," which tells of the little Joey run over by a cart on the brae. Another boy was born to Jess, but much as she loved him, he never filled Joey's place. The chapters which describe Jamie's dutifulness, his coming home from London, and the terrible chapter which details his going astray, and the death of father, mother, and sister, are very finely drawn. Such pictures of humble life—so natural, so realistic, so touching, so tender, and withal so humorous—we have never seen. There is no chapter so irresistibly comic as the "Courting of Tnowhead's Bell," in *Auld Licht Idylls;* but the volume as a whole is perhaps even more true to the life than the earlier sketches.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

The sumptuous periodical known to all the artistic and æsthetic world as *L'Art*,* continues, by the high quality of its letterpress and illustrations, to maintain its well-earned reputation of *facile princeps* among such publications. Of course, this year it has been much occupied with the Exhibition, and its glories and wonders, and art, pure and simple, at least of the more permanent and ideal order, has been somewhat thrust into the background in consequence. The occasion has, however, been improved by an admirable series of articles, entitled "Les Peintres du Centenaire," in which all the more distinguished painters who have adorned the French schools from 1789 to the present day, are passed in review by M. A. Hustin, and a like office has been performed for the water-colourist by M. G. de Léris, and by M. Henry de Chennevières for the engravers. These articles are well worthy of careful study. Those who are interested in the history of the delicate, and now also, so far as this country is concerned, almost extinct art of miniature,

* *Librairie de L'Art*, Paris.

will find much to interest and instruct in a study of Citelle Bedan and Bonnet, typical representatives of the art of France in the seventeenth century, contributed by M. Jules Guiffrey, to the first March issue. M. Hustin also contributes two excellent articles on Troyon, a painter but little known in England, but who ranks almost on a par with Corot, and deals with the same class of subjects. The illustrations fully maintain the high level to which we have been accustomed.

Rosa Bonheur, her Life and Work. By RÉNÉ PEYROL. Illustrated with Engravings and Fac-similes. London: Virtue & Co. 1889.

The subject chosen for the *Art Annual* of 1889, will attract many lovers of pictures. Rosa Bonheur's work is as popular in this country as in France. She has not distinguished herself as a painter of dogs like our own Landseer, but her horses, oxe, and sheep have won her the position of our chief living animal-painter. M. Peyrol, who is the artist's brother-in-law, so we gather from his account of the family history, has given an admirable sketch of Rosa Bonheur's training, and the successive steps by which she gained her eminence as a painter. In the second section of his work we are introduced to her château at By, near Fontainebleau, with her studio and the park in which her live subjects disport themselves. The last part is devoted to a more detailed description of the paintings, with some interesting particulars of the circumstances under which they were painted. There is not a dull line in this sketch. It is sympathetic throughout; but happily free from exaggeration. All readers will admire Rosa Bonheur's life-long consecration to her work, her sturdy independence, her naturalness, and her determination to put her best powers into every picture. The portrait given on the first page is full of character, keen, determined, self-contained. The engravings and fac-similes are well chosen to illustrate the artist's development and method. They are also admirably executed. The frontispiece is, of course, "The Horse Fair,"—a spirited reproduction of the greatest of her paintings; the "Resting Place of the Deer" and the "Shepherd" are not less effective. We are much struck with one of the smaller engravings, "Changing Pasture,"—the Shepherd's face and figure are quite a study; his sheep also are full of character. "Morning in the Highlands," "Huntsmen and Hounds," and "Scottish Raid," are some of the best things in this annual.

The Human Tragedy. By ALFRED AUSTIN. New and Revised Edition. Macmillan and Co. 1889.

To this new edition of a poem, published in 1876, Mr. Austin prefixes a prefatory essay, dealing with the "Position and Prospects of Poetry." He holds that while the taste for lyrical and descriptive poetry has not declined, there

is, at present, considerable impatience with epic and dramatic poetry, and in general with narrative verse. Some of this distaste he attributes to the abundance of novels and novel-readers. We will not debate Mr. Austin's points with him, for we have found his essay interesting and suggestive; but we venture to doubt whether his own experiments in the direction of long narrative poems are likely to be very successful.

The excellences of *The Human Tragedy*—and they are many—do not seem to us to lie in this direction. Mr. Austin's verse is musical and graceful; he excels in description of nature, his touch being realistic, yet in the best sense imaginative, and occasionally his analysis of thought and feeling is happy and effective. But—if we are qualified to judge—on the narrative and dramatic side of poetry he does not excel. We doubt if any one would be moved by the acts of this drama, in which the "Protagonists" are Love, Religion, Patriotism, and Humanity, and amidst all the scenes of the struggle for Italian liberty, and the horrors of the Parisian Commune, we have wandered under Mr. Austin's guidance untouched and unexcited. Godfrid's relations with the successive young women who come across his path, are sufficiently ambiguous, and the story seems to us not a little to halt and fail. But we always enjoy Mr. Austin's musical stanzas—as when in Act I., stanzas V. to X., he describes the flowers and trees in Olive's garden—and some of his lesser pictures are exquisitely finished. If the present is not an age for narrative and dramatic poetry, perhaps Mr. Austin is more the child of his age than he is aware of.

1. *The Hymn Lover.* By W. GARRETT HORDER. London: Curwen & Sons. 1889.
2. *Lyric Studies.* By Revs. I. DORRICOTT & T. COLLINS. London: J. Toulson & T. Danks. 1889.
3. *Romance of Psalter and Hymnal.* By the Rev. R. E. WELSH, M.A., & F. G. EDWARDS. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

1. Mr. Horder here presents us with the most satisfactory survey of English hymnody that has yet been written. The valuable works of King and some others have the demerit of being based on special hymnaries. Mr. Horder, though himself a member of a voluntary Church, has dealt with the hymnology special to every Christian communion with becoming fairness. Being himself the editor of a hymnal (a fact of which the reader is made cognizant at frequent intervals), the author has passed through that stage which justifies generalization on hymnic questions. Yet many will be more grateful for the handy biographical notes on the hymnists of all ages than for the author's own views on certain branches of hymnal science. The intro-

ductory chapter on the "Hymns of Other Religions" is curious, if vague; and the notes on the hymns of the Bible, the Early Church, and the Middle Ages have no particular freshness. The chapter on "Early English Hymns" might have been fuller: we do not know that the MS. collection of sacred poetry of Elizabethan date, which took the fancy of James Montgomery, and was printed nearly half a century ago, has ever been utilized by compilers. We would doubt the correctness of a remark concerning the sacred writers of the 17th century, that "it may be questioned whether any of them wrote hymns with the idea of their being sung in worship" (p. 84). Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall certainly did this—the one for the choir of S. Paul's, the other for that of Exeter. In his list of hymn-books before Watts, Mr. Horder ignores the most important of all—Samuel Bury's collection, published anonymously in 1701. The author exhibits healthy scepticism towards many of the commonest traditions as to the earlier hymns—very properly, for instance, discrediting the idea that John Newton knew of Bernard's "Jesu, dulcis memoria." The selection from the lyrical work of living hymnists is strong, and there are good chapters on "German Hymns" and "Children's Hymns." The author's views "Of Alterations in Hymns" are sensible, though not exhaustive, and the final chapter on "The New Era in Hymnody" should be studied by all future compilers. No lover of Christian praise can afford to ignore the most useful work. But the true primer of hymnal science is yet to be written.

2. The joint-authors of this book have set before them the task of illustrating the new Primitive Methodist Hymnal. This collection has a full selection from modern writers, and there is a useful series of biographical notes on each of the authors represented in the book. The main body of the work is occupied with notes on the hymns in the order in which they occur. These notes are partly literary and partly illustrative, in the manner with which the late Mr. Stevenson has made us familiar. To the index of first lines a census is attached, exhibiting the number of hymnals out of seventeen in which each hymn is found. There are also useful separate indexes of the Latin, Greek, and German hymns of which translations appear. *Lyric Studies* has an interest for hymn-students at large.

3. Mr. Welsh's share in this book is most unsatisfactory. The first part, on the Hebrew psalms, while pretending to be critical, is desultory and empirical. There is no organic relationship with the second part, which deals with the rhymed hymns of all ages. The large place in the history of Protestant hymnody occupied by the metrical psalter is wholly ignored. The matter is arranged on a sort of Linnean system, the headings being "Hymns of four Broad Church Deans," "Classic Evening Hymns," and the like. The mistakes are not those of a writer at first hand. The adverb is incorrect in the remark that the Elizabethan era was "unaccountably deficient in great hymn-writers" (p. 127): the deficiency is explicable. Herbert is said o be "almost as quaint and rich in conceits as Quarles himself" (p. 128). Wither is dismissed with a sneer; and one reads more about Havergal than

Wesley. The stock anecdotes associated with particular hymns are here to be found, and there is much irrelevancy. But the appendix by Mr. Edwards our modern hymn-tune composers is fresh and bright.

Sixty Folk Tales, from exclusively Sclavonic Sources. Translated, with brief Introduction and Notes. By A. H. WRATISLAW, M.A. London: Eliot Stock. 1889.

Mr. Wratislaw has availed himself of a reading-book prepared in 1865 by the late J. K. Erben, "the celebrated Archivarius of the old town of Prague," which was intended to introduce Bulgarian readers to the study of all the numerous Sclavonic dialects. It contained one hundred simple national tales and stories in their original dialects, some of which Mr. Wratislaw has translated. They are rendered into flowing, idiomatic English, with some useful notes as to the people among whom these folk tales originated. They are Bohemian, Moravian, Hungarian-Slovenish, Upper and Lower Lusatian, Khashubian, Polish, White Russian, South Russian, Great Russian, Bulgarian, Croatian, and Illyrian-Slovenish stories. This enumeration will show from what a wide field these folk tales are culled. As fairy tales they deserve to be popular. The first Bohemian story is capital reading. Those who turn over these pleasant pages will gain many a suggestive glimpse of ways and manners in the East of Europe.

The Thrales of Redlynch. By NEHEMIAH CURNOCK. With Four Illustrations by G. H. EDWARDS. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Mr. Curnock's book does not exactly profess to be a novel, but a series of studies of real life in crayons. The volume gains in interest when taken up with this clue. Not that it fails as a story, for the reader's interest is well-sustained from the opening to the end of the last chapter. But these stories introduce one to many phases of life which deserve to be thought about. What true heroism is revealed in the Story of Maggie Macliver, who brought up her seven orphaned brothers and sisters with such happy success! The picture of the family that, being poor, "had to make the most of its combined wits and fingers," is a gem in its way. No tribute paid to the mother-sister was more striking than this: "No tradesman overcharged Maggie. But many a time the joint would be heavier, or the parcel of groceries the bulkier, or the drapery of a quality a little better than that ordered, because the goods were going to the brave little woman who paid down on the nail, and who was bringing up all that houseful of children in such a honest, godly fashion." How the squire's son courted her, and the son of the manse (a fine-spirited and prosperous young doctor) won her, Mr. Curnock must be allowed to tell. The squire's son had his reward by-and-bye in the love of a younger sister of Maggie's, so

that all are happy at last. The book is written in a crisp, clear-cut style, and is full of touches which show that the writer has been a keen observer of men and nature. It is a very attractive story.

Grettir, the Outlaw. A Story of Iceland. By S. BARING-GOULD.

Grettir, the Outlaw, is an Icelandish Hercules, whose adventures enthralled Mr. Baring-Gould and the school-boys under his care thirty years ago. The book is full of adventures and deeds of blood, which are scarcely pleasant reading; but it so well represents the wild life described in the Sagas, that many will be glad to read this powerful book. The story is very clearly told, and throws much light on life in Iceland nine hundred years ago. There are ten striking full-page illustrations.

MESSRS. NISBET'S STORY BOOKS.

Blown to Bits; or, The Lonely Man of Rakata. A Tale of the Malay Archipelago. By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

The Crew of the Water Wagtail. By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Laurel Crowns; or, Griselda's Aim. A Story for Brothers and Sisters. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Mr. Orde's Grandchildren. By CECILIA SELBY LOWNDES.

The Yarl's Yacht. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, Author of *The Lads of Lunda.*

One Little Vein of Dross. By RUTH LAMB.

Yours and Mine. By ANNA B. WARNER.

Number Three, Winifred Place. By AGNES GIBERNE.

Golden Silence; or, Annals of the Birkett Family of Crawford-under-Wold. By EMMA MARSHALL.

Geoffrey Hallam, Clerk of the Parish (Knapsack Series). By J. JACKSON WRAY.

Miss Brown's Basket. By Mrs. HENRY CHARLES.

Adventures of Johnnie Pascoe. By E. NORWAY. Nisbet & Co. 1889.

The books at the head of this notice form a little Christmas library in themselves. They have been daintily dressed up by the binder, have some taking illustrations, and are well printed on good paper.

The Lonely Man of Rakata, of which one object is to describe and illustrate

the amazing volcanic eruption in Krakatoa in 1883, of which the surprising and unparalleled effects were felt and seen almost the whole world over, is in Mr. Ballantyne's own style, full of graphic word-painting and of delightful impossibilities of adventure. Nothing at all like its course or contents was ever written before. *The Crew of the Water Wagtail* describes a voyage in the sixteenth century. The vessel, a Bristol trader, driven on to the Newfoundland shore, before there was any European settlement there, mutiny, Indians, an Englishman found on the island married to an Indian wife, danger among the Indians, meetings, friendly and hostile, re-union and reconciliation; final departure in a fresh-built vessel, leaving the solitary Englishman behind, who, however, has received the "New Gospel" through Tyndale's translation, from those he had befriended, who had brought some paintings of the Scriptures from Bristol—all this, and much more will be found in this good boy's story. In *Laurel Crowns*, a misunderstood and not well-managed boy gets into trouble and runs to sea. Here is an aspiring girl, whose ambition is not quite the highest or most enlightened, but still creditable. Here are brothers, sisters, friendly companions, friends and neighbours of good degree. It is a lively, interesting volume, containing good and wholesome lessons for parents and children—for boys and girls. The sailor-boy being ill at Hong Kong, finds there the comfort and help of the Seamen's Mission Home, and the good offices to seamen of the Seamen's Missions is made one of the lessons of the book. Altogether this is a lively, interesting, and well-written book for young people, with much variety of scenery and social conditions in its story. In *Mr. Orde's Grandchildren* we are introduced to a proud father, who, when offended, becomes hard as well as proud—especially, of course, when the offence is unreasonably taken. This volume relates the offence, the estrangement, the reconciliation. He was offended with his daughter because she was true and loyal to her husband; with the husband, because to pay his way, he entered into partnership with a shopkeeper. How the families happen to meet, the daughter being then a widow living in comfort and credit with her children, and out of business; how, through meeting the children first, the grandfather repents of his harshness, and is reconciled to his daughter—this, and much more, is simply told in this volume. Its tone and lessons are good. It is probably intended for boys and girls, but will, we fancy, suit girls better than boys. *The Yarl's Yacht* is a splendid story for either boys or girls—though boys crowd the canvas in larger numbers than girls. It is full of manliness, fun, sense, love of nature and of goodness; never quite rollicking, but always brimming over with spirits; thoroughly Christian, but not at all weak or "goody." The scene is laid in the Shetland Isles, among the channels and on the islets. The men and women are as bright and sympathetic as the boys and girls; good company all. A capital Christmas gift. *One Little Vein of Dross* is a story which will teach girls to be fond of their homes and cultivate a true spirit of independence. Olive Stafford deserves all her good fortune. Her husband's vein of dross is removed by her sharp illness and the supposed loss of the family diamonds. We are not so favourably

impressed with *Yours and Mine*. It is an American story, based on some little people's societies, such as the "My and My" Society, so-called because everybody has something of his own, and everybody ought to like to use it for the folks that haven't. It is a story that will teach children some good lessons. *Number Three, Winifred Place*, is a story full of adventure and mystery, well-told, and sure to be popular. Rhona Mordaunt, the little heroine of nine, with her widowed mother and the colonel, make a capital group, and Miss Giberne has painted them well. *Golden Silence* illustrates the temptations of a country town. The squire's son goes far astray, and brings sorrow to many homes; but the troubles that fall on these homes are not in vain, for the story has a happy ending. The book is high-toned, and thoroughly helpful to young people. The *Adventures of Johnnie Pascoe* shows how a tramp's son won for himself and his little orphan sister a happy village home. The brave fight made by the lad is well described in this capital story. *Miss Brown's Basket* is just the book to read at a missionary bee or Zenana meeting. A maiden lady, whose father had been a missionary in India, lives for her basket, which goes its round every month with little articles to sell for the missions. There is a love story in the book, and a good one. A young missionary who has been sent home invalided, takes back with him to the very village in India where Miss Brown was born, a charming young wife, who was an enthusiast for Zenana work in India. Mr. Wray's newest story tells of *Geoffrey Hallam*, the parish clerk, who was won over to Methodism by the visits of John Banfield, the itinerant preacher. Geoffrey was the poet of Wemborough, and prepared a hymn with a chorus,

"We want no Methodists here at all,
We're all for Church and King."

This he started to sing just as Banfield announced his text; but the Methodist preacher's tact and resource won the day, and before long Geoffrey was converted. He did not lose his place at church, but fulfilled it in a new spirit. It is a lively, well-told story.

The Atheist Shoemaker. By H. P. Hughes, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

Mr. Hughes issues this short story, which is literally true, though the names of the persons concerned are altered, as an illustration of the work of the West London Mission. All who read it will recognize the value of the practical Christianity which alone can reach unbelievers of the type here described. We hope such instances may be multiplied a thousand fold.

Conscience's Tales: The Happiness of being Rich; The Iron Tomb. London: John Hodges. 1889.

These are translations of homely stories, by the Flemish novelist, Hendrik Conscience. He has been absurdly spoken of as the Walter Scott of Flanders.

The stories, however, as transcripts of homely Flemish thought, and pictures of Flemish life, written originally in the proper Flemish tongue for the real Flemish people, and by one of themselves, have a special interest and value. The first of the two volumes contains a short sketch of the author and his life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Three Years in Central London. A Record of Principles, Methods, and Successes. By Rev. EDWARD SMITH. London: T. Woolmer. 1889.

MR. SMITH'S success in Clerkenwell has been so remarkable, that all who are interested in Christian work among the masses, and especially among the artizans of London, will eagerly scan this little book. The writer knows how to tell his story. His brief chapters each have their well-defined subject, whilst the sententious style makes the book the raciest of reading. But it is the story itself which renders this narrative so wonderful and inspiring. Mr. Smith has won his results by no sensational course. It is God's blessing on old methods, pursued with whole-hearted consecration and unswerving earnestness, which has filled St. John's Square Chapel to overflowing, and built up there a vigorous Church of working-men. Mr. Smith does not hesitate to give the palm in point of efficiency to work on ordinary Methodist lines, in preference to the so-called modern revivalism. That judgment forms one of the most significant passages in his book. It deserves to be carefully weighed by all Christian workers. These pages are indeed full of sayings which make one think. We quite agree with Mr. Smith that amusement in the churches is in danger of being overdone. In that respect his book is a timely protest. Not that we would overlook the responsibility of caring for the young which is laid upon the Church. Where temptations abound on every hand, it is well if some doors are open where young and old may take refuge. That principle we have acknowledged and acted upon for at least a generation. It must still guide our work. We are quite in accord with Mr. Smith in his estimate of a slum Church. People of better social position, if they are of the right sort, are never more useful than when mixed with such folk. The whole book is full of suggestion: it will make its readers rejoice with Clerkenwell, and throw new life into all old methods of evangelization.

A Dictionary of Music and Musicians, A.D. 1450–1889. By eminent Writers, English and Foreign. With Illustrations and Woodcuts. Edited by Sir GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D. In four volumes. Vol. IV. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The large and growing demand for this dictionary of music bears emphatic testimony to its value. It is now complete, save for the index, which is to be published as a separate volume. We have spoken, in previous notices, of the fulness, the accuracy, and the great interest of the articles on music and musicians. The same praise can be heartily given to this appendix. It is indeed the most essential part of the work for those who wish to gain information as to modern composers, like Liszt and Dvorák, or virtuosos like Ole Bull. There are also various corrections of inevitable slips in the earlier volumes. The criticism in the articles is thoroughly catholic in spirit. The writers have taken pains to find out and set forth the secret of each musician's art, and do not fail to do justice to all true merit. All who are interested in music and musicians will find pleasure in consulting this valuable dictionary.

Woodland, Moor, and Stream. Being the Notes of a Naturalist. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1889.

These twelve papers could only have been written by a born naturalist. We have read them with much eagerness as they appeared in successive numbers of *Cornhill*, and are glad to see them gathered together in this neat volume. Mr. J. A. Owen, who has edited the volume, says that the sketches "are from the hand of a friend of ours, a skilled workman, who has made the study of wild creatures in their native haunts the passion of his life and the exclusive occupation of his leisure hours. His work has led him amongst the most beautiful parts of Surrey, and along the line of Kentish coast where Turner loved to paint." We should have liked a closer introduction to one who has given us real pleasure. His home, as a boy, was in a quaint old fishing-village close to the edge of the North Kent marshes. The life of that wild region, the habits of the birds, the realistic description of a storm on the marshes, are sketches full of freshness, done in a style which reminds us of Richard Jefferies' best work. The "Haunts of the Otter" takes us to the banks of the Mole, not far from Hampton Court. The same skill is shown in seizing on the chief features of that region. One of our favourite passages of the book is the description of the owls in the paper entitled "Birds of Prey." A little owl seems an odd household pet to most of us, but our naturalist makes it clear that he is not the least amusing of friends and companions. We owe the writer many thanks for his admirable sketches, and shall hope to have more of his "notes" by-and-by. All who love the country will find this volume a charming guide to many a quiet nook.

Iris: Studies in Colour, and Talks about Flowers. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Translated from the original, by the Rev. A. COUSIN, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

Dr. Delitzsch says that the subjects in this book "are old pet children, which have grown with me since ever I began to feel and think." He has chosen the name *Iris* for his book, because of the various applications of that word to the rainbow, the sword-lily, the part of the eye which gives it its colour, and also to the messenger of the gods. The twelve papers are full of quaint details and out-of-the-way facts. The professor's hobby has led him into many gardens where few of us have learned to stroll, and he brings back many a flower which we are thankful to accept. "The Flower-riddle of the Queen of Sheba" is the paper which has pleased us best. It is a little dissertation full of legend, poetry, and history. In "The Gossip about Flowers and their Fragrance" there is a capital passage about Luther. It seems that "he used to order seedlings from Erfurt and Nürnberg; and though his cloister garden was enough to occupy him, he had the weakness of buying up every piece of garden ground in Wittenberg that came into the market." The publication of these papers will enable many readers to share Dr. Delitzsch's musings. Mr. Cousin's translation is flowing, and, so far as we have seen, free from Germanisms; but, on page 19, there is the awkward expression, "so long of being distinguished."

The Cornhill Magazine for 1889. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

We have been somewhat disappointed in "The County," by a new writer, which appears in this volume. It is a well-told but not a pleasing story. "Mademoiselle," by Mrs. Oliphant, is one of her most charming pieces of writing; and Mr. Payn's "Burnt Million" is a fresh and powerful story. The shorter articles maintain their high standard. Such papers as "Some Old Fools," the instructive essay on weeds, the amusing "Hundred Gates," "Among the Cider-Makers," and others equally worthy of special mention, will well repay perusal.

Horrida Bella: an Impeachment of the War System. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

We wish all success to the cause advocated in this pamphlet. Whether the author has used the best means to his end in publishing a number of extracts descriptive of the horrors of war in detail, may well be doubted; but at least he presses afresh upon the public the terrible nature of evils which it is too apt to take for granted.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (September).—M. Puaux' article on "Protestant Schools" says that, despite the smallness of their numbers and very serious difficulties, the Protestants have been able, though at the cost of many sacrifices, to increase the number of their schools. Thus in 1874 there were not fewer than 110 Protestant schools in Paris. The law of March 28, 1882, separated the school from the Church. There are many divergences in French Protestantism, but all sections were unanimous in recognizing the need of prompt and energetic action for the maintenance of religious influence in the instruction of the young. The law of 1833 had declared in its first article that elementary instruction necessarily included moral and religious training; the law of 1850 maintained the same programme, but was silent as to the need of religious training. Less than forty years later, a new law only recognized moral and civil instruction. Under such laws it became so difficult to find teachers that the normal school at Courbevoie had to close its doors. Some of the leading Churches at Rheims, Bordeaux, Montpellier, and Le Cruzot have borne heavy expenses to maintain the Protestant schools. The Evangelical Society of France maintains its schools in centres where they are useful in the work of evangelization, and especially wherever possible they have struggled to preserve schools for girls, in order to save them from the influence of the instruction given by the religious orders of the Catholic Church. The question whether young Protestants should be left without religious training gave rise to animated debates, and resulted in the formation of what are known as Thursday schools. The law of 1882 gave permission for children to be withdrawn one day in the week besides Sunday, in order that parents might impart religious instruction to their children. The task before the Protestant Churches would have been greatly facilitated if the law had authorized the pastors to assemble the children in the school to give them religious instruction. But to get hold of the children away from the school building, to assemble them in some place of religious worship, very big and very cold, to give an altogether new kind of instruction, to get a staff of teachers, was a hard task. But the French Protestants surmounted even these difficulties. They were thoroughly awake to the need of Bible instruction at an age when the impressions received have peculiar impressiveness on the mind and conscience. At the beginning of 1886 there were 230 of these Thursday schools. In many churches the pastors had taken the initiative, and bore unaided the burden of that new form of instruction, because of the difficulty of finding helpers during the week. M. le Pasteur Granier was the first to lead the way in these Thursday schools. His report in 1884 to the Official Synod of Saint Jean du Gard led that assembly to place the work under its patronage. It also decided to publish M. Granier's "Selection of Psalms and Canticles for the use of Schools." It arranged for examinations in Bible history, for some questions on the year's Lessons, and the repetition of some verses of the Psalms. Beautiful engravings are now given as prizes to those who do well in the examination. A Commission of Schools, composed of three pastors and four laymen, has been appointed by the Synod to watch over the work. It prepares the programme of lessons, arranges for visitation of the schools, makes gifts of books, and infuses life and spirit into all the machinery. The Old Testament alone is studied in the Thursday schools; the New Testament is kept for Sunday schools. There are about 1300 scholars in the Fourteenth Circonscription. Sunday schools were adopted from England. The first was started at Luneray in 1814 by Pastor Cadoret. In 1888 there were 1119 schools belonging to the various Protestant Churches; 745 of these belonged to the Reformed Church. M. Puaux' article is full of hope, and bears witness to much plodding, far-

sighted work on behalf of the Protestant youth of France. Under the heading of "Evangelization and Charity in London," M. Bois gives an account of "The Congregationalists." He describes the amazement of one agent of a missionary society who could not understand that his visitor really wanted to know about English work in London. He fared better with Professor Elmslie, who at once said: "Mr. Mearns is your man"; and sent him off to the Congregational Memorial Hall at Farringdon Street, where he found a wise and attentive guide. Such an article as this is sure to stimulate the readers of the *Revue Chrétienne* to active Christian work.

(October).—M. Draussin's account of "Our Lady Writers" gives some interesting facts about French poetesses and other writers. The work of Louise Siefert, who died in 1877, is gracefully and lovingly recorded. After reading her *Rayons perdus*, Victor Hugo wrote: "I owe you one of the most moving and delightful surprises that I have ever felt." Henriette Hollard, Alice de Chambrier, Mlle. Warnod, and other ladies who have died recently, are commemorated in the first part of this paper. Then we come to the living writers. Madame de Gasparin, whose style has been compared to Michelet's, stands first. Madame de Pressensé, Madame de Witt, the daughter of Guizot, and other ladies come in the later part of this instructive glimpse of contemporary French literature.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (October).—"Berlin since 1882," is a short paper, by Herr Rodenberg, based on the communal administration of the city between 1882 and 1888. A new city of Berlin is springing up before the eyes of its citizens. The population, which, during the first fifteen years of King William's reign, rose from half a million to a million, has increased by another half million in the last fifteen years. It is now 1,510,000. Sanitary improvement and beautifying of the city have also advanced with rapid strides. The affairs of the city have been administered with great care and conspicuous results. The taxes paid by Berlin to the State and the Commune have risen from 39,874,087 marks in 1882–3, to 54,219,951 in 1888–9; that is, from 33.60 marks per head to 37.30. The article is crowded with details as to the growth of the city.

UNSERE ZEIT (October).—Gustave Krenke gives an interesting account of Greek railways, under the title, "The Steam Engine on Classic Ground." The paper is accompanied by a map which shows the railways in use, those being constructed, and those for the construction of which preparation is being made. Under King Otto, only one railroad was opened—the little line connecting Athens with its harbour at Piræus. This was opened on September 18, 1869. It was constructed by the Bavarian engineer, Nicolas Zink, who had become First Lieutenant in the Engineer corps of the Greek Army. He afterwards went to Texas, and died on his farm there two years ago. For ten years this was the only railroad in Greece. The Government of King George has had the honour of supplying the country with good lines of communication. The ministry of Trikupis has been honourably distinguished by its zeal in this work. In 1882 a concession was granted for a railway from Piræus by Athens to Eleusis and Corinth. Here a northern branch girdled the Morea as far as Patras, whilst a southern arm ran down past Argo sto the Gulf of Nauplis. These two arms are now being extended, one to Pyrgos, near Olympia, the other down to the south. A new line is projected which will run straight through the country past Sparta and on to Pyrgos. Thessaly already has one fine railway, and it is proposed to join this with Athens, so that the whole country will soon be opened up for trade. An instructive article on the new system of State Insurance against Sickness and Old Age is contributed by Dr. Schmid of Leipsig.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (November 1).—Signor Gabelli has a valuable paper on "Liberty in Italy." He says that political liberty is unquestionably very great in his country. The citizen takes a real share, direct or indirect, in the conduct of public affairs. As to the more important matter of personal liberty, he says that in 1885, according to the report of the Minister of Justice himself, 51,720 persons were arrested, of whom 24,185 had been taken into custody without sufficient cause. The article is a careful and well-reasoned

protest against the Liberalism "which runs from one excess to another till its course, which had been shaped towards England, lands it in Spain."

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (October).—We regret to see a notice given to subscribers that the publication of the *Presbyterian Review* has ceased with this number. This unfortunate event is said to be due to a personal difference between Dr. Briggs and Dr. Warfield. The latter has recently succeeded to Dr. Hodge's chair at Princeton. He has been arguing for upholding the "Confession of Faith," as though it were an infallible document which must be implicitly accepted in every particular. There have been many signs in the *Review* of the intense feeling engendered by this controversy. The discontinuance of this able Quarterly, following, as it does, that of the *New Princeton Review*, is greatly to be regretted. The present number has some scholarly articles of great interest for Biblical scholars. The burning question of Revision of the Westminster Confession is discussed in two main articles. The first is by Dr. Schaff, who says that revision is in the air, and will be accomplished as to the Creed as it has already been accomplished in the Bible, "with the result of sundry improvements in minor details, without detriment to the substance." He gives particulars to show that Revision of the Creeds is no new thing either in Papist or Protestant Communions. He shows how general is the desire for Revision of the Creed in all the Presbyterian Churches, and then proceeds to make it clear that there was no unanimity even in the Westminster Assembly itself on these "knotty points of Calvinism." Dr. De Witt follows with a paper on the inexpediency of any revision of the Creed, whilst Dr. Warfield has an elaborate editorial note in the same sense. Some valuable particulars are given as to the general Synod of the Reformed (Dutch) Church, the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. We deeply regret the disappearance of a Quarterly so scholarly and so well informed on all matters concerning Presbyterianism in this country and in the United States.

METHODIST REVIEW (September–October).—Dr. Yeakel, of Cleveland, in his paper, "What is the Providential Design of German Methodism?" describes the steps by which English Methodism has been brought into contact with Germany. The Methodist Episcopal Church sent her first missionary to Germany in 1849. Dr. Jacoby began his work in Bremen; six months later two other men were sent out to help him. There are now two annual Conferences, ninety-nine itinerant preachers, ninety-six churches, 15,219 members, 22,223 officers, teachers and scholars, with a theological institute and a book-room. In Würtemberg, where work began a year later, there are 60 ministers, 9,500 members, 318 Sunday-schools, 20,000 teachers and scholars. He pleads that the American Methodist work in Europe should be organically united and consolidated into one Evangelical Methodist Church.

In a symposium on "The American Republic," Dr. Trusdell, of Chicago, dealing with "The Religious Factor," quotes some figures from the New York *Independent*, of May 19, 1887, as to the leading denominations in the United States:—

	Churches.		Ministers.		Communicants.
Methodist . .	47,302	...	29,493	...	4,532,658
Roman Catholic .	6,910	...	7,658	...	4,000,000
Baptist . .	40,854	...	27,889	...	3,727,020
Presbyterian . .	12,868	...	9,429	...	1,082,436
Lutheran . .	7,573	...	3,990	...	930,830
Congregationalist .	4,277	...	4,090	...	436,379
Episcopalian . .	4,524	...	3,865	...	430,531
Total . .	124,308	...	86,414	...	15,139,854

The property and annual income of the various funds is as follows:—Church property, $100,000,000. There are 200 colleges and universities, &c., with property worth $20,000,000, and 32,000 students. More than twenty million dollars are raised for Church purposes, of which $8,895,077 are for the

pastorate, $5,760,252 for Church property, $2,000,000 for religious books, $1,204,676 for missions. There were in 1888 25,000 Sunday-schools, with over 2,000,000 scholars and nearly 280,000 teachers.

In "Current Discussions" there are some features of interest. "Wounded Rationalists"—is the title of one brief article. The *Christian Advocate* of New York has been uttering some vigorous protests against the rationalism which, in the guise of "higher criticism," is entrenching itself in certain collegiate institutions in the East, and is symptomatically appearing in some schools west of the Alleghanies. "Yale College is the head-quarters of American Rationalism," that is the contention of the *Review*, which is supported by reference to the writings of its professors. Professor Ladd has used some strong words as to Dr. Mendenhall, the editor of the *Methodist Review*. "No one else," he writes in reference to the young men of America, "is exerting upon them so injurious an influence, no one else is so hindering from the ministry the choicest among them, no one else is so helping forward the ranks of the real infidels, as men who resort to such measures." Dr. Mendenhall stands well to his guns.

METHODIST REVIEW (November–December).—Dr. Whitlock's paper on "The Literature and the Press of the Methodist Episcopal Church" is somewhat disappointing to readers on this side of the Atlantic, who would be glad to know more about the work of the Methodist publishing-house. It began with six hundred dollars of borrowed capital; now its property is valued at about three million dollars, which might have been doubled had it not been taxed by manifold Church claims. The first catalogue was a single leaf, six- and a half inches long and one-half that width. It contained twenty-eight books and pamphlets. Now the catalogue is a royal octavo, with several hundred volumes. Dr. Whitlock says, "Our Book Concerns have not published all the books written by Methodist authors. Many of our writers in various departments of literature, for special reasons, have found publishers outside of the Church, and, perhaps, have thereby more fully acquainted the general reading public with our literary productions." Some of the chief Methodist works are briefly referred to. A good sketch of James Porter, one of the chief lights of the old New England Conference, who died in April, 1888, is given by Dr. Sherman, with a capital portrait as frontispiece to the *Review*. Dr. Porter was for twelve years assistant book-agent in New York, and is said to have done "much to make the house a paying concern, by pushing the sales and clearing the shelves of lumber. In his addresses to the Conferences he was extremely happy, taking occasion to boom the latest issues of the house. In the selection of works for publication he was usually fortunate. Though appreciative of high literary merit, which commends itself to the few, he believed as a publisher in practical, pious, saleable books, which would appeal to the tastes of the majority, and chronicle their virtues on the ledger."

QUARTERLY REVIEW OF METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH (October).—This is the first number of a new series. The type and paper are greatly improved, and a more taking cover adds much to the attractiveness of the *Review*. In these respects it is a marked advance on the earlier series. The Rev. Paul Whitehead contributes an article on Bishop Pearce, which many will turn to with interest. It gives a good outline of his life. He was elected bishop by the General Conference of 1854, and is described as the grandest man ever chosen for that office by his Church, both as to personal presence, intellect and preaching ability. "In his earliest years the beauty, brilliancy, pungency, and eloquence of his sermons, his natural, unstudied, but highly effective delivery, his fine person and magnificent voice—sweet, sound, sonorous, and capable of wonderful inflections," secured him great popularity. When he was twenty-five, he was the most attractive preacher in Georgia and South Carolina. He was for a time principal of a female college in Macon, but his work there was so burdensome that he returned to the itinerant work, rather than endure the drudgery of raising funds. He showed, indeed, no special fitness for this work. As a bishop, he seems to have been greatly esteemed. He knew his men well, and was a good judge of character; he was quick to

catch the gist of any matter under discussion, and gave his decisions promptly, with great force. In the difficult task of stationing preachers, he seems to have given much satisfaction. He had a remarkable way of probing matters, and bringing out the interesting facts connected with the condition of a district when he attended its Conference. He was by no means a highly educated man, and his opposition to choirs and organs showed that he sorely lacked musical taste, knowledge, and cultivation.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST QUARTERLY (October).—This is only the fourth number of the *Canadian Methodist Quarterly*. It is published under the auspices of the Theological Unions of Victoria and Mount Allison Colleges. Published for such a circle, it is naturally Biblical and theological, but one article is on "Physical Education." Its book-notices are good; one is an appreciative critique on Mr. Davison's "Christian Conscience." It is the cheapest quarterly we have seen. The year's subscription is one dollar; single numbers are thirty cents. We hope it will have a very successful course.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—There are some excellent papers in the November number. "Street Life in Madrid" is necessarily sketchy, but it conveys a good idea of the out-of-door life you see in the Spanish capital. The great requiem mass for the late Queen Mercedes brought out all the grandees; but Mrs. Carter says that among the graceful and elegant ladies she "saw faces which might haunt one in bad dreams. The little white chins were often hard and grim; and though their lips were full and soft, the muscles of their mouths contracted at times, it might have been with malice, or it might have been with envy, and the delicate thin nostrils of their small noses looked made more to show cruelty than fun." "The Grolier Club" gives a capital introduction to the New York gentlemen who have associated themselves together to promote the external beauty of books. Book-lovers have joined with printers and publishers, so that the club is a practical one, and has set itself some serious and useful work. Some fine specimens of bookbinding and ornamentation are given. There is some good work in Miss Barr's "Friend Olivia," with its sketch of Cumberland and Westmoreland Quakerism in the days of Cromwell. The *Century* for December opens with "Selections from Wellington's Letters," made by Mrs. Davies-Evans. They were written to one of this lady's ancestors, a young friend of the Duke—Mrs. Jones, of Pantglas, afterwards Lady Levinge, and are published by the permission of the present Duke of Wellington. The great Duke was much attached to Mrs. Jones, who was nearly sixty years his junior. He gives her an amusing account of his first visit to the Crystal Palace, and the rush that was made upon him from all directions by men, women, and children, who were all anxious to touch the great soldier. "I expected at every moment to be crushed, and I was saved by the police alive!" Wellington was a great lover of children. "When they become familiar with me," he says, "I believe that they consider me one of themselves, and make of me a sort of plaything! They climb upon me, and make toys of my hair and my fingers! They grow up into friends. I have known most of the fine ladies about London as children!" The letters are simple, friendly notes, full of heartiness and good sense. The article is well illustrated. A capital account is given of the "Paris Panorama of the Nineteenth Century," which was one of the attractions of the recent exhibition.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—Mr. Wheatley's "York" is a chatty paper on the minster and old buildings, which gives a good idea of the famous city, even to those who have not had the privilege of visiting it. Mr. Norton's "Building of the Cathedral at Chartres" is equally good. They are both profusely illustrated. Miss Lillie's "Parthenia" is an attractive story.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—With all its powerful writing and fine touches of description, Mr. Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" is singularly uncomfortable reading. Two brothers at deadly enmity, the one a villain of the blackest dye, the other hounded to madness by the Master's conduct, are not edifying nor agreeable company. "How I

crossed Massai-land," in their October *Magazine*, is an admirable sketch of African travel; it is followed in November by one of no less interest, entitled, "Where Emin Is," by Colonel Prout (Baroud Bey). The Colonel resided in the Equatorial Provinces for a few months as Vakeel during Gordon's absence, and then as Governor-general, when Gordon became Governor-general of the Soudan. Emin was at that time serving in the Provinces as chief medical officer, without very definite rank, but Colonel Prout gave him general charge of all the magazines as well. The article gives a capital account of the situation, climate and inhabitants of the province. Some of the most attractive pages are devoted to Gordon. One gains even a higher estimate than before of his fearlessness, his faith, and his unbounded personal influence from reading this article. It is well illustrated. "A Student of Salamanca" is a paper which many will read with pleasure. Mr. Oscar Browning's visit to "Goethe's House at Weimar" is described by himself in an article which all who read Goethe will prize. The house had been carefully closed against visitors for many years, but has recently become the property of the State, and is now the chief centre of interest at Weimar. The Christmas number opens with an illustrated article, entitled, "How the Other Half lives," which introduces the reader to slum life in New York. It is written by Mr. Riis, who was for many years a police reporter, so that it is a thoroughly trustworthy sketch. "The Pardon of Ste. Anne d'Auray" is a remarkable account of the pilgrimage made by Breton peasants to the shrine of their favourite saint. It has the merit of freshness, and is so well illustrated that one can form a clear idea of this July pilgrimage, which stirs Brittany to its centre. Mr. Northrup says, "The Breton is a born pagan. His ancestors worshipped under Druid priests, and his peninsula is still strewn with thousand of megalinths. The Catholic Church has surmounted the menhirs with crosses, sprinkled with holy water the dolmens and galgals, and reclaimed the people; but the rocking of an earthquake, or the bursting of a thunderstorm, would bring the belated foot-traveller to his knees before the nearest shaft, surmounted or not. The Breton woman presses her bosom to the rocking-stone to cure sterility; the cow is tied by a halter blessed by St. Cornély, horses are led within the sound of mass in the church of St. Eloi; wives and daughters of sailors do penance for the safety of husbands and fathers at sea."

ST. NICHOLAS (October, November, December).—The new type and enlarged size of this children's magazine should make it more popular than ever. It is greatly improved in appearance; and the "Story of a Horse," the descriptions of popular games, and other useful papers, make the November number very attractive. *St. Nicholas*, for Christmas, is better still. The account of Thackeray's boyhood, by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie, is one of the most attractive papers we have seen in the magazine. Facsimiles are given of the boy's letters to his mother in India, and of his youthful drawings which show that here also the boy was father of the man.

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