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THE sympathies of every true Protestant are naturally enlisted on the side of all the victims of mediæval Papal persecution, without exception. We admire the courage of men who dared

to brave the resentment of the Hierarchy, at a time when the doing so involved the sacrifice of fortune and life and honour; we recognise in the tortured prisoners of the Inquisition the champions of our own dearest rights; our every feeling of humanity is outraged by the spectacle of the perfidies and studied cruelties by which Rome achieved her triumphs,—the persevering, vigilant, and implacable hatred with which she pursued her adversaries. Hence, when ecclesiastical historians of all parties tell us that some of those persecuted sectaries were really heretics, who rejected at once the divinity and the real humanity of our Lord, attributed the creation to a malignant deity, and blasphemed the God of the Old Testament, one's first impression is to reject the accusation as a calumny. If Roman Catholic writers do not hesitate frequently to attribute to the Reformers sentiments they never uttered, though their voluminous works are extant to confute the charge, how much more readily, may we suspect, has a malignant imagination given itself scope in the case of men, from whose ashes no voice of rectification or apology can be heard, since their writings have perished with their persons!

On a first view, many considerations present themselves to confirm our doubts. Not only does the Manichæism of the Albigenses appear to rest essentially upon the testimony of their persecutors; it must be added, that testimony is not always consistent with itself. The heretics of the South of France are accused by some of condemning marriage, and by others of marrying within prohibited degrees of kindred; they are accused of rejecting the Old Testament, and yet one of their offences was the translating great parts of it into the vulgar tongue, and the committing them to memory; they are said to have despised sacraments, and yet were detected administering something very like the Lord's Supper in their conventicles; we are told, in the same breath, that they would not shed the blood of animals, and that they repeatedly assassinated Inquisitors. There are, it is true, innumerable confessions of Manichæan doctrine attributed to sufferers at their trials, and at the stake; but we know that the torture was generally employed to make the accused condemn themselves, and it is easy to conceive that unfortunate beings under such circumstances might be brought, like Topsy, in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," to confess any thing that came into their own or their interlocutors' heads; and there were certainly instances in which persons were tortured into the admission of doctrines which they had at first disavowed. A prosecution of Cathari at Arras in 1025 furnishes one such case, and that of Vezelay, in 1167, another.

As early as the year 1595, we find a French Protestant, Jean Chassanion, of Monistrol, in Velay,—one of the very regions which had been watered by the blood of the Albigenses,—dedi-

cating to the Princess Catherine of Navarre a book, in which he identifies the Albigenses with the Vaudois, treats them as martyrs for the truth's sake, and asserts that they had never held the errors attributed to them. The learned Basnage, and Abbadie, and Beausobre, the celebrated author of the "*History of Manichæism*," maintained the same view: so did the Vaudois historians of the seventeenth century, Perrin and Leger. Even Voltaire, in his hostility to Popery, tells the readers of his *Essay Sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, that the Manichæans, Vaudois, or Lollards, (!) were the remains of the primitive Christians of Gaul. In England, Jones, Blair, and most other writers on the subject, have assumed both the orthodoxy of the Albigenses, and their identity with the Vaudois. Mr. Stanley Faber, in particular, so late as 1838, earnestly endeavoured to defend them against the accusation of dualistic heresy.

On the other hand, almost all the writers of the Middle Ages agree in distinguishing between the two sects, or, rather, groups of sects, and in imputing Manichæan principles to that which was the most widely spread of the two in South-Eastern Europe, in Italy, and in France. Bossuet and Fleury urged the unanimity of this testimony against the Protestant writers of their own time. The learned Limborch, when editing the Records of the Inquisition of Toulouse, which had fallen into his hands, confesses its perusal had changed his opinion, and convinced him of the Manichæan character of the theology of the Albigenses. Mosheim adopted the same side of the controversy; and he has been followed by all the ecclesiastical historians of Germany, including Neander, Gieseler, and those especially who have devoted their labours to the sects of the Middle Ages, as Hahn, Schmidt, Herzog, &c.

Notwithstanding all our first impressions to the contrary, we have been unwillingly obliged to adopt the conclusions of the latter class of writers. The monks and Inquisitors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were under no necessity of accusing their victims of Manichæism, if the charge were false; for the Church of Rome was all-powerful, and those who resisted her claims and her doctrines from the most simple evangelical motives, were sent out of the world as readily and as mercilessly as those who were accused of departing altogether from the ground of Christian theism. Moreover, the decrees of Councils, the manuals of Inquisitors, and the polemical treatises of Roman Catholic writers of the Middle Ages, with some exceptions, give a tolerably correct idea of the doctrine of the Waldenses, as can be ascertained by the still remaining literature of that interesting people: it is natural, therefore, to suppose that their account of other contemporaneous heresies is faithful in the main. Those documents, be it remembered, were many of them

intended exclusively for the use of the persecutors themselves: the Annals of the Inquisitions of Toulouse and Carcassonne are among the most important, and they were surely never meant by their authors to meet any other eyes than those of their fellows and successors in the Holy Office. The polemical compositions of Magister Alanus, (close of the twelfth century,) Stephen de Bellavilla, (middle of the thirteenth century,) Eckbert of Schonau, (close of the twelfth century,) were intended for the sole use of the Clergy: even the historical works of Peter of Vaux-Cernay, (A.D. 1218,) and William de Puy-Laurens, (A.D. 1272,) were also at first written in Latin, and of course destined for those only who could read that language. Indeed, at that period there existed no reading public, except in the South of France itself, and no language of modern origin was used for literary purposes, except the Provençal; so that it could not be the purpose of the ecclesiastical writers to mislead their readers. Some of those above mentioned are credulous in the extreme; but there is apparently less intentional perversion of historical truth than we see among Roman Catholic historians, since the development of the several modern languages, the discovery of printing, and the impulse of the Reformation have brought a reflecting public into existence. The most elaborate work against the Cathari is that written about the year 1190, by Moneta, a Dominican and Inquisitor of Cremona: it was the result of his long experience, and intended to direct his brethren in their interrogations, and in their discussions with heretics. Moneta quotes the writings of some of the principal Catharic Doctors, and his detailed and laboured refutations throughout five books are ample proof of the real existence of the doctrines he combats.

A treatise, composed in the Provençal dialect by the Troubadour, Pierre Raimond, of Toulouse, against the errors of the Arians, as he called them, would have been a high authority on this subject; but it has been unfortunately lost. We still possess eight hundred lines of another orthodox Provençal poet, Isarn, on the conversion of an heretical teacher, Sicard. It is a foolish and violent production, but leaves no room for doubt that the sectaries against whom it was directed, asserted the unlawfulness of marriage, the transmigration of souls, the creation of the material world by a malignant Deity, and the other doctrines generally attributed to them. The poetical History of the Crusade against the Albigenses, by a contemporary, William of Tudela, printed for the first time by Fauriel, in 1837, from the only remaining manuscript, is, in many respects, the most remarkable memorial of its times. The author is a partisan of the Count of Toulouse: he is an ardent adversary of the Crusaders, and expresses the most lively indignation at the outrages perpetrated upon the population of the South; yet

he never intimates that the doctrinal views of the Albigenses had been either misrepresented or exaggerated. Passing from those grave witnesses to another kind of evidence, it seems incontestable that, both in France and Germany, a popular method of detecting faith in the metempsychosis was the summoning suspected persons to put to death a chicken, or some other domestic animal: those who refused to do so were self-convicted, without any further form of trial. This summary test was put in practice by the suite of the Emperor Henry III., spending his Christmas at Goslar in 1052, and it was afterwards adopted by the Inquisition in Languedoc. It evidently would have been utterly useless, unless there really existed some superstitious repugnance to putting animals to death.

The only known literary relic of the Albigenses is a manuscript in the library of the *Palais des Arts* at Lyons. It consists of a translation of the New Testament, in a Provençal dialect closely related to the Spanish, and a liturgical Appendix. A most interesting description of the former, and extracts from it, collated with corresponding passages of the old Waldensian version, are to be found in the contributions of Professor Reuss to the Strasburg Review. Nothing, it seems, in this translation would suggest the heterodoxy of its authors: that it should contain the apocryphal Epistle to the Laodiceans, will surprise no one who is acquainted with the unsettled state of opinion in the mediæval Church with respect to this Epistle. It is the appended Ritual which betrays the Catharic origin of the manuscript, and that more by its formulas for certain religious acts, than by any positive doctrinal statements. It interprets, however, Jude 23 in a dualistic sense, and applies a series of passages to the baptism of the Spirit in such a way as tacitly to exclude water baptism. The loss of the writings of those Cathari who remained faithful to the sect, is in some measure compensated by the information obtained through others who reconciled themselves with the Church of Rome. Thus Bonacursus of Milan, who addressed a tract against heresy to the people of that city about the year 1190, had himself been a zealous preacher of the doctrines he now refuted. Ermengaud, Abbot of Saint Gilles, who wrote a short and purely biblical refutation of Dualism towards the close of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth, century, had also been an heretical leader. Reinerius Sacconi had been seventeen years a teacher among the Italian branch of the Cathari before he became their persecutor; and his famous *Summa*,* written in 1250, is so little intended for the laity, that he exposes the principal points of the

* A manuscript of this work, found in Bavaria, and published by the Jesuit Gretser in 1613, contains a great deal of additional matter, by an anonymous author, who does not distinguish his interpolations from the original. This edition is generally quoted under the title, "*Pseudo-Reinerius*."

heretical theology, without attempting to refute them. Even simple recantations have been handed down from those ages, bearing the stamp of sincerity: thus Durand of Huesca, a contemporary of Ermengaud, had disbelieved in the Trinity, and in the real humanity of Christ. Our information about the dualistic heretics is complete enough to enable us to ascertain the characteristics of the different schools into which they were divided, the phases through which their theology passed at different times and in different countries, and the arguments, whether taken from reason or Scripture, which they were in the habit of putting forward; and it is impossible not to feel that we have before us real phenomena in the history of the human mind, and earnest attempts to fasten upon the Bible a false view of the divine conduct and of human nature. Thus we are told, they pleaded the tempter's offer of the kingdoms of the world to Jesus, (Matt. iv. 9,) and the expressions, "Prince of this world," (John xiv. 30,) "My kingdom is not of this world," (John xviii. 36,) as proofs that Satan was really lord of this creation. When Jesus speaks in another place of plants which his Heavenly Father had not planted, (Matt. xv. 13,) it is clear to them that there must be a second creator. The two masters are radically opposed, (Matt. vi. 24,) and must therefore be both eternal. When it is said, "Ye are of your father the devil," (John viii. 44,) they understand it literally and materially. In the same way, they found means to establish a perpetual and profound contrast between the God of the Old Testament and the God of the New. The former, said they, began His work by chaos and darkness; while the latter is light, and "in Him is no darkness at all." The former created man, male and female; while "in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female." The God of the Old Testament says, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman;" the God of the New Testament reconciles all things to Himself. The one curses, and the other blesses. The one repents of what He has made; the other is the author of nothing but what is good and perfect. (Gen. i. 2; 1 John i. 5; Gen. i. 27; Gal. iii. 28; Gen. iii. 15; Col. i. 20; Gen. vi. 7; James i. 17.) The God of the Old Testament puts His creatures in the way of temptation; He often betrays a forgetfulness which is inconsistent with omniscience, and is repeatedly cruel and vindictive.

Contemporaneous writers, synods, and tribunals, not only distinguish between the Waldenses, or orthodox sectaries, and the Cathari, but tell us that both parties were engaged in continual controversy with each other. Stephen de Bellavilla says that the Waldenses called the Cathari "demons." It appears that some ignorant Priests used even to put the Vaudois forward to dispute with the Manichæans, because they were conscious of their own incapacity to do so. The remains of Waldensian literature still in our hands enable us to substantiate the fact

of their polemical attitude towards Manichæan heretics, and furnish thereby a final proof, if such were needed, of the contemporaneous existence of the latter. The poem called "*LO PAYRE ETERNAL*" (MS. Dublin University, printed in Hahn's "*Waldenses*") seems to be the confession of one who, after trying in vain to find peace and spiritual life among Manichæans, had at last embraced the doctrine of the Waldenses: it dwells especially on the Trinity, the reality of the Incarnation, and the identity of the God of the New and Old Testaments. The "*NOBLA LEYCZON*," that oldest monument of the faith of the Waldenses, and frequently printed, is pervaded by a strain of indirect controversy on this order of subjects: it proclaims the unity of God, and His creation of the world; it justifies the destruction of Sodom and the judgments inflicted upon the Egyptians, against those who pretended that God made people only to let them perish; it lays stress on the charitable precepts of the Law, on the nine months spent by the Saviour in the Virgin's womb, on His baptism, and on the liberty of the human will. "*LI ARTICLES DE LA FE*" (MS. Geneva and Dublin, printed by Hahn) is a sort of brief Confession of Faith repeated by the Waldensian Ministers at their ordination. It is very positive about the creation of all things visible and invisible by the Holy Trinity, and on the divine character and holiness of the Law given to Moses, and adds, "It is a deadly sin to affirm that Christ was not born of the Virgin." A remarkable Commentary, in verse, on the Song of Solomon, "*CANTICA*," (MS. Geneva,) is still more explicit: it says, that the true holy Church has to contend with both heretics and bad Catholics; it gives glory to God that many had been called to the true faith from the errors of Egypt and the darkness of heresy,—"*las tenebras de li hereges*;" it speaks of using the sword of the word against the errors of heretics, and says, that these, "and those whose names ye know," (doubtless the Priests and monks,) are the little foxes that spoil the grapes. "The streets in which the bride seeks her beloved without finding him, are the different sects of heretics; for, as there are streets in a town, so in this world there are different sects and churches of wicked men,"—"*gleisas de li malignant*." The comparison is carried so far, that the worldly and indifferent are put in the open places of the city, while the heretics, leading a more ascetic life,—"*la vita plus streyta*,"—are the narrow streets! The same poem speaks expressly of "the error of those who say that Christ is not a real man, and has not taken real flesh;" it sweetly applies the language of the bride, "My beloved speaks with me," to that close intercourse with the Saviour which a true faith in His person alone admits of; and it uses the exclamation, "Turn away thine eyes from me," (Cant. vi. 4,) as a text for a protestation against the spirit of proud and unhealthy speculation in which the heretics indulged. The tract "*TRIBU-*

LATIONS," (MS. Dublin, printed in part by Hahn,) written in the thirteenth century, reproaches the Roman Catholics with their cruelty towards others as well as the Vaudois themselves, and shows, from the parable of the tares, that even *the bad* are not to be exterminated by violence.

The Waldenses appear to have been constantly in contact with the Cathari, to have established themselves frequently in the same regions, and to have shared in the same persecutions; but they increased in numbers, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in proportion as their fellow-sufferers diminished; and it is remarkable that the French Albigenses, in their adversity, never sought refuge in the strongholds of the Waldenses, but in other countries rather,—in Lombardy, in Sicily, and in Illyria.

There exists a natural and, upon the whole, a just prejudice in favour of every cause which has been ennobled by martyrdom; but when we consult the records of religious intolerance, we find innumerable instances of the Roman Catholic, the Socinian, the Jew, and even the Mussulman, sealing their convictions with their blood. Such high resolve is never wholly lost. The martyr for the worst of faiths proves that, for man's inmost being, the claims of religion are paramount to every other; but he does not prove the truth of the *particular* religion for which he died. With the evidence before us, it is impossible to maintain the orthodoxy of the Albigenses as a body. We can still revere in their persons sufferers for man's dearest and most fundamental liberty,—the right to confess and worship God according to his conscience. They resisted the most impious usurpation that can be perpetrated under heaven,—the attempt of a religious corporation to treat mankind as its chattels, and to impose its faith with the sword, the rack, and the brand. But we cannot believe they made a felicitous use of the liberty they so heroically asserted. The inconsistencies we mentioned, that strike one on the first perusal of the charges against those sectaries, are easily disposed of. Some of them arise from a confounding of Waldenses and Albigenses; others, from the not distinguishing between the extreme asceticism which the latter required of their formally received members or *perfects*, and the comparative licence allowed to those who were only hearers or disciples. A third source of misunderstanding is the fact that, while the mitigated Dualists of Illyria and Italy (of whom more hereafter) rejected the Old Testament altogether, the absolute Dualists of France and Italy only rejected the historical books, receiving the Prophets, Psalms, Job, Solomon, and the Wisdom of Sirach: this last was in especial favour, because of a passage (xlii. 25) which was understood to confirm their doctrine. Even the party who represented the Prophets as messengers of the evil one, thought that God sometimes constrained them to utter true oracles; and they accounted in this rude way for the

Origin of the Cathari.

Messianic prophecies, and in general for all those passages the Old Testament which are quoted in the New.

While the evangelical dissent of the Middle Ages was indigenous origin, their Manichæism was imported from the East, as is attested by the Greek term *Καθαροί*,* "Puritans" by which its adepts were designated. Some poor creatures who were burnt at Cologne in 1146, said that their doctrine had been preserved in Greece from the times of the Apostles; and this tradition seems to have been general. A trace of the early preponderance of Slavonian Catholicism over that of other countries is perceptible in the fact, that the three principal orders or schools of the sect were called, respectively, the Tragurian, (from Trau, a Dalmatian sea-port,) the Bulgaria and the Slavonian. At the Council of St. Felix, (near Toulouse,) in 1167, the French and Italians present submitted to the decisions of the Catharic Bishop of Constantinople because he was supposed to be more cognisant of the traditions of the primitive Church. Schmidt and Reuss observe that the use of the Doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer by the Cathari is a feature of resemblance to the Greek and Slavonian Liturgies; it is wanting in the Vulgate of Matt. vi. 13, and is not used by the Church of Rome. However, Schmidt's supposition that the Albigensian version of the New Testament was not made after the Vulgate, but after an original Greek text, has not been confirmed by the examination of the manuscript of Lyons. The apocryphal books received in the sect were of Greek origin, being the old Gnostic "Vision of Isaiah" and a pretended conversation between our Lord and St. John. The name *Bulgare*, and by contraction *Bougre*, frequently given to heretics in France, and associated with the foulest calumnies, is no certain proof of their Oriental origin; for it does not occur before the thirteenth century, and may have been brought from the East by crusaders who had met with Dualists there. The same remark applies to another current term of reproach, *Publicans*, which is understood to be a corruption of *Paulician*.

We hope, at a future period, to study the history of the Waldenses, but must confine ourselves, for the present, to their heterodox contemporaries. The origin of the Cathari is shrouded in mystery. Many writers have supposed them to be the lineal representatives of the Manichees of the third and fourth centuries; but Schmidt, who is certainly the most judicious writer on this subject, has shown this opinion to be inadmissible. The heresy of the Middle Ages is a much simpler and more popular system than the subtle religious philosophy of Manes; it is altogether devoid of the mythological elements

* Hence, by corruption, the German *Ketzer*, applied to all heretics.

which that heresiarch borrowed from the religion of Persia, and contains no astronomical or cosmogonical fables as the envelope of metaphysical ideas. According to the Manichees, the creation is the result of the union of the soul of the world with matter; while the Cathari taught that the whole material creation was exclusively the work of the evil principle. Above all, there is among them no trace of the profound personal reverence for Manes, and worship of his memory, which was one essential characteristic of the genuine Manichees, who looked upon their founder as the Paraclete promised by Jesus to His disciples. The Priscillianists succeeded the Manichees in the West, and the Paulicians in the East; yet these latter, properly Syrian Gnostics, execrated Manes. The Paulicians were thought by Mosheim, Gibbon, and Maitland, to have been the immediate religious ancestors of the Cathari. It is well known that numbers of those religionists were transplanted into Thrace by Constantine Copronymus, about the middle of the eighth century; and Petrus Siculus, who visited the Paulicians of Armenia about 870, was informed of an intended mission to strengthen their exiled brethren, and to tempt the infant faith of the Bulgarians. Yet the Paulicians had no rites or ceremonies whatever, no ecclesiastical or hierarchical organization; they were strangers to ascetic abstinence from animal food, and did not condemn marriage. Such radical differences as these will not allow us to suppose the heterodox movement of southern and western Europe to have been a simple transplantation of Asiatic Paulicianism, though this sect may have contributed in some measure—more or less directly—to the formation of Catharism. The fact seems to be, that Dualism manifested itself in Christendom at different periods, under various successive and independent forms. Imperfect and superficial reflection on the relation of the world to God, and on the origin of evil, can so naturally arrive at the doctrine of two opposite principles,—one, the Father of spirits and Author of all good; the other, the author of matter and of evil,—that we are not obliged to suppose the doctrine was transmitted ready-made from pre-existing sects. There is a strong tendency in human nature to transfer sin from the real self—from the moral man—to a something else immediately without and around him: the physical laws of his own material nature and of the world are treated as intrinsically evil, or leading to evil, while the true culprit—his selfish and rebellious will—escapes detection. This is the principle of all the austerities of Paganism. A dark instinct of a state of abnormal and dangerous antipathy to God leads the devotee to take vengeance in time upon that part of himself which is outside, and which may be hardly treated, and even tortured, at far less cost than the renewal of the spirit of his mind, and

the bringing of his whole inner man back to gravitate towards God, instead of turning upon itself. Manes endeavoured to unite Christianity and the noblest form of Oriental Paganism in his brilliant and elaborately constructed speculative system. The Church repulsed the heresiarch because of his personal pretensions, his rival Hierarchy, and his too open importations from the religion of Persia; but it was not the less profoundly modified by the tendencies which it nominally rejected. Monasticism in Syria and Egypt was the direct result of the contact of degenerating Christianity with Pagan habits of thought. The idea that abstinence from food was meritorious in itself, the notion of impurity attached to the sexual relation, the growing tendency to look upon marriage as a state less holy than celibacy,—these were so many triumphs of the invading Pagan conception. The errors and extravagancies of the ascetic life were especially prevalent in the Eastern Church. Schmidt quotes authorities to show that remembrances of Manichæism were long kept up in Oriental convents, and also that sundry Greek monks, in their solitude, imagined they had constantly to struggle with the devil, whose power they magnified until they put him almost on a rank with God. Here were incoherent beginnings of Dualism, which only required favourable conditions to become a regularly developed and proselytizing system; and those conditions were presented by the state of the southern Slavonic population, during the ninth and tenth centuries. The Christians of Moravia, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, were then upon the frontier between the Greek and Latin Churches. The majority had connected themselves with Rome, and their Apostles, Methodius and Cyril, had obtained for them, from Pope John VIII., permission to use the Liturgy in their native tongue, instead of Latin: but this permission was soon recalled, edicts were made by several successive Popes against the use of the Slavonic tongue and peculiar national rites, and those Priests who persisted in their use were driven into Bulgaria, where they were received as martyrs. Many convents long persisted in secret in the use of the national Liturgy, and underwent persecution when the practice was discovered: thus the monks of Sasawa, near Prague, were twice expelled from their convent during the course of the eleventh century, and were accused of heresy as well as of inordinate attachment to their language. We can easily conceive that communities at once forcibly separated from the East and irritated against the West, with a foreign and domineering Clergy as the representatives of orthodoxy, must have been peculiarly susceptible of originating or entertaining heretical speculations.

We know that, during the Middle Ages, when the real attractive power of the Gospel was so little understood, the

rude missionary endeavoured to lay hold of the imagination of his auditors by images of terror, and the devil was frequently the principal subject of his preaching. This abuse led some of the Slavonian Pagans, during the interval between their undisturbed faith in their national mythology and their conversion to Christianity, to add to the worship of a supremely good being that of a supremely evil one, under the name of Czernebog, (Black God,) or Diabol. They actually borrowed the devil, before they received the Saviour, of Christian theology! When people under such impressious abandoned their old idolatry, and became outwardly attached to the Christian Church, they must have offered a propitious soil for the dualistic scheme.

However originated, Catharic Dualism found its way through Bosnia and Dalmatia into Italy, and thence into France, towards the close of the tenth century. A small current also reached North Germany through Hungary. We know little about its success in Greece, except that, in 1097, the Crusaders of the army of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, when passing through Macedonia, were told that the population of Pelagonia was entirely composed of heretics. They surprised the city, and butchered its inhabitants, without even acquainting themselves with the nature of the errors they punished so fearfully. The presumption that this ill-fated people were Cathari, is strengthened by the fact, that, in the following century, a Bishopric of the sect existed in Macedonia. The first public appearance of the Dualists in Italy was between the years 1030 and 1035. The Countess of Monteforte, near Turin, protected for many years one Girard, an enthusiastic teacher, who reckoned many noble families of Lombardy among his partisans; but the castle of Monteforte being besieged and taken by Heribert, Archbishop of Milan, Girard and his brethren were burnt to death upon an immense pile at Milan. In France there was an earlier *indirect* intimation of their presence, in a paragraph of a Confession of Faith published by Gerbert, so far back as 991, upon his election to the Archbishopric of Rheims: "I believe that the devil is not bad by nature, but by an act of his will; that the Old and New Testaments have one and the same Author; that Jesus Christ has really suffered, did really die and rise again; that neither marriage nor the use of meat are to be condemned." We find Girald, Bishop of Limoges, endeavouring to stop the progress of the new Manichæans in 1012. Many of them were put to death at Toulouse in 1022. The chronicles of the time attribute the first diffusion of the error to strangers from Italy, and complain that it was spread through all the provinces of Gaul. In this same year (1022) an execution of heretics at Orleans attracted the attention of the whole kingdom. Almost all the Canons of the Collegial Church of Sainte-Croix in that

city had adopted Manichæan notions, which were propagated in secret by Lisoï and Etienne, two zealous, able, and popular Priests. King Robert, having had secret information about their doings, sent an emissary to Orleans, a Norman Knight, who, by pretending to become a proselyte, procured admission into the nocturnal meetings of the heretics, and afterwards denounced them. A Synod was then held before the Archbishop of Sens, with the King and Queen in person. The assembled Prelates having condemned the heretics, Queen Constance struck Etienne—who had once been her own Confessor—with her cane upon the face, and put out his eye; then the two leaders, with Herbert, Chaplain to the before-mentioned Norman Knight, and ten Canons, were burned to death outside the gate of the city. Three years later there were similar executions of Italian Missionaries and their adherents at Arras. During the rest of the eleventh century, the menaces and excommunications of local Councils, and passing records of the zeal of particular Bishops, indicate from time to time the existence of proscribed religionists in the South of France. We may notice an order of Pope Alexander II. to the Prior of the Hospital at Beziers, to refuse sepulture to the bodies of persons dying out of the communion of the Church, and to have those who were already buried dug up,—a disgusting exhibition of sacerdotal vengeance, which was afterwards exercised towards the remains of Protestants, and has only got into disuse within the last hundred and fifty years.

The beginning of the twelfth century was marked by an increase in the opposition to the Church of Rome. Pierre de Bruys, who began to preach in 1106, and his disciple Henri after him, filled the whole South with their doctrine. They seem to have been men of God, who preached the study of the Scriptures, rejecting the baptism of infants, and the magical effect of the sacraments of Rome; and their labours were connected with the evangelical party, afterwards called Waldenses, rather than with the Cathari; but their popularity, by weakening the influence of the Church, encouraged the resistance of all its other enemies to such an extent, that, in 1119, Pope Calixtus II. thought it necessary to come to Toulouse in person, and hold a Council, which anathematized the various classes of heretics, ordered the secular power to proceed against them, and condemned as their accomplices all who should venture to defend them. In 1147, Alberic, Cardinal of Ostia and Legate of Eugenius III., accompanied St. Bernard through the South of France, in order to preach against heretics: they found the churches deserted, the Priests dismissed or neglected, the people of the towns especially and the nobles given to heresy; and the latter, even when not belonging themselves to any of the reigning sects, protected them against the persecution of the higher

Clergy. In other parts of France and the neighbouring countries there were isolated religious insurrections, headed by fanatics who advanced extravagant personal pretensions, and drew multitudes after them, chiefly because the ignorance and vices of the Clergy made earnest minds feel that they could not be safe spiritual guides. One Tanquelin, a layman in the habit of a monk, heading a troop of enthusiasts, made himself practically master of Antwerp, and maintained himself there for years in spite of Bishops and Barons, until he fell by the hand of a Priest in 1125. One Eudes de Sella, who said that he was a chosen instrument to judge the living and the dead, encamped with his followers in the forests of Brittany, until, driven from place to place by the troops sent against him, he was at last shut up as a madman in the archiepiscopal prison of Rheims (1148). Evidently there was a spirit of religious excitement abroad, an instinctive search after a something better than existing forms; but the elements which favoured the enlightened piety of the real Reformation, four hundred years later, were then wanting. There was no restoration of learning, no general development of the intellect, and, above all, there were no means of popular diffusion of the Scriptures, no presses to print the Bible, and few able to read the limited number of MSS. that circulated.

The last half of the twelfth century is termed by Schmidt "the period of organization," during which the then widely-spread Cathari propagated their doctrines openly, increased their communications with each other, and parcelled out the districts in which they laboured into bishoprics with determined limits, and a regular jurisdiction. In France they were generally called "Albigenses," because they abounded in the diocese of Alby, which was one of their own five dioceses in the South. They were also called "Weavers," because they were popular among the artisans of the cities. The Italians called them "Patarini," a local term of contempt, invented at Milan, from the quarter inhabited by rag-sellers, called "Patari," and other low trades, and which was at first applied to advocates for the celibacy of the Clergy, apart from all considerations of heresy or orthodoxy. The spirit of religious and political reformation awakened by Arnold of Brescia (1130) was favourable to the extension of the sect, and its adherents were very numerous in the north of Italy. In 1166, Galdinus, Archbishop of Milan, asserted—with some exaggeration, doubtless—that there were more heretics than Catholics in that city. In 1173 they were numerous enough at Florence to determine a change in the magistracy. They flourished at Viterbo and Orvieto, under the very sceptre of the Pope. In 1184 the presence at Verona of Pope Lucius III., of the Emperor, and of very many Princes and Prelates, did not hinder the continuance of their nightly

meetings. The Council held on this occasion was the first to use the expression, "secular arm," so appropriate to a power which only executes a sentence that it is not allowed to control. Most of the Clergy of Verona at this period could not repeat the Apostles' Creed; and their immorality was, if possible, yet greater than their ignorance. Death-fires kindled at Cologne and at Bonn, in 1163, announced at once the presence of heretics upon the Rhine, and the vigilance of their persecutors. At the former city the crowd who witnessed the execution were horror-struck at the sight of a young girl, who, though the judges wished to spare her, broke from the grasp of the officers, and threw herself into the flames, that she might perish with her teachers. One Gerard, with thirty Flemish disciples, men and women, tracked from place to place, tried to find an asylum in England (1159); but it was refused them. They were arrested at Oxford, branded with a hot iron key,—Rome's substitute for Peter's,—and turned abroad in an inclement winter to perish of cold and hunger; for no man dared relieve them.

However, it was essentially in Provence, Dauphiné, and Languedoc that all forms of hostility to Rome found encouragement. France had first received the doctrine of the Cathari from Italy; but she repaid the debt with such interest, that, at a time when there was but one Bishop on the south of the Alps for the indigenous members of the sect, there was another, for those of Provençal extraction, stationed at Verona. The sway of Arianism among the Visigoths, for some generations after they had settled at the foot of the Pyrenees, may have perpetuated some faint traditional antagonism to Rome; but there can be no doubt that the comparatively advanced civilization of those provinces was the great determining cause of the spread of both the evangelical and the Manichæan doctrines. In no other part of the world, at that time, was there such general prosperity, and so much literary culture. As has been well said, there every stately castle was a royal court in miniature. The spirit of chivalry, laying aside its terrors, had assumed a humane and graceful form; the vernacular dialect of Provence was already the language of the learned and polite, rich in all the lighter kinds of poetry; the citizens of the towns, generally emancipated from feudal domination, or at least from its evils, and enriched by commerce and manufactures, imitated the manners of the nobles, patronized, with equal zeal, the wandering Troubadour, and jealously guarded their municipal liberties against the encroachments of the Prelates. The very frivolity that prevailed, and in which the Clergy largely shared, disposed serious minds all the more to embrace the austere life of the Cathari; and even the worldly-minded looked with benevolence on the *bons hommes*, as the heretical Doctors were called; compared

their humility and self-denial with the pride, avarice, and sensuality of the Clergy; and determined that, in their dying hour, they would address themselves to those apostolic men for the *consolamentum*, or "imposition of hands," which was the rite of introduction into the sect, and by which the Cathari claimed to confer the Holy Ghost, and secure for the recipient eternal life. There reigned, among those alternately frivolous and devout children of the South, a spirit of tolerance which was altogether unknown to their contemporaries. The Mahometan and the Jew, as well as the Christian sectary, shared its benefits. The Arab physician or mathematician was welcome to Provence: it had its own Hebrew poets and philosophers.

The primitive doctrine of the Cathari was the most absolute Dualism, the authors of good and evil being looked upon as both eternal, and the struggle between them eternal. It was believed that some souls had been created by the evil being, and, of course, would never be saved. Such were all atrocious criminals, tyrants, persecutors, enemies of God and of His Church. Others, created by the good God, had been seduced from the heavenly world above by Satan, who disguised himself, for the purpose, as an angel of beauty and light. These were condemned to expiate their offence in earthly bodies, and to pass from one body to another, sometimes even, as an additional punishment, assuming the shape of animals, until, at last, they should obtain deliverance from their terrestrial hell by being admitted into the true Church. The *consolamentum* re-unites the exiles to their guardian angels, (called "Holy Ghost," or "Paraclete,") of whom there is a distinct one for every soul of heavenly creation. St. Paul, in particular, had successively inhabited thirty-two bodies. Of course, there was to be no real resurrection. Jesus Christ, the highest of created beings, was sent from heaven to teach the captive spirits the secret of setting themselves free from the chains of matter and of evil. He came in an ethereal body, which had only the appearance of the human form; for, as He said of Himself, He is "from above," (John viii. 23,) or, as St. Paul said, "from heaven." (1 Cor. xv. 47.) He expressly denied having inherited any thing from his mother. (John ii. 4.) He had but the likeness of flesh. (Rom. viii. 3; Phil. ii. 8.) It was for this reason that He could walk upon the water; and this was the glory revealed on the Mount of Transfiguration. His death, not being real, was but an apparent triumph of the evil one.

A tendency to mitigate this extreme Dualism showed itself in Bulgaria as early as the middle of the eleventh century. The Bogomiles, or "Friends of God," held the existence of one Supreme Being, whose eldest son, Satanaël, transported by pride, became the author of evil; while His younger son, Jesus, became the champion of good. The principal seat of this branch

of the sect was at Philippopolis, where they were very numerous in the twelfth century, notwithstanding the persecutions of the Greek Emperors; but, from this period forward, we hear no more of them. A kindred sect, or a variety of the same, having the same speculative ideas, but under a less mythological form, after absorbing most of the Cathari in Bulgaria, spread into Italy, where its adherents were called the "Order of Bulgaria" or "Concorezo," the Italian corruption of Coriza, in Dalmatia. The adherents of the primitive system were called the "Order of Tragurium," from Trau, one of its oldest centres, and whence it had been first propagated in Italy. The Order of Concorezo held the doctrine of one only eternal and almighty God, who existed before the world, and before evil. He created rudimentary matter, which was cast into its present shape, and made the vehicle of evil, by a fallen, but exceeding mighty, angel, who seduced a third of the heavenly host. While the absolute Dualists supposed all human souls had descended simultaneously upon the earth, the mitigated Dualists made all mankind descend, soul as well as body, from the primitive couple; and so the doctrine of the metempsychosis disappeared from the system. The former could only hope for a partial triumph of good, when the Supremely Benevolent should succeed in withdrawing to Himself the souls of heavenly creation, and leave the world to the uncontrolled sway of its Prince; the latter, on the contrary, hoped for a definitive triumph of good, and a final restitution of all things. Notwithstanding those elements of the mitigated system which should, apparently, have been more attractive, and, in a speculative point of view, more satisfactory, most of the Italian, and all the French, Cathari remained faithful to the rival and original conception, the predominance of which was finally established at the Conference of St. Felix de Caraman, in 1167, in which Nicetas of Constantinople took part. A third, but less important, branch of the Cathari had its centre at Bagnolo, a little Lombard town. There were minor varieties, one of which held the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and so anticipated the decision which Pius IX. has just promulgated. Other schools shaded off into various degrees of pantheistic spiritualism, remaining in external connexion with the Church, but carried away, by a sort of reaction against its lifeless, formalistic objectivity, into making Christ Himself a symbol, and His work an allegory. The Luciferians, a sect of Germany and of the East, thought Satan had been unjustly turned out of heaven.

If any reader thinks it incredible that such strange theories of the universe should have exercised a mighty influence upon numbers of minds, and for a considerable period, we would refer him to the spread and duration of Gnosticism at first, and Manichæism afterwards, in a more intellectual age than that of the

Cathari. We would call his attention, further, to the astonishing extent to which the conceptions and practices of the primitive Catholic Church were modified by the heresies it professedly rejected. Finally, we would ask him if there be no overt Manichæism displayed, in our own day, in the false asceticism of the Puseyite; and if there be no latent Manichæism in the views of the extremely opposite section of Protestants. Whence the tendency to treat human nature as intrinsically evil, not as merely subjected to evil; to make human powers, physical and mental, evil in their use, and not merely in their abuse; to identify society and its institutions with "the world," against which the Christian is forewarned? No; however it may disguise itself, and however its manifestations may be varied, that has ever been one and the same instinct of self-justification, hidden in the recesses of the heart, which treats sin as a something external to the will, and, to a certain extent, inevitably imposed; which makes holiness and faithfulness to God consist in something easier than the abdication of the idol, self. This insidious instinct stops at no sacrifices, provided it can maintain itself. It inspired the stern, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," of the earliest Gnostics of the apostolic times; (Col. ii. 21;) and it has worked, with more or less intensity, in every age of the Christian Church.

Though differing in their speculative views, and frequently hostile to each other, the practical part of Catharism was nearly identical in all its sects. Those who received the *consolamentum*, and thereby became formally members of the community, were called *Perfected*. They renounced all property and possession of worldly goods whatever. They engaged themselves to abstinence from animal food, and to non-resistance against violence. Above all, making no distinction between marriage and fornication, or concubinage, they looked upon all intercourse of the sexes as a continuation of Adam's sin. The use of fish was allowed, because it was thought to be procreated in a less unholy manner than the creature of the dry land. They had three fasts in the year, of forty days each; and, on the last week of those Lents, no food was allowed but bread and water. No wonder that they were often detected by their paleness. Even St. Bernard reproaches them with it: "*Pallent insuper ora jejuniis*;" and Joachim, Abbot of Flora: "*Tristes sunt omni tempore.....et facies eorum pallore perpetuo deprimuntur*." They rejected the baptism of the Church of Rome, both because the hierarchy was not the true one, and because water was created by the evil god; and yet, with some inconsistency, they substituted the blessing and breaking of bread, without wine, for the Romish eucharist. Females who had received the *consolamentum* frequently retired into convents, where they occupied themselves in the education of the young, or in the instruction of

women of riper years, who prepared themselves for the same rite. The men were under obligation to travel from place to place, in order to spread their doctrines. They generally wore black raiment, and always kept about their persons a copy of the New Testament in a leathern bag. Their houses of prayer surprised the Roman Catholics, by the absence of all ornaments and images. Instead of the altar, there was a plain table, with a white cloth, and upon it a New Testament, always open at the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

Even within the last five years, when Schmidt wrote his excellent History, it was supposed that not a single page, penned by the Albigenses themselves, had escaped the diligent search of the Inquisition, and the general destruction of heretical books. Hence the discovery of the Ritual in the Lyons Manuscript is equally welcome and unexpected. It begins with the Lord's prayer, the Doxology, and the first seventeen verses of St. John's Gospel in Latin. Then follow in Provençal: First, an act of confession; Secondly, an act of reception among the number of *believers*; Thirdly, an act of reception among the number of *Christians* or *Perfects*; Fourthly, some special directions for the faithful; and, Lastly, an act of consolation in case of sickness. The formula for the act of confession terminates with the following prayer:—

“O thou holy and good Lord, all these things which happen to us, in our senses and in our thoughts, to thee we do manifest them, holy Lord; and all the multitude of sins we lay upon the mercy of God, and upon holy prayer, and upon the holy Gospel; for many are our sins. O Lord, judge and condemn the vices of the flesh; have no mercy on the flesh born of corruption, but have mercy on the spirit placed in prison, and administer to us days and hours, and genuflexions, and fasts, and orisons, and preachings, as is the custom of good Christians, that we may not be judged nor condemned in the day of judgment with felons.

The first degree of initiation, or the act of reception into the number of believers, is called “the delivery of the orison,” because a copy of the Lord's Prayer was given to the neophyte. It begins thus:—

“If a believer is in abstinence, and the Christians are agreed to deliver him the orison, let them wash their hands, and the believers present likewise. And then one of the *bons hommes*, the one that comes after the Elder, is to make three bows to the Elder, and then to prepare a desk, (*desc.*) then three more bows, and then he is to put a napkin (*touala*) upon the desk, and then three more bows, and then he is to put the book upon the napkin, and then let him say the *Benedicite, parcite nobis*. And then let the believer make his salute, and take the book from the hand of the Elder. And the Elder must admonish him, and preach from fitting testimonies (that is, texts). And if the believer's name is Peter, he is to say: ‘Sir Peter, you must understand that when you are before the Church of God, you are

before the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. For the Church is called 'assembly;' and where are the true Christians, there is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

The final initiation, or *consolamentum*, is called "the baptism of the Spirit." Here is an extract from the formula of its celebration:—

"Jesus Christ says, in the Acts of the Apostles, that 'John surely baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost.' This holy baptism of imposition of hands wrought Jesus Christ, according as St. Luke reports; and He said that His friends should work it, as reports St. Mark: 'They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall receive good.' And Ananias wrought this baptism on St. Paul when he was converted. And afterwards Paul and Barnabas wrought it in many places. And St. Peter and St. John wrought it on the Samaritans..... This holy baptism by which the Holy Spirit is given, the Church of God has had it from the Apostles until now. And it has come down from *bons hommes* to *bons hommes*, and will do so to the end of the world."

As might have been expected from the opposite geniuses of the East and the West, Oriental Catharism was the more subtle and mythological of the two. Gnostic and cosmogonic dreams occupied more room, and moral precepts were left in the second rank. Among the populations of the West, on the contrary, a practical tendency was dominant from the outset. Aseetic precepts, and opposition to the customs and to the hierarchy of the Church, exercised a greater influence than the speculative parts of the system, and a severe morality reigned. Thus the Bogomiles did not scruple telling lies to deceive their persecutors, while the Albigenses prescribed the most stern and undeviating adherence to truth under all circumstances. It must not be forgotten, moreover, that the adversaries of those religionists necessarily fixed their attention upon those elements of their faith which were most opposed to common traditional Christianity; so that the heterodoxy of the Cathari takes up more space in the works of controversy which have come down to us, than it did in their own religious experience. Doubtless very many persons were sincerely attached to the sect, and found in its observances a sort of satisfaction for instinctive religious needs, without venturing into the region of its metaphysics, or appropriating its deleterious principles.

The natural effect of a false and exaggerated spirituality is certainly to weaken the sensibility of the conscience with respect to those things toward which it ought to be exerted; for when men put upon the same level gross sin and the legitimate use of God's creatures, they are as likely to fall into the former, as to abstain from both. Hence we might expect *à priori* to see the professed austerity of the Cathari accompanied by a humiliating contrast in their moral conduct. And, indeed, one

of the sixteen dogmas attributed by the Inquisition at Carcassonne to the heretics of the neighbourhood, would seem to confirm our expectation: "*Dicunt quòd simplex fornicatio non est peccatum aliquod.*" This note, made for the private use of the Inquisitors, had probably some foundation in fact: we may suppose that some one among the many sects into which the heretics of the South were divided, had fallen into immoral and antinomian tendencies. But this certainly was not the case with the Cathari as a body. Their contemporaries, friends, and enemies are unanimous in ascribing to them generally a purity of life, which stood in striking contrast with the manners of the age, and with the disorders of the Clergy in particular. The movement owed its strength, in a great measure, to a sincere horror of prevalent licentiousness; and the number of persons who made full profession, by enrolling themselves among the Perfect, was so small, that we can understand that it was limited to those who were capable of living up to their austere calling. The strict morality of the sectaries was sometimes actually the means of their detection. Thus, at Rheims, in 1170, a Priest who made base proposals to a beautiful young girl, discovered, by the terms in which she repelled his addresses, that she belonged to a society who had bound themselves to perpetual chastity. Such was the temper of the times, that this wretch was not ashamed or afraid to give information of his discovery to his ecclesiastical superiors, knowing that, in their eyes, his zeal against heresy would more than counterbalance the crime he had contemplated. The innocent girl was burnt at the stake, becoming the victim of priestly cruelty for having refused to be that of priestly lust.

The great practical evil resulting from the theoretical errors of the Cathari, was not so much any wrong they did, as the good they left undone. It was an attempt at reformation or religious revival, which failed for want of pure Christian principle in its promoters. They were unconsciously borne by the same current as the Church that persecuted them; and they tried to raise Christendom from its religious and moral degradation, by exaggerating the very influences which had produced the evil,—by yet more false views of human nature, and a sterner asceticism, and a stronger distinction between the spiritual man and the secular, rendering what they represented as Christianity unattainable by the great mass of mankind. With them, quite as much as with the Roman Catholics, salvation was made to depend upon adhesion to a given religious community; and, as the auditors generally put off receiving the *consolamentum* to the hour of death, this ceremony became invested with a magical virtue, like the sacraments of the dominant Church; and the hope of receiving it in their last moments encouraged the people to live in fatal security, without feeling the necessity of a moral change

and real reconciliation with God. The movement so far resembled the Reformation of the sixteenth century, that their formal principle was the same : the New Testament was in honour, and was made much more use of than in the Church of Rome. But the method of interpretation and the material principle were not the same : there were no forgotten truths recovered, no deep springs of spiritual life laid open. They believed themselves more anti-Catholic than they were ; and when the two mendicant orders were instituted, and the Church thereby diverted into its own channels the spirit of austerity which was abroad, it proved to be an effectual blow to the power and progress of the sectaries. Men predisposed to an ardent, but gloomy and unenlightened, piety, became Dominicans and Franciscans, instead of becoming heretics ; and persecuted to death those with whom they would have been associated, but for this skilful manœuvre of the ever-vigilant and dexterous hierarchy.

Reinerius Sacconi supposes the number of the *Perfect* of both sexes in his time, throughout the whole of Europe, amounted to four thousand persons only. It is true, he writes after the Crusade against the Albigenses, and after great severities of the Inquisition in Italy ; still his estimate shows that the effective members of the sect must have been very few, in proportion to the number of auditors or followers who were under their influence. This, as it has been already intimated, was one reason why they did not succeed in working any moral change in the bulk of the population ; it was also the reason of their weakness in the hour of danger. The immense majority of the multitudes who perished by the arms of Simon de Montfort and his Crusaders, were not themselves Cathari, but only respected and favoured the heretics ; they had religious *sympathies*, but it was not their own *faith* that they defended. The King of Arragon, who died fighting their battles, was a Catholic. The Princes and nobles, who headed them in their heroic resistance, remained Catholics all through : they defended their own temporal interests in the first place, and they tried indirectly to tolerate the convictions of their subjects, but never went so far as to claim openly the right to do so. The Fourth Lateran Council saw the Counts of Toulouse, father and son, with the Counts of Comminges and Foix, on their knees at the feet of Innocent III. The very historian of the Albigenses, William of Tudela, writes as a Catholic : he execrates the cruelty and perfidy of the Crusaders ; he accuses them of advisedly treating Catholic Princes and populations as heretical, in order to have an excuse for massacre and spoil ; but he is evidently sustained in his indignation by no religious principle of his own. The Church of the Cathari was that of a select few, not that of the people.

Towards the close of the twelfth century, the Albigenses were so powerful in the south of France that, in 1165, we find

Roman Catholic Prelates engaging in a free discussion with their leaders before all the leading nobles of the country, at Lombers, near Alby. Twelve years afterwards Raimond V., Count of Toulouse, being at war with the Viscount of Beziers, who protected the sectaries, addressed himself to the Kings of France and England for help to extirpate heresy in his own dominions, and in the neighbouring regions. This demand brought about the mission of a Papal Legate to Toulouse, followed by some severities in that city. The Bishop of Bath, and Henri, Abbot of Clairvaux, also ineffectually visited Beziers. The attention of the Papal See was by this time thoroughly roused, and the Third Lateran Council, held under Alexander III. in 1179, and at which many Prelates of the south of France were present, issued a terrible edict against the heretics of Languedoc and Gascony. All men were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to receive them into their houses, or to have any dealings with them; church sepulture was to be refused to those who died impenitent; Princes were exhorted to seize the property of those who favoured heresy, and to reduce their persons to slavery. The result of this sentence was the short Crusade of 1181, headed by the Abbot of Clairvaux,—bloody prelude of the horrors that were afterwards to be enacted in the same cause. The Viscount of Beziers was reduced to apparent submission, after his country had been cruelly devastated.

Great as was the amount of suffering inflicted upon the Cathari during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, it had been always, more or less, local and partial persecution. There had been no general, persevering, systematic attempt to exterminate them. Meantime they had spread from Constantinople to Spain; they were masters in the Sclavonic Provinces, which now form the north-east of Turkey; they were formidable in Lombardy; they had audaciously insinuated themselves into the Pontifical city itself; above all, the only transalpine nation that had emerged from barbarism, had almost thrown off its allegiance to Rome; heresy sat enthroned in a central region, whence, in one generation, it could spread over France, Spain, and Italy. The Church was in peril; but the year 1198 witnessed the beginning of a pontificate, in which an iron will was to put forth in her service all the resources of rare intrepidity, unremitting vigilance, and far-seeing sagacity. Innocent III. was the very incarnation of the idea of the Papacy; he was distinguished by precisely the sort of character and talents which were qualified to effect the purposes of the hierarchy of which he was the head. Inspired by a lofty ambition, to which inferior temptations were sacrificed, he was above the grosser vices which had so often discredited the Papacy. Nor was his the vulgar ambition of personal aggran-

dizement. Sincerely convinced that God had appointed the See of Rome to exercise supreme authority over the universal Christian world, in temporal matters as well as in spiritual, so that its empire should constitute the unity of society, he pursued the realization of this ideal with the most prodigious energy and success, clothing himself meanwhile with the moral grandeur that always attends intense devotion to any great purpose. Innocent exercised severe control over himself; for, as he expressed it, he who was not to be judged by men, would be the more severely judged by Almighty God. He exercised an equally stern control over the other members of the hierarchy, endeavouring to render them worthy of the superhuman dignity which he attributed to them. He completed the work of Gregory VII., by rendering the celibacy of the Clergy universally obligatory,—a violent remedy for their then prevalent licentiousness, but a means of procuring them consideration in the eyes of the people, of severing them from ordinary human interests, and of disciplining them into entire devotedness to their order. He won respect and sympathy for the Church, by the unflinching courage with which he maintained the sanctity of marriage against the caprices of powerful Princes, and in general by taking the side of the oppressed and wronged; yet none knew better how to stoop to compromise when success seemed impossible, and how to leave impenitent great men room for apparent reconciliation. Alternately inflexible and supple, with the ardour of a fanatic and the tact of a diplomatist, he piloted with penetrating glance between conflicting parties, choosing his instruments, friends, or clients, or giving them up again, with a single view to the great purpose of his life. This Pontiff was, far more than any contemporaneous Sovereign, the prominent great man of his age. He made his word respected in half-savage Scandinavia, cowed England's weak and brutal John, and then protected him against all his enemies, received England and Arragon as fiefs of the Apostolic See, reconciled, for a time at least, Bulgaria and Armenia with the Latin Church, bestowed the title of King repeatedly, and had his right to do so recognised by the world, made and unmade Emperors, protested against the Magna Charta, acted as Regent over Naples and Sicily with vigour, sustained the Crusaders in the conquest of Constantinople, founded the order of the Knights Sword-Bearers to extend the Church's frontiers, completed the edifice of her doctrines, destroyed the last vestiges of the independence of the city of Rome; and, with all this, took cognizance of innumerable public and domestic questions. No quarrel of an obscure Baron with a neighbouring monastery could escape unnoticed. His Legates were every where, making peace or scattering anathemas.

“O!” exclaimed he, in his discourse on the day of his conse-

eration, "O! how I need prudence in order to be able to separate the leprous from the clean, good from evil, light from darkness, salvation from perdition.....that I may not condemn to death the souls that ought to live, nor judge worthy of life those that should die!.....Who am I, that I should be set above Kings, and occupy the seat of honour? for it is of me that it is said by the Prophet: 'I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.' (Jer. i. 10.)" Such words as these were the ominous utterance of a man, capable of persecuting to death the enemies of his idol, and thinking that he thereby did God service. Three years later, he said, in a letter to Otho, the one among the pretenders to the empire whom he then favoured, "At the beginning of the world, God put two great lights in the vault of Heaven, one to shine during the day, the other to give light by night. It is thus that he has established in the firmament of the Church two great dignities; one to shine by day,—that is, to illumine intelligences on spiritual things, and deliver from their chains souls held fast in error; the other to give light by night,—that is, to punish hardened heretics and enemies of the faith, for the insult offered to Christ and His people, and to hold the temporal sword for the chastisement of malefactors, and the glory of the faithful." No language could better express the system partially acted upon in the Middle Ages, and which every energetic Pope tried to realize completely,—the unity of Christian society in a theocracy, with the Bishop of Rome at its head, and the civil power occupying the place of *executioner*. This conception is the key of Innocent's conduct towards the thousands for whose blood he made himself responsible, doubtless, without one moment's hesitation or remorse. No sooner had he been chosen Pope, than he proceeded to prepare for the extermination of the heretics,—those scorpions and locusts of the Apocalypse,—as one of the great ends of his reign.

Hurter, who held the office of Antistes or Chief of the Protestant Clergy of Schafhausen, when he wrote the Life of Innocent, but who has since thrown off the mask, and professed himself a Roman Catholic, asserts that the Pontiff he idolizes was at first disposed to act mildly towards the recusants; and this idea is apparently countenanced by his artful show of moderation, as far as the Count of Toulouse was concerned; but it is abundantly refuted by his severity from the very outset to the Italian Cathari, who were under his own jurisdiction. At Orvieto, for instance, he appointed as Governor a young Roman nobleman, Peter Parentio, who wielded the scourge and the axe without mercy, until he was himself murdered by some of the townspeople driven to desperation. The possibility of such a catastrophe had suggested itself to Parentio and his master; and

the Pope had, by anticipation, granted him remission of all his sins, if he should be killed in the service of the Church. This first agent of the great systematic persecution of the thirteenth century has since been canonized in memory of his zeal.

But it was the south of France which especially attracted the attention of Innocent. Menaces and excommunications of Papal Legates made Raimond VI. humble himself, and promise, again and again, to exterminate his heretical subjects; but he was both unwilling and unable to keep his promise, and the preaching of the monks of Citeaux and others was found to produce no effect. After more than one useless mission of monks and Legates, some with almost regal pomp, and others barefooted, the Pope came to the resolution of proclaiming a Crusade against the heretics, with the same spiritual indulgences as that against the Saracens, and with leave for the champions of the Church to appropriate the lands of those Barons who should protect the guilty, or even show themselves indifferent. The first attempt to get up this Crusade was made in 1204, and failed, Philip Augustus turning a deaf ear to the solicitations of the Pope, and the cupidity of the Barons of the north not being yet sufficiently aroused. But, early in 1208, the assassination, by two unknown men-at-arms, of the Friar Pierre de Castelnau, a zealous and indefatigable preacher and agent of the Pope, exasperated Innocent to the utmost, and furnished the Catholic Barons with a pretext for measures, to the idea of which they had been for some years accustoming themselves. Arnould, Abbot of Citeaux, and his monks, dispersed themselves through all France to preach the Crusade, the Clergy every where joining them, and telling the people, that no crime was of so deep a dye as not to be washed out by the merits of the holy war; that if the very damned in Hell had but the opportunity of fighting the heretics, it were penitence sufficient. The ruder and poorer Barons of the north, jealous of the rich, gay, and more civilized south, took the cross in such numbers, that the Abbot of Citeaux was soon enabled to put himself at the head of more than a hundred thousand men, ready to execute the vengeance of the Church, and to glut their own passions. The unfortunate Count of Toulouse tried to avert the storm by the most humiliating submission; he went to meet the Papal Legate Milo at Valence, put seven castles into his hands, engaged to take the cross himself, swore solemnly to treat as heretics such of his subjects as the Bishops would at any time designate, and finally consented to appear at the threshold of the Cathedral, naked to the waist, to be scourged with rods by the Legate, and in this plight to receive absolution in the name of the Pope. He little knew that, in the instructions of Innocent to his Legates, they were recommended by *prudent dissimulation* to separate him from his allies, to crush the latter when deprived of his assistance,

and then to turn upon him, since he would be found an easier prey. In the letter which unfolds this scheme of dark and relentless perfidy, the Pope complacently quotes the language of St. Paul, "Being crafty I caught you with guile," as if this were a confession of the Apostle, instead of being an accusation of adversaries which he indignantly denies!

All our readers are familiar with the events of the Crusade against the Albigenses, but the tale cannot be told too often; it ought to be, far more than hitherto, one of the early lessons of every child in Britain. Raimond Roger, Viscount of Beziers, endeavoured to obtain the same conditions as the Count of Toulouse; but, faithful to their instructions, the Legates refused to give him so much as a hearing. They had no confidence in the promises that the nobles of the south would make; and only pretended to accept the submission of the one who was the most powerful, in order that they might the more easily destroy them all. Thus repulsed, the chivalrous young Viscount prepared to defend himself with the courage of despair: he threw himself into Carcassonne, and placed a strong garrison at Beziers. The immense army of the Crusaders appeared before the latter, in July, 1209, after laying waste a wide extent of country, and burning numbers of real or supposed heretics. "There shall not one life be spared, not one stone left upon another," said the Abbot of Citeaux, when the Catholic inhabitants refused to deliver up the heretics, or to accept a safe-conduct for themselves. After a short, but vigorous, resistance, the devoted city was taken by storm, the besiegers chanting, as they marched to the assault, the fine old hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost," &c. Of what is fanaticism not capable, when it could invoke the presence of the Dove over such a scene? The Crusaders, masters of the walls, and seeing a procession of Priests in their robes coming out of a street to meet them, hesitated for a moment to begin the work of indiscriminate butchery; but they were goaded on by the ferocious Arnould. "Kill them all," he shouted: "God will be able to find out His own:" and he was but too well obeyed; neither age nor sex was spared, and the Legates, in a triumphant letter to the Pope, calculate the number of victims to have been at least 20,000. Roman Catholics of a milder generation have suspected the authenticity of the words of blood and blasphemy attributed to the Abbot of Citeaux; but we owe the fact to a monk of his own order, himself an ardent adversary of the heretics, and it is repeated, without hesitation, by Manrique, the annalist and panegyrist of the Cistercians. The siege of Beziers was followed by that of Carcassonne, most of the inhabitants of which, after a heroic resistance, succeeded in making their escape,—the Papal army being so busily employed in plunder, as to let slip the opportunity of massacre; four hundred prisoners, however, were

burned to death, and fifty hung. The unfortunate young Viscount soon perished in prison, and Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was put into possession of his territories, towns, and castles, on condition of being for the future the instrument of the Church's vengeance,—a task for which this nobleman was eminently qualified by his energy, his ignorance, his superstition, and his ambition. Regardless of the Count of Toulouse's formal reconciliation with the Church, Arnauld and Simon next turned their arms against him, according to the primitive secret plan of operations, upon the pretext that he had not fulfilled his promise of expelling all heretics from his dominions. In vain Raimond proceeded to Rome, to try to obtain justice from Innocent in person. The Pope received him graciously, gave him relics to kiss, called him his dear son, but eluded every request to pronounce upon the matter in debate between him and his persecutors, and sent him home dispirited. Meantime, most of the Crusaders, having finished their stipulated time of service, returned to their homes, and Simon was only able to wage that sort of cruel and partial warfare which was fatal to the flourishing civilization of the south, without materially advancing his own purposes. When he took a castle, he mutilated or burned its defenders by hundreds, and when his soldiers fell into the hands of the southerners, they were treated with almost equal barbarity.

Raimond ought to have seen, from the first, that there was no safety for him, except in determined resistance; but it was his weakness to recur constantly to negotiation, and to appeals, which were utterly lost upon the inexorable temper of his adversaries. They cannot be accused of dissembling any longer with him; for the conditions proposed as an ultimatum by the Legates, Arnauld and Theodice, at a conference at Arles, early in 1211, are so outrageous that they must have been intended to drive him to extremity. The Count of Toulouse was not only to give up all persons whom any of the Clergy should designate as heretics, but he was to raze the fortifications of every one of his castles and towns; his nobles were to be clad in frieze, and interdicted from living in towns; every head of a family was to pay the Legates an annual tax of fourpence; the Count de Montfort was to travel where he pleased, and to take what he pleased out of the country, without opposition; Raimond himself was to take the cross, go to Palestine, and not return until he should have the Legate's permission; his lands were to be restored to him only when it should seem fit to Arnauld and Simon de Montfort! The iniquity of those proposals roused the indignation of the Knights and cities of Languedoc, and even Catholic Prelates disapproved of the rigour of the Legates; but the Pope deposed the over-patriotic dignitaries, confirmed the excommunication of Raimond, and disposed of his dominions in favour of the first

invader who should occupy them. It should be added, in justice, that Innocent afterwards blamed his agents for their cupidity, and made some remonstrances in favour of the unfortunate Count. He was actuated by no hostility to Raimond's person, nor cared who was master of Toulouse, provided the interests of the Church were secured.

A noted burner of heretics at this time, and a deadly enemy of the Count of Toulouse, was Foulques, Bishop of that city, formerly a licentious Troubadour, but now a stern devotee, and who was not the only example of such a change. The preaching of a new Crusade, in 1211, by Arnauld and Foulques, enabled Simon to prosecute the war that year with vigour. He took the strong castle of Lavaur, reputed impregnable, putting to death, in one day, eighty Knights of the garrison, and burning four hundred *Perfects*,—"to the great joy of the army," adds the monkish historian. He also besieged, but unsuccessfully, the city of Toulouse, which was defended by the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges; and he systematically excluded from their fiefs the native Languedocian nobles, putting in their places strangers from the north. The spirit in which the war was carried on, may be gathered from the language of a Council of Bishops assembled at Lavaur, who besought Innocent, by the *bowels of Jesus Christ, with all humility and tears*, to decree the absolute and utter extermination of the perverse city of Toulouse.

Peter II. of Arragon, supreme feudal Lord of part of the countries so cruelly devastated, had from the first secretly encouraged his subjects in their resistance, and at last, losing all patience, he came with an army to the assistance of the Toulousans. The King of Arragon was celebrated for his knightly accomplishments, and he had fought the Saracens in fifteen battles; but his help proved fatal to himself and to his friends; for it tempted them to try their fortune in the open field against the iron valour of the northern warriors. Peter was killed in the disastrous battle of Muret, fought on the 12th of September, 1213. The Roman Catholic annalists tell us, that Simon laid his sword upon the altar, before the battle, and took it up again, sure of victory, though he had but 800 horse and 700 foot, while the allies mustered 2,000 horse and 40,000 foot; but it is possible that the disproportion between the two armies was exaggerated, in order to make the victory of the Church assume a more miraculous character. The patriotic resistance of the Languedocians was paralysed by the defeat of Muret, and Simon was soon master of Toulouse.

The assembling an œcumenical Council had long been an ardent wish of Innocent, and he was gratified beyond his expectations by the imposing character of the Fourth Lateran Council, held under his auspices in 1215. The whole Catholic world was, indeed, represented in this assembly, which defi-

nitively fixed the most objectionable parts of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice. There were present, Ambassadors from all the Princes of Europe, 412 Bishops, 900 Abbots and heads of orders; in all 2,283 persons having a right to vote. The doctrine of transubstantiation, and the duty of detailed auricular confession, now received, for the first time, the seal of infallibility. The Council, in its horror of bloodshed, ordained that no Ecclesiastic should be a physician,—it was not fitting that the knife or lancet should be seen in holy hands, even for a benevolent purpose; yet these humane and reverend fathers united in one decree the measures ordained at Verona, in 1184, for the prosecution of the Italian Cathari, and those made by Innocent against the Albigenses; they definitively consecrated the use of the secular arm, rendered obligatory upon the whole Church what had hitherto been local and partial, and laid the basis of that exorbitant legislation which has caused so much suffering and crime. The Council expressed its partial approbation of the two religious orders founded this same year by Dominic Guzman and Francis of Assisi. The former, a fanatical Spaniard, protected by Bishop Foulques and Simon de Montfort, established his first monastery at Toulouse. The Dominican order was regularly constituted, five years later, by Honorius III., and appropriated, as its peculiar task, the refutation, the conversion, and the punishment of heretics.

The Lateran Council confirmed all the usurpations of Simon de Montfort, but the bloody struggle was not yet over. The King of England furnished Raimond with money, and the people of the south, driven to fury by the violence and rapacity of Simon and his auxiliaries, took arms, once more, for the Prince under whose house they had enjoyed religious toleration and temporal prosperity. Innocent III. died in the midst of the calamities he had brought about, but his successor continued his measures. Simon was driven out of Toulouse, September 13th, 1217, after perpetrating great cruelties on the inhabitants, and trying in vain to burn the town. He returned to besiege it with a new army of Crusaders, but was killed by a stone hurled from the ramparts, June 25th, 1218, leaving his son Amalric to inherit his claims, and the favour of the Church. The new Pope, Honorius III., persuaded Prince Louis, the heir apparent of France, to lead an army to the help of Amalric. They took the town of Marmande, where 5,000 persons of all ages and sexes were massacred by order of the Bishops of Beziers and Saintes; and had it not been for the interference of the Prince and some of the more eminent nobles, none of the wretched inhabitants would have escaped with their lives. Louis and Amalric next laid siege to Toulouse, but were repulsed victoriously by the heroic citizens. After this, Raimond VI. dying, was succeeded by his son of the same name, and Amalric, discouraged, made

over his claims to his royal ally. In 1226, the latter, now reigning as Louis VIII. of France, undertook a fifth Crusade, in hope of uniting to his crown one of its most considerable fiefs. The expedition, at first, met with success; and St. Anthony of Padua, who accompanied it, had the pleasure of committing great numbers of heretics to the flames, until, the King dying of a pestilence, the greater part of his army was disbanded. This was the last time, for three centuries at least, that these once happy and flourishing regions were exposed to the horrible desolation of a religious war. Louis IX., and Raimond VII., made a treaty at Meaux, which prepared the definitive destruction of the independence of the south, and its incorporation with the rest of France. The Count of Toulouse promised to exterminate heretics, to maintain the privileges of the Clergy, to raze the walls of his towns and castles, and to give his daughter and only child in marriage to one of the King's brothers. On the 12th of April, 1229, Raimond appeared barefooted before the gate of Notre Dame at Paris, there solemnly swore to those conditions, was introduced into the church, and received absolution. The other great feudataries of the south followed his example, but with extreme reluctance. Roger Bernard, the chivalrous Count of Foix, only yielded to the wishes of his subjects. "As to my religion," said he to the Papal Legates, "the Pope has nothing to meddle therein, since every man's religion should be free. My father always recommended this liberty to me, that in such posture, were the heavens to fall, I might look on with a steady eye, knowing they could not harm me. It is not fear that moves me as your passions list, and constrains me to lay my will in the dust, and make it litter for your appetite; but, impelled by a kind and generous concern for the wretchedness of my subjects, and the ruin of my whole country, desiring not to be thought the disturber, the reckless firebrand of France, I yield me in this extremity: otherwise I were a wall without a breach, and that no enemy could scale." Noble words; yet they betray the absence of settled religious conviction. Roger Bernard remained all his life a secret or open favourer of heretics, and died a Catholic. The Count of Comminges and the Viscount of Bearn were the last to come to terms. Then the south was completely humbled, and the tribunals of the Inquisition replaced the Courts of Love. The feelings of the vanquished populations appear in the spirit of grief, and rage, and vengeance, which animated the last generation of Troubadours.

So far were the Cathari from being exterminated, or even disheartened, by the fearful events of the last twenty years, that, on the very eve of the final destruction of their most powerful protector, they held a Synod at which more than a hundred *Perfects* attended, and erected the district of Rascz

into a new bishopric. The people were still their friends; and such native Knights as had not lost their possessions were always ready to receive the travelling *bons hommes* at their hearth and board. Raimond VII., however, proved the sincerity of his reconciliation with the Church by his vigorous persecution of the sectaries: a reward of two silver marks was given to whoever delivered a heretic into the hands of justice; cellars and forests were ransacked in search of them, and apostates led the messengers of blood into all their hiding-places. The Dominicans monopolized the Inquisition, and, from the very first, violated, in their fanatical zeal, all the laws of ordinary justice. Simple suspicions, vague denunciations, were enough to deprive men of property and life. The accused were never told the names of their denouncers, and never confronted with them: both Innocent IV. and Urban IV. expressly forbade it, lest informers should be discouraged. They were entrapped into condemning themselves by insidious questions, or forced to do so by the torture. The two characters of secrecy and implacable vengeance marked the whole proceedings. Innocent III., indeed, interdicted the old judicial ordeals. Heretics were no longer tried by exposure to the hot iron, or by being thrown into water to see whether they would sink or swim; but those simple, antiquated barbarities were amply compensated by the varied physical and moral tortures that were put in their place. Jurisdiction over heretics was withdrawn from the Prelates and secular Clergy, lest they should prove too merciful. "Proceed summarily," wrote Alexander IV., "and without the importunate bustle of lawyers and judicial forms" (*summarie, absque judicii et advocatorum strepitu*). Gregory IX. made an Edict, in 1231, that persons accused of heresy should have no right of appeal, and that any Judges, Advocates, or Notaries who acted for them should be deprived of their situations. The Synod of Narbonne, in 1233, determined that no protestation of innocence, however vehement, should procure the acquittal of persons against whom witnesses positively deposed. The wife, the children, the servants of the accused could not be received as witnesses in their favour, but could be valid evidence against them; nay, "because of the enormity of the crime of heresy, all criminals and ill-famed persons, (*omnes criminosi et infames*), and even the partners of the crime itself, may be admitted to accuse or to give evidence!" (Canon 24.)

The vengeance of the Church extended itself to the very dwellings of convicted heretics. They were ordered to be razed to the ground, and converted into dung-heaps, and no human habitation was to be ever erected on the spot: and this not only in the first heat of the persecution; we find such sentences renewed and executed for a century and a half, until, in 1378,

the secular arm refused to obey the orders of the Inquisition any longer in this particular. The confiscation of the property of the condemned was a matter of course : at first a third of it was devoted either to the crown or to secular purposes, but it came gradually to be divided altogether between the Bishops and the Inquisitors. The children and grandchildren of convicted heretics were incapable of all civil honours or employments, of being witnesses before any tribunal, or of making a will ; the only exception being in favour of those who had themselves denounced their parents. The stake was the usual punishment ; but in cases where it might be thought expedient to let the guilty live, as an example, it was ordered that their tongues should be cut out ; and, in any case, the torture preceded the final punishment, in order, if possible, to procure information for the detection of others. Of course the administration of the torture belonged to the Familiars of the Inquisition ; the more vulgar office of burning to death was alone intrusted to the secular arm. Heretics who confessed, and wished to be reconciled to the Church, escaped with perpetual imprisonment, which was technically called *immuratio*. Those who came to confess and abjure of their own accord, were, of course, treated more mildly ; yet St. Dominic recommended even to this class perpetual chastity, and abstinence, all their life long, from animal food, milk, and eggs, except on Christmas-day, Easter, and Pentecost, when they were to partake of those sorts of food, in order to show they had renounced their Manichæan errors.

At an earlier period, some of the Clergy, more humane than their fellows, or really influenced by Christian principle, had contended for the employment of persuasion, instead of force, in dealing with heretics. Thus Wazon, Bishop of Liege, in the first half of the eleventh century, denied the right of the Church to put her adversaries to death. Even Gregory VII., in a letter to the Archbishop of Paris, (1077,) treats the tumultuous burning of a heretic, by the people of Cambray, as cruel and impious : he did not approve of *Lynch aut da fé*. St. Bernard, in the first half of the twelfth century, said that the execution of heretics was contrary to the will of Him who would have all men to be saved. Other illustrious exceptions might be mentioned. But, in the thirteenth century, all traces of these milder views had disappeared ; and there was not one dissentient voice against the cry of the hierarchy for blood. Among the many Doctors who tried to sanction the practice of the Inquisition by a scholastic theory, Thomas Aquinas was pre-eminent. He demonstrated, to the satisfaction of the age, that, in the parable of the tares, the Saviour forbids the destruction of the false plant only where there was danger of rooting up the true plant along with it, and that this danger

was now obviated by the careful examination of the Holy Tribunal.

The Magistrates of Toulouse, after the submission of their Prince, tried to put as many obstacles as possible in the way of the ministry of the Dominicans; and these latter, by their cruelty to the living, and their insults to the dead, exasperated the people more and more. Every day witnessed fresh executions, or else dead bodies dug up and burned; sometimes the living and the dead were burned on the same pile. One day, in 1234, while mass was being celebrated in honour of the canonization of St. Dominic, word was brought to the officiating Bishop, that several Cathari had just administered the *consolamentum* to a dying woman in a neighbouring house. Hurrying to the spot, the Bishop and his assistants endeavoured to convert the poor woman; and when they could not succeed, they had a fire kindled in the street, and threw the dying heretic with her bed into the flames. Once the Capitouls, as the Chief Magistrates of this ancient city were called, ventured to expel the Inquisitors from the limits of their jurisdiction; but they soon got back again. The inhabitants of Narbonne expelled other Inquisitors, delivering the prisoners who were in their hands; and many of the Albigenses retaliated upon such of their persecutors as they could get into their power. A short period of respite from persecution took place between the years 1239 and 1242, because Raimond VII. and his old allies, impatient of the dependence to which they had pledged themselves, renewed the struggle with the Crown. It was like an ordinary civil war, comparatively free from the atrocities of religious hate, and interrupted by frequent negotiations. While hostilities lasted, the proscribed teachers re-appeared in public, and were treated with as much veneration as ever; but Louis IX. proved once more too strong for the refractory nobles. It was the last combined effort of the south, and the Count of Toulouse had to become, for the remainder of his days, the degraded instrument of cruelties with which he had no sympathy. He was bound by his treaty with Louis to destroy the castle of Montsegur, which had been for many years the last refuge and stronghold of liberty of conscience, and which he had himself already unsuccessfully besieged. This stipulation was carried into effect in 1244. Raimond de Perelle, Lord of the castle, was brother of a heretic Bishop, and he had seen his own daughter burned by the Inquisitors. He defended the castle with great bravery; but it was taken at last, and two hundred of its inmates burned to death without a trial. The siege of Montsegur, and its fall, excited the most intense interest through all the south of France. One of the last acts of the Count of Toulouse was the burning of twenty-four heretics at Agen. His death, in 1249, accelerated the fusion of the north and the south, and the

language of the Troubadours, after a generation or two, became for many centuries an unnoticed and unhonoured *patois*. Yet it is not extinct; and in our own day, at the very time that the labours of Fauriel and Raynouard were devoted to the restoration and elucidation of its ancient monuments, Jasmin, a hair-dresser of Agen, the seat of one of the old Catharic bishoprics, astonished and delighted France by his simple and pathetic tales in the idiom of his fathers.

Raimond VII. was succeeded by Alphonse, a Prince of the Royal Family, who had married his only daughter; and, on the death of Alphonse without issue, his extensive possessions reverted to the Crown (1270). The change was marked by an increase in the vigilance and activity of the Inquisition: Louis IX. merited his canonization. At the same time, the state of opinion in the south had undergone a revolution. Among the higher ranks, new families had in a great measure replaced the native Provençals; and, moreover, the theology of the sectaries must have been found less and less satisfactory with the progress of intelligence: even amongst the lower ranks that generation had passed away which could remember the good old times before the Papal invasion. Lastly, as we have repeatedly had occasion to notice, the ill-directed spirit of religious excitement could now spend itself in the channels provided by the Church of Rome itself. The remnant of the Cathari were utterly discouraged; and, during the course of the years 1273 and 1274, all the *Perfects* in France emigrated to Lombardy, the more intrepid only returning from time to time, to make rare and perilous visits. Henceforward, the fury of the Inquisition wreaked itself chiefly on mere disciples, or else on the Waldenses, who increased in number, and gradually filled up the place of the Cathari. During the last few years of the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth, century, there was a momentary reaction. The extreme unpopularity of the Inquisition, and the preaching of certain Franciscans, who proclaimed that the degenerate Church approached its dissolution, encouraged the refugee leaders to send their agents into all the districts where they still had adherents, and they made many proselytes; but Philip the Fair protected the Inquisitors, and, notwithstanding the humane intervention of Pope Clement V., who rebuked the fierce zeal of the Dominicans of Alby and Carcassonne, more than a thousand victims were burned to death within a few years. Suicide, at this period, became of awful frequency in the dungeons of the Inquisition; so much so, that a peculiar name, *l'endura*, was invented for it. When no other means of putting an end to their lives was in their power, many poor wretches even allowed themselves to die of hunger. The resistance of the south of France to Rome was now broken effectually, and, as far as the Cathari were concerned, for ever.

The very penitents reconciled to the Church had to wear a red cross as a mark of infamy, and to transmit it to their descendants; and this is believed to be the origin of the reprobation to which the Roman Catholic population, until a late period, devoted certain families under the names *cagots* and *Chrestians*.

After attempting to follow, however imperfectly, the terrible tragedy of which the south of France was the theatre, the history of similar persecutions in other places is comparatively tame. In the NORTH OF FRANCE, the Dominican Brother Robert, himself an apostate from the Cathari, was the most celebrated and successful hunter-out of heretics. In 1239, he detected the extensive community belonging to the castle of Montwimer in Champagne, which had been, for more than a century, a metropolis of heresy without awakening the suspicions of the Church. One hundred and eighty-three persons, men and women, with their Bishop, Morauis, at their head, were burned on one pile under the castle walls. Brother Robert afterwards became literally excited to madness in his work of blood, and had to be kept in perpetual confinement. In SPAIN, both the Waldenses and the Cathari had spread, before the end of the twelfth century, into the provinces of Arragon, Leon, Catalonia, and Navarre, which were nearest the French Albigenses, and whose language was nearly the same. The means of extirpation were the same on both sides of the Pyrenees, and, in 1233, Ferdinand III. of Arragon actually threw wood with his own hand on the pile where heretics were writhing,—a royal Fire-the-faggot! In GERMANY, there were a few Catharic communities in Bavaria, in Austria, and on the Rhine. They almost escaped notice until Gregory IX., in 1231, armed Conrad, a monk of Marburg, with extraordinary powers, which he abused to such an extent, that, for more than two years, all Germany was filled with terror. He used to accuse real or supposed heretics of the most horrible and absurd crimes, and leave them no alternative, but confession or the stake. This monster perished by the dagger of the assassin, but persecution did not die with him.

In ITALY the conflict was more serious. Innocent III. actually menaced the citizens of Milan with a Crusade like that which he had armed against the Albigenses. Under his successor, Honorius, the young Emperor, Frederick II., on the day of his coronation at Rome, November 22nd, 1220, raised the persecuting canon of the Lateran Council to the rank of a law of the Empire; and, four years later, we find him issuing at Padua a most sanguinary edict. It was the policy of Monarchs in those ages, when in amity with the Pope, to persecute heretics as a graceful return for his favour; when in conflict with the Pope, to persecute still more, as a proof of their orthodoxy. St. Anthony of Padua and St. Francis of Assisi distinguished themselves at this time by their efforts for the conversion of the

Cathari; yet, notwithstanding the use of both material and spiritual weapons, the heretics of Brescia were numerous enough in 1225 to beat the Catholics in a conflict in the streets, and to burn to the ground several churches. This outbreak was followed by a renewal of severities at Brescia, Milan, Florence, and other cities of the peninsula, including Rome itself, whose inhabitants were gratified with a grand *auto da fé*, in 1231, before the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Gregory IX. introduced the Inquisition into the cities of Lombardy in 1233, and he endowed with special privileges the Association of Knights of Jesus Christ, formed at Parma for the extermination of heretics; yet that did not hinder Frederick from afterwards accusing him of winking at the heresy of the cities of Lombardy from political motives. The people of Milan, finding their city represented by the Emperor as the chief seat of heresy, were at last roused to crush the sectaries they had so long tolerated; and the Podesdat, Oldrado de Tresseno, burned so many victims in the year 1240, that his zeal was commemorated by an equestrian statue, with the inscription, "*Catharos ut debuit urit.*" After a fierce conflict, they were also driven out of Florence in 1245. Yet, towards the middle of the century, the ex-heretic and Inquisitor Reinerius estimated the *Perfects* of Italy to be about 2,350 souls, which were thus distributed: mitigated Dualists, 1,500; absolute Dualists, 500; branch of Bagnolo, 200; French bishopric of Verona, 150; with a multitude of disciples. The jealousy with which the Government of Venice monopolized despotism over its people, hindered the Inquisition from doing much in that city or its territory. The heretics that remained at Milan were protected for more than seventy years by Eccelino de Romano, Uberto Pallavicini, and Matthew Visconti,—by the two former for political reasons, and by the latter from religious sympathy. On the whole the sect was not really extirpated by the sword: it died out rather before the increase of intelligence, and the diversion of religious impulses into other channels. Not but that there were from time to time scenes calculated to strike terror into the people: thus, in 1277, the inhabitants of the little town of Sermione, near Novarra, were convicted, in a body, of favouring the heretics, and more than seventy of them were sentenced to the flames.

The secrecy with which the unfortunate Dualists were obliged to surround themselves during their lingering existence, was near being the occasion of a singular event in the annals of canonization. In 1269 there died at Ferrara a wealthy citizen, Armano Pungilovo, whose extraordinary charities endeared him to the poor, while his austere and exemplary life procured him a general reputation of sanctity. He was buried in the cathedral, in presence of an immense crowd, who lamented

their benefactor; and such was the public veneration, that miracles were soon wrought, or appeared to be, on the spot where he was buried. An altar was built over his remains, and statues were erected in his honour throughout the churches of the diocese. The Bishop and Chapter of Ferrara proceeded to an investigation of the miracles wrought at his tomb, as a preliminary step to applying for his canonization, and professed themselves satisfied of the veracity of persons who testified that they had themselves been cured,—some of blindness, others of paralysis. What was the general consternation when the Dominican, Aldobrandini, Inquisitor-General of Lombardy, brought forward irresistible evidence that the deceased was a member of the Catharic community; that his house had been for years the asylum of their teachers; and that he had both received and administered the *consolamentum*! The Clergy of Ferrara were slowly and unwillingly convinced, the people not at all; but, after repeated investigations, and a delay of more than thirty years, those remains which had well-nigh been proposed to the adoration of the faithful, were dug up with ignominy, and burned to ashes.

Innocent III. did not confine his exertions against the Cathari to Italy and France. His influence was exerted on the eastern shore of the Adriatic and on the borders of the Danube, as earnestly as at the foot of the Pyrenees and the Alps. Complaining that the Slavonic Clergy had discredited their order by their dissolute conduct, he reproached one Bishop with simony, another with open licentiousness, and a third with incest. He summoned the King of Hungary to oblige his vassal, the Ban of Bosnia, to extirpate heresy in that country. The Ban, Kulin, himself a disciple of the Cathari, was terrified into apparent submission in 1202: his successor Ninoslas, however, once more protected the Dualists; and, while their brethren in the south of France were perishing by the sword and the brand, they were actually more numerous than the Catholics in Bosnia. Honorius III. found a docile instrument of Papal severities in Andrew II. of Hungary; and, in 1221, the recently established order of the Dominicans sent many of its members into that country and its dependencies; but thirty-two of those monks were drowned in one day by the fierce Bosnians. Ninoslas submitted, and gave his son as a hostage into the hands of the Dominicans; but a tacit toleration continued to exist in his dominions, and the various attempts made by Gregory IX. to institute a regular Crusade against the Manichæans were always unsuccessful, doubtless because the Bosnians were too poor to offer much inducement to crusading hordes. The invasion of Hungary by the Mongols, with the long time of suffering, confusion, and anarchy, and the intestine and foreign wars that followed, was unfavourable to the views of the Popes;

and, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, many French and Italian refugees found a safe asylum among their Slavonian brethren. It was only in the very last year of the century, that the Inquisition was established in Bosnia, Croatia, and Dalmatia; and, in 1322, John XXII. introduced it into Bohemia and Poland. In 1359, the Ban, Stephen Thuartko, having been roused to open resistance by the violent proceedings of the Inquisitors toward his subjects, Louis, King of Hungary, marched against Bosnia, to re-establish at once his own authority and that of the Church. The expedition was momentarily successful, and great numbers of Franciscans were sent to the field thus opened for their labours; but the Ban afterwards succeeded in rendering himself independent. The long schism between the Popes of Rome and Avignon paralysed the arm of the Inquisition; and Dualism became so completely the established religion in Bosnia, that, when the Council of Constance was convoked, Stephen Thuartko II. had the hardihood to prevent the departure of the Catholic Bishop, who was about to attend the Council, and to send, as deputies in his stead, four heretical Bishops. The Council, of course, refused to receive them. This Monarch's successor, Thomas, consented to receive Roman Catholic baptism in 1445. It is supposed he did so merely in order to obtain assistance from the Emperor against the Turks. He afterwards persecuted such of his rich subjects as did not follow his example, driving them into exile, and seizing their lands. The principal teachers fled to the Herzegowina, whose Duke, Stephen Cosaccia, was the last Prince in Europe who protected the remains of their sect. Thomas's son having refused to pay the stipulated tribute to the Turks, in 1463, Bosnia was invaded and conquered. Re-taken, for a time, by the Hungarians, it fell definitively into the power of the Turks in the sixteenth century. From the moment of the Turkish conquest, we hear no more of the Catharic heresy. It had subsisted longer than elsewhere in this region, partly because of the inferior character of its civilization,—which remained foreign to the progress of the human mind elsewhere,—and partly because of a fierce national antagonism to Rome. There is every reason to believe, with Schmidt, that the Bosnian Cathari,* having no sympathy with either the Greek or Latin Churches, and being brought into contact with a new fanaticism, generally ended by embracing the faith of their conquerors. At least, among the many conquests of the Turks in Europe, Bosnia and Albania are the only provinces in which the majority of the inhabitants have become Mussulmen.

* Here, and frequently elsewhere, we use this term improperly for that part of the population which was favourable to the heretical teachers, and whose religious ideas were unsettled by their influence, without being actually members of the community. It is not likely that many *Perfects* embraced Mahometanism.

Thus the Manichæism of the Middle Ages was extirpated only half a century before the Reformation. After four hundred and fifty years of bloody executions, Rome could celebrate the final disappearance of this obstinate and once menacing enemy. The first impression felt upon a superficial glance at the history, is that of a victory of force over erroneous conviction. But is this impression correct? Was it really by the cord and the stake that the dominant Church triumphed? We have witnessed the vitality of the sect, in the south of France, after the great Crusade, that is to say, after the most tremendous exertion of force that the hierarchy ever put forth, and the most merciless execution that can be conceived. We have seen the Inquisition itself incapable of hunting down the heretics, until it was sustained by a certain measure of public opinion. We have seen Dualism, on the east of the Adriatic, escaping comparatively unharmed by the temporal weapons of Rome, and melting away silently into Islamism. We may add a more decisive instance. The Cathari of Bulgaria were never much persecuted, and not at all from the thirteenth century forward; yet they, too, had dwindled into nothing by the middle of the sixteenth, because their religious principle was worn out. No; as it has been already said, the institution of the Mendicant Orders was the real mean of putting down ultra-ascetic sects, by absorbing the tendencies which had created or sustained them. It is remarkable that, at the Reformation, Protestantism found easy access in all the places where Catharism had been deeply rooted. The spirit of dissatisfaction with Rome remained, as it were, latent in the minds of the people, until it found a form which it could adopt with confidence. We are persuaded that it is not in the power of the sword to destroy any form of spiritual might which can maintain itself against resistance in its own sphere. Moral agency is not only the sole legitimate in moral causes; it is also the sole effectual. In the day of retribution, when Rome will have lost for ever her influence over the nations, and the various phases of past history can be interpreted in the light of their final results, the whole world will feel that the cruelties of the Middle Ages were as useless as they were iniquitous. Persecutors, of every name, shall confess it in that greater day when God shall make inquisition for blood, and the earth shall uncover her slain.

Mr. Macaulay, in his well-known "Essay on Ranke's Lives of the Popes," confesses that, when he reflects on the tremendous assaults which Rome has survived, he cannot conceive in what way she is ever to perish; and he proceeds to picture, in his brilliant and graphic manner, the four great rebellions of the human intellect which have taken place since her yoke was established in Western Christendom,—memorable conflicts, from two of which she has come forth unscathed, and, from all

four, victorious. He reminds us that, after the destruction of the Albigenses, the Church, lately in danger of utter subversion, appeared stronger than ever in the love, the reverence, and the terror of mankind : again, that, in the next generation after the Council of Constance, scarcely a trace of the revolt of Wycliffe and Huss could be found, except among the rude population of the mountains of Bohemia. The third and most formidable struggle for spiritual freedom had dispossessed her, in less than fifty years, of half Europe, and thrown her back upon the Mediterranean ; but, when fifty years more had elapsed, she had secured or reconquered France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland, and Hungary ; and Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the Baltic. Her fourth peril was from the infidel philosophy and revolutionary movements of the eighteenth century. Every where throughout continental Europe her influence over the upper classes was apparently lost ; and the reverence of the people seemed departing from her. Yet, when a new order of things rose out of the confusion, when the waters of the great inundation had abated, the unchangeable Church re-appeared, unshaken in its deep foundations ; and, during the nineteenth century, it has been gradually rising from its depressed state, and reconquering its old dominion.

We must accuse this accomplished writer of not having reflected upon the consequences of the idea of the indestructibility of the Papacy, which, without positively affirming, he seems inclined to admit, from a superficial view of the course of history hitherto. Mr. Macaulay tells us, that the north of Europe and America owe their superiority in arms, arts, sciences, letters, commerce, and agriculture, to their Protestantism ; and that the only Roman Catholic countries which have made any considerable progress for the last three centuries,—nay, the only ones which have not decayed,—are those in which Protestantism maintained a long struggle, and left permanent traces. It is his “firm belief,” that the moral effect of the Protestant Reformation is the great source of civilization and prosperity. Then how can he, for a moment, entertain a doubt of its final supremacy ? How confess the moral inferiority of Popery, and yet suppose that it may exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall survey the ruins of the metropolis of Protestantism ? Is the Almighty Ruler of the kingdoms of the earth to be supposed indifferent to their civilization and prosperity ? But, more than this, Mr. Macaulay loudly expresses his conviction that Scripture, as well as reason, are on the side of Protestantism : are reason and Scripture, then, not destined to prevail ? Is the future of the truth not to be taken into account in our anticipations ? It is the height of inconsistency to admit the existence of a God who takes interest in His creatures, and then forget

that there is a divine purpose in human history; to admit—as we are sure Mr. Macaulay does sincerely—the divinity of revelation, and yet suppose the possibility of revelation failing in accomplishing its end. If no genuine philosophy can suppress the essential element of the subject with which it deals, surely that is a mistaken philosophy of history in which Providence is left out.

With a sort of paternal fondness for the paradox which he has taken under his protection, Mr. Macaulay exaggerates the present power and resources of the Church of Rome. The members of her communion barely equal—they do *not* exceed by thirty millions—those of the other Christian sects united. If the number of her children is, perhaps, greater than in any former age, that of other Christians, whether Protestant or Greek, increases in a far more rapid proportion. Her acquisitions in the New World are so far from compensating her for what she has lost in the Old, that it is in America she will first be found in a position of even numerical inferiority. But, leaving statistics, let us return to history. We think the review of the four great rebellions alluded to is any thing but proper to confirm the sceptical conclusion of the great essayist. It would have been a misfortune for the world, if the semi-Paganism of the Albigenses had supplanted even the low materialist Christianity of Rome. Again, it was as impossible as it was undesirable, that the cruel atheistic infidelity of the eighteenth century, or its chilling Deism, should attain any permanent ascendancy. Neither the first rebellion, then, nor the fourth, *ought* to have succeeded. The second and the third have all our sympathies, as far as they were religious, and in this point of view they are properly but one; for the labours of Wycliffe and Huss were not lost,—they certainly helped to prepare the Reformation. Unfortunately the religious movement of the fifteenth century did not maintain its purity; it connected itself with, and finally allowed itself to be absorbed into, the national feeling of the Bohemians, and their half-savage hostility to the Germans. It is but too easy, then, to account for the failure of the Hussites; and there only remains one great question: “Why was not the success of the Reformation more complete?” But this Mr. Macaulay has himself most satisfactorily answered. As long as the Reformation was the work of faith,—the conflict of living piety with a degenerate form of Christianity,—it spread over the face of Christendom with a rapidity to which nothing in man’s moral history can be compared, no, not even the first diffusion of Christianity; but, when a second generation of heads of the Reformation had become lukewarm and worldly, when the Protestant Princes, getting into entire possession of the movement, used it for their own selfish purposes, then the Popish reaction could set in and prevail. The combatants,

to use Macaulay's picturesque expression, had changed rapiers : the intensity of religious zeal was on the side of the Catholics. Their Church was universal in a very real, though low and materialistic, sense : it had no frontiers ; the operations of its strongly organized and united hierarchy took in the whole world ; the energies, vigilance, and sympathies of the entire body were called forth wherever its interests were at stake, no matter in how remote a corner. Protestantism, on the contrary, had for aggressive purposes no organization at all ; parcelled into mere national Churches, isolated from each other, and under the absolute control of their respective civil governments ; their ministry a local militia, useful, indeed, in case of invasion, but incapable of carrying the war into the enemy's quarters. A century after the Reformation, while Rome exhibited to the world the spectacle of a vast society essentially held together by a religious principle, or at least religious claims, in our several Protestant societies, alas ! the national and political element was predominant ; and yet they all, without exception, retained much of the theory and practice of compulsory religion. Under those circumstances, is it strange that the progress of the Reformation should have been suspended ? We will even dare to ask, is it to be regretted that the whole of Christendom was not divided into the set of hard, dry, formalistic, worldly, intolerant Cæsareo-Papacies, which the Protestant Churches would certainly have become, if the prolonged existence of the original Papacy had not maintained something of the first evangelical spirit within them, by forcing them to keep up an attitude of antagonism ?

The experience of the past shows the invincible strength of Rome against a certain amount of gross anti-Christian error, against infidelity, and against secularized religion ; but it should also teach us the weakness of Rome against earnest, unshackled evangelical religion. And, when we look abroad upon the real Catholicism that is growing up among vitally religious members of our Protestant Churches, renewing the controversy throughout Europe and the British Isles in the genuine spirit of the Reformation, winning souls individually, and resting its conquests on the sure basis of personal conviction, we trust we are authorized to hope that word has gone forth from on high for a final and successful struggle with this great and ancient corruption of Christianity.

- ART. II.—1. *The Life of Sir Astley Cooper, Bart., interspersed with Sketches from his Note-Books, &c.* By BRANSBY BLA COOPER, Esq., F.R.S. In Two Volumes. London: John Parker. 1843.
2. *Memoirs of John Abernethy, F.R.S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings, and Character.* By GEORGE MILWAIN, F.R.C.S., &c. Second Edition. In Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1854.

THE career of the medical man is emphatically one of private life. He has to do with the sufferings and griefs of the individual, and, although he may kindle the warmest emotions of admiration and of attachment in the minds of a great number of isolated persons, his calling is unfitted to excite the plaudits of public enthusiasm, even when the qualifications exhibited are of the highest order. The ministrations of the Church are addressed to the public; and, therefore, when marked by pre-eminence of merit, they are simultaneously recognised as such by the public. The Law attracts a full share of popular attention, and more than a full share of public rewards; not because, in its nature, of high worth or tending to nobler ends, but because it declares the right and guards the interests of the community, as well as those of individuals, and its functions are carried on in the presence of associated numbers. The Physician or Surgeon, on the contrary, has no dealings with the community *as such*, and his claims upon its component parts cannot be recognised or felt in common.

It is thus unusual for a member of the medical profession to occupy a prominent place in the public eye. Nor, even when such publicity does occur, is it always to be taken as a proof of extraordinary merit, either professional or otherwise, since, like popularity in other spheres, it may arise from meretricious causes and possess none of the elements of worth or permanency. In modern times many specimens of the professional character could be produced, in whom nothing seems wanting in natural gifts, scientific attainments, or practical aptitude,—but only a larger and more conspicuous field for their exercise,—to justify a bold comparison with the most famous names in the annals of medicine.

The greatness that impresses the popular mind is seldom, if ever, recognised in a member of the healing profession. Esculapius was really received among the number of the gods, living or dead, the Greeks must have cherished sentiments that form no part of modern natures. Many men have existed, and many still live, whose entrance into a company elicits the spontaneous expression of universal regard and interest,—the token of general appreciation of services, real or imagined, which they have rendered to their species. The leading statesman, the successful soldier, and the eloquent lawyer, commonly receive these at

yet more substantial marks of public appreciation ; but when was the world's enthusiasm ever excited to a like extent by a career, however able, long-continued, or arduous, devoted to the development and application of principles whose results can be exhibited only in the welfare of the individual ? There may be plausible reasons assigned, and even principles of our nature adduced, which may partially account for this neglect ; but it may be doubted whether the fact be not a reflection upon the estimate formed by mankind of their benefactors, and upon the justness of their scale of recompense.

And yet the qualities required in those who deservedly obtain the laurel in medicine, are among the highest that can be found in any sphere of exertion. Being both a science and an art, it equally requires the possession of reflective and practical talents. The treatment of each case of disease is a piece of reasoning ; a large amount of general principles, each of these the result of induction from a vast number of instances, is brought to bear upon the facts of a particular case, which may not, in all its circumstances, resemble any other case whatever ; and by the daily and hourly repetition of the process, the reasoning faculty must necessarily acquire both acuteness and vigour. Foresight in the detection of danger, and ingenuity in the adaptation of means to ward it off, are essentially requisite. Promptness of action, sagacity, discrimination, and the power to influence the wavering minds of others in moments of peril,—these and other qualifications might be instanced, and would form materials for a comparison with the requirements of the Pleader at the bar or the General in the field. If to these qualities be added the subordination of personal feelings and objects to the good of others, and the kindly sympathy with suffering, which have generally characterized the medical profession, there will appear ample claims upon the respect of the public towards it as a whole, and a just call for a sympathizing interest in those whom its members acknowledge as their chiefs.

Notwithstanding, however, the general rule which thus exists, —tending directly to exclude the hope of fame as a powerful motive of the medical practitioner,—the last half-century presents, in this country, two remarkable exceptions, in the persons of John Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper. The names of these men have spread far beyond the limits of the profession to which they belonged, and have originated numerous popular legends, which have alternately interested and amused the public. The recent appearance of “Memoirs of Abernethy” presents a favourable opportunity for passing in review the principal events in the career of both ; nor is there wanting, as a further inducement, a certain curiosity, that seeks its gratification in looking behind the curtain which ordinarily veils the thoughts and acts of those engaged in a somewhat fearful and mysterious calling.

ASTLEY COOPER was the fourth son of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooper, of Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk. His mother was a daughter of Mr. Bransby, of Shottisham, a co-heiress descended from the family of Paston; a lady of considerable intellectual attainments, and the authoress of several works of fiction, which had much popularity in their day. Astley was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, on the 23rd of August, 1768. The classical part of his education was superintended by his father, but does not appear to have extended very much beyond the rudimentary stages of Latin and Greek; nor do we find, at any subsequent part of his life, any reference to classical tastes or acquirements.

According to a well known principle, when he afterwards became celebrated, it was the custom to refer his first attachment to the medical profession to the accidental circumstance of his having had the presence of mind to compress a wounded artery, and thus to save the life of a young friend, imperilled by a serious accident. However this may have been, he was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen years, to a Mr. Turner, a general practitioner, of Yarmouth. His residence with this gentleman was short, as we soon find him availing himself of that which formed the first great facility of his early professional life, and, in all probability, constituted his chief inducement to the particular walk which he adopted.

His uncle, Mr. William Cooper, was at that time one of the Surgeons to Guy's Hospital, and Astley was taken by him into his house, as a pupil. This arrangement, according to the exclusive system, prevailing then as now, of confining the surgical offices of the Hospital to those who have been articled pupils to the Surgeons attached, opened the way to his ultimate appointments of assistant, and then full, Surgeon to Guy's. His uncle appears to have been somewhat old-fashioned in his views; and Astley, in those days, was high-spirited, frolicsome, and idle. The consequence was, that disagreeable discussions became so frequent, as ultimately to lead to a transfer of his indentures to Mr. Cline, at that time the more eminent colleague of Mr. William Cooper. This transfer, which was in all probability brought about by Astley in consequence of Cline's superior reputation, was attended by the best professional results. From that time, he became conspicuously industrious, and seemed to find his chief pleasure in the hospital and dissecting-room; and so rapid and marked was his progress in professional acquirements, that, in 1791, after a short time spent in Edinburgh, he was appointed to give a portion of the anatomical lectures in conjunction with Mr. Cline. From this period, his progress in knowledge, and consequent reputation, was rapid and uninterrupted. His boyhood and youth had been marked by great energy of character and unbounded animal spirits. This seemingly exhaustless energy he now directed, with uninterrupted

industry, to a life-long pursuit of anatomical and surgical knowledge; presenting, to the eye of one who shall scan his whole career, the spectacle of an enthusiasm apparently too ardent to be continuous, persisted in, to the end, with all the regularity and constancy of a law, even after the ordinary motives to exertion were weakened by success.

At this time, no distinct courses of lectures on surgery were given in London, the maxims of the day being included in the anatomical course. Mr. Cooper, however, having gained the sanction of the Surgeons of St. Thomas' and Guy's, commenced a course on surgery, and laid the foundation of the class to which were delivered, in a regular series, for very many years, those lectures which have so far been unrivalled, whether we look to the information they contain, the gracefulness of their delivery, or the popularity which they achieved.

Towards the close of 1791, he married Miss Cook, of Tottenham, a relative of Mr. Cline; and the next year, after a short visit to Paris, during which he attended the lectures of Dessault and Chopart, he commenced practice in Jeffery's Square, St. Mary Axe, where he resided six years.

It was during this period that he laid the foundation of that vast private practice, which continued to increase, throughout his residence in New Broad-street, until, in the year 1805, it had attained an extent and remuneration exceeding any thing known in the records of professional success. Sir Astley has himself, in some slight biographical fragments, indicated some of the favourable circumstances, peculiar to the period, which partly account for this success. At the time referred to,—the end of the last, and the commencement of the present, century,—the city presented a different aspect, at the close of business hours, to what we see at present. The streets of lofty warehouses and large rambling offices, which now make the central parts of the city look so sad in the evening, were then filled with noble houses, in which the merchant-prince and his family were content to live, —often beneath the humble roof of his counting-house. Here he exercised a generous hospitality, and superintended, with patriarchal simplicity, the clerks and servants who ministered to his wealth. At this time, before it became the fashion to imitate the style of the upper classes by a western or suburban residence, perhaps there was a greater concentration of wealth within a small space, in these parts of London, than was ever known in the history of any other commercial city. Under such circumstances, the medical man, who was so fortunate as to gain the confidence of these influential families, had immense advantages, both in the number and compact position of his patients, and in the more liberal scale of remuneration for his services, which the expensive habits of recent times have tended to curtail. Sir Astley states that, for attendance upon the family

of one of these magnates, he received, for several years, upwards of £600 *per annum*.

In reference to Mr. Cooper's professional position during the latter period of his city residence, his biographer remarks:—

“The peculiar position in which Mr. Cooper stood during his residence in Broad-street, was such as no one seems ever to have exactly filled. It appeared as if he had by some magic gained the confidence of every medical practitioner who had access to him; and this insured an extension of his fame over a very large portion of England. This influence did not arise from his published works, nor from his being a lecturer, nor, indeed, from any public situation which he held, although each of these circumstances had its share in producing the result; but it seemed to originate more from his innate love of his profession, his extreme zeal in all that concerned it, and his honest desire, as well as great power, to communicate his knowledge to another, without, at the same time, exposing the ignorance of his listener on the subject, even to himself. This must be looked upon as one cause why his public character became so much diffused by his professional brethren; for he owed little of his advancement in life to the patronage of Court favour. Another peculiar quality, which proved always a great source of advantage to him, was his thorough confidence in himself, in respect to his professional knowledge, so that, after he had once examined a case, he cared but little who was to give a further surgical opinion upon it. This must inevitably have instilled an equal degree of confidence into those consulting him.”

The extended reputation and large practice of Mr. Cooper at this time, led some adventurers to make a surreptitious use of his name, an amusing instance of which may be given. A gang of designing knaves established themselves in a house in Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, and were known, by those conversant with their proceedings, as the “Ashley Cooper set.” This appellation was derived from the fact of the advertisements commencing with the name of “Dr. Ashley Cooper” in large letters, whilst the names of the other Doctors, who were represented as his assistants, were printed in smaller type. These names were those of Drs. Munro, Daniells, and Duncan, the word “Company” always terminating the list. Daniells had been a small chemist in Wapping; Munro was an obscure practitioner from Scotland; and Duncan was believed to be the black servant-man who played an important part in the proceedings. The plan of operations was, to advertise largely in provincial papers, so as to attract a portion of those persons from the country who were continually coming to town for surgical advice. The “Board,” as they styled themselves, sat in consultation during certain specified hours every morning. The black man-servant, who was in livery, had been tutored never to give a direct reply to any question which might be put to him; but to induce any applicant, by evasive answers, to enter the waiting-room. Thus, when asked, “Is Dr. Ashley Cooper at home?” the reply would

be either, "Walk in, Sir," or, "The Doctor is at home, Sir;" and so ingeniously was this system carried out, that it would have been difficult for any one to prove that he had been induced to enter the establishment by a direct falsehood, under the impression that he was to see Mr. Astley Cooper, the Surgeon. There were always two or three persons in the waiting-room, sometimes really patients applying for advice; and there was generally one person in league with the party, whose duty it was to remove objections, or to lull any suspicion that might arise in the mind of a visitor, or otherwise prepare him for his appearance before the fraternity. The plan of proceeding was this:—

"If it were a simple case, and the patient was not likely to 'bleed freely,' one of the Doctors only would see him; his case would be heard, quickly dispatched, and the patient dismissed without any further ceremony. If, however, the applicant were found to be a person from the country, and appeared likely to pay a large fee, whether his disorder was simple or not, it was always represented to be very serious, and a statement made that it was necessary to consult the Board.

"The visitor was then ushered into this room: and he suddenly found himself in the midst of a very imposing scene. Around a table, covered with green cloth, on which were carelessly lying heaps of papers and books, were seated three, four, or sometimes five grave-looking persons; the President, the so-called Dr. Ashley Cooper, being distinguished from the rest by being seated in a raised chair at the head of the table. They were all habited in robes and wigs, which last articles of attire had the two-fold effect of giving an importance to their assumed position and character, and, at the same time, of concealing their features, which appeared to be not an unimportant point with them. On entering the room, the visitor was usually directed to a seat by the President, who was the chief organ of communication, the rest of the party being apparently engaged in taking notes of his queries, and the replies of the patient. As soon as the examination and remarks were concluded, the dupe was requested to withdraw, while the consultation was taking place. He was soon afterwards recalled, and the important document, the result of their united wisdom, was then handed to him. The patient, who had perhaps intended only to pay the usual fee of a guinea, struck with awe at all this unexpected ceremony, then, probably, inquired the amount of his fee. The sum mentioned in reply was often exorbitant, frequently more than he had about his person; but he seldom left the house until they had obtained a considerable amount from him."

Shame at their folly, and fear of the laughter of their friends, would often prevent the dupes from publicly exposing the scoundrels. Occasionally, however, some indignant dupe would threaten to expose them; and, in one case, a sum of ten guineas was recovered by a countryman walking in front of the house for two mornings, loudly relating the circumstances to all who would listen. Notwithstanding these occasional drawbacks, the Ashley Cooper Doctors continued to exist for several years.

Biography, as well as History, admits of episode : the variety and relief afforded are often as grateful in the one case as the other ; and as it is a rule in this branch of composition, that the narrative introduced should have some obvious relation (though more or less remote) to the main design, it will be admitted that the story of the resurrectionist is not unsuitable to the biography of an eminent surgeon of the age gone by. Such, at least, is evidently the opinion of the author of this *Life of Sir Astley Cooper* ; and we are tempted to give our readers an epitome of this interesting portion of the work. Besides gratifying an innocent curiosity, it may suggest an useful lesson, and afford especially a timely hint to those who sigh for the picturesqueness and simplicity of former days. The same facts which bring into bold relief the former quality, will serve effectually to dissipate our impressions of the latter. Let us look for a moment at some of the dark deeds that not long since took place between "the glimpses of the moon," and rejoice that no such hideous outrage now dares to interrupt the repose of the grave.

In the course of his professional pursuits, Sir Astley came in contact, more perhaps than any of his contemporaries, with the exception of Joshua Brookes, with those outcasts of society, the resurrectionists, or body-snatchers. The necessity for this intercourse with the most degraded and reckless of mankind was most painfully felt ; but the credit of English surgery, and the welfare of the whole community through its individual members, were at stake. This was well understood by the Statesmen and Magistracy of the time ; and although loud in their expressions of indignation when some discovery which roused the anger of the populace took place, in general they winked at the forbidden, but unavoidable, offence. Had the law, indeed, as it then stood, been strictly enforced, the progress of this country in one grand department of applied science, and that the most intimately connected with the welfare of mankind, would have been effectually checked ; and English surgeons must have resorted to the schools of Paris and Vienna for the necessary instruction denied to them in their own country. Fortunately, however, the occupation of the body-snatcher was nearly wholly confined to the period of which we write, or the first quarter of the present century ; for previously little Anatomy was taught in England, and subsequently legal provision was made for its due and proper exercise.

The followers of this revolting traffic were almost invariably men of the worst character,—bold, hardy, and of wonderful low cunning. They formed a small community, isolated from all other classes of labourers by the disgusting nature of their employment, and generally working in small companies or partnerships, under the guidance of some man eminent for his

courage, cunning, or experience. Jealousy of each other's success seems to have been one of the most remarkable features of these gangs, and is shown in the extraordinary perseverance and sagacity with which they discovered, and then made known to the authorities, the professional labours of their rivals. They were constantly quarrelling and betraying each other, and not unfrequently encountered much risk to themselves, rather than refrain from enjoying a sweet morsel of revenge.

The best allies of the resurrectionist were the old watchmen employed to guard the various burial-grounds of the metropolis; the great majority of whom, it is believed, were in the habit of receiving a per-centage of the proceeds, as the price of their connivance. The public being aware that graveyards were often robbed, it was not unusual to employ special watchmen to sit up by the grave, or the friends of the deceased would watch by turns. But the unwonted nature of the occupation, and the gloom and stillness of all around, frequently caused them to stay only a part of the night; and even when otherwise, such was the skill and rapidity of the resurrectionist, that a slumber or short absence of half an hour was sufficient to defeat the object of the hireling guardian or the worn-out mourner.

On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, and that poachers make the best gamekeepers, resurrectionists were occasionally employed, by those who had some knowledge of their proceedings, to watch a grave. Where the remuneration offered was large, and the man really desired to execute his trust faithfully, and thwart the schemes of his companions, he was generally outwitted by some among them more active or cunning than himself. One mode adopted was to plan some other undertaking, connected with exhumation, in which he was associated; and then, during his absence, some part of the gang "raised" the coveted body. Another way was, for some friend or two to enter into conversation with him, and ultimately to ply him with drink, to which nearly all the class were addicted, until he was rendered too helpless to interfere with the design in hand.

It was well known that bodies were "raised" with great rapidity; but how it was done, remained to the last a mystery, known to few. The general impression was, that all the soil covering the coffin was removed, and the lid forcibly broken off by suitable tools. Now this plan, erroneously described by the author of the "*Diary of a late Physician*" as that usually adopted, would frequently have led to detection, in consequence of the length of time required, and the noise of so much digging. The true mode of proceeding was this. The body-snatcher first carefully examined any peculiarities of the ground, his keen eye detecting any little piece of slate or wood, or other mark. These he carefully removed, in order to their replacement when all was over,—to avoid creating suspicion. He then

dug down over the head of the coffin, leaving the other portions as little disturbed as possible. When about a third of the length was thus cleared away, a strong crow-bar, of a peculiar form, was introduced between the end of the coffin and the lid. On raising the latter, owing to the superincumbent weight upon the lower portion, it usually snapped across at about one third of the distance from the top. As soon as this happened, the body was drawn out by the shoulders, the burial clothes were removed and replaced in the coffin, and the corpse tied up in a sack and conveyed to its destination. This plan seldom failed, unless the lid proved unusually strong,—a circumstance which not often happened in the coffins of the poor, to which class the operations of the resurrectionists were usually directed.

But the body-snatcher did not always practise as a resurrectionist. By a horrible dexterity in his work of sacrilege, he as frequently forestalled, as plundered, the grave of its appointed prey. In the years 1825 and 1826, there seems to have been an understanding between men of this class and the undertakers of the metropolis; brick-bats and earth were substituted for the bodies of deceased persons; and over many a plundered coffin resounded the solemn service for the dead, or the sob of a broken heart, that was mocked, as well as utterly bereaved. Even the bodies of unfortunate creatures awaiting the judgment of a coroner's jury suddenly vanished, and to the mystery of their death—destined never to be cleared up in any earthly court—was now strangely added the mystery of their disappearance. Of this latter kind is the adventure described in the following story, which may serve to illustrate some of the incidents of this nefarious traffic:—

“Patrick was strolling in the neighbourhood of Sydenham, when he heard that the body of a female had been found in the canal, and taken to the — public-house, on the preceding evening. Ever alive to business, he at once went to the inn, ordered some beer, and soon contrived to enter into conversation with the pot-boy. From him he learned, that the body in the stable was suspected to be that of a pauper, who had escaped from the Woolwich workhouse, and seemed to be without friends to claim it for burial. He also discovered that his informant, on some previous occasion, had been employed for two nights in watching a body placed there under similar circumstances, but had been subsequently so ill repaid by the parish officer for his trouble, that he had determined not to sit up with any other again. This was sufficient for Patrick: carefully examining, as far as his position would allow, the size and form of the key-hole of the stable door, he soon left, and went on his way to London.

“At a late hour on the same evening, Patrick returned to Sydenham with a companion, and, after prowling about for an hour and a half, reconnoitring, proceeded to try if any of the keys he had brought with him would unlock the door of the stable, which was so placed as

to be easily got at from the road. To their delight, the first they used opened it at once, and the rest of their operations within the stable were soon concluded. Having obtained the prize, they turned down a narrow lane, and were soon far away from Sydenham: so that they succeeded in depositing the subject at its destination in London before day-break. The next afternoon, Patrick was sitting in a room at the Elephant and Castle Inn, when a coachman, with whom he was slightly acquainted, came in, and commenced giving an account of a tremendous disturbance which had occurred that morning at Sydenham; telling him that a jury had met to sit on a body, but, on going into the stable to inspect it, they found that the body had disappeared in the course of the night. He little thought how readily the man he was addressing could have explained the matter, had he chosen, or that he had, at that very time, in his waistcoat pocket, half the money the missing body had produced."—Vol. i., pp. 383, 384.

The scene of this hideous theft recalls us to the pleasing recollection that we live in brighter days. Sydenham is now the seat and symbol of all that is ennobling in science and the liberal arts; and we cherish, amid some solicitude and doubt, a persuasion, that, though Art has no power to transform the moral life, it is able steadily to improve and humanize the aspect of Society.

In May, 1816, Astley Cooper signalized himself by performing one of the most difficult operations in the whole compass of surgery,—that of placing a ligature upon the aorta. Aneurism of the aorta, from the nature, and still more from the position, of the disease, as well as the magnitude of that great trunk-artery, is one of the most perilous, and apparently hopeless, of all complaints to which the body of man is liable. The disease may occur in any of the arteries, and consists in a rupture of the inner coat of the vessel, forming a fissure, in which a small portion of blood becomes lodged and coagulates. The outer elastic coat yields to the pressure, and becomes gradually enlarged by fresh deposits of coagulum, until a tumour is formed. This gradually becomes thinner, till it bursts either from the pressure of the blood, or from some sudden exertion. In order to prevent this catastrophe, Surgeons are in the habit of performing an operation, the object of which is to cut off the communication between the diseased blood-vessel and the heart, and thus prevent any further flow into the aneurismal swelling. The circulation is then thrown upon the small collateral vessels, which gradually enlarge and adapt themselves to the new duties they are thus called upon to fulfil, while the former channel becomes contracted to a cord.

The aorta being the great channel through which all the blood passes from the heart, nature has taken every means to protect it from injury; and thus we find it placed in front of the spine, defended by soft, yielding organs, and surrounded by and closely connected with various other important structures; so that to

reach the vessel, without inflicting injury upon other important parts, requires the most minute anatomical knowledge. But, supposing the vessel reached, and a ligature applied, will the circulation be carried on, when thus cut off in full career? Will the comparatively few and small arteries given off between the heart and the ligature be sufficient to supply the place of the main trunk?

Fortified by the study of some rare forms of disease in which the aorta had become unnaturally constricted, and by experiments upon animals, Mr. Cooper felt justified in giving a chance of life to a patient thus perilously situated; and although in the first case life was prolonged but a short time, subsequent attempts, in the hands of himself and others, have met with such success as to justify the procedure.

Deferring, for the present, the consideration of the intellectual and professional qualifications of Astley Cooper, as well as some circumstances of the time which had a bearing upon his unparalleled success, we will proceed rapidly to sketch the chief remaining points of his personal history.

In the year 1815, he migrated westward, and thus closed the busiest and most lucrative portion of his practice. For many years after this, during his residence in New-street, Spring-gardens, he carried on the leading surgical practice in the metropolis; but he never subsequently reached a point equal to the last year of his residence in the city. For several years his professional receipts averaged £15,000 *per annum*; but in the year alluded to, they exceeded the enormous sum of £21,000.

In 1821, he was created a Baronet by George IV., to whom he had previously been appointed Surgeon, and, during the remainder of his professional life, had under his care several members of the Royal Family, and many of the great officers of state, as well as illustrious persons from all parts of Europe. His biographer gives numerous extracts from his memoranda, relating to Lord Liverpool and other eminent individuals, which are interesting records of their habits and characters, though somewhat too courtier-like in their *tone* and *expressions*. The highest honours, and every possible mark of public respect, were now showered upon him by the scientific corporations of England and France, which vied with each other in their tokens of regard; whilst his opinion upon a disease was considered by the public at large as the final estimate of human help, decisive of its present limitation or success. Louis Philippe conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honour; he was elected Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France, and of most of the learned Societies of Germany and America; and from William IV. he received the distinction of Grand Cross of the Royal Guelphic Order.

In 1827, he retired from the profession, intending to spend the remainder of his life, in the enjoyment of well-earned retirement,

at his estate near Hemel-Hempstead. A short experience, however, soon convinced him that he was unfitted for a life of inglorious ease; and, with characteristic decision, he resolved to return, to practise his profession anew. In 1826, and again in 1837, he occupied the honourable position of President of the College of Surgeons, and continued his practice and pathological labours until his last illness. The first symptoms of disease came on him when walking to church at Strathfieldsaye, with the Duke of Wellington, when he was seized with violent and irregular action of the heart, accompanied with great difficulty of breathing. After an illness of a few weeks' duration, he died of diseased heart, February 12th, 1841, in his seventy-third year.

Sir Astley Cooper's scientific character can only be glanced at, in these pages, in the most cursory manner. His fame is not simply that of a good practical Surgeon, but is based upon original discoveries, the value of which is attested by the fact, that they still continue to influence the daily practice of the Surgeon. A comparison of the surgery of the present day with that of fifty years since would at once establish his claims to rank high among the benefactors of mankind, while it would exhibit a striking proof of the immense influence which may be exerted over a class or a nation, by the labours and talents of a single individual. Not half a century since, it was doubted in our schools whether the hip-joint was ever dislocated; and those who admitted the possibility of the occurrence doubted the practicability of its reduction. Cases were constantly met with in the hospitals, where dislocations had been treated as fractures, until the period had passed in which reduction could be effected; and others, perhaps equally numerous, in which irreparable injury had been inflicted by pulling a fractured limb, under the belief that it was dislocated. Sir Astley cleared up this cloud of ignorance and error; and now, as a result of his researches, almost every fracture and dislocation is readily recognised by the merest tyro, and their treatment rendered both simple and efficacious.

We turn to hernia, (or rupture, in popular language,) and trace similar improvements to the same source. The various species of hernia have been distinguished from each other, and from the different diseases with which they had been or might be confounded. The anatomy of the parts through which a portion of the intestines might protrude, and its various coverings after protrusion,—for this constitutes hernia,—were carefully investigated, with the effect of rendering our knowledge of the descent far more precise, increasing our means of preventing constriction of the bowel, or *strangulation*, and making the operation, after strangulation has occurred, far more safe and effectual. We have already alluded to his bold attempts for the relief of aneurism; and, indeed, there is scarcely a department of surgery,

which has not been improved by his unwearied industry and practical tact.

Our account of his labours would be very incomplete without some reference to his important professional writings. These are distinguished by their unusually practical character, and by the fact that every opinion advanced is the result of personal observation. Nothing is taken for granted, little or nothing is borrowed from others. The illustrative cases are, with few exceptions, taken from his own practice, and form a running commentary upon the doctrines enunciated; nor must it be forgotten, that the whole, amounting to several quartos, were written during the busiest part of his career, or at a period of life when the faculties are seldom very active. His works on the Anatomy of the Breast, and on the Non-Malignant Diseases of the Breast, his Treatise on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints, and his Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, are likely long to remain the standard authorities on their respective subjects. For directness of purpose, solidity of matter, and the absence of vague speculation, they are unequalled by any medical works of recent times, if we except the writings of Sir Benjamin Brodie.

The personal qualities of Sir Astley were engaging, and had no mean influence on his success. His elasticity of spirit was un-failing at all periods of his life, and gave a great charm to his intercourse with his friends. Of his graceful person and kindness of manner, we retain, in common with very many now living, the most vivid impression. He was tall and well proportioned, his complexion ruddy, and his whole appearance dignified by an ample quantity of silky white hair. His bearing towards his professional brethren and pupils was open, candid, and affable: to the young professional man his manner was such as to elicit the most perfect confidence. His opinion upon a case was given without any magisterial air, and he would discuss its various bearings with the youngest of his professional brethren, in such a manner as showed equally his interest in his profession, and his respect for his more youthful co-adjutor. His demeanour towards his hospital patients, and the poor in general, was also remarkable. Nothing could be more delightful than to witness the change, from depression to confidence, which often rapidly resulted from a few of his kind and cheerful words.

But we cannot recognise, in Sir Astley, the qualities that constitute the truly great man. He brought good common-sense, vast powers of exact and careful observation, and an undaunted perseverance, to bear upon a practical and noble subject; and these, in connexion with every external advantage, led to eminent and deserved success. But the high sympathy with nature in all her manifestations, the keen perception of the hidden chain that binds together the varying forms of existence, and the glowing interest in human progress which must be

founded on a lively faith in its great destinies, were wanting. His love of money was excessive. His acts of benevolence were not few, but their objects were confined to a narrow circle. His sympathy with merit was considerable, but that merit must exhibit itself within a certain range. The obvious and the practical were too exclusively the excitants of his admiration. He lacked the kindling glow of fellowship with lofty aspirations; and seemed to undervalue the discoveries of science itself, with all their beautiful co-aptations to kindred truths, if unable, at once, to recognise in them some utilitarian application. For abstract scientific truths he had but little taste; for the general amelioration and progress of his species he evinced no enthusiasm; but as the practical servant of society around him,—as the skilful remover of evils which beset the daily life of his fellow-men,—as the assiduous and graceful minister of relief to the afflicted in every walk of life,—he is, perhaps, the finest example of a class whose merits seldom fail to secure a just measure of eminence and success.

JOHN ABERNETHY was descended from a family long settled in Ireland. His grandfather, Dr. John Abernethy, was the author of some volumes of sermons, long held in estimation for clear thought and practical piety. His father removed to London about the middle of the last century, and established himself in the city, as a merchant. The subject of our notice was born in the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman-street, on the 3rd of April, 1764, exactly one year after John Hunter settled in London. After some preliminary home tuition, he was sent to the Wolverhampton Grammar School, where he appears to have obtained the character of a clever, shy, and passionate boy.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to Sir Charles Blicke, at that time a Surgeon in large practice, living in Milledred's-court. There is evidence that, during his apprenticeship, young Abernethy evinced a taste for chemical and physiological researches. He once observed, in reference to a certain disease, "When I was a boy, I half ruined myself in buying oranges and other things, to ascertain the effects of different kinds of diet in this disease." As Sir Charles Blicke was Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Abernethy would doubtless have access to the surgical lectures occasionally delivered there by Mr. Pott. There being no regular course of lectures on anatomy at that Hospital, he attended the lectures of Sir William Blizard, at the London Hospital; and his liking for the man, and his interest in the subject, awakened the first impulse of real love for his profession. Sir William was enthusiastic, disinterested, and straightforward; and contrasted favourably, in his young friend's mind, with the more polished but selfish character of his master. Thirty years afterwards, when he

delivered the first of his admirable lectures to the College of Surgeons in 1814, he took the opportunity to pay a handsome compliment to his former instructor,—a compliment which must have been deeply gratifying to the venerable Surgeon, who was present.

In July, 1787, Mr. Abernethy was elected to the office of Assistant-Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Soon afterwards, he took a step which influenced his whole future fortunes. His intercourse with his fellow-pupils at the Hospital had already elicited his peculiar talents for communicating knowledge, and he appears early to have resolved upon following out his natural bias. Thus, by his own unaided efforts, he laid the foundation of the School of Medicine subsequently connected with St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which yet retains its high *status* among the medical educational establishments of the country. It is impossible to avoid being struck with the coincidence of the almost simultaneous commencement of the two schools of Guy's and St. Bartholomew's, by two young men, scarcely past the age of pupilage. It is true that, at Bartholomew's, Mr. Pott had been in the habit of giving about twenty-four lectures on surgery; but where no anatomical lectures are delivered, a medical school cannot be said to exist. It is also true that, at Guy's, lectures had been given previously to Astley Cooper's time; but it was not until his energy had been thrown into the lecture-room, that the full course of subjects received their due attention. Abernethy was the actual, Astley Cooper the virtual, founder of their respective schools. It may be well to pause awhile, to consider the professional influences of the period to which they were subjected, and the general circumstances by which they were surrounded.

At the period when our young aspirants for professional fame entered upon their career, surgery had not been quite emancipated from its alliance with the barbers, and, of course, had yet to achieve a proper position in public estimation. Cheselden, Pott, and a few others had, indeed, stood out prominently, and been recognised as worthy of public honour; but the great mass of their brethren still held a servile position under the Physicians. It was the transition period, between that of a submissive execution of another's orders, and the self-assertion of proved and acknowledged science. They, therefore, became the leaders of professional thought and practice, at a time when it had just put on its more finished and permanent phase. Equal eminence could scarcely have been maintained for any length of time at an earlier period, since it would have been imperilled by the want of a scientific foundation; whilst, at a later period, it would have been difficult to attain equal superiority in the contest with an abler race of competitors, and amid a more general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

But we should take a very imperfect view of the circumstances which surrounded these young surgeons, and exerted a potent influence over their subsequent fortunes, if we were to omit all reference to the vast influence exercised over them by John Hunter. This wonderful man, who joined in himself the close observation of nature characteristic of Bacon, with the power of generalization of Newton, was then near the termination of his career. But few of his contemporaries had faith in his doctrines; and from some, including the uncle of young Astley Cooper, he received the bitterest opposition; so that it was left to the rising generation of medical men to introduce and develop the practical doctrines which Hunter had originated. Cooper and Abernethy had the advantage of hearing Hunter's lectures, and were early convinced that the principles enunciated by him were destined to change, in many respects, the future practice of surgery; and as no important discovery, at least in relation to the general physiological doctrines on which the science is based, has since taken place, it was not their fate to be left behind by the onward progress of professional knowledge. At the same time, they never lost the prestige which they derived from being the first to embrace, and publicly to teach, the novel doctrines of their illustrious master. Nor can we well over-estimate the influence which their great practical talents and unflagging industry had, in causing the reception of these principles by the profession at large. Gifted with more popular talents for public teaching, clearer powers of exposition, and greater practical skill in applying his views to the emergencies of actual life, they may be said to have entered into Hunter's labours, and to have supplemented him in those very particulars wherein he was undoubtedly wanting. It is pleasing to reflect that, in all periods of their career, they never failed to eulogize the man who may be said to have been the great apostle, as he became the great martyr, of physiological science.

The early years of Abernethy's manhood were years of incessant toil. He lectured upon Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology, and Surgery,—subjects which are now divided amongst three or four teachers. An attentive observer at the Hospital, he was moreover assiduous in seeking information wherever it was to be found. Although he had little time at his command, and the distance of Mr. Hunter's residence from his own was considerable, he sought every opportunity of attending the lectures in Leicester-square, and endeavoured, by private interviews, to become thoroughly acquainted with his views. But these occupations, in addition to the demands of a growing practice, did not prevent him from entering into original physiological investigations, the results of which were published in the "Philosophical Transactions" and in successive monographs. Some of these, particularly his Papers on the Function of the Skin and Lungs, and on Irrita-

bility, exhibit a power of reasoning, and a talent for discovering the obscure sympathies of the various parts of the human frame, quite unusual in medical writings of the time. In 1791, Mr. Abernethy's lectures became adopted, as it were, by the Hospital, the Governors having erected a new theatre, in which they were subsequently delivered to a constantly increasing class. By 1796, when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, his reputation was fully established on a twofold basis,—as a popular teacher of his profession, and as a skilful practical Surgeon. His fame as a lecturer naturally brought his name frequently before the public, whilst his numerous pupils, as they began to branch off into practice, all impressed with the highest admiration of their teacher's talents, brought the more efficient blessing of numerous consultations.

In the commencement of 1800, Mr. Abernethy, who had shortly before removed to Bedford-row, entered the marriage state. His mode of procedure was highly characteristic, and would be open to severe remark by the sterner critics of the proprieties, did we not consider the peculiar disposition of the man, as well as the circumstances in which he was placed. During a professional attendance upon a family at Edmonton, he had met with a young lady, Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired merchant, and had been much impressed by her kindness and attention. One of Abernethy's most striking faculties was his keen insight into character. Lively, lady-like, and agreeable manners came in aid of the moral qualifications, and his choice was made. But how bring about the important affair? He was very shy, and extremely sensitive, and wholly absorbed in studying, teaching, and practising his profession, so as to have no time to carry on a regular siege. He therefore wrote a note, stating his wishes, and requesting the lady to take a fortnight to consider of her reply. We have only to add, that the answer was favourable, and that the marriage was in every respect a happy one. It is not a little amusing to find, that both Cooper and Abernethy came down to lecture on the evening of their marriage day.

Abernethy's Treatise upon the Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases, popularly known as "my book," was published in 1804. This is the best known of his works, and has undoubtedly exercised much influence upon the modern practice of medicine. The general belief is, that it is concerned exclusively with digestion, and that Abernethy looked to the stomach alone as the great *fons et origo* of all human ailments, and that he had but one mode of exorcising the demon. This is a mistake: the object of the work is to exhibit the reciprocal influence and mysterious sympathy existing between the nervous system and the digestive organs, and the power they mutually exert in the causation and cure of diseases. The subject was certainly not new; but the

suggestive and scrutinizing quality of his mind, together with his talent for clear statement of complicated truths, enabled him to carry his inquiries, in this direction, farther, and announce them more luminously, than had previously been done. The *facts*, indeed, or at least some of them, had been known and commented upon since the time of Hippocrates. John Hunter had paid considerable attention to the subject, and had asserted "that the organ secondarily affected (as, for instance, in head-ache from deranged stomach) sometimes appeared to suffer more than the organ to which the disturbance had first been directed." It was Abernethy's function to trace out this *sympathy*, as it is called, more fully, and to add ampler illustrations of its nature, its complications, and its range.

Abernethy's strong point, after all, was his lecturing. In this he was unrivalled. His thorough acquaintance with his subject, and wonderful facility in conveying his knowledge, were assisted by a combination of physical and intellectual accessories, which greatly added to the effect. His person was graceful, slender, and delicate-looking, with a pleasing combination of benevolence and humour in his eye. He was remarkably free from technicality, and unusually rich in illustration. By the first he smoothed the rudimentary progress of his pupil, and avoided a premature burthening of the memory. The latter peculiarity was so prominent as to suggest the possession of no small portion of genius, and gave an indescribable charm to his discourses. But his chief characteristics were his humour and his dramatic power. The combination of these sufficed to make him equally entertaining and impressive. He thus could rouse the attention, stamp a fact or principle upon the mind, or touch the moral sensibilities, at will. In relating a case, particularly when repeating a dialogue with a shrewd or witty patient, he was imitatively droll, especially when the recital made against himself. But Abernethy's humour, unlike that of Sydney Smith and other wits, was greatly indebted to manner, and is not effective on repetition. His directions for making a poultice are amusing, as found in his published lectures; but those who heard them, say that nothing could exceed the raciness with which they were given. Parts of his lectures, printed exactly as they were delivered, are as amusing as any book of light reading; and in the "Eventful History of a Compound Fracture," may be seen how important information may be conveyed, upon a subject undoubtedly grave, without a trace of dulness. But it was in the more serious portion of his discourse, when reciting some act of neglect or cruelty, that the better qualities of the lecturer were apparent. His voice faltered with emotion, his eye flashed fire, and his whole soul seemed stirred within him. His sympathy with poverty in distress frequently appeared in his illustrations, and proved,

when taken in connexion with his many recorded acts of benevolence to the poor, the kindly nature of the man.

The foundation of Abernethy's character was unswerving honesty. He not only abhorred what was absolutely false, but detested the exaggeration which is relatively or inferentially so. He declined either to say or to do more than the welfare of his patient required, even when, owing to the weakness of human nature, such abstinence was unfavourable to his interests. Early in life he had seen, with indignation and contempt, the means by which some men attain success; and the sight affected his whole future career. Beneath the varnish of a courtly manner and an elaborate toilet, he had seen the coarse-minded and ignorant man in great prosperity. He had seen the fears of the timid invalid coined into ducats by those whose mission it was to chase them away. He had seen an extensive machinery erected, whose main-spring was self-interest, and whose purposed end was to do nothing, though mischief was too often the result. Long before Mrs. Wittiterly and her Doctor had been drawn by the hand of a master, he had studied their types in the school to which that master afterwards resorted. He had seen all this, and was resolved that his own relations with his patients should be free from all mystery, and based upon a clear understanding of their mutual positions. He explained to his patient his actual condition, and what was requisite to be done for him, in language so simple, as to be easily intelligible, and then considered he had done his duty. He no more thought of pretending to a power or a prescience which he did not possess, than he would to property which did not belong to him. He declined to imitate some of his brethren of the gold-headed cane, and erect himself into an oracle as awful, as mysterious, and as false as that of Delphi. It was not necessary that he should grow rich; but it was essential to his comfort, as an honest, upright man, that he should avoid getting money under false pretences. So far all was right; had Abernethy gone no farther than this, no friend to truthfulness could cast a reproach upon him: but alas! he was to prove another instance of the folly of too exclusively directing the attention to one truth, or one view of a question. In his endeavour to avoid a recognised evil, he fell into another not perceived. From being honest in intention, he sank into uncouthness and rudeness of manner, and inflicted upon the feelings of many injuries they would rather have suffered in their pockets.

The question of the proper bearing of the medical man to his patient is not without interest; and, strange as it may appear, there are different views taken on the subject. Some seem to think that it is proper for the Physician to adopt a conventional artificial voice and manner, and to infuse a degree of *empressement* into his language and tones; in short,

that he should have a technical professional manner, as marked as the "My Lud," and other peculiarities, of the Bar. We cannot assent to this. In addition to the requisite skill, we should expect to find in our Physician all the sympathy that the case may claim from a feeling man; all beyond that, all that is merely called up by art to serve a purpose, we had rather be without. By all means let him be natural; if demonstrative, let him be demonstrative; if naturally reserved, let him not try to play a part:—in a word, let him be honest. A doubt once thrown upon his honesty in one particular, would lead us to fear deception in more important things.

But having said thus much in favour of honesty, we would turn again to Abernethy, and protest against the rudenesses in which he allowed himself to indulge. We believe he fell into this bad habit, primarily, from his thorough honesty of character; and, secondarily, from an irritability arising from physical causes, induced by his early and prolonged exertions. But whatever explanation be given, it admits of no justification, and it is to be lamented as unworthy of a man whose real claims to public attention required no factitious aid. But it is to be lamented, not only as a serious blot upon the reputation of an able and honourable man, but also as a precedent which seems to keep in countenance a herd of vulgar imitators, who, devoid of his talents and real benevolence, aim at similar celebrity by copying his greatest defects. It is to be lamented, moreover, since it has served to call away the attention of the public from Abernethy's true merits, and caused him to appear, in the eyes of many, who only know him through the medium of stories,—a large number of which are apocryphal,—in the character of a savage or a buffoon.

His uprightness of character, and entire freedom from selfishness, might be illustrated by many examples. A gentleman had the misfortune to meet with a compound dislocation of the ankle, (an accident, by the bye, which Abernethy was mainly instrumental in redeeming from habitual amputation,) on the road between Andover and Salisbury. An able practitioner of the former place was called in, and replaced the parts. He then said to the patient, "Now, when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you, 'Ah! you had a country Doctor;' so, Sir, I would advise you to send for a London Surgeon, to confirm or correct what I have done." The patient consented, and sent for Abernethy, who reached the spot by mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said, "I am come a long way, Sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but, as any unavoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good

hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg." He took a cheque for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London. Soon after, a wealthy Clergyman in the same neighbourhood had a violent attack of erysipelas in the head and arm. His family, becoming alarmed, wrote up to his brother to request Mr. Abernethy to go down and visit the patient. Abernethy inquired, "Who attends your brother?" "Mr. Davis, of Andover." "Well, I told him all I knew about surgery, and I *know* that he has not forgotten it. You may be perfectly satisfied. I shall not go." Here, as the narrator says, he might have had another sixty guineas. We are aware that these and similar instances in which he combated the morbid exaggerations of those who consulted him, and endeavoured to reason them into abstaining from undue indulgence in medicine, are looked upon by some as foolish instances of abnegation; but we trust that the claims of honesty and conscience will generally (we cannot expect invariably) be held paramount by the members of an honourable profession, even when self-interest comes backed by a plausible but lax morality.

But has this subject no bearing upon the present state of the profession? Would the existing prevalence of medical heresies have occurred, had the straightforward conduct of Abernethy (without, of course, his peculiarities of manner) been more general among his brethren? We see at present a state of things which cannot, we sincerely believe, be altogether accounted for by the weakness and credulity of the public; we cannot but attribute something to the mystery and the machinery to which we have referred. The public were greatly to blame for the mystery, since they persisted in attributing a power to the medical man beyond all reason: they were to blame in leading to an undue use of medicine, since they supposed that in that alone consisted his power to do them good; and if one declined to prescribe for them, they went to another. But still the profession were consenting parties. There was a want of confidence in the force of truth, when urged with simple earnestness. Had the profession been sufficiently alive to the danger of reaction in the public mind; had they calculated upon the growing intelligence of society; had they sacrificed their immediate interests to the permanent welfare of the profession, they would have prevented the present discreditable state of things. We are not now speaking of vulgar quackery: that must always exist while the masses are ignorant and unreflecting, and thus exposed to become the prey of designing men. We allude to those fashionable systems which are followed by so many otherwise thoughtful and intelligent men and women, who are not to be led astray by mere credulity, but require some one guiding principle, of which they must be convinced.

This has been with many the conviction that the former practice of over-drugging with medicine was wrong. Satisfied of this fact, they have dwelt upon the discovered truth so long, as to have little thought to expend upon the foundations of the system they have adopted. They know themselves to be right on one point of the inquiry; and they too lightly assume the correctness of the rest. Tired of so much physic, they fix upon water, a remedial agent of good repute, and erect a temple of health in which she is the exclusive goddess. As Hydropaths, they can, at least theoretically, get rid of the drugs they so much detest. Or, if unprepared absolutely and ostensibly to "throw physic to the dogs," they tamper with their reason so far as to substitute a semblance for a reality, and, having minutely subdivided the "dummy," swallow it with the greatest possible gravity. Prove to them, if they will listen,—which they will seldom consent to do,—that their fundamental principle is a falsehood; remind them that, for the production of every positive effect, there is required an exactly adequate cause; show them that their great conclusive arguments, their reputed cures, are but prime examples of the logic of *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, and that the same syllogism would equally establish all the competing systems of quackery that now exist, or have ever existed; do all this, and more, yet they fall back upon their first strong conviction, and behind that intrenchment stand, till events prove to them the fallacy into which a partial truth has led them.

We submit the above theory—in explanation of the present state of medical belief, and in which the blame is pretty equally divided between the public and the profession—for what it may be worth, satisfied that it is borne out by all the facts of the case.

Abernethy's reputation steadily increased, until there were few practitioners in London more consulted by the sick of all classes. From distant parts of the country they flocked, returning, in many cases, with strange tales of his odd and *brusque* manner. These tales added fresh wings to his fame. Nor were there wanting traducers, who maintained that the rude speeches and uncouth behaviour were adopted as means of acquiring notoriety. But his merits were sufficient to support his fame. He was no charlatan, collapsing as soon as his trick is discovered from very emptiness. The honours of his profession were bestowed upon him by his brethren, who have more accurate means of judging of scientific and practical merit than the public can possess. The fact has recently transpired, that it was the intention of the King to create him a Baronet,—an honour which he modestly declined, partly from indifference to titular honours, and partly from prudential reasons connected with his comparatively limited fortune. During the last few years of his life, he curtailed his engage-

ments on account of declining health, and spent a portion of his time in the country. His constitution was never robust, and he began to show marks of age at a somewhat early period. In 1827 he resigned the appointment of Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, under circumstances highly characteristic of his disinterestedness and sense of fairness to his juniors. On his appointment in 1815, after a service of twenty-eight years in the subordinate and unremunerated capacity of Assistant-Surgeon, he had expressed his opinion to the Governors, that it was not to the advantage of the institution for a Surgeon to retain the office after the age of sixty. When that time arrived, although his enjoyment of the advantages of the surgeoncy had been short in comparison with his earlier labours, and although he might have followed the precedents of his predecessors and contemporaries, he resolved to illustrate his own precept, and retire; a resolution which the remonstrances of the Governors could only postpone one year. In May, 1829, he retired from the office of Examiner at the College of Surgeons, on which occasion a Memorial was entered in the Minutes of the Court, signed by the leading Surgeons of the day, eulogizing in high terms his scientific labours, and attributing much of the recent advancement of the healing art to his writings. The latter part of his life was spent at his house at Enfield, where, after a prolonged period of declining strength, he expired, April 20th, 1831.

The two works on which we have founded these remarks, cannot, we think, be considered as satisfactory biographies of the eminent men whom they endeavour to portray. They are both remarkably deficient in that literary workmanship, without which few writings will long continue to be read. It will be obvious to most readers, that the biographers have turned aside for a while from more accustomed engagements, to tasks much less congenial, though in both cases a labour of love. The lamented Bransby Cooper has performed his part in a manner which manifests his affection and regard to the memory of his illustrious uncle, but at the same time shows that the pen was not the best instrument that could be put into his hands. In addition to being too long, the work wants proportion in its parts; details of little importance are dwelt upon far beyond their relative value, to the exclusion of topics more attractive; and we look in vain for the clear narration, the keen discrimination of character, and the artistic treatment of light and shade, without which no man can succeed as a biographer. These volumes have answered well enough to satisfy the immediate interest which Sir Astley's death excited; but something more classical is now required,—something which will give another generation a just estimate of the man. We are happy to find

that a Life of the great Surgeon is promised from the pen of Mr. Samuel Warren, whose well known talents and early professional associations render him peculiarly competent to the task. We trust the pledge given will be speedily redeemed, and doubt not that the work will gain fresh laurels for the writer, while it will form a pleasing tribute to the profession with which his early years of promise were connected.

Mr. Macilwain has been unable to forget himself from the beginning to the end of his two volumes. His own peculiar views are intruded upon the reader to a tiresome extent. He appears to consider himself born to elucidate and complete Abernethy's doctrines, and almost buries his text beneath his commentary. Notwithstanding this unhappy egotism, and the exceeding want of arrangement perceptible throughout, the subject itself, as well as the incidental discussions, are so interesting, that we can promise our readers much gratification from a perusal of the volumes. We would simply advise them that the pettishness and assumed tone of unrecognised merit which they will perceive, is due to Mr. Macilwain's idiosyncrasy, and are not necessarily found in a medical biographer.

ART. III.—*Revue de Législation et de Jurisprudence. Nouvelle Série. Rédigée par M. L. WOŁOWSKI et autres.* Paris, 1845-54.

THE management of the prisons, in every country in the world, is good or evil, almost without exception, in proportion to its liberty. England, Switzerland, and the United States stand first in their constant and successful endeavours to resolve this most vexed of economical questions. They are closely followed by Holland and Belgium. France, as in every other of her political institutions, talks, writes, argues with supreme ability; but never can persuade herself to make a decisive movement,—always fearful of acting on her own intimate convictions, from the dread of some fancied insecurity. The German States—theorists in every thing—exhibit scattered instances of improved prison management, in which is visible the real benevolence of the German character, whose efforts are weakened, thwarted, and localized by the apprehensions of enfeebled and timid Governments. Spain, Italy, Russia, Austria, have done about as much as they might be expected to do.

In this country, we have long studied the prison institutions of the United States. Those of the Continent of Europe are imperfectly known to us; yet their experiences are not only highly interesting, but contain many results of extreme value.

Switzerland, as we have said, stands, in this respect, at the head of the Continent. Not that her prison administration is

by any means faultless: the small Cantons, trim, close corporations, have resisted all change; and their prisons are just what they were a century ago. The offices connected with the prisons are amongst the few morsels of patronage at the disposal of these petty Governments; and, both from interest and prejudice, they resist all change. They have, besides, no money to spend; and the extreme smallness of the population prevents all classification of the prisoners, and all management on an enlarged scale.

On the other hand, the three great towns of Geneva, Lausanne, and Berne, have attempted the penitentiary system of imprisonment, with a zeal and discernment which place their prisons almost at the head of all criminal establishments. The moderate number of their population has, it is true, facilitated their arrangements. Large enough to admit of classification, it is not so large as to make that classification either too expensive, or too uncertain.

Yet, even here, a portion of the old leaven remains, and vitiates the system. Every traveller whom the scenery of the Oberland calls through Berne, will have witnessed the disagreeable procession of ill-looking men and women in prison dresses, and accompanied by a couple of officers, with rifles, pistols, and cutlasses, who saunter in the evening along the road of the beautiful environs of the old town. These are persons condemned for small offences, who are sent during the day to work in the roads or in the fields. They are, of course, unconfined in their limbs, to enable them to work; but the least appearance of an attempt to escape is followed by a bullet from the rifle of their vigilant guardians, who are chosen for their skill in the practice of the national weapon. With all this, they often run away, and forthwith become necessarily confirmed depredators. The spectacle injures the moral feelings of the inhabitants, and ruins the unfortunate culprits, who, condemned to out-of-door work, on account of the smallness of their offence, are nevertheless exposed to the gaze of the whole world, and lose for ever both character and sense of shame. For a century, travellers and statesmen have reprobated this mode of treating criminals, which continues, notwithstanding, to the present hour; so inveterate is the force of habit. It becomes all the more absurd, by the side of the really admirable mode of treating the more depraved class of criminals, adopted in the same town. But as the Berne penitentiary is, in some respects, inferior to that of Geneva, we give a description of the latter, as the best example of Swiss prison institutions.

In the penitentiary at Geneva, the prisoners are divided into four classes. In the first are those condemned to the *travaux forcés*, and those condemned to simple seclusion, who, from the nature and circumstances of their crime, deserve the severest punishment. It includes, likewise, relapsed criminals, and

those who, originally condemned to a minor punishment, deserve a greater by their conduct in prison.

In the second class are included all others who are condemned for criminal offences, and those who are condemned correctionally under aggravated circumstances. It contains, likewise, prisoners, originally of the first class, who by their good conduct have deserved a mitigation, and those of the third who by their bad conduct have deserved an aggravation, of punishment.

The third class contains those condemned correctionally who are not placed in the second, and prisoners from the second and fourth who, as before, have deserved mitigation or aggravation of punishment.

The fourth contains all those who are under sixteen, and those from sixteen to eighteen who appear to deserve a milder punishment, or promotion from the other classes.

This system contains within itself means of reward and punishment, which admit, under good management, every opportunity of repression. Solitary confinement, in its strictest sense, is occasionally inflicted in cases of extreme insubordination.

The prisoners of the first class take their meals in their cells, to which they are confined during the hours not devoted to labour, excepting for one hour on week-days, and three on Sundays and *fête*-days, when they are promenaded in the courts of the prison for open-air exercise. They are allowed to receive visits once only every two months, and can only correspond with their friends with the direct permission of the Director, and under his inspection. A fourth only of the produce of their labour is allowed them, by way of pocket-money, though they may dispose of a part of the rest for the support of relatives depending upon them, or for writing materials. In general the prisoner is allowed to choose his own work ; but the prisoners of this class are restricted in their choice, and forbidden many kinds of work allowed to the rest.

The prisoners of the second class take their meals together in the refectory. They are allowed a longer time in the open air; and can receive visits from their friends every six weeks.

The prisoners of the third class are not confined necessarily to their cells during any of the hours of recreation : these they may spend either in the court or the refectory, according to the orders of the Director. They have the right of spending one-fourth of the produce of their labour in improving their prison fare, and also a right to one visit in the month.

The principal privilege of the fourth class would appear rather *bizarre*, were it not known how great a value those condemned to silence set on a single word. They are permitted to speak with the turnkey who superintends them. It is to be hoped

that the conversational powers of this class of men are of a higher order than those of turnkeys elsewhere, and that they are sufficiently sensible of the importance of their words to deal them out a little less gruffly than the generality of their brethren. In every other case, silence is strictly enforced throughout the prison. The fourth class have likewise the privilege of working in the prison garden.

These classes offer, as we have seen, a very simple means of reward and punishment. In extreme cases the prisoner is not merely confined to his cell, but that cell is darkened by a contrivance which excludes the light without excluding the air. Sometimes, instead of darkness, the prisoner is condemned to a bread and water diet. The Governor arranges these last punishments according to the effect they are likely to have, from the temper of the prisoner. Notwithstanding the silence and the labour of the general rooms, where the prisoners spend together their working hours, the solitary confinement, though with light and without work, is supremely dreaded. The time of its infliction varies from one month to three, for the first class; and from three days to fifteen, for the others. For half of this time the prisoner is prohibited from work; for the other half, he can have it if he likes it,—which he always does.

In the labour rooms are several Jacquard and other looms, often worked with great diligence. The prisoners sometimes execute prison-born designs of considerable merit.

All the cells open upon one long corridor, at each extremity of which a turnkey sleeps during the night. A full view of the whole is commanded from the Governor's room. Escape is almost impossible, and very rarely attempted.

The cost of provisions for each prisoner is about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ *per* day; that of the turnkeys, a *franc*. The washing and mending of linen costs about $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ *per* day. The salary of the turnkeys is small enough, not *2s.* *per* week: to be sure, they are boarded and, in great part, clothed; but their place is onerous and difficult, and deserves better pay. On the whole, each prisoner is calculated to cost the State a little above *1s.* daily.

Since the establishment of the Penitentiary, the number of relapsed criminals has fallen from *41 per cent.* to 10, on culprits criminally condemned; and from 26 to 6, on culprits condemned correctionally. This result is, in itself, sufficient to establish the character of the system.

The product of the labour of the prisoners is one of the least satisfactory parts of the business. It is worth, on the average, little more than *4d.* *per* day; of which the State gets about half. Considering the constant employment of the prisoners, and the trouble taken with their work, this is a very small sum; but there is no system pursued; every thing is left to chance. The employment varies from day to day,

according to the weather and the general health of the prisoner ; and, like all desultory labour, produces a feeble result.

The Penitentiary at Lausanne looks on the Lake, and is one of the most healthy in Europe. That of Berne, as if every thing criminal in that city was destined to publicity, is commanded by the public walks outside the town ; and an inhabitant might easily recognise each prisoner, as the whole body take their daily *promenade* round the court. In other respects the discipline is much the same ; only with an organization somewhat less exact in the minor details of care and cleanliness, and less painstaking with the management of the prisoner. At Geneva, the promotion of the prisoners from one class to another is managed by a Committee "of Moral Surveillance," and their degradation, by the Inspectors ; and every separate case is scrupulously examined. Much greater latitude, in the other towns, is left to the Governor.

The prison management in France is, like most other things in that country, full of interest and piquancy, but without its proper proportion of practical teaching. No nation has more minutely examined, discussed, described, its prisons, with all their details of management and all the deficiencies of their results. And yet no nation guards them from the prying eyes of strangers with more scrupulous rigour. Some time ago a Magistrate, now presiding in one of our principal metropolitan police-courts, and who is, besides, a criminal Judge in a large provincial city, visited Paris, with letters of recommendation from influential persons in England, and requested permission to inspect the Parisian prisons. The permission was promised, but it never came. The Englishman called repeatedly at the Prefecture, was as often put off with promises, and, after a long stay, left the capital without having received it. It was sent, he was afterwards told, the day after he left.

This jealous difficulty arises, not from the character of the police in France, but from the circumstances attending French crime and punishment, which at the same time complicate and perplex the most zealous efforts of the Administration to make the criminal system useful to society. From the first step in a criminal process to the last, from the denunciation of a crime to the criminal's final release from the dungeon to which that crime had consigned him, the authority never forgets that the crime may have a political importance, or be associated with a political movement. The modes of trial have been arranged, altered, manœuvred, the jury system subjected to constant fluctuation, and the decisions of the Courts mystified and disorganized, as successive Governments have, one after the other, urged their own views for their own personal safety, for the repression of disaffection, or for vengeance against open or secret hostility.

It is for this reason that the stranger is so jealously excluded from the indiscriminate entrance to French prisons. He may indiscreetly reveal the existence of arrangements not warranted by simple judicial considerations. This exclusion of strangers would be of little consequence, if the same reason did not hamper the movements of French legislators in all their attempts for the improvement of prison discipline. They are untiring in their endeavours to obtain the experience of others, and to found theories upon them. About eighteen years ago, a Commission visited the United States, and drew up a minute Report of the characteristics, experiences, and results of the two great penitentiary systems at work in that country. Subsequently, other Commissions have been sent to England and Germany. Three or four times a year Reports are published on the subject by the Ministry, in the "*Moniteur*." Projects of law have been presented almost yearly. A special Minister is charged with the superintendence of all criminal matters. He has his post in the Cabinet, partly, be it observed, because of the connexion, above noticed, between prosecution for crime, and prosecution for politics. A special Academy, that of Moral and Political Science, (the junction is curious and characteristic,) devotes its attention to this important matter. And yet nothing is done to purpose. An isolated experiment is made now and then; as, a few years ago, at Limoges; when, a new wing being added to the prison, an attempt was made to introduce something like the Swiss and American systems. It was tried only upon prisoners sentenced to a single year's confinement. They were forbidden to speak during the hours of rest or of walking. They were prohibited from a liberty allowed to the other prisoners, who could purchase provisions at the canteen, and consume them when they pleased; turning the indulgence, not unfrequently, into a prison feast. The prisoners under the new rules were permitted to purchase provisions, as before; but they were compelled to consume them at the refectory, in silence, and during the ordinary hours of meals. In return, they were sedulously attended, preached to, instructed, by the numerous class of Almoners which the Roman Catholic institutions attach to each prison. Every effort was made to bring about a change in their dispositions; but all was to no purpose. The men were very indignant that they, committed for a short time, and for smaller offences, were more rigorously treated than their more guilty brethren. They saw no reason why they should be deprived of their feasts, their fun, their plots, and their mysteries. Hitherto, the licence of purchasing treats had been the principal inducement to work. The liberty of purchase was left them, lest they should be deprived of this incentive; but it was shorn of all its value by the prohibition

of enjoying it socially and noisily. So the men refused to work. After many difficulties, the plan was given up, although arrangements had been made for applying it in various prisons, as they required enlargement or rebuilding, and it had actually been introduced into that of Rennes.

The subdivisions of the actual French law of imprisonment are as follows :—

The first, derived from the Code of Criminal Instruction, distinguishes between the treatment of accused and of condemned prisoners.

The second, from the Penal Code, distinguishes the condemned prisoners according to the *nature*, not the degree, of their crimes ; and arranges them under three heads :—

The first, guilty of infractions of order or decency, or of the game and forest laws, are condemned by Tribunals of simple Police,—as they are called,—and confined in prisons styled *maisons de correction*. The legal term for this punishment is simply “imprisonment.”

The second, guilty of simple larceny, assaults, defamation, and such crimes, are condemned by the Correctional Tribunals, composed of Magistrates of a higher class, acting without a jury, and are confined in prisons formerly called *maisons de force*, now known as *maisons centrales*. This punishment is styled “seclusion.”

Lastly come the condemned for murder, aggravated robbery, treason, and so on. These are tried before the Courts of Assize, judged by a jury, and condemned to confinement “in a fortress,” as the place of punishment is still called, out of feudal reminiscences. Amongst these are the terrible *bagnes* of Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest. Imprisonment in this category is called “detention.”

This arrangement, absolute in theory, is not absolute in practice. The habitudes of the French are not even yet fully accustomed to the use of the jury ; and the consequence is, that crimes of the second class, vastly the most numerous, are judged by tribunals usually consisting of five Judges, holding open court, but deciding upon their own judgment, much after the fashion of their predecessors before the introduction of the jury in 1791. But the feeling of the nation prevented offences of the press, or of political sarcasm against the Government, from being tried without a jury. During the system of comparative liberty, under which the actual criminal system received its later modification, no Ministry dared to propose that these offences should be submitted to tribunals composed solely of Magistrates nominated and paid by the Crown, and removable at its pleasure. Hence the intervention of the jury became necessary. On the other hand, it would never do to assimilate the punishment of journalists condemned for paragraphs, or

republican tradesmen condemned for sneering, to the *régime* of the assassin and the housebreaker. Hence the sentences of offenders tried at the Assizes are often expiated in the *maisons centrales*. To the same place are likewise consigned those guilty of the higher crimes, but in whose favour the jury find what they call "attenuating circumstances." In the same way, under the influence of these same attenuating circumstances, the correctional tribunal substitutes "imprisonment" for the severer sentence of seclusion, carried on under more stringent rules, and in more terrible places of confinement.

The duration of sentences against offenders is regulated according to their last consideration. The imprisonment of the "simple Police," the organization and position of which very much resemble those of the Petty Sessions in England, is from one to five days. Its correctional imprisonment lasts from six days to five years; seclusion, from five years to ten, which is the *maximum* of punishment allowed by the French law to offences not tried before a jury. The "detention" lasts either for life, or from five to twenty years. It may or may not be accompanied with the sentence of hard labour, or *travaux forcés*, which last involve imprisonment in the redoubtable *bagnes*.

Besides these forms of positive imprisonment, the French law has created a system of *quasi*-imprisonment, which follows the culprit after his release. He is not permitted to roam at large over the country, but compelled to settle in an assigned district, usually a very limited one, out of which he may not stir except under severe penalties. This limitation involves the restriction of action and conduct, which, in fact, makes the man, if not a prisoner, at least as little free, except in the mere action of his limbs, as he was before. This *surveillance* is of old date in the French manners; but it was not regularly organized before the Revolution, since which time it has become at once the most characteristic, and the most difficult, part of their criminal system. It lasts through a period varying from five years to the whole of life. Good conduct will occasionally obtain its release. This was provided for with much solemnity by the Constituent Assembly. The candidate for emancipation was summoned before the Council of the Commune,—all the notables of the villages,—who examined into his life since his release, and attested his good conduct; he was then taken to the criminal tribunal by two Magistrates, who cried with a loud voice, "This man has expiated his crime, his conduct is without reproach, and we demand, in the name of the country, that the stain be effaced." The President replied, "On the demand, and at the attestation, of your country, your stain is effaced." At present, in the place of this Socratic simplicity, the former culprit has to forward papers to the country, publish them in the journals, and go through a whole course of preliminary

formalities. We reserve for another occasion the details of these various gradations of imprisonment.

The *bagnes* of France, the most celebrated of the prisons of Europe, were at first four in number. The name is of curious derivation. The palaces of the Sultan, in which the slaves were confined, contained the imperial baths, from which the word *bagno*, in Italian, was used to denote a place of confinement with hard labour; and from hence the French borrowed their term. Of the four *bagnes*, that of Toulon was destined for prisoners condemned for ten years; and those of Brest and Rochefort for prisoners condemned for a longer period; but this distinction has been abolished for some time. The fourth, at L'Orient, was used for military prisoners, but was suppressed in 1830.

The prisoners sent to Toulon or Brest were carried to their destination, in chains provided by a contractor at so much *per* head. This *service des chaînes*, as it was called, was bargained for at eighty-seven francs and seventy-five centimes for each prisoner; besides which, there was the attendance of a medical man, and extra expenses for delays, and other things; so that the bare cost of transmission was about six pounds sterling to the Government for each man. The prisoners destined for Rochefort are sent under a strong escort of gendarmes, at the expense of the departments forming the "inconscription," as the division of the country to which each *bagne* belongs is called. This arrangement is now adopted for the other two.

All those who when condemned are not on the direct road to the *bagnes*, are sent, in the first instance, to the Paris prison called La Roquette, or the New Bicêtre. They were formerly sent to the Old. Thrice a year they are dispatched to their destinations. The day of their being put in irons for their journey used to be a grand day at the Bicêtre. Early in the morning, the courts, the corridors, the workshops, the dormitories, are carefully swept from one end to the other. A general holiday is given to the inmates, no work whatever is done, the prison officers are in full costume, fresh wine and the best provisions are supplied to the canteen. The *forçats* make up their packets, and sew the straw hats for their journey, singing provincial airs. Their escort, a band of about five-and-twenty men, paid by the contractor, arrive with their baggage behind them, which baggage is a complete arsenal of chains, collars, handcuffs, hammers, nails, and the clothing destined for the prisoners on their march. The Director of the prison entertains the officials to a gay and noisy breakfast, whilst the "toilet" of the *forçats* is proceeding. Precisely at noon, the *forçats* are marched out into the court, and ranged along the wall. They are stripped naked, and inspected with a scrupulous minuteness, lest even their nude

bodies should conceal some instrument for escape. This done, the terrible operation of ironing begins.

They are divided into "cordons," or parties of twenty or thirty men. The "cordon" is ordered to march into the middle of the court. There is the chain, stretched out at full length. "Halt," cries the chief of the escort. They halt. "Sit," exclaims the chief. They sit down; and each takes his part of the chain upon his knees. "Caps off," and they take off their caps, and present their heads to the *argousins*, as the men of the escort are called. The *argousin* tries on the triangular iron which is to go round the neck, to satisfy himself that it cannot be passed over the head. Satisfied on this point, the *argousins* join the iron yoke to the chain; then, opening two of the branches, they force between them the neck of the prisoner, join the branches, and fasten them with a huge bolt driven into the iron upon a portable anvil. The back of the prisoner rests against this anvil, and, to prevent his head from being broken by the hammer at work behind him, an *argousin*, holding at the same time the collar in front, keeps his head by main force upon his chest. All this while, the other prisoners—their heads pressed to the bars of the windows—are breaking jests, or talking *argot* with their former comrades. Then, the gestures peculiar to the French under all circumstances, the noise of the iron, the jocular motions of the men themselves, make up a scene which it would be difficult to parallel. All this while, the windows of the private rooms of the prison are full of ladies, elegantly dressed, who have the good fortune to obtain tickets of admission, which are sought after with more frenzy, and granted as a greater favour, than the tickets for any spectacle in Paris.

The ironing is over, and there is a dead silence. The chaplain of the prison is giving them an address. He offers them his paternal adieux, and his exhortation to repentance. He is heard with respect; but the moment he has done, the moral of his sermon, and of the affair in general, receives its full exemplification in the shouts and songs which the prisoners set up. In preparation for their departure, they go in turn to the canteen, where a pint of wine is served out to them. They are then placed in long carts, back to back, with the huge chain of the "cordon" hanging between them; the carriages of the surgeon and of the Government Commissary follow behind, and the multitude in hosts throng on their rear. The crowd has been known to exceed one hundred thousand persons, and has done incalculable injury to property on the line of march. The prisoners are well fed on their journey; and the drivers often buy the surplus of their bread for their horses. But the cold, the heat, and the iron,—which weighs above twenty pounds for each prisoner,—reduce them to a terrible state, before they have

arrived at the end of their long and slow journey, which sometimes lasts for thirty days.

In this state, arrived at the *bagne*, each has to undergo the operation of being unironed. He is placed with his back to an anvil, and two men with huge hammers drive out the bolts. The frame is so shattered in its exhausted state, that men have been known to die under the operation. A smaller iron, of two or three pounds, is then riveted to the leg. The *forçat* is stripped, placed in a bath, supplied with warm wine and wholesome food, and actually nursed for some twenty days. During the time, the Commissary of the prison informs himself of what is known of their character and actions, and makes preparations for arranging them for the future. They are numbered, and coupled two and two, by means of a chain passed through the iron attached to their legs, which is carried up to their waists; thus falling in the segment of a circle, it is known in the prison dialect as "the garland." The "garland" and the iron together weigh about fourteen pounds, and this the prisoner has to bear about him, perhaps for life, at all events for many years, unless by special ordinance he is permitted to work without it.

The *forçats* are divided into three classes,—the *inconnus*, the *méritans*, and the *indociles*. At their entrance, all the prisoners are necessarily comprised in the first class. They are placed on what are called the "floating *bagnes*,"—vessels on which they pass the night, and so much of the day as is not employed in labour. These men work in couples, heavily ironed.

Their good conduct procures them a translation into the second class. The coupling chain is now removed, and the prisoner is allowed better food and clothing. From this class alone are selected those who are recommended to the clemency of the Government, and those who, like Joseph in the prison, are appointed to certain official duties to which pay is attached, and which are a reward for good conduct. They still carry a ring of iron attached to the leg, which is merely a mark of their position, and subjects them to no inconvenience. Extremely good conduct may procure a dispensation even from this, the last remaining mark of severe degradation. They are placed in separate chambers, called *salles d'épreuve*.

Very different is the treatment of the last class. They are looked upon as persons in whom all hope or chance of reformation is extinct; separated from the others, and treated as wild animals, of whom the existence is a necessary nuisance, to be alleviated by what can be made out of them, without more reference to their own feelings than we should have to those of a wild boar. Their separation should be understood to exclude the hours of labour: as the work at the *bagnes* is really a most important branch of the national service, all ranks, ages,

characters, and moralities, are melted down into one vast heap, where the only consideration is practical utility. The only distinction here is for the military prisoners. As the crimes of these last are usually of a very different stamp from those of the rest, and denote a different condition of mind, it would be unreasonable to expose them to the danger of corruption which would be caused by any contact with the hardened villains which form the mass of their fellow prisoners.

The smallest fault is punished on the instant with the whip, or a small cord, called the *ratin*, which is applied to the reins or the neck, and causes exquisite torture. The most terrible punishment is called the *bastonnade*; it is applied on the reins with a tarred rope about an inch thick. The first blow tears the flesh, multitudes of blisters rise and break, and bloody furrows are formed down the body. When the punishment of death is inflicted, it is a singular sight. During the execution the other *forçats* are assembled, ordered on their knees, with their caps in their hands; and when it is over, they rise, and pass round the body in a solemn parade. All is utter silence. A *forçat* is always selected for the executioner.

These punishments are inflicted only after a regular judgment, delivered by the ordinary criminal tribunals. The punishments permitted to the Commissary of the prison, on his own judgment, are of the most simple kind. He can send the offender to a solitary dungeon, or keep him, chained to his seat, on bread and water, for days together. Further he cannot go. With all this, the extreme rigour of the law is, to some extent, mitigated. For instance, the penal code orders that an iron ball shall be attached to the feet of each prisoner, which is very rarely done. The release of the more deserving prisoners from the coupling-irons is against the letter of the law. Besides this, the necessities of the service have introduced many ameliorations into the general treatment of the unhappy subjects. The law only contemplated punishment; but that punishment has been turned to such useful account, that its directors are forced to violate the *literal* directions of the legislature, in order to keep the workmen in good condition, and to facilitate their operations. •Thus the *forçats* are tolerably well cared for in bodily matters. As for the rest, it is utterly neglected: no instruction whatever is afforded them; no worship is permitted in public; and the Priest is only to be seen in extreme cases within the precincts. This is a reproach which, it must be admitted, cannot often be made to French institutions, where the superabundance of the Clergy causes their employment in all directions.

The ordinances of former times were yet more severe than those of the actual code. Colbert, a man humane beyond his age, yet issued a regulation, by which, if a *forçat* swore by God

or the Virgin, his tongue was to be pierced with a red-hot iron. Why another name, more sacred than the last, was permitted to be profaned, does not appear. By those old rules, the *forçat* who struck an employer was broken on the wheel; for the first attempt to escape his ears were cut off, and his nose for the second; for other offences he was burnt alive. The fees to the executioners, for each of these operations, were regularly tariffed: 22 *livres* for breaking on the wheel; 15 for hanging, or burning alive; 6 for cutting off the ears; and 2 for cutting off the nose, which last one would suppose a troublesome operation, and worth, at least, the fee for a single ear.

Few scenes are more striking than the interior of the *bagne* of Toulon. The forges, with their hundred workmen, each in the red dress of the regulations; the innate ferocity of their countenances, heightened by the pale, strange looks of men always working near the fire in a hot country; their huge iron tools; the reckless audacity of their strokes; the fires; the intolerable heat; all conspire to make up a scene which it would be difficult to match elsewhere. The single guardian, who stands in the midst of these men habituated to every crime, and whom a single stroke from one of the fifty ponderous hammers upraised on every side would kill, almost inspires a shudder when you look at him. But he is safe enough. No violence is ever attempted during the hours of labour; the men have not time for ideas, and therefore no incentives to action.

The scene in the courts outside, less picturesque, is more painful. Here the gangs of twenty or thirty, their chains clanking with every movement, are conveying huge pieces of timber, lifting enormous blocks of stone, or, chained in a circle, cutting into shape immense pieces of timber. The variety of costume is striking: the red dress of the prisoner temporarily condemned, the green cap of the man condemned for life, contrast with the white or brown blouse of the ordinary free workmen, of whom very many are employed in the hulks. Amongst the strangest characteristics is the vivacity of the prisoners: instead of the quiet, business-like tone of labourers elsewhere, these men are shouting, singing, and jesting, with a spirit which, under the circumstances, you suppose to be assumed to drown thought, but which looks natural enough. The infernal clamour of the work is, at least, diversified; and, for whatever reason, whether it be excitement, the effect of noise and a crowd, or that there is nothing further to fear, the animated countenances of these men form the strangest possible contrast to the usual dull, heavy wretchedness of the inmates of a criminal prison.

They are guarded by a "brigade of safety," known as *gardes-chiourmes*. These men wear a military uniform, though not strictly soldiers, and are organized after a military fashion. To

these are added the "masters of the marine," charged with the direction and superintendence of the workers; for nothing is omitted to make the labour effective and useful. Besides these there are the auxiliaries, prisoners whose term is near expiring, and whose conduct has been good during the imprisonment. They are chiefly employed as cooks, and in keeping the building clean, which they do with a scrupulous care, quite foreign to the ordinary habits of the south. In fact, the only clean places in all Toulon are its hulks. Some of these last are even employed as clerks, and intrusted in confidential matters. In the slang of the prison they are known as *pagols*.

The courts are all commanded by loaded cannon, charged with grape-shot. After the termination of the hours of work, the guardians rigorously examine the prisoners, strike their chains with hammers, and follow them in all their movements. Besides this, they have amongst the men themselves well-paid spies, known as "foxes," who give information of the least hint of an attempt to escape. The prisoners of the third class are not only chained together during the hours of labour, but fastened to their beds when they sleep, and to their seats when they eat. Notwithstanding all these precautions, which would seem to be rigorous to cruelty, and minute to ridicule, such is the marvellous instinct of these men, that they actually contrive occasionally to escape. Their proximity to the free labourers, though closely watched, gives them opportunities; their own friends from without introduce themselves, under this disguise; a freemasonry of wonderful acuteness is established between them; they manage to secrete wigs, whiskers, articles of dress; a few seconds unwatched suffice to enable them to free themselves from a chain an inch thick, to change their prison-dress, and to disappear. So magical is the proceeding, that it has been effected without the knowledge not only of the guardian, or of the men assembled around, but of the fellow-convict to whom the man is coupled; for, after a certain residence in the prison, the gangs of twenty or thirty, which are highly inconvenient for work, are broken up, and the system of coupling substituted in their place.

The moment the escape is known, three reports of cannon are heard from the ramparts, and the gendarmes, the agents of the prison, and the peasants who are allured by the prospect of the high reward given for the capture of a prisoner, are on the alert, rushing through the streets, plunging into the houses, or scouring the fields. If the prisoner is secured before the sound of the cannon, he is simply subjected to the penalties in the power of the Governor of the prison. This is done to avoid noise. The authorities are glad to hush up the fact of an escape, and to prevent the means used from being known and imitated. But after the alarm is given, the mischief is done,

and the prisoner is sent before the tribunal, to be subjected to the terrible punishments already alluded to.

Amongst these, is the punishment of the "double chain," which the law permits to recalcitrating prisoners for the term of three years. Under this sentence the prisoner is fastened to his seat, and is only allowed movement for the length of his chain during the whole time. This sentence is only applied to *forçats* already sentenced for life. As to the others, the ordinary punishment is the prolongation of the sentence. The tribunals which judge these offences are known as "Special Maritime Tribunals,"—a kind of court-martial composed of the Maritime Prefect, who acts as President, two naval Captains, a marine Commissary, an engineer, and two officials who are charged with the strictly legal part of the business.

The *forçats* rise with the morning gun, at five in the summer, and half-past seven in the winter. The more favoured class are sent into the workshops; the desperate are forced to labour without protection under the burning sun. All labour is remunerated: the mason earns about twenty *francs per* month, the labourer in iron about twenty-five or even thirty, while those engaged in the lighter work, such as twisting ropes, or weaving, earn little more than three. It is a great object with the administration to encourage the men to work; and for this reason the prison allowance of food is extremely limited in quantity, and comprises no animal food whatever. Bread forms three-fourths of the entire allowance: a few vegetables, a little butter and salt, make up the rest for the prisoners who do not work; cheese and wine are added gratuitously for those who do, and they can purchase meat out of their earnings. A man weak in body, or unskilful in the use of his hands, is thus subjected to a terrible punishment,—semi-starvation being added to his other miseries. To the sick, a ration of meat is allowed in all cases four times a week.

The canteen, known technically as the *cambuse*, is a grated building established in the middle of the courts or dormitories, and kept by some favoured prisoner, who has been known to leave the prison with a little fortune.

When they are assembled for dinner, a whistle is heard, and every one is silent. The "green" prisoners are then fastened to their seats, the "reds" take their places, and those who have earned the privilege of serving, instead of labouring, wander about, their chains still clanking on their legs. A great bowl is pushed down the middle, called the *baquet*, into which every one dips, as it passes, with his wooden spoon.

The worst class of *forçats* are not permitted to labour at profitable work: they sit day and night in the infirmaries, plaiting straw, or making small articles of pasteboard. The servants earn fourpence a day. The sums mentioned are those actually

given to the men ; but, besides these, a supplement of one-third is set aside for those who are only temporarily condemned, and given them when they leave the prison. This regulation, which allows a man a chance of an honest livelihood on his re-appearance in the world, is one of the best in the whole code.

At the sound of the evening gun, they assemble and answer to their names. An hour afterwards, a whistle is heard, and they retire to their immense dormitories, which hold, at Brest, seven or eight hundred individuals. They are then left to themselves, with as much liberty as their huge chains will allow them. Authority and its cannon are without : within is the power of the most audacious, the most violent, or the strongest of the demoniac band. He lays down his laws, enforces the caprices of debauch or fury, denounces the victims of his suspicion or anger ; and woe to the wretch who ventures to murmur !

The *forçat* sleeps with his clothes on, upon a bare plank. After he has been some time in the prison, if he has earned money enough, he is allowed to purchase a mattress. A coverlet is given him, which must last him three years. A bar of iron is at the foot of the bed, or plank rather, round which the chain is fastened.

The prison of Toulon, on the regulations of which this description is chiefly founded, is by much the most popular with the convicts. Their establishment is actually the boast of the townsmen, who, far from feeling it a disgrace, talk about it with pride : the spirit of the prisoners seems to have entered into the population, who always speak of them with consideration, although themselves not better or worse than the population of other towns. In fact, without this establishment, Toulon would be nothing. The glowing sun of the south, and the air of the Mediterranean, cheer the prisoners amid all their miseries. Rochefort, situated in the midst of a marsh, from whose pestilential vapour arises the fatal *canicule* fever, is the worst of the three ; it is one of the most unhealthy spots in all France. Brest, whose port seems to have been hewn out of two mountains, with its frowning buildings and foggy atmosphere, has, of itself, an air of supreme cheerlessness. Free or imprisoned, innocent or criminal, the Frenchman never forgets his vivacity, or the external aids to it. To the stranger, apart from prison associations, the aspect of this last town is amongst the most *triste* on the Continent. Toulon, on the contrary, with its bright sea, its vast vessels looming in the view, its huge rocks glittering in the sun, and its rich magazine, is one of the most striking ; and its general appearance does not lose, as is often the case, its brightness and cheerfulness in its force and immensity.

The *maisons centrales* contain three categories of prisoners : those condemned correctionally to more than a year of imprisonment ; those condemned to the punishment of seclusion ; and women condemned to "*travaux forcés*."

These establishments are nineteen in number, distributed over the country with but little regularity; many large districts having single ones, whilst others, equally large, have four or five. The largest, at Nismes, holds twelve or thirteen hundred prisoners.

The first principle which would seem to prevail at these places is a commercial one. Without doubt, both the *bagnes* and the *maisons centrales* were originally instituted with a sole view to punishment. But as the *bagnes* gradually have become state workshops, so the *maisons centrales* have become a state institution of employment. The utmost licence is allowed to the prisoners for enjoyment, provided only that they earn the means of paying for it. The prison-fare, in itself, is a good one. Besides this, a most commodious canteen is erected in the courts, to which the prisoners rush the moment they have finished their dinner, and give themselves to a bacchanalian jollity, which, under all the circumstances, is one of the most striking and characteristic scenes conceivable. They are allowed four glasses of wine a day, (tumblers, be it understood,) at the price of about three-halfpence a pint, which very few are without the means of paying.

The *maisons centrales* occupy, for the most part, the buildings of convents suppressed at the Revolution. These convents, from their literary stores, enabled the French to found those numberless public libraries in the country towns, to which they point as one of the great proofs of their advanced civilization. It was in one of these, the other day, that some one found a parcel of underground bricks; and took thence occasion to claim for the French the invention of subsoil drainage. The circle of utilities of these relics of old superstition is completed by the conversion of their shattered walls into modern prisons. They began as almshouses, places of refuge, schools of morality. The gaoler has now taken the place of the monk, for purposes not very dissimilar. This is not the most curious of the "transmogrifications" of these houses of sanctity. The chapel of the huge monastery of St. Pierre, at Lyons, is now converted into a Bourse, and the converters have not been at the pains to remove from the walls the statues, emblems, and ornaments of Roman Catholic worship. The prices of railways, trade bargains, and mercantile offers, are now thundered forth with the stentorian activity peculiar to that famous city, in the ears of marble saints, virgins, and angels, who had little bargained for such unsanctified discord. Never was God brought into so curious a juxtaposition with Mammon.

The arrangements of the *maisons centrales* are all carried on by private contract. It is the contractor who not only supplies food and clothing, but the most ordinary feeding utensils, to

the prisoner. The Superintendents of works, dispensers of medicine, cooks, bakers, general servants, are all paid by him, and appointed at his nomination. In return, the labour of the prison is all on his account, and for his profit. He is compelled, under pain of forfeiture, to furnish work for every prisoner able to perform it; and the administrators are responsible to him for every prisoner who refuses to work. A more efficient remedy against idleness could not be devised. The working arrangements are liable to appeal to the Prefect, who regulates, besides, the price of work, by the job or by the day, usually upon the advice of the Chambers of Commerce.

This system has had the advantage of materially reducing the prison expenses. And, under this mode of management, the *maisons centrales* are the cheapest prisons in France. While the expense of the guardianship of the prisoners in the Paris prisons amounts to 78 *francs per head* yearly, the same service, in the *maisons centrales*, only costs 26 *francs*. Each prison is managed by a single contractor; this post is adjudged yearly by auction, or rather adjudication, in public biddings.

The guardians are under a military organization, carry uniform and the arms of the line. They are commanded by a *Gardien-chef*, nominated directly by the Minister of the Interior, and two *Premiers Gardiens*, recommended by the Director of the prison.

The gains of the workmen are divided into three equal parts. The first belongs to the contractor; the second is handed over, every Sunday, to the prisoner; the third is put aside for him on his exit from his prison. It is not, however, delivered to him at once, but paid when he reaches the place of his future residence, for a double object: first, to prevent his wasting it in the immediate excitement; and, secondly, to compel his proceeding home with the least possible delay.

Nothing, as we have already hinted, can be more widely different than the treatment of the prisoners in the *maisons centrales* and those condemned to the *bagnes*. The first class, in fact, although but one remove from the extreme of punishment, although, in the worst cases, only differing by an imperceptible line from the wretches destined to suffer the most rigorous cruelties, are treated better than any prisoners in France; we might almost say, than any prisoners in Europe. They are well clad: the rule is, to allow them three shirts, double-breasted coats and waistcoats in winter, light coats and waistcoats in summer. Instead of the bare planks, they sleep upon canvass, with a mattress, two sheets, a woollen coverlet in summer, and a second in winter; while, in all seasons, the *forçat* has but a single coverlet. Their food comprises soup,—usually exceedingly good,—a sufficient allowance of *bouillon*, and plenty of vegetables. To those who are acquainted with the

fare of the French peasant,—ordinarily, brown bread and apples,—this bill of fare in the prison will seem the height of luxury. When they are ill, the provision made for them far exceeds that in the average of hospitals. The strictest civility is enjoined to the Guardians towards the prisoners. Amongst many regulations on this head, is one highly characteristic. The Guardians are forbidden to *tutoyer* the prisoners. It is astonishing how sensitive the French peasant is on this head. Nothing is more common than for the police-courts to hear a long wrangle of assault and battery, because Pierre would persist in *theeing* and *thowing* Jacques, in spite of repeated warnings from the said Jacques that he was not inclined to any such familiarity. Besides this, the Guardians are forbidden to talk to the prisoners, or to use any violence, except for self-defence. They are only permitted to report them.

The men are allowed books; a circulating library is kept by a prisoner, and, although no works are admitted except on the special approbation of the Government, there are few of the exciting romances of the day which are not at work amongst these men, further exciting their already feverish imaginations. Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris*" is about the most popular work among them. The more direct prison-novels of Sue and others are forbidden; but they find their way amongst the men, notwithstanding, without any difficulty.

The great hour in the prison is that after the dinner. They dispatch this meal as quickly as possible, and then rush to the canteens. There, after forming parties, they supply themselves with wine and liquor, and commence recitals of their adventures with the zest and ingenuity seldom absent from a Frenchman, and which, of itself, is sufficient to efface all efforts of amelioration from the minds of the less guilty. But, in fact, these efforts amount to nothing at all. A Chaplain belongs to each prison, who imparts some spiritual instruction,—such as one man may give to five hundred. And even were it possible to concentrate the teaching of these good men, it is not by the instruction of a person removed from the world, full of his Breviary, and knowing little of the motives or procedure which influence such men, that much good can be effected. As a positive result of experience, fewer reformatations are known from the *maisons centrales*, and more instances occur of relapsed criminals, than from any establishment of this kind. Besides the influence of the open daylight parties, which invest crime and punishment with a halo of enjoyment and *éclat*, there is the excitement of the silent plots for escape, the murder of the guardians, or actions of private vengeance for offences committed against them by their own comrades. Much evil passion is stirred up by the favouritism shown to certain prisoners, which renders all favour shown to the better-

conducted extremely dangerous to the recipient. In this respect, the organized system of rewards for good behaviour, in the *bagnes*, is infinitely preferable. The Directors are compelled to avow that they can only enforce order, or preserve common security in their establishments, by means of a systematized espionage.

Visitors of these prisons have been struck with the clever look of the men, their sagacious and penetrating physiognomies, and even the elegance of their manner. A very large number of them are noted *escrocs*, the very success of whose frauds depends upon their extra-gentility. There exists, at the same time, a look of unquiet cunning, which it is impossible to mistake. The *bagne* revolts you at first sight,—the spectacle of complete slavery, of inveterate toil, of physical suffering,—too much which appals the soul. Yet, as you look on, you become more reconciled: you see a chance of reformation for the prisoners, a certainty of warning to those inclined to guilt, the vengeance of society roused for some good to it for the moment, and no especial danger for the future. In the *maisons centrales*, on the contrary, there is nothing at first to appal the spectator; there is much even to amuse him. Yet, as he looks on, he cannot fail to be struck with terror at the sight of these men who are daily improving in crime, with the certainty, at no very distant period, of being let loose upon society. He sees no reformation to the offender, and any thing but a warning to the incipient criminal, who is much more likely to be allured than dismayed at the sight of these jovial, excited, and clever criminals, telling their stories with all the piquancy of recklessness, all the interest of daring, and all the details of long experience. You see around you nothing but evil, without a single palliation, a single hope, or even a chance for the future. Amongst the other vices, is the villainous hypocrisy prevalent every where. Assumed by many of the worst class of offenders, not so much to soften their punishment, already sufficiently light, as to enable them to prosecute more easily some deep-laid scheme, their companions, who are in the secret, affect to respect their amelioration; whilst the man who really wishes to reform, the object every where of hatred and mistrust, has the charge of hypocrisy added to the other insults to which he is subjected.

As in the *bagnes*, the prison authorities are forbidden to use corporal punishment. Offences are punished by solitary confinement, on bread and water, unless their aggravation compels a regular trial; in which case the punishments are simply applications of the ordinary law. Every year a list of those who have merited special favour by their good conduct, and who have at least undergone half their punishment, is submitted to the Government; but the number of pardons granted is extremely limited,—not more than five or six a year to each prison.

The work to which the prisoners are set, is always of a light kind: many kinds of employment are forbidden, for fear of interference with free labour. This has long been a vexed question in France, and at each Revolution has employed all the care of the Government; the out-of-door workmen taking advantage of every ferment to endeavour to get rid of prison competition. They have occasionally succeeded for a moment; but, the excitement over, things have gone on just as before. At the same time, real care is taken not to injure the local business of the vicinity of the prison. The men are employed in making boots and shoes for exportation, or for the army, sails or canvass, or in weaving cotton. It is to this last employment that they are set when they can do nothing else. If they do any thing in carpentry, cabinet-making, or light ironmongery, it is exclusively for the use or repairs of the prison. As to the women, they sew gloves, and make up shirts, or shirt-collars, principally for the use of the army, or of the police. The arrangements for work are perfect in their way. Some prisoners will earn as much as seven *francs* a week, but the usual earnings are far under this sum. Three *francs* a week give the prisoner a *franc* for wine and liquor,—more than enough to enable him to do himself a world of harm.

Notwithstanding the light work, the good fare, the pleasure parties, and the excitement of the *maisons centrales*, it is not uncommon to find the prisoners preferring the *bagnes* themselves. This known phenomenon has been the cause of frequent perplexity to the French economists. Amongst the other difficulties of the *maisons centrales*, is the constant occurrence of offences committed with the direct view of obtaining a trial. Men who are discontented with their prison, who have friends in another, and who know by long experience that the system of the prison in which they are at the moment is less to their taste than that of others, commit excesses for the sole purpose of being transferred elsewhere. But the heavier crimes involve transportation to the *bagnes*, and even these have been committed, singular as it may appear, for this express purpose. In fact, the light work of the *maisons centrales* gives the men time for thought, and to many of them this becomes perfectly intolerable. In addition, the excitement of drinking-bouts at the canteen is not sufficient for many, inured from their infancy to a life of violence. The fierce regulation, the air of determination, the reckless exercise of labour, even the cruelty itself, of the hulks, has its recommendation in their eyes; it gives them the excitement they want, it prevents the reflections they do not want, it falls in with their habitude, and it has something of the *éclat* which is one of the main-springs of their existence, and for which they prefer extremes of all kinds, even of their own tortures. The politicians of the Continent in vain seek to veil

this fact, which comes out every now and then before the tribunals with undeniable clearness, to the immense perplexity of all admirers of things as they are. It is difficult to conceive any argument stronger for the efficiency of solitary punishment than this startling, fearful, and unexpected phenomenon.

This is not the only anomaly in the system. Of the mildness of the punishments of the *maisons centrales*, compared with those of prisons for lighter crimes, we shall have to speak hereafter. But an anomaly of another kind exists in the *maisons centrales* themselves. It has been already noticed that the punishments for two separate classes of offences, those called *crimes*, and those called *délits*, are provided for in the same prison. The one, tried by a jury, involves, as a punishment, what is called "seclusion;" the other, a matter simply belonging to the Correctional Tribunals, is called "imprisonment." The first carries with it civil degradation: the criminal is liable to public exhibition; he cannot receive any revenues from his property; a legal interdiction is pronounced against him; a "tutor" and a "sub-tutor" are appointed over him. Nothing of all this is pronounced against the "correctional" prisoner. And yet not only is the punishment itself inflicted under the same rules, and in the same establishments; but the more guilty person finds himself infinitely the better off. As he is condemned for the longest period, he becomes the best proficient in the peculiar work carried on in the prisons, is more interested and experienced in its rules; and it is he in consequence who is named to the official positions which can be held by prisoners, *prévôt de salle*, *chef d'atelier*, and other positions of the same kind. These afford what such men covet most earnestly,—power; and thus while the *reclusionnaire* often envies his more guilty brother of the *bagnes*, he is himself an object of envy on the part of the less guilty "correctional." And thus also the several degrees of crime become confounded in the mind; each higher grade, instead of becoming more terrible, presents results of greater power, influence, daring, and excitement, and therefore of greater attraction. We may now see how much further these anomalies are carried, in a brief view of the prisons intended for those condemned correctionally for a year or less. When the present organization of the prisons was first established, during the fever of the Republic and the Empire, in their zeal for systematizing, the French legislators decreed that every commune should have its prison,—a rule which would have created 39,000 prisons in the country. If it was found actually impossible to provide a cantonal prison, it was then decreed that, at least, each *arrondissement* should be provided with one. Even this would have established 2,800 gaols. These last were actually erected, and serve for temporary imprisonments on account of petty offences of simple accusation, or as places of safety for the prisoners, in the transport from one regular prison

to another. In addition to these, every *caserne* of gendarmerie in France has its strong chamber, in which prisoners are temporarily confined.

At last, all the terrible paraphernalia of imprisonment, as far as regards other than petty offences, dropped to one prison *per* department. It is to this building that the great mass of "correctionals" are consigned; for, beside that the number condemned for a year or less forms a great part of the entire mass, others may be taken to these establishments by an order from the Minister of the Interior. These *maisons de correction*, as they are called, are for the most part old castles of the feudal period. The old Barons made their residences strong enough, and none of the *appareil* of justice has been forgotten. Unfortunately, neither in those days was much of the modern principle, of consideration even for prisoners, attended to; and as the men of old built their castles for their own convenience, and at their own cost, the size is very often far from appropriate to the wants of a state establishment. In consequence, the generality of these buildings are close and confined in the extreme. In one, the administration were actually obliged to leave to the owls the old building, which was tumbling to ruin, and to take refuge in the cellars and donjons of the old feudal chief, who constructed his donjon for the reception of at most a dozen prisoners. From time to time the country has spent vast sums in the improvement of these places; but the original vices of their erection remain, in spite of all that can be done. The *cachot*, or place of solitary confinement, to which the refractory are condemned for offences in the prison itself, is usually a hole just large enough to hold a single person, literally streaming with damp, and with the close, humid, clayey air of a tomb. To many constitutions a day's confinement in such a place is certain death.

The administration of the prisons themselves is very little better. In fact, it is difficult to say that there is any administration at all. For the other prisons, the length of the punishment and its importance have excited all the attention of the legislature, and we have seen that its arrangements are regulated, not always perhaps with perfect wisdom, but always with great care. But in the *maisons de correction* no regulation exists worthy of the name. All the prisoners accused or condemned—for many of the first category are thrust into these places—are huddled together without any distinction of degrees of crime, certain or uncertain guilt, age, sex, or previous character. There is no *surveillance*, except to prevent the prisoners from running away; as to the rest, they may do as they please. Worse than all, there is no organization of labour. This, by far the best feature of the other criminal establishments, is here utterly and absolutely wanting. The unhappy victims are not forbidden work, if they can get it; if they are fortunate enough to have connexions

outside, who will give them a job, or any thing peculiar in their professions,—bits of luck, which do not happen to one in a hundred of the inmates of a criminal gaol. No beds are allowed to the prisoners; they may buy them, if they have the money; if not, they must lie on the straw. There are no prison clothes; the prisoners must find their own clothing. It has been fearful to read the accounts of visitors to these places, who have approached a mass of straw and filth, which looked like a dung-heap, but from which at last protruded the head of a woman, pale, emaciated, and looking as if it had been severed from the body. She had been lying without change in the same place for weeks, not having clothes to cover her.

In many of the prisons, much as has been done for their amercement, the walls are still coloured with green; the floor, paved with round stones, has within its interstices the accumulation of the filth of months; insects of the vilest kind are crawling about; the smell from the necessary houses pervades every where: in fact, nothing is wanting to complete the description of those terrible dungeons of the Middle Ages, their antecedents and prototypes. The richest departments, as those which count Bordeaux and Lyons for their capitals, had, until lately, the very worst of these terrible cages.

The provision of the prisoners is bread and soup, the same ration for all sexes and ages. The prisons are scarcely warmed: the poor prisoners in the winter have no refuge but their straw. In every respect,—in accommodation, in food, in clothing, even in moral instruction, these *maisons de correction* are inferior to the *maisons centrales*; and when it is added, that in the former there exists for the great mass no means of employment whatever, while it is compulsory in the latter, that in the *maisons centrales* the prisoners have not only the certain means of earning money for necessaries, and even for enjoyment, but are likewise assured of a sum to keep them from starvation when they again go abroad into the world; while the wretches of the departmental gaols, after starving and shivering in the cold, moist dungeons for twelve months, are turned at large upon the world without a rag or a farthing; it may seem somewhat astonishing that the lightest crimes should thus entail the most revolting, the most debasing, the most unmanly retribution.

In all the departmental prisons, there exists what is called the *pistole*, a chamber where better accommodation is to be had by paying for it. In old times the price was a *pistole*, whence the name. At present the price is under eight *francs*. As the prisoners here are supposed to be able to pay for every thing, nothing is allowed them *gratis* but bread. As there is, besides, the canteen,—and books and games are allowed,—a man who has money to spend, or who has managed to secrete his part of the last plunder, while his less fortunate comrade was forced to

give it up to the gendarmes, may live in perfect comfort. This last institution completes the iniquity of the whole affair.

It should be remarked, that many of the *maisons de correction* have no court whatever. The prisoners are compelled to remain during the entire sentence within doors, subject to the enjoyments of such quarters as have been just described, without a moment's alteration for the barest necessities of health.

There are no hours of rising or going to bed, no hours of meals fixed by the law; every thing is left to the discretion of the gaoler. He has to take care of a given number of prisoners for a given number of months; and if he accounts for them in due time, and can only produce them alive, Justice expresses herself perfectly satisfied.

As if to complete the disorganization of these establishments, the guiding authority which is to regulate them out of doors is so loosely appointed, that it leads to no regulation at all. The Mayor, the Prefect of Police, or the Commissary-General of Police, is ordered by the law to watch over them. As if this were not loose enough already, a gratuitous council of five persons is likewise provided for the same end. Of course, a business which thus belongs to every one is done by no one. Other regulations to the same end have been issued from time to time, as the central authority received some new exemplification of the striking evils of the system; but the momentary attempts at amendment only added to the existing confusion.

It must at the same time be admitted, in excuse for the anomalies in the French system, that the characters it has to deal with are such as to defy all powers of reason, or of calculation. The prison authorities have frequently taken special pains with the insubordinate or idle characters, and have promised, when compelled to punish them, to restore them to favour, and to place them even in a better condition than that of their comrades, on the simple condition of their submitting themselves to the rules of the prison. All has been in vain. Characters are not wanting, who, the very hour that they are released from solitary confinement, and re-instated amongst their colleagues, have forthwith proceeded to incite them to acts of violence. Transferred from one prison to another, their first action, on arriving at their new destination, has been to circulate in writing, and even to get printed, the most atrocious calumnies against the administration of their abode; even although the means have been furnished them by being placed in the *bureau des écritures*, as a special favour, in the hope of reclaiming them. Even when placed in solitary confinement, they have managed to pass their communications with the other prisoners; and, when permitted to walk out, even under strict guard, have been able to secrete papers underground, in the joints of the doors,—any where, in fact; and the natural love of

Frenchmen for excitement has caused their comrades to watch eagerly for these papers, though containing nothing beyond vulgar inflammatory declamation. These men refuse all kinds of work, alleging that they cannot do it. Solitary confinement does them no good; it only irritates them, inflames their brains, and makes them a trifle more mad than they were before.

Solitary confinement has little effect on the inveterately idle. These men, following the French love of extremes, will even stand apart in the crowd, look on vacantly, and do nothing. Placed in solitude, they are only in their humour, and progress somewhat more quickly to the insanity which has been, from the first, at the bottom of their movements. These, however, are the rarer class; the insubordinates are the most common; and their senseless, unprovoked outrages are only to be equalled by the extreme eloquence with which they sometimes declaim against what they call their oppression. The advocates for things as they are in France, declare that the penitentiary system fails eminently with the very characters for whom it was intended; and those who are cognizant of French experience can quite understand, why its reformatory process has been so slow, compared with the immensity of thought, inquiry, and writing expended upon the subject.

Russia, destined in so many ways to present a contrast to the institutions and progress of the rest of Europe, up to a late period, offered a most striking difference in its application of the principle of imprisonment. Its code failed to recognise imprisonment as a mode of punishment. In this country, until recently, the prison was simply a place of confinement for the accused before trial, and, as such, was administered with sufficient leniency. There was, necessarily, no pretence for harshness. The question of prison discipline was, in this case, wondrously simplified. With imprisonment as a punishment on the one hand, capital punishments were abolished on the other. The laws directing executions were, in fact, suspended as long ago as the reign of the Empress Elizabeth. From that time executions, except for political offences, became extremely rare. In parts of the empire, as in Finland, they have been definitively abolished; elsewhere, as in Poland, invariably commuted. Ultimately they became restricted to two heads of offences, singularly characteristic of the country,—infractions of the quarantine laws, and military disobedience. This would fully parallel the practice of capital punishment for forgery amongst ourselves, which excited so much horror and astonishment amongst the non-commercial nations of the East.

Meanwhile, the punishments both of death and of imprisonment are respectably represented; the one by banishment to Siberia and by the mutilation of the criminal, the other by the knout. The two last have been abolished; the latter only

since 1845. It has been replaced by what is called the *pleite*, a leather-thong whip, not so utterly barbarous as its predecessor, but of respectable force. It has been said that, while the knout tore away strips of flesh at the second blow, the *pleite* performs the same duty at the seventh or eighth.

The *pleite* was an introduction of Alexander's, in 1825, intended ultimately to suppress the knout, which it did not effect for twenty years. The Emperor—a real philanthropist in his way—proposed to his Council at the same time a plan for producing the effect of punishment without its barbarity, which was effectually to replace the knout. The criminal was to be placed upon a horse, covered with black, preceded and followed by detachments of troops, sword in hand,—an idea eminently Russian; and was thus to be exhibited in the most public place of the town. He was to be covered with a kind of black winding-sheet, with the name of his crime painted in large letters upon his breast and back, and then soundly flogged with the *pleite*. This project was never carried out; and the knout continued its course, through a part, at least, of its old dominion. Yet it was only in 1848 that the National Assembly in France abolished the open exposition of the *forçats*, which took place in a manner in no way different, as to principle, from that proposed by the Muscovite legislator.

This is the only point of resemblance between the French and the Russian modes of punishment. As certain sentences of imprisonment in France bring with them civil degradation, disqualification from the exercise of public offices, and the *surveillance* of the police; so did the Russian sentence of the knout entail what was expressively called a “civil death.” The disqualification and disgrace in Russia were complete; the offender could no longer present himself in society; for the rest of his life he was actually isolated from his species. The very principle of the Russian law commanded this: it divided all offences into two categories,—capital and correctional. The first were uniformly attended with this same “civil death.” The *pleite*, at least, involves no such terrible consequence.

It has been another Russian principle, that no sentence should be for a perpetual punishment of any kind. The offender may be sentenced to Siberia for the most heinous of crimes; the register of his sentence carries with it nothing more grievous than that of the most moderate culprit condemned to the same punishment. Both are equally liable to the will and pleasure of the Emperor, who releases them when in his opinion they ought to be released, regard being paid to the original circumstances of their crimes. This, say the Russians, is a mode far preferable to that of condemning a man for life, and then releasing him afterwards for his own good conduct, or the caprice of the governing power. The law itself is brought into disrespect, they argue, by

this violation of its decrees. Besides which, the uncertainty of the duration of the sentence has a tendency always to keep the offender on his good behaviour; he may at any time receive his release, and has neither the recklessness of one who cannot hope, nor the carelessness of one who knows that his time is nearly out, and that he has little more to fear.

However, notwithstanding Siberia and the *pleite*,—two expansive modes of punishment which may be adapted to every grade of offence,—the discipline of the prison, under modern ideas, becomes almost indispensable even for Russia. The present Emperor, who carried away with him so many strange ideas from his visit to England in 1844, imbibed at the same time a taste for prison discipline. He had scarcely landed in Russia, before he issued a commission, first, for the reform of the prisons of detention actually established; and, secondly, for the establishment of new penitentiary prisons, on the basis of that at Pentonville. The Committee decided on the erection of a building sufficient for 520 prisoners, with solitary cells; but as the effect of perfect isolation upon the Russian constitution was dreaded, its mitigation in most cases was recommended. The prisoners were in consequence divided into four classes, comprising, first, perfect isolation without work; secondly, perfect isolation with work; thirdly, isolation in the hours of meals, rest, and sleep, but labour in common and in silence; fourthly, the same rules as the last, except that the prisoners have permission to speak during the hours of work. The exact amount and kind of conversation then carried on, in the middle of labour, it would be curious to ascertain.

It is even hinted that banishment to Siberia is to be replaced by this punishment. Unfortunately, the economical advantages of obtaining labourers for the mines are too great, and the necessities too stringent, to admit of such a relaxation of the Russian discipline, even were it permitted by other circumstances. The Government has but little notion of the readiest means of enriching the public, by abandoning the gold to the finder. According to the Russian authorities, exile to Siberia is no longer clad with its former terrors. The workmen in the mines, even when criminals, are paid, and, it is said, upon a higher scale than that of ordinary workmen in other parts of the empire. M. de Zehe stated to the Congress which met in 1847 at Brussels for the purpose of effecting prison reform, that the Siberian exiles were in the habit of writing to their friends, declaring that they were much better off than in their own country. Siberia is preferable to Russia, on the authority of a zealous Russian advocate, who certainly cannot plead as a reason that the old country was over-peopled, and that the advantage of the new consisted in its freedom from the crowd.

For the rest, what is a single prison for five hundred persons in

the empire of Russia? If intended for an experiment as to its Russian application, it is neither sufficiently large nor sufficiently general; if for an experiment as to the general applicability of the system, what could be learned from it when experiments so vast and so numerous had been tried elsewhere for a quarter of a century?

Nor does it find much favour in the eye of the Russian legislator. On the promulgation of a new code in 1846, the attention of all the most competent persons in the empire was called to assist in the task of *perfecting the snod*, as the Russian code is called. In this task many proposals were made for re-introducing capital punishment, in cases of parricide, murder, or pillage by *forçats* in their places of punishment,—a danger unknown to any other system. The chief objection was the want of an intermediate punishment between death and temporary exile under a system which so pointedly excludes exile for life.

Another proof of the repugnance of the Russians to the prison mode of punishment, is to be found in the fact, that in 1813 the Emperor Alexander instituted a Committee for the purpose of abolishing the knout. After long and serious deliberation, the Committee decided against the abolition, on the ground that prison discipline would fail of any good effect, either as a mode of repression or of amelioration; and declared that the lower classes would see, in the abolition of the knout, full impunity for every kind of crime. The people, in fact, unaccustomed to the pomp and circumstance of capital executions, had concentrated and absorbed all their notions of punishment in this single instrument; and a punishment inflicted in secrecy, and which admitted of none of the terrible public exhibitions of pain or peril to be found in the knout, would be quite inadequate to preserve order in the state. This feeling of the necessity of exhibiting chastisement appears rooted in the minds of the Russian Government, who may be supposed to know most about their own people: witness the notable plan, mentioned above, of subjecting the criminal to a *quasi*-funereal procession. Branding was of old a favourite punishment; and if left to themselves, and away from the dread of European reprobation, the Russian legislature would even now adopt it, as the most ready and efficacious means of meeting the difficulty.

Even in the punishment of offenders, Russia meets with interminable difficulties through its combat with civilization,—its regard for the judgment of nations in a totally different position of society on the one hand, and the necessities of its own position on the other. Where is all this to end? It is just possible that the present struggle may solve the difficult problems which affect both of the two great principles, and are, in fact, as great, though not as patent, with the Christian Russ, as with the Muselman Turk.

The principal difficulty in the Swedish system of imprisonment, is the arrangement of places of confinement for persons accused. Every parish in Sweden was, not many years since, visited periodically by an ambulatory Judge, who heard and decided on the spot. This system, of course, was subject to great delay, and the unfortunate object of suspicion was confined—sometimes for more than a year—in a parish lock-up. He was neither allowed air nor exercise, but he could be visited by his friends, and had the liberty of books, if he was fortunate enough to be able to read. In 1847, a proposition was submitted to the Diet, to reduce the number of these district prisons to 134, to divide the country into the same number of jurisdictions, and to appoint a Judge to each. This plan obviates the intolerable delays of the old system; but in a small country like Sweden, justice administered by 134 judges wants something of its dignity, and still more of its certainty.

The prisons for the condemned are divided in Sweden into three classes,—the first for those condemned in perpetuity; the second for the condemned for a limited period; and, lastly, what are called “provincial prisons.” In the first, the prisoners are confined together, but under strict *surveillance*, by night as well as by day, and with the absolute prohibition of speech. The second class, ten in number, are built on the cellular system, and are all of very modern construction. The provincial prisons are restricted to prisoners sentenced to terms of from two months to two years. Those sentenced for less than two months are placed in one of the 134 lock-up houses mentioned above. Those sentenced for more than two years are placed in the old prisons, where the necessary enforcement of silence is a terrible punishment to those condemned for a lengthened period.

It has been calculated, that, under the new system in Sweden, not one-half of the numbers of the former system will be confined in the prisons. The encumbrance of prisoners waiting for their sentences was terrible. For the greater prisons it has been calculated that accommodation for somewhat more than 1,000 is necessary, and about 2,000 for the provincial prisons. If we estimate the average term of imprisonment at three months, (and it should be remembered that a very large proportion of sentences are always light,) this would suppose 12,000 persons annually to pass through the Swedish prisons. As above 100,000 annually pass through the prisons of France, the morality of Sweden, in proportion to its population, would be about the average.

The system of Denmark is divided into three categories, much on the French plan. It has its *maisons de force*, its *maisons de correction*, and its communal prisons. It is not calculated that above 1,500 persons are under sentence in prison, in Denmark, at the same time, in the communal establishments;

and, arguing upon this proportion, the state of crime in Denmark would not seem to be alarming. Denmark, in 1846, adopted the cellular system, for prisoners sentenced to short periods of imprisonment. It is erecting, by degrees, the necessary buildings. The Government has long decided, for imprisonment for lengthened periods, on the total separation of the prisoners during the night; during the day, they are to be allowed to work together. Unfortunately, the smaller prisons, and those for accused persons, on which the great improvement falls, are in the hands of the Communes, who bear the entire expense, and are not always ready with the money. A want of organization is, likewise, the consequence; and the Government will not interfere, lest it should be called upon to make new constructions on its own account.

Holland, about the same time, adopted the cellular system without restriction, for every kind of offence and every degree of punishment. This system is applied even to women, from whom the same danger of plots, or concerted vengeance, is not to be apprehended. It is a curious fact in the case, that the women confined in the prison at Geneva, when they lived in common, actually petitioned to be placed in separate cells. It must have been some considerable provocation to have induced these people, with all their fondness for gossip and conversation, thus to have made a spontaneous movement for their own separation. It would seem to prove that women, under punishment, are more open to amelioration than men, notwithstanding the prevalence of the contrary opinion. It should be remembered, that the gnawing terrors of remorse, which make solitary confinement so fearful to the male prisoner, are not likely to act to the same extent upon the female, who is usually condemned for less heinous offences. Holland is, we believe, the only country which has thus adopted the cellular system, in its most enlarged and rigorous interpretation.

The systems of Italy are marked with the good intentions and miserable realities, which are the characteristics of that unhappy country. Anomalies and abuses exist every where. The Grand Duke of Tuscany issued some time ago an order which was virtually to suppress the punishment of death and the *bagne*, leaving actually nothing to terrify offenders but inferior punishments; but he permits even yet the Director-General of Police at Florence to maintain the monstrous privilege, by which, on his own sole power and responsibility, and without rendering an account to any one, he is empowered to condemn any person he pleases to a three years' imprisonment. It would be difficult to find a similar abuse in any part of the civilized world. It is true that an appeal lies to the Minister of Justice; but this appeal is surrounded with so many formalities that it is virtually useless. In Rome, a prison constructed for young offenders, so long ago

as the pontificate of Clement XI., has never yet been fairly finished, so as to be fit for its purpose; it is now used for the temporary seclusion of a few women. The present Pope has issued a Commission of Inquiry, which has done nothing. The *maison centrale* of Mantua is actually used to diminish the number of prisoners, when the prisons are overcrowded; they perish in a few months in its pestilential atmosphere, and relieve the State from the trouble of erecting new buildings at a very small expense. It is true this State is Austrian. Perhaps, by this time, some reforms have been made in the prison, the condition of which was so bad as to create an outcry in Italy itself.

Piedmont, destined to lead the way in Italian improvements, has built two prisons on the American system at Aubun; they hold, together, about five hundred prisoners.

The present prisons in Italy are mainly old palaces, constructed in the Middle Ages at once for residence and defence; and presenting all the inconvenience of the same appropriation of similar buildings as *maisons centrales* in France.

The Tuscan system, the most completely organized in Italy, comprises four sections; the *bagne*, the *maison de force*, the *maison de détention*, and the *maison correctionale*. It is the same system as that in France, with the exception of the intermediate *maison de détention*, used for offences between what we should call crimes and misdemeanors, and partaking of the arbitrary character of all intermediate punishments. These, it is said, are to be abolished; and as the *bagnes* are supposed to be abolished too, the system in Tuscany will be wonderfully simple, if it can only be made effectual. Offenders under eighteen are subjected to the simple decree of the Director-General of Police, whose sentence only imposes a correctional imprisonment; and as all the "pomp and circumstance" of a trial, so mischievous to young criminals, is avoided, this most absurd legislation has its good side. The prisons are well examined: those for males, by a Commission, composed chiefly of the Clergy, who make regular visits; those for women, by the Sisters of Charity, who are constant in their attention.

The cellular system has been adopted, for some time, in all cases of relapsed criminals, who are separated, with laudable care, from the fresh offenders. It was, likewise, not long ago, about to be adopted for the graver offences, and, perhaps, is established by this time.

ART. IV.—*Johnson's Lives of the English Poets.* (*Murray's British Classics.*) Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. Murray.

THE readers of the biography of Addison in the above collection, of which as perfect and complete an edition has now been laid before the public as care and ability could make it, will probably not be sorry to hear that the "Works of Addison" will form a future portion of the series of which "Johnson's Lives" already constitutes so popular a part.

The prominent men of Addison's day were rendered all the more prominent, and have become all the more familiar with posterity, because of their alliances, sometimes because of their enmities, with one another. As Addison himself said of Virgil and Horace, that "neither would have gained so great reputation, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other," so may it be said of Addison himself and some of his contemporaries. There *are* cases in which posterity will gain little by this. The intimacy of Addison and Swift, (an intimacy which the former kept up at a time when to be faithful to friendship with such a man as Swift was to menace the fortunes of Addison,)—their intimacy when living is perhaps one of the causes why, in the series of the British Classics, the complete Works of Swift are to follow the complete works of Addison. This is a matter for regret rather than congratulation. Addison is welcome to our hearth, as an eloquent and refined visitor, from whose conversation there is always something to be learned, and who, if he be, indeed, worldly, is ever decent. Swift, on the other hand, is a man for the master of the house to see privately in his library, if he really need to hold conference at all with such a writer; but Swift is not a man to be made welcome to the circle at our fireside. Doubtless, even the elegant Addison had his faults, and the coarse and selfish Dean was not entirely destitute of all the virtues. Never, however, can he be esteemed, Christian Minister as he called himself, as "the friend of the family." He will be found, in turns, in fierce antagonism against all. He is no gentle instructor of the young; he has as little reverence for the feelings of the aged as he has respect for the modest fair. Addison raised the character of woman, and paid homage to what he had so raised. Swift coarsely laughed at the moralist for this act, which was done less in a spirit of gallantry than one of civilization. A consideration, briefly held, of the life of Addison will not, perhaps, be accounted as supererogatory, previous to the appearance of his Works. We shall not consider the same course necessary in the case of the Dean of Saint Patrick's.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the living of

Milston, in Wiltshire, worth some £120 *per annum*, was occupied by a learned, not an unwise, and a somewhat eccentric north-country Clergyman, named Lancelot Addison. Lancelot was himself the son of an exceedingly poor Westmoreland "Parson;" and in the character of a "poor child," with favourable testimonials from the Grammar School of Appleby, he was received into Queen's College, Oxford. This was not the period when the wisdom heaped up at the University was satirically said to be great, for the alleged reason that most young men brought some with them, and were sure to leave it all behind them. It was a time when a gigantic labour was required to be spent before a small, but highly-prized, honour could be achieved, and "*Detur digniori*" was the device of the laurel crown.

Lancelot was as bold as, and a far better man than, his namesake in the old romaunt. He was a strong Church-and-King man, at an epoch when the University was governed by authorities which did not consider the Church as infallible, nor the Monarch as necessarily the "Lord's anointed." The chivalrous feelings of the young Bachelor of Arts led him to tilt against the authorities on the grave questions of monarchical and episcopal principles; and in his privileged character of *Terra Filius*,—a sort of licensed buffoon, who had as much licence at a "Commencement," as a slave in the *Saturnalia*,—he bespattered the supporters of republican opinions, and the friends of religious reformation beyond that accomplished in the Church, with such a shower of loyal and orthodox arguments, and sarcasm not very choice of epithet, that his privilege was not respected. Very soon after we find him, no longer a member of the University, travelling from house to house in Sussex, giving private instruction in the "humanities," and political lessons, to the sons and daughters of orthodox Cavaliers. When Charles II. "got his own again," as it was called, and terribly abused what he so little merited, he rewarded the courageous Lancelot, by appointing him as Chaplain to the garrison at Dunkirk. This splendid piece of preferment was ultimately changed, in 1662, for a similar situation at Tangier.

The good man looked upon the change as a genuine "preferment." He was pleased with the novelty of his position, had a watchful eye, observed narrowly, and finally wrote a book upon Barbary and its inhabitants, which is full of quaint matter, knowledge useful and useless, much credulity, and a simplicity which endears the author to the reader. The reverend Chaplain had been eight years engaged in such duties as Chaplains were then expected to perform, when he applied for a "holiday," and by Government permission he visited England. He was in the full enjoyment of his relaxation when he heard that his post had been given to another. There was scant ceremony and much despotism employed in those days, and the ex-Chaplain

found himself suddenly destitute, and without redress. It was private, not public or official, sympathy which conferred on him the little benefice which he met with in the living at Milston, and its £120 a year.

This pittance he found a Bishop's daughter willing to share with him. The lady was Jane, daughter of Dr. Gulstone, Bishop of Bristol. Three boys and three girls were the fruit of a union which was happy at the hearth, and productive of happiness through the district over which Lancelot presided. The modest Divine amused his leisure hours by literary labours; and in the year 1672, he became the author of "*The First State of Mahometanism*," and found himself the father of the to-be-celebrated Joseph.

The other children of this union may be dismissed in a paragraph. Of the two younger brothers of Joseph, the elder, Gulstone, was wise enough to believe that a commercial career was not unworthy of a poor gentleman; and he flourished accordingly. The princely merchant became Governor of Fort St. George in India. The youngest son, Lancelot, vegetated as "*Fellow*" of Magdalen, at Oxford. Two of the daughters died young, and were by so much happier than the Dorothy who survived them, and whom Swift describes as "*a kind of wit, and very like her brother.*"

As a child, Joseph Addison was remarkable for his reserve, his thoughtfulness, and his "*sensibility.*" An illustration of the latter quality is afforded in the course which he took on being threatened by his country schoolmaster, Nash, of whom he was the youngest pupil, with punishment for some childish fault. He could face neither parent nor pedagogue when lying under such disgrace, and the boy fled into the woods, lived upon berries, lodged in a hollow tree, and was happily discovered before he had continued the course long enough to be productive of irremediable evil. The removal of his father to Salisbury, where he was raised to the dignity of Archdeacon and "*D.D.*," gave him better chances of receiving a profitable education. He was a student both at Salisbury and Lichfield, before he proceeded as a private pupil to the Charter-House, where he founded his friendship with a very worthless person, Mr. Richard Steele, and learned to express himself colloquially in Latin, if not in Greek, with a facility that would have astonished the young ladies who were trying to attain the same in French at Stratford-le-Bow.

Addison was a Charter-House pupil at what we may call a mid-way period between two men of very opposite character,—Crashaw the poet, who was Romanist enough in his rhymes to induce Henrietta Maria to recommend him (very unsuccessfully) as the successor of Ben Jonson to the honours of the Laureateship; and John Wesley, who laid the foundation not

only of his learning, but of his health, at the Charter-House. Our readers will assuredly remember that Wesley imputed his after health and his lengthened life to his following out the paternal injunction to run round the Charter-House play-ground three times every morning before breakfast. Addison was even more delicate of constitution, as a child, than Wesley. This was so much the case, that he was baptized on the day of his birth, so great was the fear that he would never see the morrow.

Addison passed from under the ferule of the learned Dr. Ellis, to take up his residence at Queen's College, Oxford, when he was only fifteen years of age. His father was the Dean of Lichfield,—a dignity conferred on him in return for his services at Tangier. The Dean's son did not cross the threshold of the building founded by Queen Philippa's Confessor a "poor child," as his father had done. He was a young gentleman of good prospects and fine parts. He was, however, fashionable enough to sneer at the New-Year's gift and admonition of the Bursar made to every member, and consisting of a "needle and thread," and a warning to "Take this, and be thrifty." On the other hand, he had already Greek enough with him to serve all disputants as the old member of Queen's did the wild boar in Shotwear Forest. The student, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," was reading Aristotle, when he was set upon by the savage swine. The beast came upon him open-mouthed, and the scholar, with true logical composure, thrust the volume into the animal's throat, and choked him therewith, shouting, "*Porce, Græcum est!*" Thence the boar's head at the table of Queen's on Christmas-Day.

Between the fifteenth and the eighteenth years of his age, Addison spent much time, and gained much reputation, by his Latin poems. They were on all subjects, from the wars of Monarchs to the feats of Punch. They are of rare elegance, considering the early period at which they were composed; and it is remarkable that what it took one boy to write, it required three men to translate. And, after all, the poems in English have none of the raciness, ease, and polish,—speaking of them generally,—which distinguish the originals. In the originals, indeed, that great art which consists in concealing art does not distinguish them. The smell of the lamp is there, and the labour expended on them must have been at the cost of health. Addison was unwise enough to apply closest to study after dinner, with which study should close for the day. In his age, indeed, the repast was taken at an earlier hour than it is now; but still his taxing the brain at a time when less noble organs had that to do, which they can do all the better for the brain being left in "idle vacuity of repose," was committing an onslaught on health, which probably effected both immediate harm and permanent injury.

It should be mentioned that Addison was intended for the Church. The Latin poems of the theological student do not betray any predilection for the calling. Of the eight poems, one only has any decided reference to religion; and that is merely an illustration of the painted window in Magdalen Chapel, which has the Resurrection for its subject. Even in this piece, the "*Resurrectio delineata*," there is less spirit and not more genius than may be found in his "*Sphæristerium*," or poem on a "Bowling-Green." In the mean time, they served Addison's purpose. They helped to secure his election as a Demy of Magdalen in 1689. He became Fellow of the same College in 1697. During the intervening years, he appears to have been as much engaged in instructing others as in improving himself. His industry was worthy of all praise. "Maudlin's learned grove," as Pope calls the Elizabethan "water walk," which is now known by Addison's name, had no more earnest student perambulating beneath its leafy shade at evening-tide than the accomplished son of the old garrison Chaplain at Dunkirk.

Four years previous to his becoming a Fellow of Magdalen, Addison had tried his wing successfully in an English flight, in his eulogistic verses on Dryden. The old bard was pleased with the incense offered him by the younger poet, whose translation of the Fourth Georgic won the high commendation from Dryden, expressed in the congenial phrase, that, "after this, his own hive was hardly worth the swarming." Dryden paid him a still higher compliment by printing Addison's critical prefatory Essay on the Georgics, which was prefixed to Dryden's own translation of the poem. When it is remembered that the last-named author was the most accomplished writer of prefaces of whom English literature can boast, the compliment may be the better appreciated. Johnson truly says of Dryden's prefaces, that they were never thought tedious; and upon them Burke is said to have formed his own style. Dryden's critical remarks on Polybius the Historian will suffice to stand for proof of what is here asserted.

Johnson speaks slightly of Addison's Greek; that is, he suspects, rather than affirms, that Addison's scholarship in this respect was not of a high quality. Yet Addison very early projected a translation of Herodotus,—a labour which demands a most accomplished scholar for its suitable execution. That the project was not realized, appears to have been determined, not by Addison's incapacity,—he translated two books,—but by Tonson the publisher's caprice.

Tonson probably conjectured that the public continued to prefer the free and comic rendering of ancient authors which was still in fashion. We may cite a passage from the translation of Herodotus, which was a favourite book in Addison's day. Thus one passage in the Euterpe, (169,) which may be

literally rendered,—“Apries is reported to have held such a high opinion of his power, that he imagined there was not even a deity able to dethrone him,”—is thus given in the translation referred to: “Apyres was perswaded that neither God nor the divell could have joynted hys nose of the empyre.” To a young scholar of such refined taste as Addison, a translation like this must have seemed as an offence which it would be creditable to abolish. The booksellers of the day did not, however, think so. We have now before us a translation of “The Twelve Cæsars by Suetonius,” published by “Briscoe, over against Will’s Coffee-House, 1692;” and professedly “done into English by several Hands.” This translation is full of faults which *ought* to have been exquisite torture to the scholar-wits at “Will’s,” and which assuredly would have been such to *him* who founded and frequented “Button’s.” Addison would have hardly described the “Grammarians,” as “cattel which Tiberius chiefly delighted in;” nor would he have said of the agents of Tiberius, that “they never could pick the least hole in the coat of Caligula:” still less would he have described Cæsar as “hurrying to Rome in a Hackney-coach!” We confess that we regret the abandonment of the translation of Herodotus by Addison; and this in despite of the fact that his translations from Ovid partake of a great deal of the freedom and laxity in which translators indulged, and which Johnson not unjustly censured. Johnson, however, has not failed to render justice to the subtle and refined criticism, and the pure taste, which distinguish Addison’s notes. In these respects, they are often equal to any thing he subsequently produced in the *Spectator*, when treating of the subject of True and False Wit.

Addison’s next production, addressed to Mr. Henry—afterwards the famous Dr.—Sacheverell, was his metrical “Account of the great English Poets, from Chaucer to Dryden.” As Miss Sacheverell is said to have been the especial object of Addison’s admiration at this time, the “Account” may probably have been drawn up for her gratification; a surmise not the less well founded, from the fact that the writer thought but little of his work. In this the author was not wrong, especially as it is to be remembered that he satirized Spenser, without having at the time read a line of his poems! Nevertheless, his comment on Spenser is correct.

“Old Spenser next, warm’d with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barb’rous age,
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where’er the poet’s fancy led, pursued,
Thro’ pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dream of dragons and enchanted woods.”

Had the commentator only added that these enchanted woods were painted with a truth and beauty hitherto unexampled by

those whose office it was to paint in words, he would have done Spenser full justice. That poet was in one respect like Mrs. Radcliffe, a magnificent describer of scenery on a large scale. In the lady it was the sole merit of books which our grandmothers were foolish enough to read, and that brought with them a Nemesis of terror, which most deservedly descended upon the readers.

Addison's judgment on Milton is less savage than Johnson's, though he equally disliked Milton's politics. Cowley he praises for his "spotless life,"—a praise to which that poet has no incontestable right. Pope has been censured for laughing, in his Treatise on the Bathos, at a line of Addison's applied to Cowley, in which the author says:—

"He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less."

This line is akin to the nonsense in the tragic passage of—

"My wound is great because it is so small."

But the best writers are not free from such faults. We may instance the careful Johnson, who translated Addison's Latin poem on the Battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes, and who was guilty therein of the following *couplet*:—

"Down from the guardian boughs the nests they flung,
And *kill'd* the yet *unanimated* young."

Johnson subsequently made sense of the last line, by changing the word "killed" into "crushed."

A far greater error was committed by Addison himself, in this very critical "Account of the English Poets, from Chaucer to Dryden." In it no allusion whatever is made to Shakspeare: and this omission occurs in a poem of which the critic-author is so careful as to observe that "justice demands" that "the noble Montagu" should not be left unsung. Posterity has been more just; but, a century and more ago, the demoniacal pollution of Congreve was in higher estimation than the pure morality of him who wrote the lines on "the quality of mercy." The offence of omitting Shakspeare from a list of English poets has a parallel in the error of a recently-published Universal Geography, in which the compiler forgot to make mention of so insignificant a place as Switzerland!

Addison, in the year of his majority, had taken his "Master's degree," and had begun to run in debt,—a common concatenation of things with University men in those days. He, at the same time, kept his eye steadily fixed upon his future advancement. Within the next four years we find that the clerical student had so far progressed in his knowledge of theology, as to have praised King William in two ardent poems,—English and Latin. He had, also, secured for a

patron the great Somers, with an intellect which, for more than one reason, may be described as Olympian. Addison, moreover, had won the friendship of Mr. Montagu; and the future Lord Halifax, in return, was determined to win Addison from the Church, and attach him to the world.

But the paternal "Mr. Dean" was exceedingly anxious that his son should take orders. The blandishments of the world, however, worked too seductively on the mind of Joseph, who yielded himself thereto without much resistance. If this course disappointed the Dean, that good gentleman was, probably, not less disappointed at the political views embraced by his promising boy. He had hoped to make of him a High-Churchman and a Tory. The son, hitherto, had become only a fine gentleman and a Whig. The Dean was puzzled to account for it.

Montagu's excuse for counselling Addison not to enter the Church, but rather to look towards a political career, was founded on the allegation of the immorality and corruption which distinguished most of the men of business of the period; the latter being without a liberal education. Montagu was reasonable enough to help the youth onward in the career which he had induced him to select. The patron procured for the *protégé* a travelling commission to Italy, with £300 a year to defray the expenses. In those times, gentlemen who travelled at the cost of the Government, were expected to furnish all the information they could which might be profitable to Government. Perhaps it was because Addison neglected—and neglected because he disliked—the duty of *espionnage*, which no gentleman now undertakes, except a Russian "gentleman;"—it was, probably, because of this mingled dislike and neglect, that the pecuniary allowance fell into arrears after the first year of payment. Addison travelled on at his own expense. We wish we could say, that he was relieved of the burthen of his debts, before he proceeded to travel at the cost of his creditors. His object in travelling was to "complete the circle of his accomplishments." He took with him his collected Latin poems, for much the same purpose as poor Goldsmith took his flute and his thesis,—to obtain for him welcome by the way. A pleasant paper might be written on the incidents of the foreign travel of these two men, both of whom have attained what the world calls an "immortality of fame." We have not space for such a parallel here. We must be content to notice that the learning of Oliver procured for him a *dole* at some foreign College; his flute, bread and fresh straw in a barn. The elegant volume of Addison won for him compliments from a poet like Boileau, and condescension from a philosopher like Malebranche. Oliver herded with peasants, and Joseph consorted with

Peers. Goldsmith sank to slumber on the straw of an out-house. Addison courted "Nature's sweet restorer" on a bed of down beneath a palace roof.

Lord Bacon somewhere remarks, that the man who enters upon foreign travel without a knowledge of the language of the country wherein he intends to sojourn, goes to school, and is not fit to travel. Addison was going to Italy, and accordingly stopped for a year at Blois, to study—French. He had found his ignorance of that language a drawback to all social and intellectual enjoyment, when he was in Paris; and he was aware that he would experience the same disadvantages in Italy as elsewhere. French was the polite universal language; and he was right in his resolution to master it. If Cato made himself proficient in Greek at eighty, Addison might laugh at the difficulties of French syntax at six or seven-and-twenty.

It may be observed of him, that, even at this time, he could not pretend to a very correct practical knowledge of the English language, which he subsequently wrote with such grace and purity. The Duke of Marlborough could not have spoken Calais with a greater indifference to orthography than Addison who writes it "Callice." He as often makes use of "travail" as "travel," when he only means the latter; and Priscian's he is broken, over and over again, with the phrase, "I have went."

If the author of the finest papers in the *Spectator* was thus careless of grammar in his private letters, that great moralist was, at the same time, as apparently careless in matters of religion. His letters continually afford illustrations of this fact. Writing to Montagu, from Paris, in August, 1699, he says, with a sneer, "As for the state of learning, there is no book come out at present, that has not something in it of an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his translation; and has so far complied with the taste of the age, that his whole book is over-run with texts of Scripture." It is something new to our ideas to find an English theological student ridiculing the "*grande nation*" for a tendency towards piety. But there were many anomalies in France at this period. Dangeau tells us, that in the seventeenth century the Parisians were taught to dance by English "professors!" And again, the future moral teacher of his nation, writing to Edward Wortley Montagu, from Blois in the Lent season of 1700, says:—"News has been as scarce among us as flesh, and I knew you don't much care to hear of mortification and repentance, which have been the only business of this place for several weeks past." At Chateaudun, addressing Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, he manifests a still worse taste—to use a light term. He is ridiculing the foolish superstitions of the people; but, "wit" as he was, he lacked the wit to perceive that his own ridicule trenched closely upon blasphemy. He

speaking of a fire which had seriously injured the little town. "The inhabitants tell you the fire was put out by a miracle, and that, in its full rage, it immediately ceased at the sight of Him that, in His lifetime, rebuked the winds and waves with a look. He was brought hither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I don't question, with several tons of water." The occasion warranted rebuke, but not a rebuke in such a tone as this; but there was nothing which a "fine gentleman" so much affected as a sneer. It was worn with his pouncet-box and his clouded cane; and accordingly, Addison having been ill of a fever at Blois, at which place, by the way, he used to entertain all his "masters" at supper, where they surrounded him like the professors round the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,—and having recovered from this fever, born perhaps of these heavy suppers, he remarks, that "I have very well recovered, notwithstanding that I made use of one of the physicians of this place." Indeed, but for this sort of wit, his letters of this period would be as dry as Sahara. It is the poor thread of a stream which gives a little life to a wide extent of aridity. There is, however, occasionally something better than this sort of jaunty wit in his letters, as he grows older and more observant. How true is his observation, that, in order that Louis XIV. should walk in splendour, his subjects were obliged to go barefoot! And again, when contemplating the magnificent despotism of the Doge of Genoa, he remarks, in the same incontrovertible spirit, "that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence."

Addison leaves France with a Parthian dart driven at the scholars. "Nothing is more usual than to hear 'em at the Sorbonne quote the depths of ecclesiastical history and the Fathers, in false Latin." He forgets that Shakspeare is not blameless in his quantities, and that he forces a pronunciation of Hyperion, the very sound of which would have been anguish to a Sybarite. Ten years subsequent to the time when Addison detected the Professors of the Sorbonne in the commission of that unpardonable fault, a wrong quantity, his poetical friend Hughes published his dramatic poem, "The Siege of Damascus," wherein Eumenes appears with the penultimate long, and Heraclius with *his* penultimate short!

The private letters of Addison written from Italy, are far superior to those he penned at Blois. Not that even in these he is always correct in his conclusions or his prophecies. Thus, he describes Venice, meaning thereby the Government, "as the most secure of cities!" And so indeed it seemed at this time; but the wave of the old French Revolution struck that ancient Government, and thereby shivered it to fragments, as though it had no more strength than a goblet of Venetian crystal.

It is curious that, at this time, the Italians appear to have

been far more reconciled to a German dominion over the great peninsula, than they are now. It must be remembered, however, that at the period in question the French Monarch was endeavouring to establish a French despotic rule over Europe, precisely as Russia is aiming at the same object now. The battle of Blenheim, which finally crushed the insane and wicked attempt, had not yet been fought. "That," says Addison, "which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first, than of the other." He adds, in a truly popular spirit,—and we should state that we are now quoting from the volume of his "Travels,"—"One may generally observe that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness, than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of the country to the advancement of their own fortunes." Here were Whig principles to vex the ear of a Tory Dean; enunciated, too, by a son of whom he felt himself compelled to be proud, in spite of those principles!

It may, however, be very well questioned, whether Addison's principles, with reference either to politics or religion, were very strictly defined at this period. Throughout the record of his Italian journey, we find him with an evident leaning to republican principles, and yet, as on his passage through Switzerland, ridiculing the English Commonwealth refugees, and speaking of Charles I. reverentially, as "the Royal Martyr." There is the same inconsistency in matters of religion. He loves to draw contrasts and construct parallels; but he neither fixes a moral, nor makes a necessary inference. Thus, when he has extended his journey into Germany, and sojourns at Hamburg, he notices the vicinity of the *Raths-Haus Keller*, or gigantic Wine-cellar,—which Heyne has so much more finely illustrated in poetry,—to the English church. He is rapturous on the Cellar and its exhilarating contents; and then adds, in a letter to Lord Winchilsea, "By this Cellar stands the little English chapel, which, as your Lordship may well suppose, is not altogether so much frequented by our countrymen as the other." He does not complain of this; nay, he falls into the evil fashion, and writes to Mr. Wyche, "My hand, at present, begins to grow steady enough for a letter; so that the properest use I can put it to, is to thank the honest gentleman that set it a-shaking. I have had, this morning, a desperate design to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done, could I have found out a rhyme to 'rummer.'"

This was written in 1703: meanwhile a change had come over his fortunes. He had sojourned in Italy in fond companionship with Hope. He had examined the dead and living body of Rome with the eye and the instrument of an anatomist. He had explored the valleys, walked in gladness on the slopes, and traversed the vine-clad mountains with a soul attuned to nature's beauties, and ever ready to be gratefully affected by them. He had, moreover, painted what he saw, in words which impressed the scene upon the mental eye of the reader, never to fade from the memory, and which, nevertheless, when given subsequently in a printed volume to the world, were so coldly received by an unappreciating public. In addition to this, he had prepared his immortal Dialogue on Medals, the first and the best of scientific treatises rendered in a popular manner; a work, however, which was not delivered to the public, until the hand which drew it lay cold in the grave, forgetful of its cunning. A great portion of "Cato" was also sketched forth during this journey; and he wrote his "Ode to Liberty and Halifax," while crossing the Alps, whose beauties were all lost to him in his own sensations of uncomfortable bodily cold. On the Alps he was as prosaic, save when abstractedly employed in building the lofty rhyme, as the Boston traveller who stood in presence of Niagara, and saw nothing in it but a deplorable waste of water-power.

We have said that Hope was the companion of Addison in Italy. Disappointment, however, soon took her place. He had just been designated for the post of Secretary from His Majesty to Prince Eugene, then in Italy, when King William died, a change of Ministry ensued, and down sank all Addison's immediate hopes into the dust. This was a *catastrophe*; for the calamity assumed that shape in the eyes of an aspiring man, who had been living beyond his means, in the expectation that a fortune to come would pay for the expensive follies of the past. It was for this reason that, instead of repairing to England, he travelled as economically as he could through Germany, awaiting abroad the advent of better times at home, and living as showily as was in his power upon the proceeds of his Fellowship, and small and uncertain supplies from his father the Dean.

These supplies ceased, before he reached Holland, by the death of his father, in 1703. "At my first arrival," writes Addison from Holland, in 1703, to Mr. Wyche at Hamburg, "I received the melancholy news of my father's death, and ever since have been engaged in so much noise and company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed of such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's, that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney-coach and a coffee-house."

Such was the present epitaph uttered over a father by his son. When the latter, however, was at the summit of his short-lived fortunes, he designed that a superb tomb and a befitting epitaph should mark the spot where rested, in Lichfield Cathedral, his father's bones and his own. But fashion buried the son in Westminster Abbey, and Tickell was left to supply the ponderous elegy which lies heavy on all that was mortal of honest, simple, and high-minded Lancelot.

Swift, it will be remembered, when peevishly jotting down, in 1728, in slipshod poetry, the incidents of Addison's career, says that—

“——Addison, by Lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands, distress'd,
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a Squire.”

There is here only an approximation to the truth; and Swift cared very little whether he were wide of or near that sacred mark at which poetry should aim, quite as carefully as philosophy. The facts are these:—

The “proud Duke of Somerset,” who, like all excessively proud people, was excessively mean, required what was then called a “bear-leader,” or travelling tutor for his son, Algernon Lord Hertford. His Grace made an offer, through Jacob Tonson, then in Holland, to Addison, who was also sojourning there, engaged on no more active pursuit than waiting on fortune. “I desire,” said the proud Duke, “that he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels, than as a governor; and as such I shall account him. My meaning is, that neither lodging, travelling, nor diet shall cost him sixpence, and, over and above that, my son shall present him, at the year's end, with a hundred guineas, so long as he is pleased to continue in the service of that son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice, in what he finds necessary during the time of travelling.”

This was not a very magnificent offer from a grandee so proud that, when his Duchess once tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, to secure his attention while she was speaking to him, he rebuked her for the act, as one of inexcusable freedom! Addison saw the offer in its proper light, but, by the same light, he discerned some worldly advantages behind it. He therefore wrote to the Duke, more with the simplicity of his father's character than the acuteness which generally marked his own:—“As for the recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure Your Grace, that I should not see my account in it, but in the hopes that I have to recommend myself to Your Grace's favour and approbation.” At this hint from a client in want of a patron, the Duke at once broke off all further negotiations, after a rough intimation

that he would not have Addison come to him on any account. "I must look for another," says this incarnation of pride,— "I must look for another, which I cannot be long a-finding." And so terminated the episode of "bear-leading."

Addison came to England, nevertheless. He was thirty-three, dependent on his pen, lodging in a garret over a shop in the Haymarket, and a neighbour of the poet and physician, Dr. Garth. The fortune of Addison was made on the field of Blenheim. The victory rendered the Government ecstatic, but they were in want of a poet who could fitly celebrate it. Halifax intimated to Godolphin that he knew a minstrel equal to the mighty theme, but he would not name him, because Ministers were too mean to merit being served by one who could strike the lyre with such effect. The result was as much petty bargaining as over a common ware for common purposes, chaffered for by common people. The office of celebrating such a victory should have been seized upon in a rapt poetic rage by the Laureate for the time being. But the tinsel crown of *Versificator Regalis* was then worn by poor Nahum Tate, who was then, and remained ever after, totally unequal to the task. It was undertaken by Addison, who received a retaining fee, in the shape of an appointment as one of the Commissioners of Appeal in the Excise, which he was entreated to consider as "an earnest only of something more considerable."

With this encouragement Addison mounted his Pegasus, and charged into the realms of rhyme, with a power and effect which he had never hitherto equalled, and which he, to our thinking, never surpassed. The defect of "The Campaign" is its occasional tautology, but it is truthful, earnest, impartial, lucid; uniting simplicity with grandeur, and for ever memorable for the simile which compared Marlborough with the angel who—

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Pope ridiculed the poem, and stole the best line in it. We will give the two passages:—

"'T was then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So, when an angel, by divine command,
With rising trumpet shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast,
And, pleased the' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

This fine, and yet not entirely faultless, passage is thus marred and minced in the "Dunciad:"—

"Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease,
'Mid snows of paper and fierce hail of pease,
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm!"

It may be said that, in a satire, this is simply a justifiable imitation, a mere comic adaptation of a serious phrase. Pope, however, has in a serious poem stolen another of Addison's lines. He has just faintly disguised it; but the felony is not to be hidden beneath so transparent a covering. Thus, in "The Campaign," we are told that—

"Marlb'ro's exploits appear divinely bright:
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast;
And those that paint them truest, praise them most."

Pope's metrical translation of passages from the letters of Heloise, which he has *welded* into his "Epistle of Heloise to Abelard," ends with these lines:—

"The well-sung woes shall soothe my ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

Johnson says of this passage, that Pope did not know how to use what was not his own, and that the borrowed thought is spoiled by the borrower. "Martial exploits," says the Doctor, "may be *painted*, perhaps woes may be *painted*, but they are surely not *painted* by being *well sung*. It is not easy to paint in song, or to sing in colours." The plagiarisms of Pope may be said to be yet an untreated subject. If any one be curious to see a proof of his skill in what may be tenderly called "adapting," the curiosity may be gratified by comparing Pope's "Essay on Man" with that portion of the "*Pensées*" of Pascal which is devoted to a discussion of the same subject.

Let us add, with regard to "The Campaign," that if the Pegasian pony of Nahum Tate was not equal to ambling over such a field, a future Laureate—heavy, drinking Eusden—boldly mounted the genuine winged steed, and was rewarded for his daring by being kicked off, and very undignifiedly rolled in what mud there may be about Helicon and the Hippocrene. Pleasant Phillips also attempted the same martial theme. His treatment of it is as the "Battle of Prague" played on a Jew's-harp, with a penny-trumpet accompaniment.

Addison wore his honours with his usual silent dignity. His habitual taciturn reserve, at least in the presence of strangers, was remarked in him even at Blois. It increased with him subsequently; but, as D'Israeli observes, after allowing his deficiency in conversational powers, "If he was silent, it was

the silence of meditation. How often at that moment he laboured some future 'Spectator!'

Nor was empty honour the minstrel's sole award. With the golden profits of "The Campaign" he relieved himself from a burden that had clung to him up to this time,—the burden of his College debts. Such relief it may have been, which helped to make of him what Lady Mary Wortley Montagu describes him to have been,—“the best company in the world.” This was still only with his familiars. He was as bashful and reserved as ever before strangers. But if he had not the ease and self-possession which mark the well-bred man on all occasions, neither had he, in the slightest degree, the presumption and vulgarity which ill-bred men employ in order to cover their lack of refinement.

From this time Addison was conscious of being a man of note. In 1706 he was raised to the office of Under-Secretary of State, and was a welcome man in coffee-house circles, where Steele clung to him more ostentatiously than Boswell to Johnson, and Swift was but too happy to claim as a friend a man from whom he yet so differed in every respect. As for Addison's labours, they partook of something of the contradictory character which marked those of past times, in connexion with his position. When he was an ecclesiastical student, he wrote poems on bowling-greens and barometers; and now that he was an Under-Secretary of State, he became the author of "Rosamond," a ballad opera, to which Clinton set very indifferent music. "Rosamond" ranks, in a literary point of view, as much above the usual productions of the class to which it belongs, as Metastasio's pieces of a similar sort rank above those of all his competitors in the same style. As may be supposed, however, there is much trash even in a ballad opera by Addison. Such as it was, it was too refined for the public of his day; and perhaps the most satisfactory result arising from it was, that the praise of it by Tickell made true and fast friends of that gentleman and Addison.

If "Rosamond" was a mistake, it was not the only one which Addison made. In 1708, he published his well-known pamphlet on the War. In this he commits two errors, which then wore the guise of incontrovertible truths, but at which we may now smile with a species of good-natured commiseration for the unhappy gentleman guilty of the double delusion. The first portion of Addison's error is, that the French nation must necessarily be for ever fixed in their animosity and aversion against England. The second lies in the assertion, that "the Strait's mouth," meaning thereby Gibraltar, "is the key of the Levant, and will be always in the possession of those who are Kings of Spain." The Anglo-French alliance, and the English flag above the Rock of Gibraltar, are sufficient

replies to these unlucky vaticinations. It may be added, however, that what Addison predicted of the French has been asserted, as a thing to be desired, by other statesmen. Thus General Oglethorpe, in the reign of George II., declared that nothing was to be so little desired as a friendship between England and France; and, in the reign of George III., that eminent diplomatist, Sir James Harris, asserted not only that the two countries were hostile by nature, but that it was in the eternal fitness of things, that they should remain so. Let us remember with humility, that the natural enmity, as it is called, was aroused by ourselves. When Edward carried on an unjust war with France, to establish a claim which he professed to hold from the Princess who never had it to bequeath to her heir,—then were sown the seeds of a disunion which English triumphs only embittered. We say again, it ever becomes us to be humble and self-accusing, when mention is made, as by Addison in his War pamphlet, of the hostility of Gaul, as being fixed and unalterable.

This pamphlet, as also the correspondence of the Under-Secretary of State, presents us with matters which we may consider in connexion with the present times, and their terrible incidents. In a letter addressed by Addison to the Earl of Manchester, July 23rd, 1708, there is the following passage:—"We had an unlucky business that befel two days ago the Muscovite Ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs. He was then upon departure for his own country; and the sum, under £100, that stays him; and what makes the business the worse, he had been punctual in his payments, and had given orders that this very sum should be paid the day after." The angry Muscovite declared that his injured honour could be appeased by nothing less than the sacrifice of the lives of the bailiffs!

But we have to shift the scene, and to exhibit Addison in a higher character and holding a more responsible position than any which he had hitherto attained. This was the Secretaryship of Ireland, to which office he was appointed in 1708. He accompanied the Earl of Wharton, when the latter proceeded to Dublin as Viceroy.

We have already remarked how curiously some of the occupations of Addison contrasted with his profession or position for the time being. We have here an additional instance. When we speak now of Addison as Secretary for Ireland, and Member for Malmesbury, we have really little or nothing to say of him in either capacity. As Secretary, a post which he held conjointly with that of Keeper of the Records in the Birmingham Tower, (Dublin Castle,) he performed the routine business of his office no better than less gifted men would have done. He resided in London nearly as much as before, leading a

"coffee-house life," and, save when he sojourned at his suburban residence, Sandy End, Fulham, keeping rather late hours and mixed company; and, though not an intemperate man, compared with his contemporaries, yet drinking far more than was profitable for either mind or body. The moderation of Addison would be excess in these days.

As Member of Parliament, he may be dismissed in a few words. He utterly failed in the part, and was as physically incapable of addressing a large assembly, as poor Cowper himself. When the luckless literary M.P. made the attempt, he was overwhelmed with confusion, and the encouraging cheers of his friends only rendered him the more confused, and made his painful incapacity the more remarkable.

But Addison distinguished the era of his Irish Secretaryship by his contributions to the "*Tatler*," a serial started by Steele, and upheld by the co-operation of such able men as Addison. On looking through these once celebrated papers, we have been struck with their general want of correctness of style. There are brilliant exceptions, but for the most part the "manner" of this professed improver of men was what may be designated as "slipshod." But this penny paper was nothing the less popular. Its rapidity of illustration, if one may so speak, its worldly good nature, and its sparkling fluency, rendered it generally welcome. King Tath or Tat, who invented hieroglyphic ideas and conversation for the early and taciturn Egyptians, must have felt his very mummy warmed with a sense of delight, at seeing his name and vocation revived in barbarous England,—but in the most pleasant of manners.

There would be small profit in studying the "*Tatler*" now; but it was not without its uses when it first appeared. At that period, literature—such literature as was cared for by the large portion of society which arrogates to itself the not very flattering appellation of the "world"—was of an uncleanness now happily inconceivable. Dramatic literature, the most popular, was of all the most infamous. The severe Milton even could advocate "the well trod stage anon;" but in Addison's days there was no such thing as what Milton so designates. To furnish to the "world," therefore, a semi-didactic paper thrice a week, in which there should be a regard for decency, such as even most of its readers did not care for, was to do the latter especial good, and to lay the seeds of a greater good to come. The period of that greater good arrived when Addison founded the "*Spectator*" for readers at home, and wrote "*Cato*" for those who knew of no more profitable way of spending their time, than within a theatre. The consequent improvement, if slow, was sure. Many a lady whose orthoepy was in so feeble a state, that she thought Augustus began with a G, learned spelling as well as morality from the "*Tatler*" and "*Spectator*."

Many a gallant Captain came to relish the didactic essays, which at first appeared to them as unintelligible as a Peruvian *quipu* to a puzzled Spaniard.

We speak of these papers only as the "schooling" administered by moral philosophers. Epictetus gave good instruction in his day, and was not without his uses. The Heathen had to be made clean, before he could comprehend or long for the after "dear delights." Addison was not yet the man to teach more. If we needed a proof of this, we should call in unbiassed Tonson, who deposes that the book which he usually found open on Addison's table was Bayle's Dictionary. Our moralist, refined and gentle as he was, yet, despite his being the professed reformer of the morals and manners of domestic life, was, according to the "Journal to Stella," now drinking deeper than the Dean of St. Patrick's, now dining at hedge-taverns with Swift and Garth, anon banqueting too profusely with Lords, going home late and a little disordered, and up early to reform manners, with hand somewhat unsteady, and intellect somewhat confused.

The "Spectator" first appeared in 1711. A change in the Ministry afforded Addison a leisure by which he profited, though he did not covet it; and into the new paper he threw all his energy and talent, and upon it he has reared the reputation which remains bright and unassailable as ever. With it the name of Addison is inseparably connected:—Addison and the "Spectator," Johnson and the "Rambler." If these be compared, Addison will still bear the examination, and issue from it triumphantly. Addison's aim was alike to improve, not only morals, but language. In the latter respect the papers by C., L., I., or O., in the "Spectator," will still be found models of good taste, grace, and expression. Johnson Latinized our "well of English, pure and undefiled." Addison sought to recover for it beauties which had been marred by a succession of bad writers. A greater praise than is due to either may be fairly awarded to a man very different in most respects from both Johnson and Addison: we allude to William Cobbett. Whatever opinion may be formed of that remarkable individual as citizen, politician, demagogue, or Christian, only one opinion can be entertained of his services in behalf of the English language. No writer that we can remember ever expressed himself in such purely harmonious Saxon-English, as Cobbett. He, for instance, would never have used the term "felicity," when he had the better, and the native, term "happiness" ready for his use. If Cobbett had been as careful for the preservation of other matters worth cherishing, as he was of Anglo-Saxon terms and phrases, he would have won a larger meed of praise and acknowledgment from posterity. As it is, he is almost forgotten. Addison would have looked at him with an inclination

divided between patronage and raillery ; Johnson would have been more savage against Cobbett than he has been against Milton.

Comparing Johnson with Addison, as essayists and instructors of men, the former may be said to awe, while the latter charms. Johnson is the stern disciplinarian, crushes errors as well as vices beneath the masses of hard objurgation which he hurls at them, and is as sesquipedalian and pompous upon trifles, as upon matters of life and death. Addison is your true *ludi-magister* ; “master” as he is, he is also “a boy with the boys.” He corrects failings by showing their absurdity : he does not smite the erring with a flail ; he takes them cordially by the hand, puts them in the straight path of morals, and sends them on their way with a compliment. Johnson’s compliments, on the other hand, are as the precious balsam which bruised the head it was made to heal. Addison has more pity for, than wrath against, great offenders. Johnson smites them with thunderbolts. Addison gleams out with playful summer lightning ; and while offenders admire, they yet *look up*. Their eye is not on the earth, their gaze is on heaven ; and when the moral philosopher has got them there, he leaves them to the chances of finding a Christian Missionary who may do what *he* was unequal to,—lead them to something more profitable than gazing.

Let us add that Johnson himself has done full justice to the merits of Addison as a writer. “Whoever wishes to attain an English style,” says the philosopher of Bolt-court, “familiar, but not coarse ; elegant, but not ostentatious ; must give his days and nights to the study of Addison.” The end may be attained without the double sacrifice here mentioned ; but Johnson’s assertion, on the whole, remains indisputable : it is applicable not only to the serious papers and to the apologues of Addison, but also to his incomparable criticisms, and to his inimitable series in which he delineates our good old friend Sir Roger de Coverley, through whom the author made human beings of bestial English Squires, by simply showing to them the picture of a brother who was attractive because he was virtuous.

The finish and neatness of Addison’s writings are as remarkable as their elegance. He has nothing that is *rudely* sketched. With him you walk on sunny slopes, in trim gardens, by pleasant streams, and with a sound of melody ever in the air. Johnson, on the other hand, drags you with him through scenes of Scandinavian grandeur, majestic pines, and thundering cascades. The edifices of Addison are like the villas in ancient Tempe,—matchless for grace, purity, and perfection. Those of Johnson have, with all their splendour, something rough about them, and something short of a *graceful* perfection. They are like the gorgeous palaces of the Incas,—of pure and solid gold, but roofed with straw.

Our waning space warns us that we must be brief in our future remarks; nor is it necessary that we should do more than add a note or two to the well known details of the years of Addison's life which yet remain to be noticed. It is not necessary that we should recount their history.

The production on the stage of Addison's "Cato," in 1713, marks the period at which his reputation as a writer was at its culminating point. This piece, formed on the severe model of Racine, and so regardful of the unities of time and place, as to be guilty of more absurdities than if the same time-honoured matters had been treated with some degree of liberty, had the good fortune to appear at a period when society—a society which lived very much, like that of the old Athenians, in the theatre—was split into two great factions, rather than parties. The poem—for it is more of a dramatic poem than an actual drama—is full of political allusions. These were applauded by one party as applying to the other, and the applause was repeated to the echo by the adverse faction, to prove that the application was not accepted in the sense implied. No wonder, then, that this piece of dull grandeur was triumphant. In our days, we suspect that it is not often read, and we suppose that it is still less frequently acted. It is, nevertheless, more full of terse sayings, which we are every day quoting familiarly, (and perhaps without knowing the parentage of the citation,) than any English poem with which we are acquainted, except Gray's "Elegy;"—not a line of which has escaped being turned into what Johnson (very incorrectly) styles "the watch-word of literary men," namely, quotations.

Johnson notices a number of foreign languages into which "Cato" was very speedily translated. Since the period in which he wrote the biography of Addison, the tragedy in question has been translated into *Russian*! We may strongly suspect, however, that the passages in favour of liberty and against the despotism of a single man, although that man be not a Czar, have been, according to the German term for translating, "*over-set*" into Russian, rather than faithfully rendered.

Let us add a trait of the times nearer home. The Church of England gave its testimony of approval to this stage-play. Dr. Smalridge, Dean of Carlisle, and Canon of Christ-church, Oxford, witnessed the representation of the piece in the last-named city; and the reverend gentleman writes of it to the author, "I heartily wish all discourses from the pulpit were as instructive and edifying, as pathetic and affecting, as that which the audience was then entertained with from the stage." Poor man! And yet at this time the pulpits of England were not all echoless of certain sounds. If the "Established" pulpits were not all mute, neither was there silence in another quarter. Pomfret, as enthusiastic as Whitefield, was then awakening souls. Matthew Clarke was giving a better instruction than "Cato."

Bradbury, that cheerful-minded Patriarch of the Dissenters, was then at least as edifying as Dr. Smalridge's theatrical hero. Neal was then pathetic and earnest in Aldersgate-street, and John Gale affecting and zealous amid his little circle of hearers in Barbican. Had Dr. Smalridge been required to listen to learned, but careless, Lowman, he might have been puzzled at that good man's discourses; but there was matter in them as instructive as any thing uttered by Mr. Booth in "Cato." There was a better instruction still to be had under Dr. Williams and his assistant, honest John Evans, in Petty France. Simon Browne had not yet come to London; but Samuel Wright had already had his pulpit shattered by a Sacheverell mob, whose leaders applauded Mr. Addison's tragedy. Leland could then have uttered a better comment on Plato's dissertation on Immortality, than the pseudo-Cato of the stage; and there were besides numberless Ministers equally gifted, then preparing to take their places, and teach men a richer wisdom than that which the Dean of Carlisle found in the measured lines of a perhaps unbelieving tragedian. Indeed, as we have intimated, the Dean's own Church was less ill-provided for in this respect than he himself seems to have suspected.

We may not pause to detail the story of Addison's quarrels with Pope and Steele. We must not, however, omit to notice his elevation to the post of Secretary of State. This occurred in 1717. The new Secretary not only was unable to speak in Parliament on behalf of the Government he did *not* serve, but his very niceness in choice of expression, when called upon to write a state-paper, made him of less use than a common clerk, who did, indeed, perform the task to which the "nice" Addison was unequal.

By resigning his post, he escaped from the difficulty with some loss of reputation, covered in part by a plea of ill health, and compensated by a pension of fifteen hundred a year. He had now, too, been for a year the husband of the widowed Countess of Warwick, a lady who may have had many faults, but who has been very unjustly treated by posterity. Addison had long known her, had been a sort of Mentor to her son, and had gained her hand by power of persuasion and a few sacrifices. She was a very proud woman, doubtless; but she can hardly be charged with making the home of Addison unhappy. That gentleman himself was far from being a domestic person. He did, indeed, employ the opportunities and leisure he enjoyed at Holland House in commencing a work on the "Evidences of Christianity" which he never finished, and in projecting a translation of the Psalms which he never began. But he was still a man addicted to the too free use of wine. He reigned supreme at "Button's," as Dryden had done at "Will's," and as Aken-side vainly attempted to do at "Tom's." But he kept late

hours at the coffee-house presided over by the Countess's old servant, and it was a long way home from Russell-street to Kensington.

With respect to the work commenced and the one projected, Tonson remarked, that he always thought that Addison was a Priest at heart ! and that he undertook them because he had some idea of entering the Church, and some intention of becoming a Bishop. Upon this Johnson very well remarks, " that a man who had been Secretary of State in the Ministry of Sunderland, knew a nearer way to a bishopric, than by defending religion or translating the Psalms."

We will not discuss the merits of Addison's political papers written at this period. When his Works come before the public duly edited and annotated, they will be more enjoyed and better understood, than they could be here by description, within the limited space at our disposal.

We come then to the last scene,—a scene preceded by much suffering, but endured with much patience. Addison had long been labouring under a painful difficulty of breathing, which was now attended with dropsy. At the last moment, he is said to have called to his bed-side the youthful and dissipated Earl of Warwick, that he might see how a Christian could die. The story has been accepted by Walpole, for no better purpose than that he might declare that Addison was tipsy at the time of the incident. But not only is this notoriously untrue, but the incident itself has doubtless been much exaggerated. The expression would not have been creditable to Addison, nor was it in accordance with his humility of spirit. During his latter years he had, no doubt, grown a wiser and a better man, and his last hours may have been made profitable to a young libertine like Lord Warwick. The "legend," however, will probably stand accepted for ever. To our thinking it misrepresents Addison. He had been throughout life a worldly man, yet not without thoughts that were above the world. He had never let go his hold, if we may so speak, of the mantle of God ; and in his declining health he clung more tenaciously than ever to that, and to a hope of mercy through the merits of the Saviour. The story, however, by which he is made to speak of himself as exemplifying the Christian in death, gives to him the arrogance of the Egyptian soul which, on appearing before the Tribunal of Life and Death, commenced its string of self-laudations by the humble assertion that it had never committed evil. Addison died on the 17th of June, 1719, at what may not be inappropriately called the premature age of forty-seven. Whiston fancies he is highly eulogistic of his "great friend," when he expresses his admiration of a Secretary of State who "*retained* such a great regard for the Christian religion, that he began to read the ancient Fathers of the first three centuries before he died." Before a

quarter of a century had passed, some of the "household of Cæsar" were listening to as competent interpreters of good tidings as the ancient Fathers; and the era was coming when even Secretaries of State made their duty to Cæsar subservient to that which they owed to God.

As a pioneer in this great work, Addison will always obtain a full share of the respect of posterity. It was something to drag society out of the mire in which it wallowed, and give it a position on the raft of morality. He was not altogether alone in this work; but had he been aided by a thousand colleagues, the work would have been little profitable, and the raft would soon have been wrecked, but for those who went forth upon the waters of life in the only vessel that could afford salvation, and that could bring the weary to a haven of rest.

It was Madame de Staël, we think, who said, that if all men of superior minds do not exhibit a perfect morality, it is only among men of superior minds that perfect morality is to be found. The morality at which this good lady hinted could no more make men religious, than the daily association of the Athenians with all that was refined in art could make them pure in soul. The morality which is the only true morality is that pointed out by Locke, who says, that "in morality there are books enough written both by ancient and modern philosophers; but the morality of the Gospel doth so exceed them all, that, to give a man a full knowledge of *true morality*, I shall send him to no other book than the New Testament."

ART. V.—I. *Costume in England.* By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall.

2. *History of British Costume.* By J. R. PLANCHE. London: Charles Knight.

3. *Dress, as a Fine Art.* By MRS. MERRIFIELD. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

4. *The Principles of Harmony and Contrast of Colours.* By M. E. CHEVREUL. London: Longmans. 1854.

THE earliest and most natural display of personal taste is in dress; and it has, therefore, in all ages and among all people, received peculiar attention. The demands of necessity and propriety are soon met; the "coats of skins" of which we read in the most ancient history, formed a suitable and sufficient covering. But the vanity of fallen human nature would soon display itself; and if the sons of Adam were content with the simplicity of the original design, undoubtedly the daughters of Eve contrived some ornamental additions. During the infancy of nations this vanity has but limited means for its

display; but invention is early tasked to produce diversity of shape or colour, in order to secure individual pre-eminence, as well as for personal recognition. Required diversity soon improves the taste of the designer; and some varieties, from their appropriateness and beauty, establish themselves as a sort of standard; while new forms are continually evolved, which, at length, in a highly civilized state of society, elevate dress to the dignity of an art; while the multiform fabrics and the multitudinous designs which crowd the market make it positively a labour and a difficulty to decide "wherewithal we shall be clothed."

As the highest skill of the artisan has always been pressed into this service, the costume of any given period indicates the nation's position as to wealth, taste, the state of mechanical art, and so forth. The style of a button is often as significant as the reverse of a coin; and there are chronological tables in other than printers' types:—in fact, between fig-leaves and flounces there lies the history of the world. We find, too, that phases of national character are reflected in costume. To take familiar English examples: the prudish constraint of one Court is seen in the severe and jealous dress of Elizabeth; and the unbridled licence of another in the voluptuous undress of the time of Charles II. The gay silks and rich point-lace of the Cavalier, the plain cloth suit of the Roundhead, the Dutch fashions introduced by William of Orange, the numerous changes resulting from the last war, all illustrate the action of political and religious influences upon social life.

But if dress, when viewed retrospectively, is an index of *national* character, when viewed contemporaneously it is equally significant of *individual* character. We may judge of a man otherwise than by reading the lines of his face. His handwriting, his walk, his mode of action, his manners, every thing he does, betrays some peculiarity; and so true is this, that a telegraph clerk can tell by the working of the needles, whether his respondent two hundred miles away is nervous and undecided, or prompt and energetic. Character greatly influences the toilet, and there finds a natural expression. Some people can no more help having finery in their dress than they can help a florid style of speech; and there are others, besides Quakers, who, by the same sort of necessity, are undeniably plain in both. It is not difficult to discern whether prudence or extravagance, vanity or modesty, refinement or vulgarity, predominate,—whether men and women are precise or negligent, superficial or thorough, without making their personal acquaintance.

Dress exerts, too, a powerful influence upon ourselves as well as upon observers. Every one has experienced a sense of more than discomfort,—of humiliation, when unusually

shabby; and everybody knows how disgraceful the livery of the prison is considered by its wearers. Slaves have always had a distinctive garb, which it was death for them to exchange for that of free citizens. The vestments of the Jewish Priest, the Bishop's gown, and the Judge's robe, are familiar examples of the dignity which appropriate dress confers. It would be difficult to say how far the peculiar feeling which attaches to the Sabbath may be attributed to our Sabbath clothes, or how far a gala-day would be shorn of its attractions if we could not don a little extra finery.

Unfortunately, the rules of taste are rudely violated by a large proportion of society; and it is to the correction of some of the most egregious and ridiculous of these errors that, with the free use of the works before us, we wish to direct attention.

Many ladies, and a few gentlemen, have an instinctive perception of what constitutes harmony of colour. It is not a problem, a subject of thought with them, but an instinct. Incongruity and inappropriateness offend their eye, as a discord in music grates upon another's ear. But these are exceptional cases. The finery which is often displayed by the fairer sex is something quite curious to behold. We see gentianella bonnets trimmed with pink, and either a little parterre of brilliant flowers within, or perhaps a patch of ribbon on one side and black velvet on the other, or even two discordant colours, one on either side;—light-blue shawls barred with crimson worn over dresses in which maroon is shot with amber, and many other extraordinary combinations. Ladies very rarely study what colours harmonize with their complexion, or what style of pattern is best suited to their figure. One lady who is undoubtedly sallow, orders a light blue bonnet, because it looks so well on the head of another lady who is fair. And Miss who is above the middle height, appears some day in a pretty dress, having strongly marked horizontal stripes, which, of course, have the effect of dwarfing her one or two inches; but another Miss who is both short and stout, thoughtlessly buys a similar dress, and is not a little startled at the unexpected effect.

The gentlemen are not a whit better. The colossal figure of Mr. A. appears to advantage in a full, wide-sleeved cape, which hangs about his person in goodly folds; whereupon Mr. B., who is a pudgy little man, hides himself in a garment that looks much like a Chobham tent. Mild-featured individuals look unhappy in discordant neck-ties, and insignificant creatures look self-complacent in clothes of conspicuous pattern. In fact, there is so little congruity between people and the dress they wear, that half the town might be going about in hired wardrobes. Indoors, and for evening dress, it is customary for ladies to display the figure so freely, that it becomes a question not so much of taste as of decency; and if the custom is barely tolerable when

assisted by the budding freshness of youth, it is absolutely intolerable afterwards. Ladies who are no longer young, think to compensate for the ravages of time by a fuller display of their charms, and by brighter-coloured drapery, and more excessive ornament, than they would ever have ventured upon in days when such indiscretions are easily pardoned. This is a class of errors common to both sexes. In this age of shams—of false hair, artificial teeth, rouge, padding, and straps—to be honestly genuine is to be singular, if not ridiculous; yet surely to be natural and true is consistent and correct. How flatly the grey whisker contradicts the curly brown wig above it! And how the eye that has lost its fire mocks the rouge upon the faded cheek! We are surely not so blind, that any old woman can deceive us with a mouth over-full of brilliant teeth! This sort of patchwork is much like the modern paint and stucco upon the lower story of an old house, which draws attention to the gaping chinks above, and makes the little, narrow, diamond-paned lattice look more antiquated by contrast. No, if youth is lovely, age is lovely too, as well as honourable. We gaze with pleasure on the countenance full of repose and quiet dignity; the gentle eye speaking benevolence, the sunken but healthy cheek, and the snowy hair setting off the pale flesh-tints to such advantage. There is grace and dignity here, to which we render involuntary homage. But that other thing which is more of Art than of Nature, too proud to seem what Time has made it, we can neither love, reverence, nor pity.

Time, however, works other changes than those of material decay. The mechanical ingenuity employed with doubtful success in the art of deception, has been more worthily employed at the mill; and if the “Cleopatras” and “Cousin Fenixes” of society think the history of manufacturing enterprise a subject much too vulgar for their notice, they are willing enough to participate in the benefit of its results. If it would not fatigue them too much to carry their memory back forty or fifty years, they would recollect silks at double and treble their present price; velvets, of necessity, an occasional luxury; cotton prints at more *per* yard than would now furnish an entire dress; and laces, considered desirable investments for spare guineas, scraps of them hoarded up as rich treasures, only worn at rare intervals, and then looking, we are bound to say, undeniably yellow and dirty. The poorer classes had small opportunities for display. Sally went to place in the carrier’s cart, her scanty wardrobe contained in a small box, and a smaller bundle. When there, she wore all day long a species of frilled night-cap on her head, a blue print bed-gown on her back, and list slippers on her feet. Hodge, the ploughman, made his choice between a blue tail-coat with brass buttons, or a drab one with broad skirts and bountiful pockets; and he was sorely puzzled in deciding between a

waistcoat to match, or a double-breasted crimson twill. But Sally's niece, what with Manchester prints, cheap ribbons, and penny lace, is on the whole rather smarter than her mistress; while Hodge's son pauses bewildered over broadcloths, dockskins, beavers, Tweeds, mixtures of silk, hair, cotton, shoddy, and wool, each in endless varieties of colour, quality, and character. The vestings and trouserings are in equal diversity, and the inventive genius of the tailor has contrived a different style of garment for every variety of cloth.

Trade of late years would seem to have been completely revolutionized. Manufacturers have discovered that it is better to work for the million at a small profit, than for "the upper ten thousand" at an extravagant one; and they have taxed their ingenuity to produce a slightly article at a moderate price. That they have succeeded, all must admit; that their success will be yet more complete, few can doubt who have opportunities of judging. But something beyond mere material is necessary. A fabric may be very beautiful as to texture, but, if of unsuitable colour or eccentric pattern, it will be rejected for an inferior quality which has been more judiciously treated. Thus care on the part of the buyer in his selection, compels equal care in every stage of the production; and the tastes of producer and consumer act and re-act upon each other, generally with mutual benefit. The improvement that has taken place in our manufacturing designs, especially during the last fifteen years, cannot be fully appreciated without an actual comparison with previous results; though no one can have failed to observe how much of elegance often characterizes even the inferior productions of the present day. Not only is the actual workmanship superior, but the patterns are selected with more regard to the proposed uses of the material, and are more in accordance with the principles of art. Brilliant colours have given place to subdued and neutral tints; variety, to harmony of colour; large and complicated designs, to studied simplicity; so that, instead of attracting attention principally to itself, the pattern is now not only subordinate to the fabric, but is adapted to display that fabric to the best advantage. It would be evidently useless to bring out superior designs, if the popular taste were not sufficiently educated to appreciate and prefer them. The manufacturer cannot afford to be ahead of his age, although he must be abreast of it. The question is to him purely one of market value, and the increasing attention which he devotes to this department is highly significant.

Whether this extraordinary improvement in the public taste will continue, depends upon the neutrality or interference of fashion; and fashion depends upon ——! Who or what is this mysterious power, to whose decrees all yield implicit obedience? Where are the fashions for next season? and what extremity of

folly may they not propound? And yet whoever would break away from these trammels must expect to be quietly dropped by his friends; and should he commit the further imprudence of venturing on some original and comfortable device, he may think himself happy in escaping with a volley of small witticisms, more or less good-natured, as the case may be. Nevertheless, a man who should indulge in any freak of extravagance, however extraordinary, might justify himself by precedents of undoubted authority. There is no part of our costume, either male or female, that has not already passed from one extreme of absurdity to another, and been most admired at its highest point. Coats have been worn with voluminous skirts dangling about the wearer's heels, and with scanty lapels descending six inches below the waist. Coat-sleeves at one time fitted skin-tight; and more than once have been so wide as to sweep the ground. Flapped waistcoats, which, in the time of George I., reached nearly to the stocking, were soon cut so short as to be nearer the arm-pits than the thigh. The close-fitting, tightly-strapped trouser contrasts ludicrously enough with the trunk-hose of the sixteenth century, stuffed out with five or six pounds of bran to such an extent that, as an Harleian manuscript tells us, alterations had to be made in the Parliament-House, so as to afford additional accommodation for the Members' seats! * The form of the shoe has undergone numberless changes. In the time of Henry VI., it was worn with points two feet long, which required to be attached to the knee; while fifty years later it was twelve inches broad at the toe, to the great damage of the public shins; and in the following century the shoe seems to have been discarded for the pantoufle, or slipper, which, refusing to fit the foot, went "flap, flap, up and down, in the dirt," in a manner essentially Turkish. The cravat, which, on its introduction, was worn unstiffened and so loose that the chin was comfortably buried in its folds, has been until lately so stiff and tight as to compress the throat within a trifle of strangulation. The hat once had the appendage of a long tippet, or

* It is related that a fast man of the time, on rising to conclude a visit of ceremony, had the misfortune to damage his nether integuments by a protruding nail in his chair, so that, by the time he gained the door, the escape of bran was so rapid as to cause a state of complete collapse! It may have been that similar mishaps caused the substitution of wool or hair for bran, which afterwards became common. Holme, in his "Notes on Dress," says, "A law was made against such as did stuffe their 'bryches' to make them stand out; whereas, when a certain prisoner (in these tymes) was accused for wearing such breeches contrary to law, he began to excuse himself of the offence, and endeavoured by little and little to discharge himself of that which he did weare within them: he drew out a pair of sheets, two table-cloaths, ten napkins, four shirts, a brush, a glasse, a combe, and nightcaps, with other things of use, saying, 'Your Lordship may understand that because I have no safer storehouse, these pockets do serve me for a roome to lay my goods in; and though it be a strait prison, yet it is a storehouse big enough for them; for I have many things more yet of value within them.' And so his discharge was accepted and well laughed at."

"liripipe," varying in width from a mere streamer to a heavy piece of drapery falling down in ample folds, and which either trailed on the ground, was tucked into the girdle, or was wrapped round the neck. Sometimes the hat has stood up a foot above the crown of the head, and sometimes fitted close to it: it has been flat and broad, cocked, steep, and pointed; plain and party-coloured; simple and elaborate: it has been tasselled, plumed, and richly jewelled; triangular, square, oval, and round;—often very picturesque, and generally very comfortable, neither of which can be predicated of the Parisian canister to which we seem indissolubly wedded. As to hirsute appendages, the beard was for a long time cherished with the utmost care; every hair was sacred, and the necessary periodical trimming was matter of grave consideration. So "curious" were some in their management, that they had pasteboard cases to put over the beard at night, lest it should be rumpled in their sleep! Referring to the barbers,—the "artists in hair" of that day,—Stubbs says, in his "*Anatomie of Abuses*," 1583:—

"They have invented such strange fashions of monstrous manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have (for the beard) one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the new cut, another the old; one the gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one cut of the Court, another of the country; with infinite the like vanities, which I overpasse. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore, when you come to be trimmed, they will ask you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy,* or amicable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure; for they have divers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie."

From this class of vanities we are happily free, the razor having made a clean sweep of the whole. The moustache only

* The barbers flourished in spite of Stubbs's abuse; for a song, dated 1610, says:—

"Now of beards there be
Such a companie,
Of fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard
To treat of the beard,
Though it be ne'er so long.

"The soldier's beard
Doth match in this herd
In figure like a spade,
With which he will make
His enemies quake,
To think their grave is made.

"The stiletto beard—
O, it makes me afeared!
It is so sharp beneath;
For he that doth place
A dagger in his face,
What wears he in his sheath?"

existed on sufferance, and never seems to have flourished luxuriantly since the time of the ancient Britons, whom Strabo describes as having immense tangled moustachios, hanging down upon their breasts like wings. In the twelfth century men wore their hair in long ringlets, reaching down to the waist,—a fashion which came under the ecclesiastical ban. We read that a certain Bishop preached at Court with such eloquence on the sinfulness of the practice, that his hearers were affected to tears, when the wily Prelate, perceiving his advantage, whipped out a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and cropped the penitent congregation. Fashion, however, was too strong even for the Bishops, and long hair grew still longer. Thirty years later a young soldier dreamed that one of the enemy strangled him with his own locks,—a project so very feasible that he at once reduced them to a safe length. The hint was taken by the army, and the alteration was gradually made by all ranks. The beaux of a later day made free use of curling-irons and gay ribbons; and, in Henry the Seventh's time, enclosed their hair in a gold net or caul, according to the custom of the ladies of the period; and for the better display of this ornament, the plumed cap, instead of being in its accustomed place, was slung behind the back,—an idea to which the ladies of our own time are evidently indebted.

These are not the only examples of effeminacy which have, from time to time, disgraced the exquisites of the sterner sex. They have carried pocket-mirrors to reflect their own vanity, and pocket-combs with which to dress their periwigs at the play. They have worn stays to give an unnatural slimness to the waist, and adopted a peculiarly feminine expedient to fill out the cloth skirts beneath it. They have displayed ear-rings in their ears, brooches in their bosoms, and feathers on their heads. Gay knights have hidden their steel armour under silk mantles, and trusty squires have exceeded their dames in a weakness for embroidery.

On all such vagaries we now look with a smile of complacency, which says plainly, "How much superior are we to our forefathers!" We laugh at a fop of Henry the Sixth's time, with his pointed shoes full two feet long; his embroidered doublet with sleeves nearly a yard wide; and on his head an irregularly shaped hat, from the crown of which depends a train reaching to his heels. But have we really made such progress in the art of dress, that an exquisite of the nineteenth century can afford to laugh at him of the fifteenth? Is his costume more classical, more commodious, more graceful? Let us sketch it as it was a year or two since. Head—surmounted by a covering in shape like a garden-pot, as tall, and, if not quite so heavy, yet almost as hard, having a brim too narrow to shade the eyes effectually,

and leaving the rest of the face unprotected; coloured black to absorb the sun's rays; unventilated; and ingeniously contrived that it must either fit so tightly as to endow its wearer with a chronic headache, or so easily as to occasion him cheerful exercise in gusty weather. Neck—immovably fixed in a deep, stiff, circular collar, above which a helpless-looking countenance smiles feebly, as though striving, but failing, to express satisfaction with the arrangement. Chest—exposed to all weathers by an open vest, which is generally of some wild and impracticable design. Back—and the back only—covered by a coat of such scanty proportions as to be a very slight protection, and of a hard, angular outline. The remainder of his person is enclosed in pantaloons, sometimes of outlandish material, and often displaying a pattern of such startling magnitude, that one leg reveals but two-thirds of it, and the imagination, or the other leg, supplies the rest. Feet—imprisoned in tight boots of most unnatural shape, but which are regarded with greater satisfaction than any other part of the costume. It is quite possible that the ancient representative of our Bond-street dandy was the greater fool of the two; but in the matter of dress the evidence against him is not overwhelming.

As to the ladies, it is an open question whether they have been the leaders or the led, in the various absurdities which have marked the history of British costume. The truth seems to be, that there has been a sort of rivalry between the sexes; any new folly on the one side being quickly surpassed by the ready ingenuity of the other. The men, being less favoured by Nature, may perhaps be excused for having anxious recourse to Art; but the ladies—we should be the last to enter any similar plea in favour of their extravagances; and therefore leave them without excuse, though they seem greatly to need it. At one time we find them adding eighteen inches to the height of their head-dress; at another, four or five inches to the heel of their shoe; and at a third, not inches merely, but feet, to the circumference of their waist.* A volume might be written on their elaborate head-dresses. Stubbs describes their hair as "curled, frised, and crisped, laid out in wreathes and borders, from one ear to another. And, lest it should fall down, it is underpropped with forks, wires, and I cannot tell what, rather like grim, stern monsters, than chaste Christian matrons. At their haire, thus wreathed and crested, are hanged bugles, ouches, rings, gold, silver, glasses, and such other childish gewgawes." Nearly two centuries later we find that the evil has increased,

* Soon after fardingales came into vogue, Lady Wych, the wife of our Ambassador at Constantinople, had a private audience of the Sultana, during which the latter inquired, with evident concern, if all Englishwomen were afflicted with a similar enlargement of the hips.—*Planché*, p. 280.

and heads look up two feet higher, at the very least. These structures of natural and artificial hair were built round a centre of wool or tow; and, being well plastered with flour and pomatum, and fastened tightly with pins and ties into curious shapes, varying with the taste and skill of the operator, were ready to receive plumes of feathers, chains of pearls, or beads. "Bunches of flowers were also stuck about the head, surmounted with large butterflies, caterpillars, &c., in blown glass, as well as models, in the same brittle material, of coaches and horses, and other absurdities."* This fashion had its drawbacks. Such complicated designs were not to be hastily destroyed; and accordingly we read of grey powder being freely used to hide the accumulation of dust, and of poisonous compounds which were found useful in keeping down the insect population. A hairdresser is represented on the stage as asking a lady, how long it is since her head had been "opened and repaired." She answers, "Not above nine weeks;" to which he replies, "That is as long as a head can well go in summer; and therefore it is proper to deliver it now, as it begins to be a little *hazardé*." Cleanliness was in no better repute than godliness in those days!

Of course the hats to cover these towers were on a proportionate scale. To our irreverent imagination, one of them looks like a clothes-basket inverted; another not only retains the basket shape, but mounts a sort of terra-cotta chimney-pot above it; a third is neither more nor less than a very elegant pair of stays, decorated with flowers and lace; while a fourth is on the same principle as the hood of a carriage, and can be put up or let down at pleasure. The ladies have always been careful in adorning the outside of the head; but in these cases pictorial representations can alone do justice to their taste.

The immense ruff of Elizabeth's time is keenly satirized by Stubbs; also,—

"The devil's liquor, I mean starche, with which they strengthen these pillars of pride." And "beyond all this they have a further fêche, nothyng inferior to the rest, as, namely, three or four degrees of minor ruffles placed *gradatim* one beneath another, and all under the *maister devil ruffe*! each of them every way pleated and crested full curiously, God wot. Then last of all, they are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needle-worke, speckeled and sparkeled here and there with the sunne, moone, and starres, and many other antiques strange to behold."

Then our belles have rejoiced in sleeves so wide as to require tying up in knots to prevent their trailing on the ground, and so rigid as to stand up on the shoulder like enormous epaulettes; so long as to fall over the hand, and so short as to be a mere loop over the shoulder; in long-waisted dresses, short-waisted

* Fairholt, p. 392.

dresses, and waistless dresses or sacques; in skirts limp and straight, stiff and baggy; in the wheel fardingale, and the still more monstrous hoop petticoat; in aprons that covered the feet, and in aprons that might have better served for babies' bibs; in scarlet stockings; in red-heeled, green-heeled, and lace-covered shoes; in heel-less shoes, and shoes with nine-inch heels;* in knitted hoods, in beaver hats, and in chip bonnets: and if they have appeared at all times irresistible, they have also displayed their consciousness of it, and manifested a waywardness and love of change most trying to the paternal and marital purse. Their ornaments have been as numerous as fleeting. A writer in the year 1631 thus catalogues the apparatus of a fashionable lady of his time:—

“Chains, coronets, pendans, bracelets, and ear-rings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies, and rings;
Shadowes, rebatoes, ribbons, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarves, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls,
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn, and fardingals,
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combes, with poking-sticks and bodkines,
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets, and hair-laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colours of a hundred fold.
But in her tyres so new-fangled is she,
That which doth with her humour now agree,
To-morrow she dislikes.”

No wonder that another writer should pettishly declare, that “a ship is sooner rigged by far than a gentlewoman made ready!” This charge of extravagant display is, we are sorry to see, of still longer standing. Even so far back as the time of Edward III., an old chronicler describes the women as “passing ye men in all mannare of arraies and curious clothing.”

It appears, too, that the “fast” young people have not always been of the ruder sex. Stubbs says (1583):—

“The women have doublets and jerkins, as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it.”

Pepys records (June, 1666):—

“Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the ladies of honour dressed in their riding-garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine; and buttoned their doublets up their breasts; with periwigs, and with hats. So that only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight that did not please me.”

* This high heel was a tolerably substantial fashion, and maintained a firm footing for more than a century. In the introduction of the Venetian “chopine”—a hollow patten, eighteen inches thick—this folly may be said to have attained its height.

Addison complains (1711) that, when riding on horseback, the ladies affected male attire; namely, coat, waistcoat, periwig, cravat, hat, and feather. About this time the practice of snuff-taking had become so prevalent among them, that its natural consequences, pipes and tobacco, seemed likely to follow. This class of absurdities is now exploded; but it is not very long since the equilibrium of the fashionable world was evidently disturbed, and no one could guess what extraordinary results might happen before it was restored. The Bloomer costume was brought over as the latest novelty, but it came from the wrong quarter, and was accordingly frowned down as a Transatlantic vulgarity.* But, by way of compensation, gentlemen's waistcoats were in eager demand for their wives and sisters, together with fancy studs, and an adaptation of the shirt-front; and ladies of title arrayed themselves in rough great-coats, ornamented at considerable intervals by enormous horn-buttons, such as any member of the extinct order of coachmen might have envied.

Being an eminently *practical* people, it is perhaps hardly to be expected that we should give ourselves much trouble about the graceful or artistic character of our costume, provided it be tolerably comfortable, and leave the body at sufficient ease for actual service. But although it is quite possible, especially in female apparel, to combine the picturesque with the practical, yet we have the taste to reject both, and display an ungainly style of dress, which at the same time restrains freedom of action. It will surely be admitted, that the general outline of the figure ought to be preserved; or that, if the natural form is not to be displayed, it is at any rate not to be distorted. What shall we say, then, of the universal use of stays among women of every rank in life, and of tight-lacing as its natural result? It has no better recommendation than that of antiquated custom. Who would suppose that a fine lady of to-day would "twitch," because fine ladies, from the time of Edward I. downwards, have rejoiced in "a gentyll bodie and middel small?" Our reverence for the past is not usually so extreme; and truly such a relic of barbarism is strangely out of place in these days of hypersensibility and delicate refinement. The Chinese custom of crippling the feet is not more absurd, is not nearly so injurious, and is in reality not more inelegant. It may be somewhat mortifying

* There may be doubts as to the good taste of the Bloomer dress, but there can be none as to its good sense. Long skirts are perpetually in the way. Can any woman run in them? or walk in them without fatigue, especially against a moderate wind? or walk up-stairs without tripping herself up? or down-stairs without tripping up other people,—that is, if they follow closely? In dry weather these trailing skirts sweep the streets, and all that is in them; and in wet weather are elevated, whether necessarily or not, some inches above the ankle, and, in spite of every care, bewire both the wearer herself, and her companions.

to learn, when at length a slender waist has been acquired, and irreparable mischief been done, that even *in appearance* nothing has been gained, but a very great deal lost; yet it is nevertheless true. Nature's proportions are always harmonious; and when that harmony is broken, the effect is displeasing to a correct eye. No part of the figure should appear either large or small by comparison with the rest: as soon as a waist appears slender, it has "ceased to be beautiful, because it is disproportionate." If young ladies could only be brought to think thus, the evil of tight lacing would be very speedily ended, and, ultimately, the lesser evil of artificial supports would be ended too. Milliners of every degree encourage their use, and not from disinterested motives; for we learn that—

"It is so much easier to make a closely fitting body suit over a tight stay, than it is on the pliant and yielding natural form, in which, if one part be drawn a little too tight, or the contrary, the body of the dress is thrown out of shape. Supposing, on the other hand, the fit to be exact, it is so difficult to keep such a tight-fitting body in its place on the figure without securing its form by whale-bones, that it is in vain to expect the stays to become obsolete, until the tight-fitting bodice is also given up."—*Mrs. Merrifield*, p. 100.

There is another article of dress to which we do not more definitely allude, the abolition of which would be so much gain to the real elegance of the female figure.* They are both glaring instances of the thoughtlessness or false taste which accepts, as a standard of form, any caricature from a Paris magazine, although flatly contradicted by common sense and the rudest copies of every statue ever modelled.

Let us hope that, as a means of improving personal appearance, regular out-door exercise will obtain more attention. It would, also, be wise, on many accounts, if a little of the time which is now spent on embroidery and other fancy needle-work, were devoted to the more homely duties of the kitchen. There cannot be better exercise. By developing the muscles of the arms and chest, it improves the figure, and at the same time adds to the list of "accomplishments" the most valuable of them all.

Having sought to free the figure from some of the trammels which, much to its detriment, Fashion has so capriciously imposed, we may briefly refer to the assistance which the face may receive from colour judiciously employed:—not carmine and pearl-powder, gentle reader, but coloured draperies and accessories.

It is at once seen that, of the three primary colours, red and yellow are not of equal intensity, and that blue is very

* The article in question is generally supposed to be of recent introduction; but a very knowing monk who flourished in the fourteenth century, says of the ladies, "They wored such strait clothes that they had long fox-tails sewed within their garments to holde them forth."

much less brilliant than either: also that the secondary colours (orange, purple, and green, each composed of two primaries) are weaker still; and that the tertiaries and broken colours are lowest of all. Thus we have three distinct classes of colours, of three degrees of intensity, and the components of each class having proportionate relative values. Each colour, too, has a variety of tones when mixed with white, or of shades when mixed with black. But any given tone will appear lighter than it really is, when contrasted with a darker shade of the same colour; or darker, when placed beside a lighter tone. When two *different* colours are placed together, not only will the light shade appear still lighter by contrast, but the hue of each will be considerably modified; each will become tinged with the "complementary" colour of the other. This requires some explanation. If the eye be for some time fixed upon one of the primitives, (say red,) there will be seen another colour, (green in this case,) formed of the two remaining colours, and which will be seen for a few moments, even after the exciting cause is removed. Thus, after gazing upon a bright yellow, violet will be called up, which is composed of blue and red; blue in its turn creates orange, which results from a union of red and yellow. The secondary colours are not often vivid enough to create an actual spectrum, though their influence is still considerable: thus green produces a *tendency* to see red, and therefore red will look more brilliant when seen after, or in contact with, green, than with any other colour; and so with the rest. These are said to be "complementary" or "compensating" colours; and in all cases form the most brilliant, as they are the most natural, contrasts. We quote from M. Chevreul a few examples of the changes produced upon each other by two colours in juxtaposition:—

"*Red and white.*—Green, the complementary of red, is added to the white. The red appears more brilliant and deeper.

"*Orange and white.*—Blue, the complementary of orange, is added to the white. The orange appears brighter and deeper.

"*Green and white.*—Red, the complementary of green, is added to the white. The green appears brighter and deeper.

"*Blue and white.*—Orange, the complementary of blue, is added to the white. The blue appears brighter and deeper."

The changes are greater when black is substituted for white:—

"*Red and black.*—Green, uniting with the black, causes it to appear less reddish. The red appears lighter, or less brown, more orange.

"*Orange and black.*—Blue uniting with the black, the latter appears less rusty, or bluer. The orange appears brighter and yellower, or less brown.

“*Green and black.*—Red uniting with the black, the latter appears more violet or reddish. The green inclines slightly to yellow.

“*Blue and Black.*—Orange unites with the black, and makes it appear brighter. (?) The blue is lighter,—greener, perhaps.”

Let us see the effect of analogous colours upon each other.

“1. Take red, and place it in contact with orange-red, and the former will appear purple, and the latter become more yellow. But if we put the red in contact with a purple-red, the latter will appear bluer, and the former yellower, or orange. So that the same red will appear purple in the one case, and orange in the other.

“2. Take yellow, and place it beside an orange-yellow: the former will appear greenish, and the latter redder. But if we put the yellow in contact with a greenish-yellow, the latter will appear greener, and the former more orange. So that the same yellow will incline to green in the one case, and to orange in the other.

“3. Take blue, and put it in contact with a greenish-blue: the first will incline to violet, and the second will appear yellower. But put the blue beside a violet-blue, and the former will incline to green, and the latter will appear redder. So that the same blue will in one case appear violet, and in the other greenish.

“Thus we perceive that the colours which painters term simple or primary,—namely, red, yellow, and blue,—pass insensibly, by virtue of their juxtaposition, to the state of secondary or compound colours. For the same red becomes either purple or orange, according to the colour placed beside it; the same yellow becomes either orange or green; and the same blue, either green or violet.”

It must not be supposed that because yellow and violet look well together, therefore any face will look well beside them; or that because blue is a cool colour, it will harmonize with unimpassioned features. On the contrary, the idea is, that in every type of complexion some tint predominates, and with this tint the drapery must either contrast or harmonize. M. Chevreul instances the two extreme classes,—the light-haired, and the dark-haired. In the former, the blue eyes are the only parts which form a contrast with the *ensemble*; the hair, eyebrows, and flesh-tints being all of one general hue, so that the harmonies of *analogy* prevail. In the latter, not only do the white and red tints of the skin contrast with each other, but with the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, and eyes; so that here the harmonies of *contrast* prevail. Now as orange is the basis of the tint of blondes, sky-blue, which is the complementary of orange, will be found the most suitable colour; and, for a similar reason, yellow and orange-red accord well with dark hair, while blue is the most unsuitable colour that can be chosen. But we quote further examples, *verbatim* :—

“*Rose-red* cannot be put in contact with the rosiest complexions without causing them to lose some of their freshness. It is necessary, therefore, to separate the rose from the skin in some manner; and the simplest manner of doing this, without having recourse to coloured

materials, is to edge the draperies with a border of *tulle*, which produces the effect of grey, by the mixture of white threads which reflect light, and the interstices which absorb it. A delicate *green* is favourable to all fair complexions which are deficient in rose, and which may have more imparted to them without inconvenience. But it is not as favourable to complexions that are more red than rosy, nor to those that have a tint of orange mixed with brown, because the red they add to this tint will be of a brick-red hue. In the latter case a dark-green will be less objectionable than a delicate green. *Violet* is one of the least favourable colours to the skin, at least when it is not sufficiently deep to whiten it by contrast of tone. *Blue* imparts orange, which is susceptible of allying itself favourably to white, and the light flesh-tints of fair complexions, which have already a more or less determined tint of this colour. *Orange* is too brilliant to be elegant: it makes fair complexions blue, whitens those which have an orange tint, and gives a green hue to those of a yellow tint. Drapery of a lustreless *white*, such as cambric muslin, assorts well with a fresh complexion, of which it relieves the rose colour; but it is unsuitable to complexions which have a disagreeable tint, because white always exalts all colours. *Black* draperies, lowering the tone of the colours with which they are in juxtaposition, whiten the skin; but if the vermilion or rosy parts are to a certain point distant from the drapery, it will follow that, although lowered in tone, they appear, relatively to the white parts of the skin contiguous to this same drapery, redder than if the contiguity to the black did not exist.”—*Chevreul*, pp. 274–277.

Our author then takes up the bonnet,—a delicate subject, and one that requires to be handled with care; but a subject also of such consideration that he has very properly “given his whole mind to it.” And first, of the fair-haired type:—

“A black bonnet with white feathers, with white, rose, or red flowers, suits a fair complexion. A lustreless white bonnet does not suit well with fair and rosy complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, or lace; they are suitable to all complexions. The white bonnet may have flowers, either white, rose, or particularly blue. A light blue bonnet is particularly suitable to the light-haired type; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with yellow and orange flowers, but not with rose or violet flowers. A green bonnet is advantageous to fair or rosy complexions. It may be trimmed with white flowers, but preferably with rose. A rose-coloured bonnet must not be too close to the skin; and if it is found that the hair does not produce sufficient separation, the distance from the rose-colour may be increased by means of white, or green, which is preferable. A wreath of white flowers in the midst of their leaves, has a good effect.”

Secondly, of the dark-haired type:—

“A black bonnet does not contrast so well with the *ensemble* of the type with black hair, as with the other type; yet it may produce a good effect, and receive advantageously accessories of white, red, rose, orange, or yellow. A white bonnet gives rise to the same remarks as

those which have been made concerning its use in connexion with the blonde type, except that for brunettes it is better to give the preference to accessories of red, rose, orange, and also yellow, rather than to blue. Bonnets of rose, red, and cerise, are suitable for brunettes, when the hair separates as much as possible the bonnet from the complexion. White feathers accord well with red; and white flowers with abundance of leaves have a good effect with rose. A yellow suits a brunette very well, and receives with advantage violet or blue accessories; the hair must always interfere between the complexion and the head-dress. It is the same with bonnets of an orange colour more or less broken, such as chamois. Blue trimmings are eminently suitable with orange and its shades. Whenever the colour of a bonnet does not realize the intended effect, even when the complexion is separated from it by large masses of hair, it is advantageous to place between the latter and the bonnet certain accessories, such as ribbons, wreaths, or detached flowers, &c., of a colour complementary to that of the bonnet; the same colour must also be placed on the outside of the bonnet."—Pp. 280–282.

Of course, the remarks here applied to bonnets furnish many hints for general application. It is not wise to wear more than two *decided* colours at the same time, and they must be not only harmonious contrasts, but well balanced as to strength or intensity; and a "startling effect" must be always avoided. Broken and semi-neutral shades will be found very effective as a sort of ground-work for brighter tints, which should be used sparingly, as in nature. The proportion of red and yellow in a landscape is very small, the prevalent hues being varieties of green, and the neutral tint of hills and distant objects; while the cool, calm, ethereal blue bends gratefully over all. Or you have the yellow broom and purple heather at your feet, but there is little colour elsewhere; the few trees visible wear sober russet; above are the grey rocks with their deep, dark rifts, and beyond, in the blue distance, are "the everlasting hills," the heavy clouds dragging wearily against their summits. It is the same throughout the scale; the brightness of a flower is relieved by a proportionately large mass of leaf, and that again by the brown soil on which it rests; the bright tinting of the sea-shell is toned off to a colourless edge, and is relieved by the sombre hue of the outer side; and in the rainbow,—unique in its brilliant colouring,—the tints blend into each other so gradually, that it is impossible to say where one ends and another begins. Mr. Ruskin goes so far as to say, that "colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive, the loveliest is melancholy." Without venturing quite so far, we confess to a partiality for sober tinting. But to return. Grey has the peculiarity of looking well in any contrast, giving something of brightness to more sombre colours, and subduing the glare of those more brilliant. Black and white are considered neutral, and, as we have seen, are seriously affected, when brought in

contact with other colours. The effect of black drapery is to diminish objects, and of white to enlarge them; so that the former ought to be avoided by persons, especially ladies, of diminutive stature, and the latter by those who are specially favoured in measures of length and breadth.

As to *ornament*, young people especially cannot dress with too much simplicity. A pretty face looks best, devoid of ornament, just as a jewel sparkles brightest in a plain setting; and a face that is not pretty will gain nothing from bedizenment, but may gain much from a tasteful arrangement of the hair, &c. In this question of hair, fashion allows unusual latitude, every one being at liberty to employ the style that best becomes her, whether curls, braids, or their endless combinations and varieties, by which the oval of the face may be assisted, more or less of the forehead and cheek displayed, apparent breadth given, or height added:—in all this, individual taste has free scope. Flowers are appropriate. Sashes have always a graceful effect, that is, of course, when the body and skirt are of one colour. Jackets are inadmissible on the score of taste, but are favoured by considerations of economy. Jewellery is only suitable to the middle-aged, and even by them should be worn in moderation; nothing looks worse than an excessive display of rings, chains, and baubles. All studs and coloured buttons are inappropriate; these belong exclusively to male attire. The hanging (inner) sleeves now so much worn are exceedingly elegant, both in their shape and the designs generally worked upon them. Embroidered and other white trimmings serve to mark the borders or edges of the various parts of the dress, and may be used freely with good effect, provided the several portions correspond with each other.

Dress ought to be so contrived as to set off the person to the best advantage; but in many cases this becomes a secondary consideration, and the person mainly serves to set off the dress. Some people *carry* their clothes, and some *wear* them; just as some men feed at dinner-time, and gentlemen quietly dine. Others seem to think that in order to dress well, it is necessary to follow closely every change in the fashions; whereas the best-dressed people follow these changes at just sufficient distance to escape singularity, and rather object to a “faultless perfection” in their outfit. A gentleman is as remote from the fop as from the sloven; and a true lady will see that she is neither over, nor under, nor tastelessly dressed. Herrick says prettily:—

“A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a playfulness.
A lawn about the shoulder thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Entrhals the crimson stomacher;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
 Ribbons to flow confusedly ;
 A winning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestuous petticoat ;
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
 I see a wild civility ;
 Do more bewitch me than when art
 Is too precise in every part."

It is not to be supposed that this is an apology for a slattern ; it is merely the poetical way of expressing a preference for graceful simplicity over a too rigid perfection.

Perhaps we owe some apology to the ladies for picking their dress to pieces so completely. The alterations we have suggested are modifications of the prevailing mode rather than sweeping changes: the general design—outline—of modern female costume leaves little to be desired. But with regard to matters of detail,—appropriateness of colour, pattern, and general ornament,—in short, all that is left to individual taste, there is undoubtedly much to be learned. There is always some style of dress more suitable than any other, and in which a woman appears to the best advantage. This style she ought to know, and not for her own sake only. Across the Channel they understand these things perfectly, and the toilet almost supplies the place of personal attractions. What an effect would be produced, if one result of the new alliance should be the union of French taste with English beauty !—though, so far as the sterner sex is concerned, the effect would be perfectly heart-rending, and the words of Prior would find a universal echo :—

"The' adorning thee with so much art
 Is but a barbarous skill :
 'Tis but the poisoning of a dart,
 Too apt before to kill."

Pending their slaughter, the gentlemen may be dismissed very briefly. First of all, if we can discover nothing that is picturesque, and but little that is graceful, in the present style of their costume, we may at least congratulate them on having attained perfect ease and comfort in their dress. It is not many years since they were emancipated from the miseries of a tight fit, when the difficulty of getting a coat on was only equalled by the apparent impossibility of ever getting it off again : considering, moreover, the straps, and buckles, and lacings, and paddings of triple thickness connected with it, there must have been quite as much comfort in a suit of plate armour. But now we see every where roomy coats, that will button, that display a liberal allowance of skirt, that protect the knees and chest as well as the back, that are altogether better proportioned, and do not describe an impossible waist a few inches under the shoulder ; in short, sensible coats, in sufficient variety of shape and material

for every possible want. But we protest against the extravagance of those fast men who think they cannot have too much of a good thing. Hugh Miller relates that a witless tailor of Cromarty, being commissioned to make a coat, succeeded perfectly well with his task, until he got to the second sleeve, which he stitched to the pocket-hole. Some of the coats that meet our eye appear to be of Cromarty manufacture, with the legs of a pair of breeches by some mistake stitched in at the arm-holes.

There is better taste displayed in the style of waistcoatings and trouserings; also in the shape of some of the outer garments; the sleeved cape, for instance, which, if ample enough, is a great improvement on the ancient Spanish cloak. Boots and shoes, too, are made on a much more sensible plan, being wider, so that the sole of the foot is firmly supported, instead of overhanging at the sides whenever a step is taken; longer, so as to allow more play to the foot; and stronger, which is a double advantage, since it shortens, not only the shoemaker's, but the doctor's, bill. Some people think that a slovenly *chaussure* may pass muster under voluminous skirts or a well-fitting trouser: but this is a great mistake. The condition of the boot and the glove are quite as important as any other part of the equipment—we had almost said, more so; for if these are at all shabby, they reduce every thing else to the same level; while a well-fitting boot will give an air of neatness and respectability to a suit that is rather *passé*.

As to the collar, notwithstanding its present dimensions, which point in the direction of the ruff, it is more seemly and more sensible than the “lay-down” collar, which, with its accompanying strip of black ribbon, was so much in vogue a few years since, and is still popular in America:—a most unpleasant and unwholesome fashion, which medical men do well to denounce. Mr. Wendell Holmes gives the following sound professional advice:—

“Choose for yourself. I know it cuts your ear:
I know the points will sometimes interfere:

* * * *

But, O, my friend! my favourite fellow-man!
If Nature made you on her modern plan,
Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare,
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air,
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars—were they made of tin!”

Those who suppose that we would inculcate a love of dress, greatly mistake; though we wish to direct attention to a subject that is imperfectly studied, and much misunderstood. As a rule, every thing is left to the milliner and tailor, and we helplessly acquiesce in their decisions. We should like to see more of independent judgment, and less direct imitation. Why should half

the world go into livery, because one year blue cloaks are said to be in fashion, or scarlet cloaks in another? The same faces cannot look well in both. In most other matters we proceed upon some principles or rules of action, but in this we are guided by mere fancy or caprice. Not one lady in ten who enters a draper's shop has previously made up her mind as to the colour of the dress she is about to purchase; and is only confused by the number and variety displayed: whereas a little attention and study would save much valuable time, and, in many cases, not a little annoyance. If it is difficult to know what colours are *most* suitable, it is not difficult to learn what colours are *unsuitable*; which would narrow the question, and simplify the process of choice. Dress should be appropriate, as regards personal *physique*; harmonious, as regards its component parts; comfortable, for the sake of health; and consistent, as regards social position. Those who neglect the first three rules do less than justice to themselves; those who neglect the last, offend other people. If they dress above their station, they exert an evil influence upon their equals, and excite the contempt of their superiors; if they dress below their station, they presume upon their social position, and transgress the laws of good taste and good breeding.

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- ART. VI.—1. *History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes, to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* By HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. Three Vols. Murray, 1851.
2. *Hippolytus and his Age; or, The Beginnings and Prospects of Christianity.* By CHRISTIAN C. J. BUNSEN, D.D., D.C.L., D.Ph. Second Edition. Two Vols. London: Longman and Co. 1854.
3. *St. Hippolytus and the Church of Rome in the earlier Part of the third Century. From the newly-discovered Philosophumena.* By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster, &c. London: Rivingtons. 1853.

IN his Preface to a former work,* of which the work above-mentioned is to be regarded as "a continuation," Dean Milman observes, "The history of the Jews (Judaism) was that of a nation; the history of Christianity is that of a religion." But the latter of these propositions will vary in its meaning, according as, in the use of the terms *Christianity* and *religion*, that which is merely nominal in each case is supposed to be

* "The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire." 3 vols. 1840.

comprehended or excluded. The history of *a* Christianity, or *a* religion, which blandly, or indifferently, permits the sanction of its venerable name to every thing that claims the privilege of wearing it,—and the history of *the* Christianity which “has no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproves them,” must, in the nature of the case, differ from each other, as widely as do the main subjects to which they respectively refer. The one is the history of what is *often* either little or nothing more than a name, or simply an external and visible system. The other is the history of that which is *always* a reality, an economy essentially spiritual and divine; and which may, or may not, according to circumstances, be found in connexion with what is external and apparent, yet still retains, under all possible conditions, an existence and operation of its own, independent of all names, and of all systems merely conventional, and has also a separate, though it may be, in great part, an unwritten and undiscoverable history. Undiscoverable history, we say; for where are the materials from which this deeper history, of that which can alone deserve the name of Christianity, may be composed? The antecedent and preparatory system of ancient Judaism has its history, with ample illustrations, in the Scriptures of the Old Testament; from which, especially with the advantage of the lights thrown back upon it from various parts of the New Testament, and imparting a transparency to all its symbols, we may readily inform ourselves of its inherent import and original design; and may perceive, also, very much of its internal and spiritual working, down to the time of its ceasing to exist as a divinely-perpetuated and availing institution. The writers of the New Testament, in like manner, under an authority inherited, by a divine commission, from the Fathers of the Old, present us with a history of Christianity, down to a date of several years after the ascension of its Author, from which the true character, and the specific objects of this completed revelation of divine “grace and truth,” are distinctly ascertainable. But is there any “continuation” of *that* history, already existent, or hereafter practicable, on which any true disciple of genuine Christianity would seriously undertake the responsibility of advising any “anxious inquirer” to place his dependence, as being likely to conduct him to a more comprehensive, or more exact, acquaintance, either with its intrinsic character as a divine religion, or with its legitimate and all-important *primary* results, in the great matter of human salvation? With reference to such continuation, there has been no lack of ingenuity or labour. Inquirers of all classes, from all sorts of motives, “have considered the days of old, and the years of ancient times,” and “have accomplished a diligent search.” All accessible writings and records, ecclesiastical and pagan, have been

thoroughly sifted for whatever might serve to make up a creditable history of the times which witnessed the transition of Christianity from its apostolical into its post-apostolical condition; but to very little purpose. On this subject pagan writers in general, with few exceptions, observe a silence scarcely less marvellous to us, than was, to them, the strange dumbness of their silenced oracles. And, what is still more remarkable, amongst Christians themselves, the true history of Christianity below the date to which it is brought in the New Testament, although its "effectual working" may be fairly regarded as having been, at so early a period, very nearly commensurate with its nominal diffusion, does not appear to have been made, except within narrow limits, and often under circumstances exceedingly suspicious,—and under what would appear to have been almost a *destiny* to speedy oblivion,—the subject of either written record, or very prevalent tradition.

On this point, however, a very little consideration may suffice to establish the conclusion, that there is much less reason for regret than what might, under the first impression of our surprise and disappointment, appear to be reasonable and becoming. And, as in other cases in which apparent loss turns out on fair examination, and still more on actual experience, to be in reality a positive advantage, this very early and somewhat abrupt *hiatus* in the succession of accredited materials for the earlier years of post-Apostolical Church history, so often and so gravely lamented, is, in one most important view of the whole case, rather a benefit than a calamity; and shows, plainly enough, how much more of advantage there may be to us, concealed in the negation of the things which we desiderate, than there is of wisdom exhibited in our vain utterances of regret at their absence. The means of information, as to the character and doings of very early Christianity, are scanty enough; so scanty as very naturally to suggest, to those who have any thing to gain thereby, no inconsiderable motives to the fabrication of all sorts of legends. But what then? This very dearth of authentic record as to the period in question, imposes upon us, in the outset of our inquiry, the very merciful and admirably protective necessity of learning our Christianity, if we would learn it wisely and well, from records which not only make us, with reference to that object, most happily independent of any other sources of instruction that might have appeared to be desirable, but which also place us, at once, and without any obligation to the task of any very long or difficult inquiry, in a clearer light and upon higher ground than we could reasonably hope to gain, or even to approach, by any historical records or doctrinal "developments," which a more recent but less demonstrably authenticated Christianity might proffer in their stead. Nothing more to our advantage, for the purpose of our study-

ing Christianity to good effect, could have been provided for us, than that we should thus be, as it were, shut up to the paramount excellence, as well as to the supreme authority, of the unambiguous and infallible "oracles of God."

There is another aspect of this matter, to which the following remarks of M. Bunsen are, *in part*, (as indicated by *Italics*) eminently pertinent:—

"Christianity," he says, "is a *history* and a philosophy. This it has, to a certain degree, in common with all religions, and, in particular, with those *founded upon written records*. But the peculiarity of Christianity is, that it alone possesses a *true historical basis*, whose character is neither mythical nor doubtful, but at once spotless and universal; and a true philosophical basis, the principles of which are identical with the intuitions of reason and conscience, to which they perpetually appeal, above all constitutional or ritual authorities or usages. The *historical basis* of Christianity is *the life of Christ and the teaching of His Apostles, as contained in Scripture*."—*Hippolytus and his Age*, vol. i., p. 303.

This being admitted, not only is it essential to the divine character and stability of Christianity, that its basal history, "as contained in Scripture," should be, as it is, so strictly true to fact as to involve nothing in the least degree mythical or doubtful. It is, farther, almost equally important, for the purpose of its being entirely free from the taint, or even the suspicion, of those imperfections, that such history should by some means, in the peculiarity of its intrinsic character and in the pre-eminence of its position, stand off distinctly apart from all other histories whatever. In short, to exhibit its full use and value as a "basis" for a fabric so important as that of Christianity, it was required that it should be so unmistakably isolated in its character, as to be incapable of being confounded with any history out of itself; and, at the same time, so clearly definite in its outline, that, throughout all time, it should be incapable of suffering any addition on one hand, or any abatement on the other, which might not, on a fair inspection of the original basis, be readily discovered.

The very simple and safe criterion established for that purpose is that of *divine inspiration*. The history of Christianity, as contained in Scripture, having been written under that sanction, is *sacred* history; while other histories of it, usually called "ecclesiastical," stand in the lower position of something intermediate between that which is sacred and that which is known by the somewhat uncourteous epithet of "pagan" or "profane." On one hand, from the similarity of their subject, they claim affinity to the former; but, on the other hand, the imperfections and errors which are almost inevitably incidental to them, stamp upon them a resemblance to the latter, immeasurably nearer

than that which they bear to the former. The *descent*, even as to style and spirit, which has been so often noted, in the compositions of the earliest and most esteemed of the "Fathers," as compared with those of their immediate predecessors, the writers of the New Testament, is sufficiently remarkable to strike the attention of the most heedless observer. The language is immediately, and even painfully, felt to be no longer that of a divine oracle,—"*vox hominem sonat.*" And he who wants a sure *historical* basis for his Christianity, must, for that purpose, go back beyond the "Fathers," to that "foundation of the Apostles and Prophets," of which "JESUS CHRIST Himself," not any "Vicar," either in heaven or on earth, is "the chief Corner-stone." The rather, because the descent, in point of *credibility*, from the Apostles and Evangelists of the New Testament, to other writers after them, is, in many cases, almost equally remarkable and monitory. In particular, like the profane histories, to which we have already stated them to bear, in some respects, so near a resemblance, the early annals of ecclesiastical history, in the form in which they have come down to us, abound in fables and legends, invented some centuries later than the periods to which they refer. And thus, though perhaps unintentionally on the part of the original authors or more recent inventors, we are intelligibly, though not expressly, warned, that, on leaving the divine record, we no longer walk on sacred, nor even on safe, ground. Dean Milman accordingly remarks, on his arriving at the date (A.D. 53) at which the Scripture history of St. Paul so suddenly breaks off, "We pass, at once, from the firm and solid ground of authentic and credible history upon the quaking and insecure footing of legendary tradition."

We have only to remember this divinely settled *ne plus ultra* as to the historical basis of our faith, and we are at once put upon our guard against the various additions, which, under the several forms of monasticism, papal supremacy, the power of absolution, indulgence by purchase or penance, and other innovations, have been, not *built upon*, but attempted to be *laid beside*, the scriptural basis of our holy religion, as being of equal authority with Scripture itself, and therefore an essential part of the entire foundation. There is an awkwardness in even seeming to supplement that which is divine, by human additions; and therefore the figure is changed, the facts remaining precisely the same. These *new* things—new, as not being "contained in Holy Scripture," and, some of them, not even in the earliest Christian history to be found after the latest date of the New Testament—are not "additions," but "developments," forsooth, of the *embryo*, or at the best *youthful*, Christianity (as it is assumed to be) of our Saviour and His Apostles. Tertullian well earned the distinction he enjoys in Latin Christianity for the large service which his notion of development enabled him

to render, in support of some of its nascent corruptions.* And Dr. Newman will, doubtless, hereafter "share the triumph and partake the gale," for having so well followed in his train. The "Protestantism" which he has repudiated, may hear, without any alarming emotion, that, in his judgment,† *it* "is not the Christianity of history;" whether by "history" he means the post-Tridentine, the mediæval, or the ante-Nicene records of the Church, after the close of the scriptural canon. At that point its "historical basis" is in a position of severance from all succeeding history. It refuses, therefore, and, to be consistent with itself, must needs refuse, to be tested, *absolutely*, by even the earliest of the three. It will not, as Dr. Newman assumes, "dispense with historical Christianity altogether." But neither will it consider history written under a divine inspiration, as being merely on a level with history not so authenticated. Moreover, independently of this indestructible distinction, between that which is sacred and that which is not, there is the fact, stated by Dean Milman, that, at the best,—

"Early Christianity cannot be justly estimated from its writers. The Greeks were mostly trained in the schools of philosophy, the Latins in the schools of rhetoric; and polemic treatises could not but form a great part of the earliest Christian literature."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 58.

M. Bunsen also holds the idea of a gradual "development of Christian doctrine," and so regards it as a *part* of "the great miracle of the last fifteen hundred years, that the fundamental records and ideas of Christianity have been saved and, although very imperfectly, developed and preserved for future development in the whole of Christendom, as it exists at present, in the East and in the West." We are not prepared to agree with him entirely in all the views which he expresses on this subject. But at present, with particular reference to Latin Christianity, we shall only say, that he differs from Dr. Newman and from the Romanists in general, on the important question of the *locus* of the *developing authority*. This authority Dr. Newman supposes to be vested in the infallibility of the Church in continuance.‡ M. Bunsen places it in "the universal conscience," which he assumes to be "God's highest interpreter." Only, he will have it distinctly understood, that "the Divine Spirit is infused into the universality of the human conscience, which," says he, "is identical with the God-fearing and God-loving reason, and answers, in those sublime regions, to what, in things connected with the visible world, is called 'common sense.'"§ And, further, against the pretensions of all

* *De Virginibus Velandis*, cap. i.

† "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," pp. 5, 6.

‡ *Ibid.*, chap. ii., sect. 2.

§ "Hippolytus and his Age," vol. i., pp. 409, 410.

ecclesiastical formularies to be rules of faith, he limits his assent to the condition of their "clear concordance, not only with Scripture, but also the earlier Fathers and Decrees."*

In histories bordering on early antiquity, a scarcity of facts is usually compensated by a commensurate abundance of legend and fiction. And that the general history of early Christianity is not wholly an exception to that practice, is a fact familiarly known, though often tardily admitted. Dean Milman, however, puts in a demurrer in favour of Rome, when he says, "that the mythic or imaginative spirit of early Christianity has either respected, or was not tempted to indulge its creative faculty by the primitive annals of Rome." This statement takes us somewhat by surprise, as we have always held to the general persuasion, that, to do justice to herself, the Church of Rome should add to the other illustrations, in which she glories, of the analogy subsisting between the ancient Pagan and the modern Papal city, that the early history of *both* is somewhat fabulous and legendary. Our surprise, however, at the Dean's compliment to Rome, on the score of her freedom at the outset from a mythical and imaginative spirit, is turned into amusement, when we perceive that, after all, it is simply a compliment paid to her gravity, or to her *wit*, at the expense of her *honesty*. For, in the very same paragraph,—to say nothing of "the embellishment, if not the invention, of St Peter's Pontificate, his conflict with Simon Magus in the presence of the Emperor, and the circumstance of his martyrdom," of which the Dean would appear to make small account,—we read of "spurious decrees and epistles inscribed, centuries later, with their names," and of "martyrdoms ascribed with the same lavish reverence to those who lived under the mildest of Emperors, as well as those (who lived) under the most merciless persecutors." We read, also, on the very same page, of the "worthlessness of the traditions" on which a certain "list of Popes" was composed, and of the weakness, or rather the utter destruction, of the authority of "all the old Roman martyrologies."†

The Dean yet farther makes it appear that if the Church of Rome was ever, in her earlier history, innocent of imagination and myth, yet by the time that Latin Christianity was beginning to assume a separate and independent condition, she had either caught that soft infection, or had greatly improved in her art of lying invention. For, with reference to that time, he observes:—

"Sylvester (Pope, A.D. 314) has become a kind of hero of religious fable. But it was not so much the genuine mythic spirit which unconsciously transmutes history into legend; it was rather deliberate

* "Hippolytus and his Age," vol. i., p. 412.

† "Latin Christianity," vol. i., pp. 22, 23.

invention, with a specific aim and design, which, in direct defiance of history, accelerated the baptism of Constantine, and sanctified a porphyry vessel as appropriated to, or connected with, that holy use; and, at a later period, produced the monstrous fable of the Donation,—a forgery as clumsy as audacious.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 56, 57.

And if she was slow in contracting what the Dean would consider the comparatively venial fault of *mythical* invention, she acquired it most thoroughly at last. For, as he says, “at the height of the Middle Ages, Christian mythology was as much a part of Latin Christianity as the primal truths of the Gospel.”* Observant of these blemishes in the post-Apostolic histories of Christianity, but not equally observant, or less reverent, of the higher character and claims of the earlier and *sacred* history of the New Testament, or ignoring those claims altogether, and confounding all distinctions between “the precious and the vile,” writers of the class now represented by the school of Tübingen have attributed to *that* history, also, a character so largely mythical and legendary, as to leave to Christianity no better “historical basis” than that of a fable or a dream, or what Dean Milman calls “a historical impossibility.”

We wish them joy of the conclusion upon which their reasoning has landed them, and proceed to remark that such histories as we have of times subsequent to those of the Apostles, so far as they are to be trusted, possess the value which is common to all true history, enhanced by the peculiar interest which necessarily attaches to them from their intimate relation to the sublime and sacred subject which equally underlies them all; although, since “Christianity has more faithfully recorded her dissensions than her conquests,” it may not often, in its genuine character, display itself upon the surface. A “Universal History” of Christianity, however, even though limited to the most notorious of its *external* manifestations, is, like a universal or very comprehensive secular history, a work of which the various parts cannot, without a damaging compression and confusion, be made to go abreast, or *pari passu*, even in a tabulated form, to any considerable distance. Hence, most ecclesiastical writers, soon after passing from the Scriptural records to the literary and documentary remains of later ages, find themselves compelled to parcel out their work into “divisions” and “chapters” on distinct subjects, often so numerous as to render the observance of historical continuity, at least in the minds of their readers, a task even more difficult than that which Julius Cæsar is said to have been in the habit of accomplishing,—the task of reading, writing, and dictating, at one and the same time,—or, at the

* “*Latin Christianity*,” vol. i., p. 466.

least, as tedious as that of plaiting, by hand, a great number of cords into one uniform thread. Otherwise, they contract their scope, and select some portion of the general subject for separate and—saving a moderate amount of occasional indulgence in digression and episode—continuous consideration. And so Dean Milman, after having woven, out of innumerable details, a history of Christianity at large, to the extent of *four* centuries, finds it convenient, for the present, to restrict himself to such matters as belong, directly or indirectly, to LATIN Christianity. It will, no doubt, be generally satisfactory, that he has thus facilitated, to himself, and still more to his readers, who are even more concerned than himself to consider “*quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recuset,*” the task of mastering the leading points in the religious history of the Middle Ages. For, as he justly observes, “the great event in the history of our religion and of mankind, during many centuries,” (after the concluding date of the last of his three preceding volumes,) “is the development and domination of LATIN CHRISTIANITY.”

In this division of the general subject of Christianity into Greek, and Latin, and—as he now proposes—Teutonic Christianity, the appellation of “Catholic,” as expressive of what belongs to an all-comprehending and visible Unity of “all who profess and call themselves Christians,” is very quietly, but for that reason most emphatically, ignored. The Christianity of which “the Roman Pontificate is the centre,”—would the Dean only adhere, as surely he might have done, to the terms of his own choice,—is no longer, with the implied consent or connivance of general Christendom, to flaunt in the arrogant and false distinction which it has assumed, as though it were *Catholic* Christianity. It is to be simply “Latin,” from its well-known historical connexion with that language; just as the Christianity, of which Constantinople was so long the reputed centre, and the Christianity, which at so early a period found a home amidst the wilderness of nations and tribes northward of Italy, have received the names of Greek and Teutonic Christianity, from the language which in each of these two cases, respectively, was sanctified by Christianity, as the depository of its holy mysteries, and the channel of its heavenly teaching. There is, indeed, a Catholic or Universal Church, and therefore a Universal Christianity. But to assert that the Unity implied in the conjunction of these terms is, and must be, a *visible* Unity, is, in a word, to give the lie to all Church history, both Greek and Latin, from a date almost immediately sequent on the Apostolic age. And neither Greek, nor Latin, nor Teutonic Christianity, nor all of them together, can be *Catholic* Christianity, any more than a part of any thing can be equal to the whole. It thus appears that the palmary argument for *one* visible ecclesiastical head of Christianity as the Body of Christ on earth, resting, as

it does, upon the assumption of an actually *visible Unity*—which yet, excepting for a very short period after the rise of Christianity, never has been seen!—turns out to be a mere imagination, or, rather, an invention, to serve the mere purpose of bolstering up a system, which cannot stand without it, but which, in the judgment of its interested votaries, despite of the facts of uncontested history, and all the power of arguments unanswered, must at all hazards be maintained.

With respect to Dean Milman's limitation of his subject, it should also be borne in mind, that (according to an intimation given in what may now be called his Introduction to the present work) while, in writing the History of Christianity, it is not his intention to decline altogether the examination of religious doctrines, with their development and variations, his "*leading object* is, to trace the *effect* of Christianity on the individual and social happiness of man; its influence on the laws and institutions, the opinions, the manners, and even the arts and literature of the Christian world;" and, with a view to this object, to write "as a historian, rather than as a religious instructor." He has chosen this particular course, the rather because he is of opinion that "nothing acts so extensively, even though perhaps indirectly, on the formation of religious opinions, and on the speculative and practical belief or rejection of Christianity, as the notions that we entertain of its influence on the history of man, and its relation to human happiness and social improvement;" and because, moreover, he believes that, in so doing, he "enters upon ground not pre-occupied by any writer of established authority, at least in this country."* He has thus adopted an intelligible rule in the selection and treatment of his topics, which will serve equally to explain his *omission* of some things usually to be found in works on ecclesiastical history, and his *insertion* of others, of which there is elsewhere, in connexion with that subject, little or no mention. And it is this *peculiarity of the object* aimed at by the Dean, throughout the entire work, and the new abridgment of his scope to the particular field of Latin Christianity, which constitute, in conjunction, the distinctive character of the three volumes of his History now more immediately before us.

So long as Christianity, on its expansion from Judea and the countries immediately round it into the Heathenism beyond them, could be considered to be Catholic, in the sense of its possessing something like a visible unity, and for many years afterwards, that is, for a considerable part of the first three centuries, the Dean very clearly shows it to have been scarcely at all a Latin,—much less a Roman,—but, with comparatively few exceptions, a *Greek*, Christianity.

* "History of Christianity," vol. i., pp. vi., vii., 47-50.

"Their language was Greek, their organization Greek, their writers Greek, their Scriptures Greek; and many vestiges and traditions show that their ritual, their Liturgy, was Greek. Through Greek the communication of the Churches of Rome and the West was constantly kept up with the East; and through Greek every heresiarch propagated his peculiar doctrines. The Greek Old Testament was read in the synagogues of the foreign Jews. The Churches, formed sometimes on the foundation, to a certain extent on the model, of the synagogues, would adhere, for some time, no doubt, to their language. The Gospels and the Apostolic writings, so soon as they became part of the public worship, would be read, as the Septuagint was, in their original tongue. All the Christian extant writings, which appeared in Rome and in the West, are Greek, or were originally Greek; the Epistles of Clement, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies, the Works of Justin Martyr, down to Caius and Hippolytus, the author of the 'Refutation of all Heresies.' The Octavius of Minucius Felix, and the Treatise of Novatian on the Trinity, are the earliest known works of Latin Christianity which came from Rome. In Gaul, the first Christians were settled chiefly in the Greek cities, which owned Marseilles as their parent, and retained the use of Greek as their vernacular tongue. Irenæus wrote in Greek; the account of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienna is in Greek. Vestiges of the old Greek ritual long survived, not only in Rome, but also in some of the Gallie Churches. The *Kyrie eleison* still lingers in the Latin service."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 27-29.

It is not easy—rather, it is impossible—to determine, with any thing approaching to absolute exactness, the period at which that which had previously been wholly Greek, or very nearly so, began to exhibit, in the Western Churches of Africa and Europe, its new *phase*, as Latin (not, even yet, Roman) Christianity. The Dean observes, that "in Africa Latin Christianity *began* to take its proper form in the writings of Tertullian."* But he has elsewhere assigned ingenious and fair reasons in favour of the conclusion, that, on the whole, the Decian persecution (A.D. 250) may be considered as having been its "birth-epoch," and "Cyprian its true parent," about, or soon after, the time when Hippolytus, the Bishop of Porto, unconscious of the imminent or actual change in the name, and position, and language of Western Christianity, was writing his "Refutation of all Heresies" in Greek, as being still to a considerable extent, in his own neighbourhood at least, the classical or rather the current language, not only of the *literati* and ecclesiastics, but also of the general Christian community, in the Western as well as in the Eastern world. It is rather an odd discrepancy, that the Dean should afterwards assert, that "Jerome's promulgation of the Vulgate Bible was his great and indefeasible title to the appellation of 'Father of the Latin Church;'"† and a discrepancy still more strange, that he should elsewhere inform us, *totidem*

* "History of Latin Christianity," vol. i., p. 36.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 74.

verbis, that his great and indefeasible title to the appellation of "Father of Latin Christianity" was the *extension* of *monasticism*. However the question of paternity in this case may be settled, as between Tertullian, Cyprian, and Jerome, it should be remembered that Carthage, of which Cyprian was Bishop, with other places in Northern Africa, to the west of Cyrenaica, were among the exceptions to the general prevalence of the Greek language; and that Latin was the language *he* employed in writing, as it had been employed for the same purpose by Tertullian half a century before, though the latter wrote sometimes also in Greek.

But the time had arrived when what had been the exception, as to the language generally used in the Western Churches, should become the rule. The sympathy already created between Rome and Carthage by commercial intercourse,* was now heightened, in the case of the Christians of both cities, by their profession of a common faith, exposing them, as the objects of imperial persecution, to common sufferings and perils; and also by the mutual interchange of counsel and protection, each of them being, in turn, a friendly asylum to refugees from the other. Concurrent with these circumstances of reciprocal attraction, there was on both sides a growing tendency to the adoption of a common language, the Latin being in the course of re-assuming its ascendancy at Rome, whilst, at the same time, it was displacing the old Punic from Carthage.

It will, however, be seen that the connexion thus cemented between the ecclesiastical authorities of the two cities, implied no claim, on either side, to a superior title or a predominant authority. The Carthaginian Bishop of that day was not, indeed, when indulging the visions of his Utopian theory on the subject of Church Unity, unwilling to place St. Peter at the head of the college of co-equal Apostles, as being *primus inter pares*, on the condition of its being admitted that the Bishops inherited from them co-equal dignity. He would even admit the Romish Bishop to be, in *that* character, the successor of Peter, not on the ground of *lineal* succession,—though the succession of the Bishop of Rome was now, according to Dean Milman, "an accredited tradition,"†—but simply in deference to Rome, as being at that time the imperial city. But, withal, he would address the said Bishop as his *colleague*, (*collega noster*,)‡ and as *co-Bishop* (*co-Episcopus*)§ with himself and other Bishops, himself being so addressed in return. And, should he misbehave himself, as his reputed predecessor did sometimes, the gentle "Cyprian con-

* "The intercourse between Carthage and Rome, on account of the corn-trade alone, was probably more regular and rapid, than with any other part of the empire, *mutatis mutandis*, like that between Marseilles and Algeria."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 47.

† Why a *tradition* only? but that, even at that time, there were no written or authentic records to establish the succession.

‡ *Cyprian. Epist.*, pp. 48, 68.

§ *Id.*, *Epist.*, p. 67.

fronts him, not only as an equal, but—strong in the concurrence of the East and of Alexandria,” and of a considerable number of the European Churches *—“as his superior, too;”† much in the same spirit, we may presume, as that in which St. Paul “withstood to the face” the Bishop’s vaunted prototype, “because he was to be blamed.” In such cases,—

“The primacy of Peter has lost its authority. He condemns the perverseness, obstinacy, contumacy of Stephen. He promulgates, in Latin, a letter of Firmilian, Bishop of the Cappadocian Cæsarea, still more unmeasured in its censures. Firmilian denounces the audacity, the insolence, of Stephen; scoffs at his boasted descent from St. Peter; declares that, by his sin, he has excommunicated himself: he is the schismatic, the apostate from the unity of the Church. A solemn Council of eighty-seven Bishops, assembled at Carthage, under Cyprian, asserted the independent judgment of the African Churches, repudiated the title of ‘Bishop of Bishops,’ or the arbitrary dictation of one Bishop to Christendom.”‡—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 53.

These statements are sustained, as is well known, by the highest historical authority. And the events to which they refer were such as, at the time of their occurrence, to shake *that* Christianity of which “the Pontificate of Rome was the centre,” to its very foundation.§ In reference to that Pontificate, with a gravity so solemn as to be almost ludicrous in this particular case, Dr. Wiseman says, “The authority of Peter must have been intended to be perpetual in Christianity, because we find that, from the earliest ages, ALL acknowledged it to exist in his successors, as their *inherent right*. Pope Clement examined and corrected the abuses of the Church of Corinth; Victor, those of Ephesus; STEPHEN, *those of Africa*.”|| The facts stated by Dean Milman would have been better disposed of long ago, had they not been too stubborn for dismissal.¶ Baronius himself does not question them. He simply says, that Firmilian wrote his letter

* Routh’s *Reliq. Sacr.*, vol. iii., p. 168.

† “History of Latin Christianity,” vol. i., pp. 52, 53.

‡ Dupin inserted these words in his *History*, to buffet the Pope by the hand of Cyprian.

§ “*Tam magna, tamque potens ac valida fuit tentatio hæc in Ecclesiâ, ut veluti quodam vehementissimo turbine, etsi non prostratæ omnino, magnoperè certè exagitatæ et quassatæ fuerint altissimæ atque firmissimæ Ecclesiæ turres, quæ inconcussæ olim tot persecutionum impetus pertulissent, et ad se confugientium factæ causa salutis essent; tunc enim toto Catholico orbe, subitâ ac improvisâ quâdam tempestate concusso, de Ecclesiâ Africanâ ruinâ potissimum mirum in modum trepidatum est.*”—*Baron. Annal.*, A.D. 258, c. xiv.

|| “Lectures on the principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church. By N. Wiseman, D.D. Second Edition,” p. 281.

¶ “The attempt made by Raymond Missori (A.D. 1733) to get rid of the Acts of the Carthaginian Council, of all Cyprian’s Letters on the subject of Baptism, and of the celebrated Letter of Firmilian to Cyprian, as being a bundle of forgeries, has long ago become a subject for ridicule, rather than argument, even with Romanists themselves.”—*Routh, Reliquiæ Sacræ*, vol. iii., p. 151.

under an extraordinary excitement, and afterwards recanted; that the African Bishops, who had taken part with Cyprian in the proceedings of the Council above-mentioned, soon afterwards adopted conclusions contrary to their former ones; and that, as to Cyprian himself, he either never entertained the opinions expressed in the letter under his name, (assumed of course to be a forgery,) or that *he* also recanted, and was reconciled to the Romish communion. But for none of these statements, excepting the second, does this historical champion of that communion offer historical proof. The recantation of Firmilian is a fancy. Of the counter resolutions of the Bishops, something might be said, if our time and space permitted us to enter into it. But, as to the case of Cyprian, in particular, Augustine (whose authority is cited by Baronius with great respect) admits expressly, that "it does not appear (*non invenitur*) that he ever corrected his opinion." And accordingly he contents himself with arguing, that "it is consistent with his character to suppose that such correction was made, and that the fact of such correction is placed beyond all reasonable doubt, by the perpetuated celebration of his birth-day, in the Western as well as in the Eastern Churches." *

In farther illustration of the true state of the question of ecclesiastical supremacy in the time of Cyprian, it may be observed, that although the Churches of those parts of Gaul and Spain, in which Latin Christianity was beginning to prevail more extensively, might have been expected, from their geographical position, to refer their grievances and difficulties to Rome rather than to Carthage; yet from Arles in Transalpine Gaul, and from Leon and Astorga in the North of Spain, there were appeals made to Cyprian as well as to Stephen, as Bishops holding, each in his own province,—not *de jure*, but "*pro honore communi et simplice dilectione*,"†—"a concurrent primacy." In the case last mentioned, the appeal was to Carthage *against* Rome. And it ended in a hint to Stephen of the weakness into which he had been drawn, in having allowed himself to be imposed upon by an unworthy suitor, and in an exhortation to the Spaniards, on the part of Cyprian and his Synod, to adhere to the Bishops of their own selection,—the imperious dictation of Stephen to the contrary notwithstanding. It would gratify curiosity, and help the truth, if one might be permitted to know what was the practical issue of the conflicting decisions of Cyprian and Stephen. But curiosity must here satisfy itself with probable conjecture, as it very easily may. For Baronius informs us that, at the time when he wrote, "through the loss of manuscripts, (*scriptorum jacturá*,) no record remained of what followed."‡

* *Baron. Annal.*, A.D. 258, cc. l., li.

† These latter words are used by Cyprian in one of his Letters to Stephen.

‡ *Baron. Annal.*, A.D. 258, c. v.

A little more than half a century afterwards, the removal of the seat of empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus consummated, not all at once, but in its closely-following results, the separation of Greek and Latin Christianity. And it is from this point that the History of Latin Christianity, as being *formally distinct from Greek*, properly begins. For this distinction, as well as for the farther distinction more recently introduced, by the adoption of the appellation *Teutonic*, reason is furnished, not only by the facts of history, but also by the philosophy of human nature. To some extent, not altogether,—as the *quasi*-sublimated materialism of these times would teach,—man is the creature of circumstances. As to his *physical* constitution, indeed, the ultimate conclusion to which we are conducted by the legitimate inductions of scientific ethnology, as well as by the oracles of God, is that “God has made of one blood all nations of men,” and that “He fashioneth their hearts alike.” And that which constitutes the *essence* of his nature, *as man*, can no more be altered, than it can be destroyed, by any power save that by which man was created and fashioned at the first. Still the *phenomenal* aspects of humanity are seen to be almost as various as the circumstances under which it exists. In like manner, the Christianity which is commissioned with a “power from on high,” to baptize all nations into one name, and, as to *essentials*, into one faith, is, in its inherent and characteristic nature, one and the same thing, wherever it is found. But the external indications of its working are modified, to some extent, by the strong force of circumstances. And the result has been the exhibition of “*varieties*” in Christianity (so called), almost as numerous as those which characterize the ethnological divisions and sub-divisions of our race. “At every period, much more is to be attributed to the circumstances of the age, to the collective operation of certain principles which grew out of the events of the time, than to the intentional or accidental influence of any individual or class of men. And to all these modifications Christianity necessarily (?) submitted.”*

On a general comparison of the earlier manifestations of what was distinctive in the character and tendencies of Greek and Latin Christianity, respectively, the action of this law of circumstances is found to be remarkably exemplified, almost as much in some of those points in which they were agreed, as in those in which they differed from each other. And it is particularly seen in the *oscillations* of opinion and practice, which distinguish certain periods of their history. The *disturbing forces*, by which the regularity and constancy of their profession and procedure were sometimes so strangely affected, are to be found in the controlling interference of fluctuating circum-

* “History of Christianity,” vol. i., pp. 49, 50.

stances with the unequal power of a corrupted and proportionably enfeebled Christianity.

Let us take, for example, some of the points in which they differed from each other. In the East, scarcely were the Syrian and other Asiatic Churches from under the fostering care of their founders, the Apostles, or the Evangelists and Pastors who were their fellow-labourers or immediate successors, when, in addition to the hostility every where experienced from an effete and yet slowly-expiring Judaism, those Churches were brought into contact with the Gnosticism of the vicinities in which they were established. Degenerate successors of the "wise men from the East," who "came to Jerusalem," at the commencement of the century then waning to its close, the hierophants of that undefinable medley of mystery and moonshine, under the insidious mask of a pretended veneration, and chiefly for the purpose of promoting the credit and aggrandizement of their own system, courted the notice of the yet nascent Christianity, and drew away disciples after them. Very soon afterwards, if not at the same time, a resuscitated Orientalism, fresh from the remoter East, and now rendered more attractive by its combination with the Greek philosophy so much in vogue, tried its fascination on the new power which was to make its wisdom foolish, and to turn the world upside down; and this it did with such effect as to be successful in infusing much of its own character into a system, to which, nevertheless, it bore no legitimate affinity, either in its form or in its spirit, and with which, therefore, it could have nothing more than a simulated sympathy,—except upon the *modest* understanding that Plato and Manes should be allowed to take rank with, or even precedence, not of Apostles and Prophets only, but also of Him who spake as never man spake, before or since. Plato, at least, we are willing to believe, would in this matter have been wiser and more reverent than either his Alexandrian or Asiatic disciples of that day. And, generally, from the circumstance of its having its existence, as it were, in an atmosphere of philosophical and mystical quiddities, and in the midst of a people passionately prone to speculation on all subjects, however difficult or sacred, the spirit of Greek Christianity, as it appears from the records of Church history, was from an early date insatiably inquisitive and disputatious. For the same reason, it was scrupulous of hair-breadth exactness, and often equally adventurous in search of it; even where, from the very nature of the questions at issue, such exactness was scarcely possible, and the attempt to reach it might border on the profane. With the knowledge of this *idiosyncrasy* in the habits of Greek Christianity, no one is surprised to learn that the Trinitarian controversy had Alexandria for its birth-place; and that, together with the whole brood of other controversies, of which it was the parent or the nurse, it

had the whole field of the Oriental Church, not only at the beginning, but for centuries afterwards, as its "*proper* theatre."

The commencement and earlier growth of the Western Churches took place under circumstances considerably different from those which influenced the character and fortune of those in the East. In addition to their being "made sterner stuff," and therefore less easily convertible into tin or charcoal, the Gnosticism of Asia, and even that of Alexandria, was too remote to exert any very powerful influence in the early youth of Christianity, on persons so little predisposed, by circumstances or established habit, to abstruse and barren speculations, as they were at that time. It was, therefore, comparatively little known, and still less cared for, except as general rumour, or the occasional appeals of conflicting disputants, burning under the smart of reciprocal anathema "forced it on their attention." It was in the way last mentioned, that the system of welding Gnosticism into Christianity in its more finished and plausible form, was brought by Valentinus and Cerdon to Rome, (A.D. 140,) at that time still imperial in its secular position, and on that account, in connexion with its continued use of the Greek language, "the natural and inevitable centre of Christianity." For,—

"In Rome," says the Dean, "every feud which distracted the infant community, reached its height; no where do the Judaizing tenets seem to have been more obstinate, or to have held so long a stubborn conflict with more full and genuine Christianity. Rome, every heresy, almost every heresiarch, found welcome reception. All new opinions, all attempts to harmonize Christianity with the tenets of the Greek philosophers, with the Oriental religion, the Cosmogonies, the Theophanies, and Mysteries of the East, were boldly agitated, either by the authors of the Gnostic systems, or by their disciples."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 31, 32.

But the agitation thus created and maintained at the "inevitable centre of Christianity," was but little felt in the other parts of its wide circle, save those from or through which the materials of that agitation had been imported. The representation given of this wondrous city, as to the character which it acquired, in connexion with early Christianity, the perpetual influx of corruptions and controversies from the East, strongly reminds us of the "*Græcam Urbem*" and the "*Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes*" of Juvenal,† or of the friend Umbricius, about half a century before; the difference being chiefly this,—that the earlier description applies

* Neander's "Church History," vol. iv., p. 109.

† Sat. iii., vv. 71–73.

"I cannot, Romans, this *Greek Town* abide;
Nor 's all Greek filth, for long since with the tide
To Tiber Syrian Orontes flow'd."—*Stapylton's Translation*.

morals, and the latter to theology. Indeed, the Dean's description would almost warrant its being said, that Rome was at the period in question a sort of *sentina*, retaining within itself and absorbing, to the extent of its capacity, the heresies that swept into it from every quarter, and having in reality but little overflow. There is, perhaps, a little poetry in the description, after all; but it is quite true, that "the Christianity of Africa had no sympathy with the dreamy and speculative disposition of the East, and therefore very naturally repudiated, with an instinctive distaste, the wild impersonations and daring cosmogonies which flourished there." And, generally, heresies which might win some degree of favour at Rome,—as the Popes at that time of day neither were infallible, nor even assumed to be so,—nevertheless, in provinces near to Rome, and much more in provinces at a remoter distance, would succeed or fail, just as they might chance to harmonize with the prepossessions, or the prejudices, of those to whose acceptance they were offered. And even in Europe, at a time when, according to Burton,* "the Gnostics had already established themselves at Rome, were making havoc in the Church,"—if one might only give entire credit to the testimony of Hegesippus on the subject, as cited by Eusebius,†—there was a "uniformity of faith" in all the cities visited by Polycarp on his way from Smyrna to Rome. Facts, apparently inconsiderable in themselves, are often of great value in connexion with history. So here, the facts just stated serve to prove, that although Rome might be at this time the *geometrical* or *geographical centre*, yet she was neither the *living heart* nor the *ruling head* of even Latin Christianity.

A similar regard to difference in antecedent and existing circumstances will explain the reason why, though under equal obligation to conserve the basis of their common Christianity, yet, even upon points which they would equally admit to be essential to the integrity of that basis, the Eastern and Western Churches respectively should, on comparison, appear to have been so differently affected as they were by the controversies which were generated thereupon. This difference, especially in regard to the interest excited on the subject of the Trinitarian and Pelagian controversies, is so striking, as to have compelled the attention of almost all ecclesiastical historians. And it is to be accounted for partly, perhaps, from the division which, previously to the occurrence of these controversies,—or almost contemporaneously with the commencement of the first of them,—had taken place between the Christianity of the

* Works, vol. v., pp. 124, 125.

† "Ecclesiastical History," lib. iv., cap. 22.

East and that of the West; but, principally, from difference in existing circumstances, and in tastes and tendencies previously generated, and confirmed by habit in each case respectively. From circumstances existing at the time, and as the result of inveterate habit, "Greek Christianity was *speculative*; Latin, practical." Accordingly,—

"Throughout the religious and civil wars which, almost simultaneously with the conversion of Constantine, distracted the Christian world, the Bishops of Rome and the West stood aloof in unimpassioned equanimity; they were drawn into the Trinitarian controversy, rather than embarked in it by their own ardent zeal. So long as Greek Christianity predominated in Rome, so long had the Church been divided by Greek doctrinal controversy. There the early disputes about the Divinity of the Saviour had found ready audience. But Latin Christianity, as it grew to predominance in Rome, seemed to shrink from these foreign questions, or rather, to abandon them for others more congenial. The Quarto-Deciman controversy related to the establishment of a common law of Christendom, as to the time of keeping her great festival. So, in Novatianism, the re-admission of apostates into the outward privileges of the Church, the kindred dispute respecting the re-baptism of heretics, were constitutional points, which related to the ecclesiastical polity. Donatism turned on the legitimate succession of the African Bishops.....The Trinitarian controversy was an Eastern question. It began in Alexandria; invaded the Syrian cities; was ready, from its foundation, to disturb the Churches and people the streets of Constantinople with contending factions. Until taken up by the fierce and busy heterodoxy of Constantius, when sole Emperor, it chiefly agitated the East. The Asiatic Nicea was the seat of the Council; all, but a very few, of the three hundred and twenty Bishops who formed the Council, were from Asiatic or Egyptian sees. There were two Presbyters only to represent the Bishop of Rome."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 60.

But Alexandria and Constantinople were the places where these controversies raged with the fiercest intensity; and a very narrow *ellipsis*, with these places as its *foci*, would include nearly all the other places which were seriously affected by them. And, further, supposing such ellipse to be drawn, the well-known property of the ellipse—that all rays from either *focus* are reflected from all parts of the circumference to the other—has its analogy in the fact, that controversies commenced in Alexandria, were sure to be propagated to Constantinople, and *vice versâ*; the whole area of this "proper field" of controversy being pervaded meanwhile with reflexions, carrying with them *heat* rather than light, by a perpetual radiation.

At a period somewhat later, the comparative quiet of the Western Churches on doctrinal subjects was interrupted by the outbreak of the Pelagian controversy, which, turning on

the *practical* question of the springs of human action, and the conditions and *modus operandi* of individual salvation, engaged their warmest interest. The Eastern Churches, meanwhile, took little or no share in it, having still on hand unexhausted materials for controversies more congenial to their taste, because more purely speculative, on points connected with the mysteries of the Godhead, and the Person of Christ. The whole Christianity of Western Africa rejected, with an almost instinctive repugnance, the colder and more philosophic reasonings of Pelagius; and, under the leadership of Augustine, as their great oracle and hero, its Churches threw themselves into the controversy with their characteristic impetuosity and ardour. But, in contrast to all this, in the East the glowing writings of Augustine were not understood, probably not known. Or, if they were, yet his "predestinarian notions," even with the attractive charm of the metaphysical speculations to which they have so close an affinity, "never seem to have been congenial to the Christianity of the Greeks;" and neither Constantinople nor Alexandria took any interest in these questions. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, and one signally illustrative of the characteristic difference existing, *ab initio*, between Greek and Latin Christianity, that, of the two great ecclesiastical controversies in the first four centuries, each should have had its own heroes and its peculiar battle-field; the Eastern and the Western Churches taking, separately and by reciprocal turns, the different parts of champions and spectators. But so it was. The Pelagian controversy, mainly in the hands of Western disputants, was carried on in a spirit equally earnest, and sometimes by means equally objectionable, with those which marked the earlier controversy on the subject of the Trinity. But, as in the former case, so in the latter, the sympathy with what was going on, was almost wholly restricted to that *half* of the general Church, still reputed, nevertheless, to be one and indivisible, in which the controversy had originated. While the East stood aloof, serene and unimpassioned, throughout the Pelagian controversy, the Nestorian controversy, which, with its kindred controversies, involved the whole East in a continual flame, and made the settlement of the dogmatic system of the Church a strife of two centuries, was contemplated by Latin Christianity with a retaliatory indifference; and, like several other Eastern feuds, made so little progress in the West, as scarcely to disturb the equanimity of even Rome itself.

"While Council after Council promulgated, reversed, re-enacted their conflicting decrees; while separate and hostile communities were formed in every region of the East, and the fears of persecuted Nestorianism, stronger than religious zeal, penetrated for refuge remote countries into which Christianity had not yet found its way,

in the West there was no Nestorian or Eutychian sect. Some Councils condemned, but with hardly an audible remonstrance, their uncongenial heresies; the doctrines are condemned, but there appears no body of heretics whom it is thought necessary to strike with the anathema. The Bishop of Rome, unembarrassed with the intricacies of the question, which had no temptation for his more practical understanding, with the whole West participating in his comparative apathy, could sit at a distance, a tranquil arbiter, and interfere only when he saw his own advantage, or when all parties, exasperated or wearied out, gladly submitted to any foreign and unpledged judgment."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 137, 138.

Again, the difference in the characteristic features which, on its introduction into the system of external Christianity, Monasticism exhibited in the East and in the West, respectively, finds its explanation, to a great extent, in local circumstances, both contemporaneous and historical. In its principle as a system of religious, and not merely philosophical, asceticism, it had its origin in the remotest East. But in its expansion westward, it was already spreading its insidious and bewitching leaven in Egypt and its vicinity at least, if not also in Palestine and Syria, when Christ appeared. The Eastern Churches were thus the earliest to be affected by it. The origin of asceticism, and especially of that species of it which may be called "monasticism proper," as connected with Christianity, is referred by Dean Milman and others to the fourth century. But if Ricaut is to be credited, Eremites, at least of Christian, as well as of other names, were to be found in considerable numbers at a much earlier period. Speaking of Mount Athos, he observes that,—

"Though St. Basil was the first author and founder of the order of *Greek* monks, so that before his time there could be none who professed the strict way of living in convents and religious societies, I mean in Greece; yet certainly, before this time, the convenience of the place, and the situation thereof, might invite *Hermites*, and persons delighted in solitary devotions, of which the world, in the *first* and *second* century, did abound."*

At all events, according to Sozomen,† towards the close of the third century, there were thousands of *monks* in Egypt and its vicinity, rivalled in numbers by the monks of Palestine, Syria, and the adjoining countries; and numerous monasteries had already been established in all these places.‡ Whereas it was not until the time of Athanasius and Jerome,

* "Present State of the Greek and Armenian Churches," (A.D. 1678,) p. 218.

† "Ecclesiastical History," lib. vi., cap. 43.

‡ "Aones, according to Sozomen, was reputed to have been the first who led a monastic life in Mesopotamia. And, as though he would make his own virtues doubly illustrious by contrast with the less (?) saintly of Old Testament worthies, the place selected as the *home*, so to speak, of his *celibate* virtues, was no other than the *Padan* of old, where Jacob made Rachel his wife!"—*Ecclesiastical History*, lib. vi., cap. 33.

that is, about a century later, that Cœnobite monasticism was adopted in Central and Western Europe, or even in Western Africa, to such extent as to have attracted the attention of ecclesiastical writers. This appears from Tertullian, who, writing in the second century, and specially representing the Western Churches, says, "We are no Brahmins, or Indian Gymnosophists, no dwellers in the woods, no recluses retired from the haunts of men."*

Moreover, the monasticism of the Churches of the East affected a severity in its discipline more nearly resembling the original type, than did that of the less mystic and more practical Western Churches. It were, perhaps, too much out of harmony with Dean Milman's estimate of Latin Christianity, and not quite consistent with the facts of the case as to its *earlier* history, to say with Jortin, that "the difference between the Eastern and Western monks was, that the first were usually the greater fools, and the latter the greater knaves."† But the monasticism of the latter—

"Was practical more than speculative; it looked more to the performance of rigid duty, the observance of an austere ritual, the alternation of severe toil with the recitation of certain sacred offices, or the reading appointed portions of books, than to dreamy indolence and meditative silence, only broken by the discussion of controverted points of theology. It partook of that comparative disinclination to the more subtle religious controversy, which distinguished Roman from Greek and Oriental Christendom; and, excepting the school of semi-Pelagianism propagated by the Oriental Cassianus, among the monasteries in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, the monasteries were the seats of submissive, un-inquiring," and—the Dean might have added—purblind and gloomy, "orthodoxy."—Vol. i., pp. 409, 410.

As to external austerities, it is not strictly in accordance, either with historical truth, or with the Dean's own statements elsewhere, to say that "the Roman character embraced monastic Christianity in all its extremest rigour, its sternest asceticism, with the same ardour and energy," as that with which it "interworked Christianity in general."‡ He elsewhere gives us his own authority for saying, that "the Hermits in the West had neither the ingenious nor the ostentatious self-tortures which were common in the East; nor had they any men who stood for decades of years upon a lofty pillar." To the latter statement, indeed, there was a solitary exception, in the case of one Vulfilaic, a monk of Lombardy, (A.D. 591,) who had a pillar erected for him at Treves, and stood upon it barefoot, enduring great hardship in the winter; until the Bishops compelled him to come down, and to live like other monks;

* *Apol.*, cap. 42.

† "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History," vol. iii., p. 50.

‡ "History of Latin Christianity," vol. i., p. 11.

telling him that the severity of the climate would not permit him to imitate the great Simeon of Antioch.* But, in general, the Western monks were rather the disciples of the old Prophet Elijah† and of John the Baptist, than of St. Simeon, or any other of the self-martyred Eastern fanatics. But what might be wanting in outward austerities, was abundantly made up by the severity of the restrictions and privations which were imposed upon the inner man. The luxurious appetite for intellectual and imaginative indulgence, which, according to his own statement, was so perilous to Jerome in his cave at Bethlehem, as to require stripes, by way of supplement to prayer and fasting, for the purpose of its being held in due restraint, had small chance of being pampered in "the narrow cell or mountain-cloister." Rather, in the solitudes which were the homesteads of the Western recluses, its chance, and more frequently its certain doom, was that of absolute starvation and extinction. Still, these intellectual hardships, as they must often have been felt to be in the first instance, found their relief, in part, from other circumstances, created by the very position into which they were thus so unnaturally thrown. In every thing that *lives*, and especially in every thing that has a tendency to growth, or a power of expansion, whether it be vegetable or animal, intellectual or spiritual, there is a law of nature, irresistible while life continues, in virtue of which, if it be hindered or compressed in one direction, it will, with a redoubled power, exert itself in another. Thus, in the case in question,—

"If the reason was suppressed with such unmitigated proscription, the imagination, while"—still true, so far as might be, to the power of habit—"it shrunk from those metaphysical abstractions which are so congenial to Eastern mysticism, had full scope in the ordinary occurrences of life, which it transmuted into perpetual miracle. The mind was centred on itself; its sole occupation was the watching the emotions, the pulsations of the religious life; it impersonated its impulses; it attributed to external or to foreign, but indwelling powers, the whole strife within. Every thing fostered—even the daily labour, which might have checked, carried on in solitude and in silence, encouraged—the vague and desultory dreaminess of the fancy. Men plunged into the desert alone, or united themselves with others,

* Fleury, "Ecclesiastical History," book xxxv., chap. 22.

† Sozomen and other writers have been pleased to claim Elijah as the founder and patron of monasticism. There is a legend to the effect that the hermit St. Paul was fed, in his seclusion, after the manner of Elijah. For Fleury informs us, that on the occasion of a visit paid to him by St. Anthony, as "they discoursed together, they saw a raven perched upon a tree, which, flying gently, came and laid a whole loaf before them, then flew away. 'Ha!' says St. Paul, 'see the goodness of the Lord, who has sent us food. For these sixty years have I received half a loaf daily; but, upon your coming, Jesus Christ has doubled the portion.'"—*Ecclesiastical History*, book xii., chap. 16.

(for there is no contagion so irresistible as that of religious emotion,) under a deep conviction that there was a fierce contest taking place for the soul of each individual, not between moral influences and unseen and spiritual agencies, but between beings palpable, material, or at least having at their command material agents, and constantly controlling the course of nature."—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 411.

Considerable stress is laid by Dean Milman on the superior activity of the West, as compared with the East, in the propagation of their respective forms of Christianity. But it was not until the final extinction of Paganism,—at least, not until the separation of Greek from Latin Christianity,—that the contrast between them, in this respect, was very remarkable. Previously to the period last-mentioned, and even so early as the year 300, Christianity, under Eastern patronage, "had found its way among the Goths and some of the German tribes of the Rhine."

"The Visigoths first embraced the Gospel, as a nation; they were followed by the Ostrogoths: with these the Vandals and the Gepidæ were converted during the fourth century. At the close of the fifth century the Franks were converted, and at the beginning of the sixth, first the Alemanni, then the Lombards; the Bavarians in the seventh and eighth; the Frisians, Hessians, and Thuringians in the eighth; the Saxons by the *sword* (!) of Charlemagne in the ninth. With the exception of the latter, the whole of these nations were the conquests of Arian Christianity, or embraced it during the early period of their belief. But of those early Arian Missionaries, the Arian records, if they ever existed, have almost entirely perished. The Church was either ignorant, or disdained to preserve their memory. Ulphilas alone, the Apostle of the Goths, has, as it were, forced his way into the Catholic records, in which, as in the fragments of his great work, his translation of the Scriptures into the Mæso-Gothic language, this admirable man has descended to posterity. His ancestors, during a predatory expedition of the Goths into Asia, under the reign of Gallienus, had been swept away with many other captives, some belonging to the Clergy, from a village in Cappadocia, to the Gothic settlements north of the Danube. These captives, faithful to their creeds, perpetuated and propagated among their masters the doctrines of Christianity."*—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 269-273.

But afterwards the contrast is very strongly marked. They "ceased," in a great degree, in comparison with their brethren in the West, "to be creative or aggressive," with reference to efforts for the spread of Christianity. This did not, however, arise wholly from difference of inherent or acquired character,

* The Christianity of the Goths, according to Fleury, was not Arian at the first. Till the time of the return of Ulphilas from his embassy to Constantinople, A.D. 378, "they had followed the apostolical doctrine which they had at first received; and even at that time they did not wholly forsake it."—*Fleury's Ecclesiastical History*, book xvii., chap. 36.

as though they were less disposed to practical outgoings for that purpose ; but, partly at least, from their concentration of whatever they possessed of zeal and spirit upon internecine quarrels with each other, in secular as well as in religious matters ; and partly, also, from the fierce inroad and crushing domination of an overwhelming Mahommedanism, which, after a time, seemed finally to close against them those opportunities for Christian enterprise, which they had neglected to embrace, and into which they no longer possessed either the fitness or the power to enter. It should, however, be mentioned in their favour, that in almost the only direction in which Mahommedanism left them the power of expansion, they put forth considerable effort, and with great and enduring success. About the middle of the ninth century, the Mœsians, Bulgarians, and Gazarians, and, after them, the Bohemians and Moravians, were converted to Christianity by Methodius and Cyril, two Greek monks whom the Empress Thcodora had sent to dispel the darkness of those idolatrous nations. The zeal of Charlemagne and his pious Missionaries had been formerly exerted in the same cause, and among the same people ; but with so little success, that any faint notions which they had received of the Christian doctrine were entirely effaced. But the instructions of the Grecian Doctors had a better, and therefore a more permanent, effect. The warlike nations of the Russians were soon afterwards converted ; and under Wladimir Greek Christianity became the established religion of Russia.*

Nor yet can we look with entire complacency on the “creative and aggressive” action of the Western Churches. The earliest illustrations of “the first love” of the new-born Christianity of Clovis (the founder of the Merovingian dynasty) were, first, to lay waste the Visigoth kingdom, for the sin of Arianism, with his “remorseless sword,”—then to suggest to the son of Sigebert, King of the Ripuarian Franks, the murder of his father, with the promise that the murderer should be peaceably established on his throne,—next, to order that the murderer should be put to death,—and, lastly, to declare solemnly in a full Parliament, that he had had no share in the murder of either. These things are related by his Popish historian, Gregory of Tours ; of whom, with a smack of the ironical sarcasm, which here and there besprinkles his work, Dean Milman remarks :—

“Gregory concludes with this pious observation :—‘For God thus daily prostrated his enemies under his hands, and enlarged his kingdom, because he walked before Him with an upright heart, and did that which was well-pleasing in His sight.’ Yet Gregory of Tours

* Mosheim’s “Ecclesiastical History.”

was a Prelate, himself of gentle and blameless manners, and of profound piety."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 279.

The religious character of the descendants of Clovis, and even that of the Carlovingian hero, to whom Rome owns itself to be so deeply indebted, is almost too offensive for description; and we are glad to let it pass, with many other things equally disgusting, and yet, alas! strongly characteristic of much that belongs to "the great epoch of Latin Christianity."

But if, in the particulars which have been mentioned, Greek and Latin Christianity exhibit specific differences, arising from differences of acquired character and modifying circumstances,—in other respects, in which the circumstances were common, or nearly so, and the characters were somewhat approximate, or not materially different, they exhibit a general agreement. Thus, both one and the other, during the period of their common history, were immediately confronted with Paganism in all its power and majesty,—a vast system of idolatry, hallowed, in the superstitious regard of the people, by the veneration of ages, and not likely, therefore, to be very quietly abandoned in favour of the new system, which, with a spirit and power of innovation and conversion beyond all former example, was now promulgated, with the avowed purpose of superseding and destroying it altogether. The first shock, and still more the continued jar and fret, of the collision, which was necessitated by the circumstances of the case, were very disagreeably felt on both sides. And this very naturally created, on one side, a spirit of prejudice and persecution; while, on the other side, they constituted a strong temptation, where the true spirit and power of Christianity were wanting, to discouragement and compromise. Happily, with comparatively few exceptions, considering the "fiery trials," and the "fights of affliction," which tested the faith of the earlier Churches, Christianity, both in its Eastern and Western divisions, held fast its integrity; the persecutions to which it was subject, with so short intervals of respite, for the first two centuries after its establishment, serving but to render more conspicuous the brightness of its spiritual aspect, and to conserve and intensify the purity, which, in connexion with the *truth* of the Gospel, and the *grace* of the Holy Spirit, is, in reality, the secret of its enduring and victorious power.

At a later period, when Christianity was in the ascendant, and the deities of Paganism had been expelled from its most splendid temples, insensibly many of the usages of the heathen worship, and even many vulgar superstitions, crept into the more gorgeous and imposing ceremonial and popular belief of the Christian Churches. And this compromise, as to externals, affected the East and the West very nearly alike.

The temples, rites, diversions, and literature, both of the Grecian and the Roman polytheist, were so incongruous with the primitive Gospel, that until Christianity had made some steps towards their own religion, by the splendour of its ceremonial and the incipient paganizing of its popular belief, the obstacles to their conversion were both numerous and strong. And therefore, in the West as well as in the East, the policy of paganizing, about the time of Constantine, began to be somewhat extensively adopted; ostensibly for the purpose of facilitating the conversion of Pagans to Christianity, but in reality with the effect of converting Christianity, *pro tanto*, into Paganism. Nor was this species of compromise simply the error and infirmity of the Churches of that age, since it has continued to have its theoretical advocates and practical imitators, in Romish Christianity, down to this day.

"When Christianity," says a distinguished Romanist writer, "became the dominant religion, its Doctors perceived that they would be compelled to give way equally in respect to the external form of worship, and that they would not be sufficiently strong to constrain the multitude of Pagans—who were embracing Christianity with a kind of enthusiasm, as unreasoning as it was of little duration—to forget a system of acts, ceremonies, and festivals, which had an immense power over their ideas and manners. The Church admitted, therefore, into her discipline many usages evidently pagan. She undoubtedly has endeavoured to purify them, but she never could obliterate the impression of their original stamp. The principal interest of Christianity was to wrest from error the greatest number of its partisans: and it was impossible to attain this object, without providing for the obstinate adherents of the false gods an easy passage from the temple to the church. If we consider that, notwithstanding all these concessions, the ruin of Paganism was accomplished only by degrees, and imperceptibly; that during more than two centuries it was necessary to combat, over the whole of Europe, an error which, although continually overthrown, was ever rising again, we shall understand that the conciliatory spirit of the leaders of the Church was true wisdom." *—*Histoire de la Destruction du Paganisme. Par A. Beugnot, Membre de l'Institut François.* 1835.

In this way, and in others, there was often an *interaction* and *interpenetration* between Christianity and other systems, which created strange medleys, not very favourable either to its character or progress. With reference to one case, namely, the contact of Christianity with the barbarism of the Teutonic races, the Dean goes so far as to affirm that—

"In some provinces it must be acknowledged that the vices, as well as the religion, of Rome, assert their unshaken dominion; or, rather, that there is a terrible interchange of the worst parts of evil

* See Introductory Dissertation, pp. 17, 18, by Count Krasinski, to a recent edition of Calvin's "Treatise on Relics." Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1854.

character. In the conflict, or coalition, of barbarism with Roman Christianity, barbarism has introduced into Christianity all its ferocity, with none of its generosity or magnanimity; its energy shows itself in atrocity of cruelty, and even of sensuality. Christianity has given to barbarism hardly more than its superstition, and its hatred of heretics and unbelievers. Throughout, assassinations, parricides, and fratricides, intermingle with adulteries and rapes. The cruelty might seem the mere inevitable result of this violent and unnatural fusion; but the extent to which this cruelty spreads throughout the whole society almost surpasses belief. Though Christianity found an unexpected ally in the higher (!) moral tone of the Teutonic races, the religion, in other respects, and throughout its whole sphere of conquest, suffered a serious, perhaps inevitable, deterioration. With the world Christianity began to barbarize.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 286, 289.

The Christianity which was capable of being thus damaged by its contact with barbarism, could have little but what was either indifferent, or positively evil, to offer in return; and, beyond the *truth* which, at the same time, it professed and belied, in honest fairness can scarcely be called Christianity at all. It will relieve the reader, to remember that it was the Christianity of Clovis and his descendants which suggested the remarks contained in this extract. And we pass on to observe, that the attempts successively made to fuse *true* Christianity with the philosophical, the mystical, the ascetic, the monastic, the ceremonial, and even, as in the Crusades and other “religious” wars, with the military spirit, so far as those attempts were successful, drew on, as their inevitable result, the degradation of its name, and the enfeeblement of its power; and only by a moral miracle were prevented from effecting its destruction altogether. The very choicest “eclectic” philosophy which was to be had, became in its meddling and impertinent vocation as a helper of Christianity, forsooth,—nothing better than a “vain” and mischievous “deceit.” Mysticism, with its dull opaqueness of thought and language, was virtually an eclipse of the truth. Asceticism and monkery, though not in original intention, proved, in their practical working, often just such contrivances as the prince of darkness would desire for placing “light under a bushel,” or for putting knowledge and crime alike beneath the veil. The pomp of ceremonial display was virtually a substitution, in no small degree, of “the lust of the eye” for the contemplations of faith. And the spirit which evoked “monks and bishops in armour,” and “Mahommedan Apostles of Christianity,”* and which “gloried in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ” as the ensign of battle and bloodshed, rather than as the banner of salvation, was not merely a spirit of pride or error, but a spirit of blasphemy of the coarsest description. Christianity may blush

* “*Latin Christianity*,” vol. i., p. 289.

that she should ever have been seen in such companionship; and has only to thank Him by whose name she is called, that, in her occasional association with *some* of these forms of anti-Christ, or pseudo-Christ, she has not been permitted to become an illustration of the maxim, that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

There are few subjects connected with ecclesiastical history of more stirring interest than that of the (alleged) *Petrine succession* and monarchical *supremacy* of the Bishop of Rome; chiefly, perhaps, for this reason, that it is well known that these constitute the *sine quâ non* of the whole Romish system, and are, at the same time, the very points in that system which are the most easily assailable, and the least capable of any sort of defence. The general controversy must be waived at present; but we shall be doing good service to any of our readers who may desire satisfaction on the subject, if we can persuade him to read Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity" with a view to this particular question. Let him notice, as he reads, what a silence there is, as in the life-time of Peter himself, so for many years after his death, on this same matter of "succession and supremacy;" how many Bishops of Rome succeeded each other, before any one of them seemed to be bold enough to tell it in the ears of another, or even to whisper it to his own heart; how the whole business grew more out of secular, than spiritual or ecclesiastical, considerations; what sort of struggles, and manœuvres, and helps they were, which fostered its growth, and nursed it to maturity; and what has been the fruit of this once gigantic, but now comparatively stunted and failing, "development" of Latin Christianity. Let him, in like manner, study the history of infallibility, image-worship, or any thing else into which Latin Christianity, as represented by the Papacy, has developed itself. And we are greatly mistaken, or he will find himself spared the trouble of farther inquiry, for any other purpose than that of confirming his assurance, that these things are developments, not of truth, but of falsehood; not of legitimate authority, but of human ambition and pride; not of the true religion, but of an idolatrous superstition; and all for a tenet, which, if it could be proved, would be intrinsically valueless. The history of these things, though revolting, is curious and instructive; and would probably be more so, if dealt with separately, as the Dean has occasionally dealt with other topics. We can promise our friends much entertainment and pleasure by the way. The subjects are trite and familiar; but the Dean has handled them in a style remarkably brilliant and graphic, and often thrown over them such *hues* that the reader will perhaps, in some instances, scarcely recognise, at first, some parts of the field over which he may have trodden before. They *then* wore an aspect too dull and monotonous to be very well remem-

hered, or even to be very attentively read. The danger now may be, lest he should be carried away, as the Dean himself appears to have been sometimes, from the substantial facts to the poetical forms in which they are clothed. He possesses the art of breaking up large tracts of uninviting and dreary dulness, in the shape of history, into minor patches, in which groups of facts, and feathery illustrations, not multiplied so as to weary attention, are arranged in tasteful, and yet apparently unstudied, order. And, at intervals,—O rare indulgence!—the reader will be treated to the luxury of several pages in succession over which he may expatiate, without the misery of stumbling over two or three CAPITAL LETTERS in almost every line.

His notices of the incidental and collateral effects of Latin Christianity are very freely scattered, in fractional instalments, throughout the three volumes. But there are, also, some entire chapters, and often several long paragraphs, devoted to this purpose. These are written with a spirit and vigour, and power of discrimination, which we should have more emphatically mentioned, as being remarkably forceful and striking, were it not that our acquaintance with his other writings has made us familiar with these characteristics of his freer compositions, so that they have ceased to impress us in the same degree. We have only, in passing, to express our regret, that so many excellences should be disfigured by so many *literary* blemishes; that in some parts of his work he should appear to have forgotten what he has written in others; and that his marginal dates should not have had the advantage of a more careful revision.

The necessity which has rested upon him, as upon other writers of ecclesiastical history, of exhibiting the *flaws* and *defects* of what has passed under the name of Christianity, must be laid to the account, partly of those whose defective character and unwarrantable doings created those ineffaceable blots on her escutcheon, and partly of the Church historians who could scarcely see any thing besides, which they deemed worthy to be placed upon record. In their hands, the general picture is nearly all back-ground and shadow, except to those who, by confounding Popery with Christianity, “put darkness for light;” and it is left for others to throw in the lights as best they may. This latter task Dean Milman has, in part, attempted; and so far succeeded, as greatly to relieve the picture, and to encourage the hope that it may be still further improved; so that true Christianity may appear somewhat more in the light, and the Christianity of which Rome is the centre, retain its proper place, in the shade.

The *primary* effects of Christianity, in connexion with human salvation, as we have already noticed, belong to a history whose “record is on high.” But the secondary and collateral effects

of its working on a large scale, fall within the scope of general observation. Of these effects, one of the first noted by Dean Milman is, that if it did not put a period to war, it greatly mitigated its horrors. At the third siege and capture of Rome by the Goths, Alaric, who then professed to be a Christian, in a temper strongly contrasted with what might have been expected from the Heathen Rhadagaisus, if God had abandoned Rome to *his* fury, issued a proclamation which, while it abandoned the guilty and luxurious city to plunder, commanded regard for human life, and especially the most religious respect for the churches of the Apostles. And, in the person of Leo the Great, Christianity, besides conferring other benefits on Rome and the Empire at large, was supposed to have "saved Rome itself from the most terrible of barbarian conquerors, and a second time to have mitigated the horrors of her fall before the King of the Vandals."

At a later period, Christianity having risen to the high position of the established religion of the Roman Empire, its beneficial action upon general jurisprudence was a necessary consequence; although, in the first instance, that action was but slowly and partially admitted. The characteristic rigidity of Roman legislation would not submit to be suddenly broken by principles hitherto foreign: it would yield only to the process of tardy modifications and gradual change. Until the time of Theodosius and Justinian, laws purely Christian were little more than simply accessory and supplementary to the general code. But—

"The complete moral, social, and, in some sense, political revolution through Christianity, could not be without influence, both as creating a necessity for new laws, adapted to the present (new) order of things, or as controlling, through the mind of the legislator, the general temper and spirit of the legislation. A Christian Emperor could not exclude this influence from his mind, either as affecting his moral appreciation of certain obligations and transgressions, or as ascertaining and defining the social position, the rights and duties, of new classes and divisions of his subjects.....Certain offences in the penal code were now looked on with a milder, or more severe, aspect; a more strict morality had attempted to knit more closely some of the relations of life; vices which had been tolerated became crimes against social order.....The imperial legislation could not refuse—it was not inclined to refuse—to take cognizance of the new order of things, and to adapt itself to the necessities of the age."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., pp. 352, 353.

The change was completed under the auspices of Justinian; and that he is a Christian Emperor, appears in the very front of his jurisprudence.

"Before the august temple of the Roman law, there is, as it were, a vestibule, in which the Emperor seats himself, as the religious legis-

lator of the world in its new relation towards God.....That which was accessory in the code of the former Christian Emperors, and in the Theodosian code fills two *supplementary* books, stands in the front, and forms the preface to that of Justinian."—*History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i., p. 355.

On this pleasing representation of the ameliorating influences of early Christianity, there is a mournful drawback, in the contemporaneous fact, that—

"An offence absolutely new, in the extent of the odiousness in which it was held, and the rigour with which it was punished, (namely,) heresy, or dissent from the dominant religion, in all its various forms, was introduced into the criminal jurisdiction, not of the Church only, but of the empire."—*Ibid.*

The effect of Christianity, as might have been expected, was still more striking, in the sudden and more extended legislative reformation, which it accomplished among the comparatively lawless races who peopled the regions of the Rhine and the Higher Danube.

"The Barbaric Codes, which embodied in written statutes the unwritten, immemorial, and traditionary laws and usages of the Teutonic tribes, (the common law of the German forests,) assuming their positive form, after the different races had submitted to Christianity, were more completely interpenetrated, as it were, with Christian influences. The unlettered barbarians willingly accepted the aid of the lettered Clergy, still chiefly of Roman birth, to reduce to writing the institutes of their forefathers. Though these codes, therefore, in their general character and main principles, are essentially Teutonic,—in their broad principles are deduced from the free usages of the old German tribes,—yet throughout they are modified by Christian notions, and admit a singular infusion, not merely of the precepts of the New Testament, but of the positive laws of the old."—*Ibid.*

Slavery alone seemed, in those times as in ours, to be proof, except up to a certain point, against the solvent and humanizing power of Christian principle. In the code of Justinian, the slave was regarded as standing in a condition of *spiritual* equality with his master. And this, doubtless, would have large effect on the temper of the latter, and the condition of the former. He was taken—

"Out of the class of brute beasts, or inanimate things, to be transferred, like cattle or goods, from one master to another, which the owner might damage or destroy with as much impunity as any other property, and placed in that of human beings, equally under the care of Divine Providence, and gifted with the same immortality. But the legislation of the Christian Emperor went no further."—*Ibid.* p. 361.

At a period equally early, "the Anglo-Saxon laws were strongly impregnated with the dominant Christianity; and

were manifestly the laws of Kings, whose counsellors, if not their co-legislators, were Prelates." In the matter of slavery, ecclesiastical Rulers exceeded all others. For not only did they immediately manumit all slaves who came into their possession in connexion with grants of estates from their heathen neighbours, but "the redemption of slaves was one of the objects for which their canons allowed the alienation of their lands. And among the pious acts by which the wealthy penitent might buy off the corporal austerities demanded by the discipline of the Church, was the enfranchisement of their slaves."*

The effect of early Christianity on poetry and general literature is less distinctly appreciable. It dawned upon the world at a time when both the one and the other were hastening to their decline. Poetry in its higher style, both epic and lyric, might appear to have retired in disgust from the ecclesiastical and civil broils of the times, to the mountains, forests, and waters, which were the scenes of its infancy, until circumstances more congenial, and the echoes of new languages formed from the fusion of some of those already existing, should invite its return. As to other kinds of literature, there are very few names, of particular celebrity, connected with Latin Christianity, during the first three centuries of its history. And of these, all except Clement, whose birth-place is uncertain, would appear to have been nurtured in Africa. But that Rome itself should have been slow to produce distinguished writers, and that the continent which was celebrated as the *arida nutrix* of lions and elephants, should also be remarkable as the nursery of celebrated writers, was no new thing.

"Very few of the Roman poets were natives of Rome. Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, were born in provincial towns of Italy. Many, also, of the Roman poets, as they are commonly called, were not even natives of the Italian soil. Africa gave birth to Terence; Lucan, Seneca, and Martial, were from Spain. The same is true also of the most distinguished orators, philosophers, and historians, whose names are generally connected with that of Rome."—*Dr. Wordsworth*, p. 27.

The services rendered by the monks of a later period, on behalf of literature, are rated by Dean Milman at a value which we cannot assign to them. They were, indeed, to a considerable extent during one period, the curators of the literature which already existed,—“the guardians of what was valuable, the books and the arts of the old world.” But, like certain other stewards of whom we read, they kept the treasure of which they were in charge, “laid up in a napkin,” or “hidden in the earth.” (Luke xxv. 10; Matt. xxv. 25.) It was of comparatively small use to themselves; and, for reasons which the whole world is acquainted

* “Latin Christianity,” vol. ii., p. 91.

with, they took special care that it should be kept so far out of general sight and reach, as to be of still less use to others. At the best, their occupation in this matter was a grand monopoly. And in the resuscitation and spread of general knowledge, they took just so much concern as appeared likely to serve their particular purpose. As to the arts, doubtless, Christianity, in its more genuine and authentic character, exerted an encouraging influence upon them, where it was free to do so, and was the nurse of superior genius as well as of lofty devotion. But if the Christianity of which Popery was the type, fostered the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, it was with a design to prostitute their witchery to uses which greatly abated their practical value; and sometimes brought matters to such a pass, as to suggest the idea, that it might have been to the Church a great negative advantage, if some, at least, of these arts had never been born. They might, indeed, almost be said to have been in great part *her* creations. But when she began to offer worship (in whatever sense) to the work of her own hands, and that, too, "in the temple of God," it was high time for some authority to interpose its protest, and for the *spirit* of Iconoclasm to awake to its duty. Not that, in this matter or in any other, Satan should be employed to cast out Satan, as was too frequently the case with some of its more ancient and notorious champions; nor that art should be peremptorily bidden to become a recluse and to assume the veil. That were to aim at a pure impossibility. From the sheer vigour and elasticity of her spirit and nature, she would, of necessity, break bounds and re-assert her rightful and illimitable freedom. Let her by all means be encouraged to pursue her vocation, and to show herself abroad. Wherever true Christianity exists, in connexion with high civilization, it must needs be so. For it is in sympathy with all that is beautiful, or harmonious, or great, as well as with all that is "holy, and just, and good," throughout the universe. But whatever of that which is creaturely interposes itself between God and the soul,—between the Redcemer and the sinner,—is, for the time, an idol and an abomination, which God Himself "is weary to bear." It were infinitely better, surely, that no imitative or imaginative art should exist at all, than that its chief use should be to debase our faith and to sensualize our devotion; even though such deterioration be a corruption only, and not a total destruction. It would hardly be tolerated, that religion should be taken as an element of art; and it is equally intolerable,—and profane, besides,—that art should be employed as an element of religion. In regard to devotional exercises, the two things cannot be commingled, or even brought into juxtaposition, with each other, but at the extreme hazard of the worshipper's confounding the æsthetic and imaginative with the spiritual and religious, and substituting the indulgence of mere

admiration or the gratification of taste, for the adoring worship and divine joy of the heart.

At the close of one of the most brilliant and powerful passages contained in his work, Dean Milman observes:—

“In a lower view, not as a permanent, eternal, immutable, law of Christianity, but as one of the temporary phases through which Christianity, in its self-accommodation to the moral necessities of men, was to pass,—the hierarchical, the Papal power of the Middle Ages, by its conservative fidelity, as guardian of the most valuable relics of antiquity,—of her arts, her laws, her language; by its assertion of the superiority of moral and religious motives over the brute force of man;* by the safe guardianship of the great primitive and fundamental truths of religion, which were ever lurking under the exuberant mythology and ceremonial; above all, by wonderful and stirring examples of the most profound, however ascetic, devotion, of mortification, and self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, partially, at least, for the good of others; by splendid charities, munificent public works, cultivation of letters, the strong trust infused into the mind of man, that there was some being, even on earth, whose special duty it was to defend the defenceless, to succour the succourless, to be the refuge of the widow and orphan, to be the guardian of the poor: all these things, with all the poetry of the Middle Ages, in its various forms of legend, of verse, of building, of music, of art, may justify, or rather command, mankind to look back upon these fallen idols with reverence, with admiration, and with gratitude. The Hierarchy of the Middle Ages counterbalances its vast ambition, rapacity, cruelty, by the most essential benefits to human civilization.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. iii., pp. 201, 202.

The thrilling power of the passages immediately preceding this extract has thrown us somewhat off our guard; but we are still sufficiently self-possessed to interpose a serious protest against several things set forth in this elaborate and sweeping peroration, as not being justified by the facts of the case, and as being contradicted by the more sober judgment in which other writers generally, not being Popish, have agreed. And now,—on what principle it is, that a “power” which kept (and still keeps, so far as it may) in a “*lurking*” condition the truths required to be “preached to every creature,” should have its unfaithful concealment of those truths put down to its account as having been a “safe guardianship” of the same,—that the “lying wonders” and pompous ritual under which those truths lay hidden, should be complimentarily passed off as having been nothing worse than “exuberant mythology and ceremonial,”—

* The following may be accepted as an illustration:—“The Pope had no scruple in waging war by secular arms. Neither Gregory nor his successors, nor did the powerful churchmen in other parts of the world, hesitate to employ, even to wield, the iron arms of Knights and soldiery for spiritual purposes, as they did not spiritual arms for ends strictly secular. They put down ecclesiastical delinquents by force of arms; they anathematized their political enemies. The sword of St. Peter was called in to aid the keys of St. Peter.”—*Latin Christianity*, vol. iii., p. 125.

and that "examples of ascetic devotion" should, "above all," be pressed on our notice, as the crowning enhancement of the claim of that "power" to be regarded as "a benefactor of mankind,"—we confess ourselves altogether at a loss to understand. The only reasonable way that seems open for escape out of the difficulty is, to conclude that, in this instance, as in some others, the Dean has been carried away by the impetuous flood of his own thought and language, and by the kindly generosity of his genial nature, beyond his original purpose. For, even admitting the justice of all that he has said, on behalf of Hildebrand, and of the ecclesiastical monarchy of which his primacy was the culminating point, it is rather too much to expect that "idols," of any description whatever, whether "fallen" or standing, should be gravely regarded as having a right to command, or even to ask, from any one of "mankind," either "reverence," or "admiration," or "gratitude."

In large and deep expanses of water, however, if the surface be agitated, there is stillness beneath; and various processes and movements are continually going on, which yet cannot be seen from above, through the ever-changing refractions of light, occasioned by the agitation of the superincumbent water. Just so it was with early Christianity. What with the storms of frequent persecutions, and the scarcely less disastrous storms of its own controversies, its external aspect might be compared to that of a sea which knew no rest. But in the depths of its being and action it was in comparative quiet, doing its work, and making good progress, by the leaven which it spread through the various courses of human life. To use the metaphor employed by our Lord, the seed of evangelical truth which was sown grew up, men knew not how. Only the harvest appeared in due season; and they who had sown and they who reaped rejoiced together. And, in connexion with this progress, two things were remarkable:—

In the first place, it is clear that this progress did not depend on the minute and exact adjustment of an entire system of dogmatical theology, or even on the concurrence of all theological Doctors in any one form of creed. Else, at a very early period, Christianity must have halted, and then remained at a stand-still for centuries; or, within a much shorter period, have been extinguished altogether. There are some reasons for believing that heresies (justly so called) were fewer in number, and sometimes less flagrant, than ecclesiastical writers have reported them to be. But whether that were the case or not, the converts of the places where the "word of God grew and prevailed," were not always, except in points which were generally agreed to be essential, delivered into the same mould of doctrine. There are some doctrines without which a creed is nothing worth. And, on the other hand, there may be creeds

which, with respect to personal salvation, insist upon more than is absolutely necessary. Secondly, it is also sufficiently clear, that the progress of Christianity was not dependent on any stereotyped form of ecclesiastical arrangement and discipline. The truth of this position rests on the *fact*, that Christianity *has made progress* in connexion with *various* forms of Church discipline, and *cannot* therefore be dependent for such progress on any *single* one. It may be added, that the instances are numerous, in which persons of piety and zeal, though not always holding an ecclesiastical commission, were by the power of their persuasion, and the still mightier influence of Christian example, the first heralds of the truth to many among whom that truth had not been previously published.

What reserves of woe, or of blessing, are in store for Latin, or for Greek, Christianity, are questions hardly of deeper interest to them, than they are also to the world at large. The doom of the former, so far as the term "Latin" may, in this case, be regarded as synonymous with "Romish," is scarcely a subject for *inquiry*, because the "sure word of prophecy" has already determined, with a clearness sufficient for all practical purposes, the things which shall come upon her. And for Greek Christianity, resembling so nearly, as she does, her Western rival, the prospect is far from cheering, though not altogether without hope. She is more favourable to the dissemination of the Scriptures,—rejects as an impiety the Romish purgatory,—and in the Sacrament administers the elements in both kinds; but she is a worshipper of the Virgin Mary, as the "Mother of God,"—believes in the mediation of departed souls, and in Transubstantiation and the Real Presence,—and offers homage to *pictures*, as Rome does to *statues*. And thus partaking so largely of her sins, it does not appear how, without a repentance, of which at present there is slender hope, she can avoid "receiving of her plagues."

- ART. VII.—1. *A Third Gallery of Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh, 1854.
 2. *The Bards of the Bible.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1852.

THE spirit which presides over composition of the purest sort, is known by the name of *taste*; the choice and order of language in which it finds expression, is denominated *style*. Is the former ever a superfluous gift? Is the latter a merely superficial quality? These inquiries we propose to answer, first by a direct, and then by a more explicit, negative.

There is the closest possible relation and interaction between the form and substance of literary works; and the lightest graces of a given production will be found rather characteristic than independent of its essential merits. In style we have, therefore, an indication as well as an instrument of truth. It is a test of the competence, fidelity, and triumph of an author,—at least, within certain obvious limits,—as well as a guarantee of his legitimate influence in the world of mind. Even the slightest product of literary taste, however frail and indefinable its graces may appear, is not to be too lightly rated; for if these graces should be closely analysed and observed, it would be found that *the apposite and the truthful* are their prevailing elements, and the source alike of their beauty, character, and moral worth.

It may surprise some readers to speak of the moral worth of mere works of taste; it will surprise them yet more to assert the immoral tendency of productions grossly deficient in this quality. It seems, indeed, to be very generally unsuspected, that weak, presumptuous, and foolish writings, and such as are loaded with spurious ornament, or filled with false conclusions, are actually demoralizing in their effects upon society; that they gradually, but surely, deprave the moral sense, as well as darken the understanding; that too frequently they are the source of error and confusion, in regard to some of the authoritative doctrines and duties of our sphere. Yet, as a fact, the alliance of false taste and unfixed principles is very notable in the popular literature of our day. Especially is this to be observed in the tendency to indulge in factitious sentiment, or in bold, unwarranted, and profane analogies,—in the disposition to remove ancient landmarks, and to confound important distinctions. In these respects the cause of virtue and religion is often seriously betrayed by its professed servants. While infidelity—at least in some quarters—is smitten with a fatal love of truth, with a spirit of candour, diligence, and strict inquiry; and is thus induced to bring its monstrous features to the light, and scare thereby both wise and simple

from its embrace; irreligion, on the other hand, is fostered and encouraged by loose statements and florid pictures proceeding from the hands of nominally Christian men. It is well that we should understand the real danger of our literature; that, namely, wherein its worst character begins, and which is most swift, though most insidious, in its advances. There is little to be dreaded from the pursuits of scientific men, soberly and fairly conducted, nor from their conclusions, duly weighed and openly stated, even when these men may be suspected of no love for truth beyond its material manifestations. But much evil is to be apprehended, and, indeed, is daily witnessed, from loose and passionate appeals to the imagination and affections; from a style which never deviates from the false heroic pitch, leaping from one pit of bathos to another; from a criticism which runs riot among follies it was invented to restrain, which knows neither discrimination nor temper, which deals out hasty and wholesale measures of admiration and disgust, which confounds human genius with divine inspiration, and brackets the all-unequal names of holy Prophets and profane and faithless poets.

The evils we assert and deplore may commonly be traced (as will presently be shown) to glaring incapacity and presumption in the class of writers we refer to; but they are seriously aggravated by want of common faithfulness and care in the discharge of serious duties. The lack of diligent fidelity is productive of great mischief in any calling in which man may engage. Even a single fault is never isolated in its character, but is propagated in a thousand sad results. The neglect of any duty, the most private and personal,—the committal of a wrong in any sphere, the most limited and temporary,—is fraught with evils which reach far beyond both our estimation and control; and only that the providence and grace of God are continually counteracting this fatal proneness of evil to extend and multiply itself, we should see such effects springing up from our daily acts of thoughtlessness, frivolity, and pride, as we now associate only with crimes of the blackest hue. But evil is not less manifestly evil because of this benignant law. Its effects still extend themselves to the third and fourth generation. The spoken lie, the momentary sneer, are neither slight nor transient in their influence; they re-appear and are re-echoed upon the lips of children's children. But in written books falsehood has a charter and dominion still more hostile to the interests and authority of truth. And literary falsehood is pernicious, not in proportion to its magnitude or malice, but to its unsuspected character, to its alliance with the semblance of some, and the reality of other, virtues, to its appeal to the vain imaginations and idle prejudices of the reader. Beginning in the thoughtless misuse of words,

it may end in the confusion of all moral truth. The steps of this declension may be distinctly traced. Extravagant assertion always involves some departure from strict rectitude, as well as from the rules of taste. Unwarrantable praise or censure is misleading from a similar excess. Even the misemployment of a word may seriously affect the judgment of a reader in reference to some important principle; may confound distinctions necessary to be duly kept in view, or insensibly create a prejudice the most lasting and unjust. It will, therefore, commonly happen, that the loss of time incurred, and the vacuity or dissipation of mind induced, will be among the lightest evils of inferior literature; false opinions and fatal preferences are heedlessly engendered; the habit of intellectual and moral discipline is lost in the craving after pernicious stimulus; and an unconquerable distaste for chaste and thoughtful composition cuts off the very hope of future elevation or improvement. And hence we may learn the value, above all natural gifts and all external acquirements, of that careful, diligent, and conscientious spirit of authorship which loves truth for its own sake,—truth in substance, in tone, in detail, in the lightest word,—and sees no merit in the most ingenious and attractive paradox.

The theme opened up to us by these reflections is of no small extent; but, in the few pages allotted to this article, we can deal with it only in one department. We shall proceed to speak, then, of the most prevalent and injurious of these existing evils. Some nuisances there are which cry out for immediate abatement, and this is one of them. We hold that both the manifest deterioration of the public taste, and the threatening confusion of moral truth, are mainly due to the example and encouragement of our popular critics and fine writers; and of these the most notorious offender is Mr. George Gilfillan.

Many reasons concur to fix our choice upon the writings of this gentleman, and to justify the free handling we propose to give them. The popularity of their author we naturally infer, both from the frequency with which his name is quoted in the provincial newspapers, and the fact that one of his works has been encouraged into a third series, and another into a third edition. This popularity among a large class of readers involves no small amount of influence, and no light measure of responsibility. But Mr. Gilfillan has a further claim upon our attention. In the pages of no other living writer, at least of equal reputation, could we find so many prime examples of so many literary faults. He represents very fairly and fully one considerable section of the press, with its coarse attractions and many blemishes and imperfections; and we are not surprised to learn from himself, that he contributes largely to four or five of the popular serials of the day. He will, no doubt, be flattered to learn that traces

of his "dashing" hand are very visible on their pages ; for there he leaves his mark in unmistakable characters.

We do not scruple at the utmost freedom in dealing with the public character of Mr. Gilfillan. His own practice would release us from any great restraint of delicacy, and, indeed, would justify us in a degree of licence which we decline to use. To the judgment of a strict and candid criticism, he is particularly open. He cannot plead youth in bar of just severity, since we learn from his own pages that it is full twenty years since he attained the age of manhood. He cannot plead inexperience, since he is a voluminous and incessant writer ; and the first volume named at the head of this article, is a third series of literary verdicts deliberately collected and re-issued to the world. He cannot plead modesty of pretension, or a desire to shun the observation of the public ; for the same volume exhibits him in the character of a judge, claiming a wide and comprehensive jurisdiction,—a critic of men and affairs as well as of books and authors,—a critic of critics, challenging the judgments of such men as Macaulay and Hallam, and approving or condemning, by his own standard, the weights and measures long current in the world of criticism.

Considering our own position, we are not likely to set up too high a standard of critical excellence, or to demand perfection from Mr. Gilfillan in the exercise of the functions he has assumed. We have no idea, for instance, that the talents of a critic must needs emulate the genius of his author ; and, indeed, this is one of the very grounds of our complaint against Mr. Gilfillan. Under an exaggerated notion of the sympathy existing between a genial critic and a great orator or poet, he absolutely seems to run a race with them, and to dispute their prize. This is not a mere occasional sally of our critic ; it is very deliberately defended, as well as uniformly practised, by him. He actually says, in so many words, "Every criticism on a true poem should be itself a poem." We shall presently see what strange follies he is betrayed into by these sudden and unchecked impulses of admiration.

We may ask, in passing, what is the value of this "genial criticism?" Surely, as criticism, it is of the least possible significance or value. There are cases, it is readily granted, in which the absence of a certain sympathy with the loftiest mood and the most delicate fancies of genius, is a disqualification for the critical office, at least in so far as these cases are concerned. But every critic is not called, nor is any frequently, to give a public estimate of these high and peculiar monuments of greatness ; and even when this qualification is plainly desiderated, the judgment pronounced will not greatly err, if formed according to recognised and important principles. An example may serve to make our meaning clear. Dr. Johnson furnishes, in his own

character, a striking instance of defective sympathy; but his writings are no less striking specimens of masterly criticism. He had no very delicate perception of the refined and beautiful,—no ear for the most delicious snatches of poetic music. His limited taste permitted him only partially to appreciate the airy fancies of a Collins, or the superb imagination of a Gray. The elements of Milton's minor poetry were too subtle, and their combination too exquisite, to sensibly affect his grosser organization, or find an index of sufficient delicacy in that colossal mind. Yet even to these he did no positive injustice; of some of them he has said finer things than their most passionate admirers. In all the other countless subjects submitted to his discriminating power, he stands confessedly the first of critics. And why so? Simply because the most necessary and valuable qualities of the critic were possessed by him in plenitude and perfection. For these qualities, be it remembered, are not rightly concerned with the rarest individual beauties of authorship. When an orator or poet "snatches a grace beyond the reach of art," the critic may duly point it out, and, if need be, defend this occasional exercise of the prerogative of genius; but to the *art* his duty is for the most part properly restricted, and under its generous laws he is to see the products of the individual mind most happily subdued.

The character and sphere of true criticism will be better understood, if we remember that it is deductive in its origin, and disciplinary in its application. It is *deductive* in its origin. The highest critics the world has yet seen—from Aristotle down to Addison or Johnson—have all deduced the rules of composition, and framed its several standards, rather from the examples of the poets than from necessary and abstract laws. What the grammarian does for ordinary language, that the critic performs in respect to the more exalted language of the muse. Aristotle himself is the servant rather than the Procrustean tyrant of the sons of genius; for these are a fountain of law unto themselves; and it was the humbler duty of the Stagyrte to translate the art of Homer into axioms and rules of science, and to publish them as the authorized grammar of poetry thenceforth. And if any demur to this restriction, and complain that the chartered rights of genius are so confined or forfeited, we beg them to consider that the grammar of poetry is not only taken from the masters of song themselves, and is therefore substantially and perpetually correct, but that, like other grammars, it is capable of large additions and improvements from time to time; that, as fresh examples of the language of the muse are suggested and given off by the deeper and wider experience of humanity, the vocabulary and theory of the critic also will expand, and find new illustrations to widen and confirm its ancient laws. So we find it in the history of literature: criticism has followed in

the wake of the advancing arts, if at a becoming distance, yet with equal steps. The great principles of criticism, like those of universal grammar, are the same in every tongue, and are applicable through all time to works in poetry, eloquence, history, or the fine arts; and if it required the genius of an Aristotle to formulate these principles in the beginning, it is competent to a Wilson or a Dallas to carry them further towards perfection, and give to his *theoria* nobler degrees of beauty, majesty, and strength.

But for all practical purposes, criticism must be considered as one of the applied arts; and, in this character, its action is strictly *disciplinary*. To conserve the purity of language, and maintain the dignity of letters; to restrain the excesses of youthful genius, and to point out the models of truest excellence; to supply the defects and counteract the biases of partial education; to encourage noble effort; to reprove unworthy affectation; to warn against the indulgence of a luxuriant fancy, and to cherish the exercise of sober thought as the basis of every genuine performance,—these are, in brief, the duties to be conscientiously fulfilled. For their adequate discharge is demanded, no doubt, some natural advantage,—something akin to that excellence which the critic is to promote and keep ever before him; for how shall he venture publicly to approve and crown what he does not consciously or well appreciate? But the qualities most essential are good judgment and cultivated taste,—a power of discrimination which resides in a strong native understanding, when developed by careful exercise, and furnished with considerable knowledge. We would not overstate the accomplishments necessary for the due performance of literary censorship in this age of vast literary productiveness. Happily they are not many, nor, for the most part, such as may not, with diligence, be almost indefinitely improved. They are nearly all included in a loving intimacy with the elder masters of composition, combined with a readiness to greet the ancient law in its newest manifestation, and to recognise both variety and degrees of excellence in the kingdom of mind. Perhaps only the self-assertion of ignorance and intolerance are absolute disqualifications. Our professional critics form now a large and influential body; but they have no legislative function. They are simply an organized police, bound to maintain order and decorum in the republic of letters; or, at the most, they are its magistrates, set “for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well.” It is not necessary for them to discuss the merits of the laws which they administer; it is still more unseemly to promulge and act upon *impromptu* canons of their own.

The lesson we would draw from these considerations shall be very simply stated. While the positive merits of a critic may be of almost any quality and degree, there are certain

negative ones which are indispensable. It is the least we can expect from a literary censor, that he should not himself infringe the literary proprieties. If he do not sensibly elevate, he must not actually corrupt, the public taste. Any wanton experiments upon language, any unseemly affectation or display, any indulgence of tawdry rhetoric or foolish extravagance of tone, is not only a dereliction of private duty, but a betrayal of the public interest. Above all, or next only to that honesty of intention which we will assume to influence, in some measure, the most thoughtless and incapable, it is necessary that no infirmity of temper should interfere with the deliberate mood of justice, or substitute the language of coarse personal invective for that of critical displeasure.

Now all these blemishes are very prominent in the pages of Mr. Gilfillan. In effect, if not in intention, he is a corrupter and misleader of youth. He is not free from faults of language which would disgrace the themes of a third-class boy. His style is always loose, and very often turgid; epithets the least appropriate are chosen only for their supposed effectiveness, and yoked together without parity or propriety of any kind. His rashness hurries him into assertions of the wildest nature, and his freedom borders closely upon profanity. And, as if these were so many virtues which make our author impatient of inferior merit, and give to him an unusual licence in the language of reproach, he scolds in good set terms, and in a style which lacks only discrimination and decency to make it positively severe.

The characteristic last mentioned shall be first exemplified. Mr. Neale, a Clergyman of the Church of England, with strong Anglican prejudices, undertakes to alter and adapt the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" for the use of children in the English Church. The design was foolish in the extreme, but not dishonest. Neither the fame nor the influence of Bunyan is at this time of day at the mercy of either Jesuit or Tractarian. His book is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of a true evangelist, that it defies perversion. The editor of some particular reprint may mar its literary beauties, and even injure its scriptural simplicity; but the "improver" must be answerable for this distortion, and enough of the original will doubtless remain to outweigh and counteract its faults. We dare not say the attempt was really dishonest, because conscientious men have frequently felt justified in exercising a similar liberty, though, as we think, generally with much higher wisdom and far truer taste. In noticing this book, Mr. Gilfillan loses all discretion, when perhaps he required it most. A judicious estimate of the folly involved in the design, and committed in the execution, of this book, with a firm and appropriate reproof administered to the presumptuous editor, would have been a very seasonable

service to the reading world, and not unlikely to deter other zealots from a like offence. But there is no element of persuasion in the style which Mr. Gilfillan has adopted. We have as little taste for Mr. Neale's improvement of Bunyan as Mr. Gilfillan himself; but why should our critic substitute personal abuse for definite exposure? There is, surely, no more wit than charity in his exclamation: "O, J. M. Neale! thou miserable ninny, and bigot of the first magnitude!" Such a pitiful want of temper was never aggravated by such a plentiful lack of taste. Even the haste and warmth of composition can never justify the use of such unworthy language; but what must we think of the judgment which deliberately transfers it from the loud oblivion of a popular Scottish serial to the region of serene and settled literature? If Mr. Gilfillan could have *shown* his author to be a ninny and a bigot, he might have kept clean lips, and spared to insult the criminal whom it was his duty only to convict.

This is not an occasional fault of Mr. Gilfillan. None of his faults, indeed, are so. They are repeated with tiresome iteration; and there is as little variety in his actual blemishes as in his intended beauties. So thickly do these abusive epithets occur in Mr. Gilfillan's pages, that we grow accustomed, if not reconciled, to them. But sometimes a background of charming delicacy brings out this favourite figure into strong relief. On the very page, for instance, where he rebukes a northern journalist for calling the late Mr. Hazlitt "an ass," he pronounces a certain living critic, whom he points out by no uncertain name, to be an "ape of the first magnitude!"

When Mr. Gilfillan's page is unusually free from these rhetorical displays, we are admitted to a glimpse of his ordinary style, forming the background of these striking pictures. This level composition, as it comparatively is, may be fairly described as frivolous in substance, and very loose and feeble in expression. What makes this wretched manufacture more contemptible, is the contrasted dignity of his pretended theme. We have, for example, a series of papers under the title of "A Constellation of Sacred Authors." It is rather, however, as sacred *orators* that Mr. Gilfillan treats Chalmers, and Hall, and Irving, although, by selecting this method, he is able to furnish only second-hand descriptions. It is questionable, we have always thought, how far the characteristic and comparative merits of great pulpit celebrities, even when they have departed from us, may be canvassed with advantage and propriety. But it is certain that Mr. Gilfillan's treatment of these subjects is open to the strongest objections. His lightest fault is trivial gossiping, which can have no rational bearing on the theme proposed. A sober estimate of the ministerial gifts of the orator, and of the peculiar manner of their development and exercise, is

the most removed from the range of our critic's power ; but it is also that which he is least desirous to supply. The paper on "Robert Hall" may be instanced as in striking contrast with the dignity and power of that great man's genius ; it is weak and unworthy to the last degree. Of the truth of this censure we will enable the reader to judge for himself. After assuring us that the essay is meant as a "calm and comprehensive view" of Mr. Hall's "real characteristics, both in point of merit, of fault, and of simple deficiency," our critic proceeds in the manner following :—

"We labour, like all critics who have never seen their author, under considerable disadvantages. 'Knowledge is power.' Still more, craving Lord Bacon's pardon, vision is power. Cæsar said a similar thing when he wrote, '*Vidi, vici.*' To see is to conquer, if you happen to have the faculty of clear, full, conclusive sight. In other cases, the sight of a man whom you misappreciate, and, though you have eyes, cannot see, is a curse to your conception of his character. You look at him through a mist of prejudice which discolours his visage, and even, when it exaggerates, distorts his stature. Far otherwise with the prepared, yet unprepossessed, look of intelligent love."

Very curious is the jumble of ideas in this short passage. No man accustomed to accuracy of thought or language could have so hopelessly confounded ordinary sight with mental appreciation. And then, what an improvement of Lord Bacon's apophthegm ! what an interpretation of Cæsar's famous boast ! That Mr. Gilfillan should pronounce the "look of intelligent love" to be "prepared," yet at the same time "unprepossessed," is an attempt at exquisite refinement which we cannot recommend him to repeat : his *forte* is quite in the opposite direction. After a full page of this material, in which our critic's entanglement is every moment frightfully increased, a sudden effort brings him to his immediate theme ; and the character of Robert Hall is set forth in this edifying manner :—

"We have met with some of those who have seen and heard him talk and preach, and their accounts have coincided in this,—that he was more powerful in the parlour than in the pulpit. He was more at ease in the former. He had his pipe in his mouth, his tea-pot beside him, eager ears listening to catch his every whisper, bright eyes raining influence on him ; and under these various excitements he was sure to shine. His spirits rose, his wit flashed, his keen and pointed sentences thickened, and his audience began to imagine him a Baptist Burke or a Johnson Redivivus, and to wish that Boswell were to undergo a resurrection too. In these evening parties he appeared, we suspect, to greater advantage than in the mornings, when Ministers from all quarters called to see the lion of Leicester, and tried to tempt him to roar by such questions as, 'Whether do you think, Mr. Hall, Cicero or Demosthenes the greater orator ?' 'Was Burke the author of Junius ?' 'Whether is Bentham or Wilber-

force the leading spirit of the age?' &c., &c. How Hall kept his gravity or his temper under such a fire of queries, not to speak of the smoke of the half-putrid incense amid which it came forth, we cannot tell. He was, however, although a vehement and irritable, a very polite man; and, like Dr. Johnson, he 'loved to fold his legs, and have his talk out.' Many of his visitors, too, were really distinguished men, and were sure, when they returned home, to circulate his repartees, and spread abroad his fame. Hence, even in the forenoons, he sometimes said brilliant things, many of which have been diligently collected by the late excellent Dr. Balmer and others, and are to be found in his *Memoirs*."

We have no space for further extract of this sort; but we can assure the reader that there is nothing better than this foolish and unprofitable gossip in Mr. Gilfillan's "clear and comprehensive view" of Robert Hall. Equally void of useful knowledge and just discrimination are the essays on Dr. Chalmers and Edward Irving. They only derive the most transient interest from the misappropriation of these great names, which run the greatest risk of disenchantment from such popular degradation and abuse. Let the reader judge—we alter our resolution to enable him to do so—of the qualifications of a critic who could write, and print, and publish, and re-publish an estimate of ministerial character commencing in this style:—

"It is now ten years since we, attracted by the tidings that a live Leeds lion had reached a norland town, hurried away (breaking an engagement on the road) to hear Dr. Hamilton preach. It was a Sabbath evening. We had previously read and re-read his first volume of sermons, (besides having had the pleasure of often hearing him quoted, *without* acknowledgment, by aspiring sprigs in divinity, in academies, pulpits, &c.,) and had heard a great deal that was curious and contradictory about his character and habits. There appeared before a tolerably large audience a man rather above than under the middle size in stature, dressed very carefully in clerical costume, with a brow not at all remarkable for either height, breadth, or expression; with eyes completely sunk in spectacles; with a cheek, like a baker's, *pale with fat*; and with a huge round Sir-John-Falstaff corporation,—so much so, that, like the immortal Will Waddle,—

'He look'd like a tun,
Or two single gentlemen roll'd into one.'

Nothing but a strong sense of duty to society could possibly induce us to transfer this degrading language to our columns; and if it excite an involuntary feeling of disgust, it is all that we can either expect or desire.

We cannot pretend to challenge all the questionable verdicts of this book, nor to point out a tithe of its literary faults; and having little hope of Mr. Gilfillan's improvement, we shall glance at some of his more prominent peculiarities rather with a view to the reader's profit than his own. If we should not be able to

preserve throughout a tone of serious remonstrance, the fault will not be ours; and, in the end, we will endeavour to make some amends by eliciting the moral of the whole.

Let us instance, in the first place, our author's style of panegyric. Marked though it is by considerable novelty and boldness, we cannot bring ourselves to relish it. Always profuse, it is often strangely misapplied, and much too frequently profane. Other critics think it needful to give praise in detail, measure, and proportion; but Mr. Gilfillan finds it more convenient to throw it by the lump, and often it falls upon the wrong person, and always it alights with damaging effect. Modest, reputable men, who naturally shrink from being forced into comparison with famous, lofty, and even sacred worthies, may well fear to attract the admiration of our author. Mr. Isaac Taylor is here pronounced "a Christian Colossus;" Edward Irving, a "Titan among Titans, a Boanerges among the Sons of Thunder." When the latter preaches in the Caledonian chapel, "it is Isaiah or Ezekiel over again, uttering their stern yet musical and poetic burdens." The imagery and language of the former is nothing less than "barbaric pearl and gold." "Bulwer has made out his claim to be the Milton of novelists." Disraeli "bears a striking resemblance to Bonaparte." The poem of "Balder" is "a wilderness of thought,—a sea of towering imagery and passion." There is much more of the same discriminating kind, as we shall presently discover. In the meantime we are spared the trouble of characterizing this style of panegyric by our author himself, who, in two or three sentences of this volume, generously gives us the key to all the rest. Thus we read, (on page 237,) "False or ignorant panegyric is easily detected. *It is clumsy, careless, and fulsome; it often praises writers for qualities they possess not, or it singles out their faults for beauties, or, by overdoing, overleaps itself, and falls on the other side.*" This is said by our author without a remorseful twinge,—with all the oblivious calmness of a lucid interval.

But Mr. Gilfillan tells us, "he is nothing if not critical." Unfortunately he cannot qualify his wholesale adulation without stultifying himself. In one little sentence he will snatch back all the laboured and pompous praise he has bestowed, and slap the receiver's face into the bargain. Thus, after having encouraged one of our young poets with outrageous eulogy, he quietly lodges this little stone in the other pocket: "Many of his passages would be greatly improved by leaving out every third line." If this censure be honest, what must be the value of the praise that went before? The fact, of course, is, that the poet did not merit either one or the other; and we hope he may be able to despise them both.

Of epithet and expletive there is no lack in Mr. Gilfillan's

page. Indeed, it is here more plentiful than choice, and more prominent by far than pleasing. It would be very idle, however, to regret the absence of that measured nice propriety of phrase—the warp of language fixing the woof of thought—which is the inwoven and enduring charm of every literary fabric. It is far more natural, under the circumstances, to wish that our critic's single epithets were a trifle more appropriate, and that their combinations did not utterly defy appreciation. We can only afford to give a solitary specimen of this peculiarity: it must therefore be one of the compound kind, and useful as a Chinese puzzle on a winter's evening. Who, then, but Mr. Gilfillan could have found terms to praise “the *glowingly acute, gorgeously clear, and dazzlingly deep* criticisms of poor Hazlitt?” The reader who derives from this description any definite idea of Mr. Hazlitt's literary character, is worth knowing; and we should be proud to make his acquaintance.

The language of illustration and metaphor forms a still larger element in our author's composition. Perhaps his particular admirers—and possibly the hero himself, in an unguarded moment of self-dalliance—would say his strength resides in these abundant flowers of speech, as Samson's in his profuse and curling locks. We do him then peculiar justice in pointing attention to a number of these tropes.

So incongruous are our author's figures—so frequently and unaccountably changed in the course of a single sentence—that when a really just reflection escapes him, it is either distorted or destroyed by the very language intended to give it force. The following is a striking instance of this fault:—

“For too often we believe that high genius is a mystery and a terror to itself; that it communicates with the demoniac mines of sulphur as well as the divine sources; and that only God's grace can determine to which of these it is to be permanently connected; and that *only the stern alembic of death can settle the question, to which it has on the whole turned, whether it has really been the radiant angel or the disguised fiend.*”

We are puzzled to conceive how an author so practised as Mr. Gilfillan could have deliberately written the last clause of this sentence; and are compelled to conclude that practice alone does not certainly make perfect. The “stern alembic” is positively a new idea. Yet it is not difficult to match the foregoing extract by referring to the same source:—

“If Mr. Massey comes (as we trust he shall) to a true belief, it will corroborate him for every trial and every sad internal and external experience; and *he will stand like an Atlas above the ruins of a world, —calm, firm, pensive, but pressing forwards and looking on high.*”

The allusion to Atlas is here peculiarly unfortunate, as that mythological personage is supposed to have stood *below* a world which was *not* in ruins, and in an attitude quite inconsistent

with "looking on high;" and even were it otherwise, the position of "standing, calm and firm," somewhat militates against the notion of his "pressing forwards." A simile is commonly employed to assist our realization of some thought; but it is no wonder that the very opposite effect attends one so ill chosen as the above. Indeed, we must absolutely forget it, before we can appreciate the literal meaning of our author. The reflection is good; but the figure is a nuisance and a blot. The same remark applies to the following:—

"Byron was miserable because he felt himself an orphan, a *sunbeam cut off from HIS source*, without hope and without God in the world."

Any one but Mr. Gilfillan would infallibly have put his pen through the middle clause of this hasty and ill-considered sentence: though still trite, it would have been at least tolerable. But it never occurs to our author, that a miserable sunbeam, destitute of hope and of God, is a very absurd and incongruous idea; and he gathers it accordingly into his book of many beauties.

Our readers will probably be gratified to hear Mr. Gilfillan's "judgment" on Milton and Shakspeare. The oracular volume from which we have already learnt so much, is not silent here. Of Milton, indeed, we have no formal or deliberate estimate; but his genius, character, and works, are made to do various duty in isolated sentences throughout the book, furnishing easy ready-made comparisons of intellectual and moral greatness. In these allusive passages all the distinctive features of the poet's character are very innocently forgotten, and prophecies delivered by divine inspiration are coupled with poems suggested only by human fancy. Thus, in the paper on Æschylus, we read of "yet loftier regions, such as Job, Isaiah, and the Paradise Lost." Between this latter work and the Prometheus, we have an elaborate parallel, of which, however, it will probably suffice to quote the following sentences:—

"It was comparatively easy for Æschylus to enlist our sympathies for Prometheus, if once he were represented good and injured. But first to represent Satan as guilty; again to wring a confession of this from his own lips; and yet, thirdly, to teach us to admire, respect, pity, and almost love him all the while, was a problem which only a Milton was able either to state or to solve."

If this was Milton's problem,—to make us respect and almost love the Prince of Darkness,—he has, in our opinion, very happily failed: were it otherwise, our respect for the author would be inversely proportioned to that which his hero was permitted to inspire. But Mr. Gilfillan has fallen into a curious mistake. He has evidently in this, and apparently in some other points, confounded the Satan of Milton's poem with the Satan of Mr. Robert Montgomery,—two characters that are essentially different. The Satan of Mr. Montgomery exhibits such candour,

penitence, and scorn of evil habits, that it is impossible *not* to "respect and almost love him."

From the closing article of this interesting volume, we select a passage on "the poet of all time." It may fitly pair off with that just quoted on his great successor.

"Shakspeare's wit and humour are bound together in general by the amiable band of good-nature. What a contrast to Swift! He loathes; Shakspeare, at the worst, hates. His is the slaving and ferocious ire of a maniac; Shakspeare's, that of a man. Swift broods, like their shadow, over the festering sores and the moral ulcers of mankind; Shakspeare touches them with a ray of poetry, which beautifies if it cannot heal. 'Gulliver' is the day-book of a fiend; 'Timon' is the magnificent outbreak of an injured angel. His wit, how fertile, quick, forgetive! Congreve and Sheridan are poor and forced in the comparison. How long they used to sit hatching some clever conceit! and what a cackling they made when it had chipped the shell! Shakspeare threw forth a Mercutio or a Falstaff at once, each embodying in himself a world of laughter, and there an end. His humour, how broad, rich, subtle, powerful, and full of genius and geniality it is! Why, Bardolph's red nose eclipses all the dramatic characters that have succeeded. Ancient Pistol himself *shoots* down the whole of the Farquhars, Wycherleys, Sheridans, Goldsmiths, and Colmans put together. Dogberry is the prince of donkeys, past, present, and to come. When shall we ever have such another tinker as Christopher Sly? Sir Andrew Aguecheek! the very name makes you quake with laughter. And, like a vast sirloin of English roast beef, rich and dripping, lies along the mighty Falstaff, with humour oozing out of every corner and cranny of his vast corporation."

If the reader thinks that one perusal will suffice for the full appreciation of this passage, we assure him he is much mistaken. The effect of a single reading is only to confound; but a repetition will infallibly add wonder to his confusion, till, lost in successive objects of amazement, confusion once more takes the place of wonder. Collecting our scattered senses, we may now attempt to point out some of the curiosities of this paragraph of errors. Not one sentence of the whole is left undistinguished either by obscurity, absurdity, or falsehood. Relatives are hopelessly divided from their antecedents; words chosen for their force, and mutually confronted, are made to exchange meanings, and so become ridiculous by emphasis; while figures the most incongruous are recklessly mixed up with facts the most literal. We are not surprised to read of "the slaving and ferocious ire of a maniac;" but quite new to us is "that of a man." We had supposed that loathing was sometimes pardonable, and hatred never; but it seems that while Swift loathes, Shakspeare "*only* hates." The instinctive sensibility of virtue is given to the gloomy Irish Dean; the radical and unamiable vice is charged upon our "winsome Willie,"—on "sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child." In his choice of similes our critic

is equally felicitous. Swift broods over an ulcer like its shadow ! but Shakspeare beautifies it by a ray of poetry ! We do not expect—and hardly wish—to see the match for *that* comparison. Its effect is to make us incontinently shut our eyes and hold our breath. The remaining curiosities of this passage rather puzzle than surprise us. Why is Gulliver a “book,” and Timon only an “outbreak ?” Then, immediately following, whose “wit” is so “forgetive ?” And, not to be too troublesome, what *is* “forgetive wit ?” Perhaps it is that sort which makes Ancient Pistol “shoot down” the whole of the Farquhars, Wycherleys, &c. But the verdict about honest Dogberry is probably that which the reader of this precious judgment will most confidently dispute.

A critic like our author is naturally severe upon his imbecile contemporaries. When Mr. Hallam discourses about poetry, Mr. Gilfillan is “reminded of a blind man discoursing on the rainbow ;” and complacently remarks, “The power of criticizing is as completely denied him as is a sixth sense ; and worse, he is not conscious of the want.” In another precious morsel, we learn that “Hallam is seldom unduly minute, never unfair, and rarely one-sided : his want is simply that of the warm insight which ‘loosens the bands of the Orions’ of poetry, and gives a swift solution to all its splendid problems.” We have nothing to remark upon the first clause of this sentence, except that it is unusually intelligible ; nor any thing to object to in the second, except that it is preternaturally dark. Wanting this “warm insight,” the “swift solution” of our author remains for us “a splendid problem.”

The misfortune of Mr. Hallam is, that he does not belong to the “impulsive” school of criticism ; our author, therefore, writes him down “mechanical.” His paper on Ariosto is pronounced “cold and creeping ;” and here we may remark, that Mr. Gilfillan evidently employs these words as synonymous and interchangeable. If you are clear, you are so cold ! if temperate, you must needs be very tame. The truth is, Mr. Gilfillan has acquired a morbid love for the errors of genius ; and this passion hurries him so far, that not only does he defend and justify the grossest blemishes he can discover, but very consistently carries his principles into practice, and makes a merit of imitating the “glorious faults” of our great writers ; and this is his own title to be counted great.

We should be very sorry to vindicate the literary character of Henry Hallam from the censures of George Gilfillan. It is not yet come to that. In one short sentence,—“He has far too much tact and knowledge to commit any gross blunders,”—our critic himself says more for his author than we could venture to say for our critic. The reader will probably take our word for it, that Mr. Hallam’s paper on the “Paradise Lost” contains

no such *morceau* as that with which we have presented him from Mr. Gilfillan's page. The respective taste of these reviewers may, however, be very briefly illustrated by a single reference, in which they are brought to bear upon the same point. The author of the "Paradise Lost" is an especial favourite with Mr. Gilfillan. When, therefore, Mr. Gilfillan interferes to correct the judgment of the literary historian on his favourite author, we naturally look for critical perfection,—a specimen of some literary counterpart to *Coke upon Littleton*. Let us see without delay. "Milton," says Mr. Hallam, "is more α musical, than a picturesque, poet. He describes visible things, but he feels music." Mr. Gilfillan is instantly up in arms. "What does this mean? or, at least, where is its force? Had he said, 'He *is*, or *becomes*, music,' it had been a novel and a beautiful thought." "Novel" indeed! but nothing so foolish-false was ever "beautiful" since God divided the light from the darkness.

If Mr. Hallam is held thus lightly in our author's judgment and esteem, the writings of Mr. Macaulay appear to excite only his utmost anger and disdain. There is something about them which he can neither forget nor forgive. Often trampled down by his scorn, they are sure presently to rise in his face, and irritate him beyond endurance. This restless and recurring enmity is, perhaps, not difficult to be understood. The very existence of such a critic as Mr. Macaulay—not to mention his popularity and influence—is a perpetual offence to such a writer as Mr. Gilfillan; a silent, but significant, reproach. Our author feels that "his genius is rebuked" by the master of a style distinguished for accuracy, ease, and fulness, at once so dignified and so correct; and more especially as he is unable to taunt the Essayist with sacrificing beauty to correctness, or with being cold, uninteresting, or conventional, in deference to literary orthodoxy. No doubt it is very irritating to observe, beyond the possibility of doubt or of denial, that a writer so eminently "correct" is, at the same time, very far removed from "creeping." To be judicious, temperate, and trustworthy, yet neither voted dull, nor abandoned by the younger spirits, nor shelved in a dusty corner of the reference-library; to be ornate, as well as accurate, in composition; to inspire enthusiasm, yet bear the strictest scrutiny; to suffer the restraints of grammar and propriety, yet achieve a proud, and even popular, success,—all this is unpardonable vice in Mr. Macaulay, and more than Mr. Gilfillan can well bear. Our author wonders that such "abject trash" (these are his words) should "gain unchallenged acceptance, and require his humble pen to dash it into exposure and contempt." And "dash it" accordingly he does. In the first place, we are invited to the rehearsal of a literary parallel, instituted by our critic, between the characters of Burke

and Macaulay. We need hardly say, that this comparison is not more odious than gratuitous. Some points of it are true, but not pertinent; while much the greater part is both impertinent and untrue. The following sentences are too characteristic, at least of their inditer, to be passed unquoted.

“Burke’s digressions are those of uncontrollable power, wantoning in its strength; Macaulay’s are those of deliberate purpose and elaborate effort, to relieve and make his byways increase the interest of his highways. Burke’s most memorable things are strong, simple sentences of wisdom, or epithets, each carrying a question on its point, or burning coals from his flaming genius; Macaulay’s are chiefly happy illustrations, or verbal antitheses, or clever alliterations. Macaulay often seems, and, we believe, is, sincere, but he is never in earnest; Burke, on all higher questions, becomes a ‘burning one,’—earnest to the brink of frenzy.....Macaulay’s literary enthusiasm has now a far and formal air,—it seems an old cloak of college-days worn threadbare; Burke’s has about it a fresh and glorious gloss,—*it is the ever-renewed skin of his spirit.* Macaulay lies snugly and sweetly in the penfold of a party; Burke is ever and anon bursting it to fragments. Macaulay’s moral indignation is too laboured and antithetical to be very profound; Burke’s makes *his* heart palpitate, his hand clench, and his face kindle, like that of Moses as he came down from the Mount.”

Reserving our remarks on this irreverent climax, let us call the attention of the reader to the clause we have distinguished by italics. When he has fully appreciated the pretty thought that the “skin” of Mr. Burke’s “spirit” was periodically cast, like a serpent’s slough, we have another comparison to offer to the admirers of that statesman, also drawn from natural history, and also suggested by the pleasant fancy of our author. It is only a little farther on in the volume, that Mr. Burke is described as “a mental camelopard,”—for the singular reason, that he “was patient as a camel, and as a leopard swift and richly spotted.” Mr. Gilfillan seemingly forgets, or possibly is not aware, that the camelopard is not a hybrid, deriving its qualities from these two creatures, though his name happens to be a compound of theirs. The most charitable of natural historians never ascribed patience to the giraffe: even with reference to the camel, it is a long-exploded superstition, which doubtless was originally due to the fact that, like ourselves, he stands in great need of that passive virtue, and has abundant opportunities for bringing it to perfection.

This depreciatory parallel—for such we suppose it was intended to be—may be accepted as a specimen of Mr. Gilfillan’s skill in a form of composition to which he is peculiarly partial. We are treated in this volume to no less than three in honour of Edmund Burke,—to wit, Burke and Macaulay, Burke and Johnson, and Burke and Brougham; the latter thrown off

impromptu, and included in a parenthesis of half a page. Indeed, Burke has the honour of attracting the most dangerous regards of Mr. Gilfillan, who never speaks of that great man without enthusiasm of the most rapturous and incoherent sort. This is a very curious and instructive fact; it shows, not only that love may exist with infinite disparity, but that the deepest admiration is not necessarily transforming in its character. Our author warmly admires the works of Edmund Burke, and writes himself like—George Gilfillan.

With the organ of comparison so strongly developed, our critic is hardly fair in laying to Mr. Macaulay's charge an undue fondness for antithesis and point. It is only too evident, that he spares no pains to attain the same dexterity, with what success might easily be shown. If we were inclined to follow the example of these authorities,—and perhaps it is our turn,—there could not possibly present itself a more favourable occasion. One critic handled by another, and both compared by a third,—there is something unusual at least in that. But we must decline the tempting invitation, not because it is a little absurd, as well as ungenerous, "to compare great things with small;"—for the epic poets do it without reproach;—but the points of contrast existing between the literary characters of Mr. Macaulay and our author are too numerous, as well as too obvious, for our rehearsal. There is, indeed, a more summary method of comparison, in which some characteristic beauty or defect is made inclusive and decisive of all the others. Thus we might mutually oppose the chief faults of these contending parties. The great fault of Mr. Macaulay's style is its positive uniformity of excellence. Unlike every author that we know besides, Homer himself included, he never nods. So unflagging his genius, so sleepless his activity, so prompt his memory, so available his learning, that the reader gains no moment of repose, till attention, fascinated so long, suddenly fails, and the mind runs fairly off to find relief. Invited to an intellectual repast, we have sumptuous viands in great variety and matchless profusion set before us; but one luxury succeeds another with such rapidity, that taste has barely time for perfect satisfaction, and we suddenly quit the 'still groaning table to avoid the evils of excess. This splendid profusion is, in some sense, a fault as well as a misfortune; for literature intended to answer human needs, should be more nearly adapted to the character and powers of human nature. But we submit, that it is a very different fault which Mr. Gilfillan commits, and a very different misfortune which his readers suffer. On his part, too, there is a ceaseless profusion; but it is of words instead of thoughts, of colours instead of images; of errors, inanities, and absurdities; of great truths miserably garbled, and doubtful ones intolerably mouthed. For the mental

repast which he serves up he has evidently rifled richer tables, gathered a miscellaneous heap of odds and ends, swept them into his own dish, added a copious stream of frothy rhetoric, and whipped the whole into a towering syllabub. Indulgence in such a compound can only be attended by nausea or inflation.

As it will serve to bring us to the most important part of our subject, we must take some further freedom with Mr. Macaulay's name, while we briefly mention another exploit of our author. Mr. Gilfillan cannot rest till he has broken a lance with his "rival" in the critical arena. Challenging Mr. Macaulay's estimate of Lord Bacon's genius and philosophy, he charges the reviewer with sacrificing the character of Plato, in order the more pointedly to honour the great English sage. Having picked this "pretty quarrel,"—we cannot but admire his boldness,—our critic at once proceeds to reconstruct the parallel, and give Plato the better half of each *antithesis*. Had our space permitted, we should have been glad to offer these rival compositions to the reader in collateral columns. As this is not convenient, so neither is it quite necessary to an understanding of their respective merits. A single sentence, chosen in all fairness from either estimate, will suffice to indicate the character of both:—"The philosophy of Plato," says Mr. Macaulay, "began in words, and ended in words. The philosophy of Bacon began in observation, and ended in acts." See now how Mr. Gilfillan turns the tables:—"Bacon cured corns, and Plato heals consciences!" It is too late to ask the reader to decide between these two; for he has already done so. If both critics sacrifice a share of truth to the love of verbal antithesis, it is only Mr. Gilfillan who outrages taste and judgment for the sake of a paltry alliteration. If Mr. Macaulay has somewhat underrated the influence of Plato in the world, he has at least done noble justice to the fruitful philosophy of the English sage: but our author has ingeniously contrived to wrong both worthies; for, dealing only in extremes, he must needs thrust them one upon either horn of his critical dilemma, and the victim of his adulation is, as usual, the one most deeply wronged. "Most deeply wronged," we say, because the mind revolts from an ascription of divine and saving power, even to the most illustrious of the Heathen, and is, therefore, apt to become intolerant of his just pretensions.

If we trouble ourselves or our readers further with Mr. Gilfillan's opinions upon Plato, it is only because something more is involved than a point of literary taste. We commenced by asserting the intimate connexion between just criticism and moral truth, between trashy and unworthy literature and falsehood of the most dangerous sort. Not willing to beat the air, and have no profit for our pains, we fixed the charge of public deterioration upon a writer of no small pretensions;

and that charge we are bound by every proper motive to make good.

Mr. Gilfillan's Quixotic championship of Plato urges him into grossly exaggerated statements, both of the elevation of that philosopher's doctrine, and of the extent and value of his influence on mankind. Christianity is represented as the mere fulfilment of Platonism: the heathen sage is placed but little lower than Christ, and generally on a par with the Apostle John. The following sentences are among those deserving of the strongest reprobation:—

“And what we demand for Christianity we demand also for the Platonic philosophy. Like it, it has done much; but not hitherto in proportion to the infinite scale it has itself fixed. . . . Are Churches, Missionary Societies, great religious movements, high spiritual poems, and holy lives, not worthy ‘fruit?’ and these, under God, we in this nineteenth century owe, not to the school of Bacon, but to *that combination of the philosophy of Plato and the divine teaching and working of Jesus, which constitutes the only theology*, whether theoretic or practical, deserving the name,—the theology of Taylor, Howe, Milton, and Coleridge. . . . And if it be said that we are unfairly adding Christianity as a make-weight to Platonism, we reply, that *the one is, in our notion, the other fulfilled*,—the other *deified*, yet practicalized; and that we have a right to rate the system we defend at its best. . . . Bacon sowed the thin soil of the finite and the present; Plato, the deep loam of the permanent and the infinite. Bacon expected and received the return of an early crop of material results; Plato's harvest lay in the slow yield of souls. *Now the things seen are temporal; but the things unseen are eternal.*”

If we are rightly informed that Mr. Gilfillan is a Christian Minister, and in the habit of exercising the sacred functions of his office, we can only express our unfeigned astonishment at language so unguarded proceeding from such a source. The only apology that suggests itself is a pitiful one at best. We are ready to believe that the sentiments quoted are rather due to an inordinate desire of display, and a culpable remissness of style, than indicative of a deliberate intention to lower the character and claims of our divine religion; but not the less do they call for exposure and reproof. The real meaning and tendency of the expressions used are probably unsuspected by their author himself; but the effect upon his readers must, nevertheless, be decided and injurious. If it be true that Mr. Gilfillan counts a large number of admirers, it is certain that many of them will adopt his opinions; and these can only be estimated by the terms in which they are conveyed.

It is useless, for more reasons than one, to point out to Mr. Gilfillan wherein consists the error, so vital and pervading, which disfigures his comparative estimate of Christianity and Platonism. He does not need to be told the truth, and he is

incapable of improving by its repetition. It is not from a positive ignorance of the distinction which it behoved him to maintain, that he has written thus defectively; but from a total incapacity of keeping that distinction clearly before him, and of expressing it in adequate and proper terms. This is apparent from the singular fact that, in this very volume, the author professes the highest admiration for Mr. Henry Rogers' noble essay on Plato, and actually quotes the beautiful paragraph in which the character of Socrates—the hero of Platonic virtue—is so strikingly contrasted with that of our Redeemer. Thus it fortunately happens, that the same blundering indiscretion which threatens to produce so much mischief, provides, in some measure, for its own correction and rebuke.

But this is not the only instance in which Mr. Gilfillan is betrayed, by his besetting genius, into deluding and unwarrantable language. If the danger is sometimes small, it is only because the absurdity is too great, or the obscurity too dense. Thus, in the following sentences, the mind is rather shocked by the appearance of evil, than assaulted by actual untruth. “A new poet, like a new planet, is another proof of the continued existence of the creative energy of the Father of spirits. He is a new messenger and mediator between the Infinite and the race of man.” The first sentence is nothing but a high-sounding truism; for that only is predicated of poet and planet, which is equally true of oyster and pebble. If the latter sentence could be proved to mean any thing, it would probably appear as an offence against religion; so we cling to the persuasion of its inanity, lest we should be obliged to condemn it as blasphemous and profane. In like manner, when Mr. Gilfillan declares that “the stars are the developments of God’s Own Head,” we feel a momentary revulsion, but refuse to attribute the expression to any deliberate or conscious want of reverence for the Divine Majesty. It is simply the natural result of so much ambition, hurry, tastelessness, and incapacity. But we did feel, and we do, strong indignation and disgust on meeting the passage in which our author compares the face of Mr. Burke, after speaking in the House of Commons, to the countenance of Moses as it shone with reflected glory, after forty days’ communion with his Maker. Any thing more reprehensible than this, conceived in worse taste, or uttered in more wanton defiance of propriety and truth, could not readily be found beyond the limits of the book in which it is contained. Within those limits it is only too often and too nearly approached.

It was our intention to remark at some length upon “The Bards of the Bible,” the work in which Mr. Gilfillan appears as a critic of sacred literature: but our observations must now be limited, and of a general character.

As compared with that which we have just put down, this volume is agreeable and meritorious, free from many of the author's more glaring faults, and of sufficient interest to gratify a respectable and numerous class. The subject is itself so great and inexhaustible, that he must be a sorry writer indeed, who cannot turn it to advantage. To one who commands a fluent pen, and who is moreover unchecked by the spirit of reverence,—yes, even for the mere book-maker,—what a quarry is furnished in the Christian Bible! Its grand old stories of patriarchal life, its sublime characters, its gorgeous scenery, its human pathos and divine wisdom, its dignity, variety, and universality; and these all coloured and endeared by the associations of dawning intelligence and early childhood, form a body of material, the rudest index of which must needs outvie in interest the most finished specimens of human art. As the eastern peasants build their rude huts from the ruins of Baalbec, so do such authors construct their literary edifices,—woful in their disproportions, and clumsy in their poor contrivances, but very costly in their material of cedar and gold, of porphyry and brass; and here a sculptured image, not quite effaced, and there a pillar or an altar, not yet overthrown, is more than enough to rivet the attention and reward the search.

The faults of this book, we say, are not so glaring as those of the author's "Third Gallery of Portraits;" but they are substantially the same in character, however subdued in tone and modified in form. There is the same lack of precision, discrimination, and sobriety; the same tasteless and tiresome strain upon the imagination of the reader. The work throughout is vague in its portraiture, unworthy in its allusions, and irreverent in its treatment. It is in the Preface to this volume that our author enunciates the maxim already quoted, "Every true criticism on a genuine poem is itself a poem." Accordingly the author produces a rhapsody when he imagines he is writing a critique. Trying his predecessors by his own warm standard, he finds them cold and tame. Lowth is only "elegant;" he "never rises to the height of his great argument." His criticism wants "subtlety, power, and abandonment." (Surely a critic is the only species of judge who was ever impeached for this deficiency,—this fatal want of "abandonment.") But Herder, it seems, "was a man of another spirit; and his report of the good land of Hebrew poetry, compared to Lowth's, is that of Caleb or Joshua to that of the other Jewish spies." One would naturally suppose, from the allusion of this passage, that Bishop Lowth spoke in most disparaging terms of "the good land of Hebrew poetry;" but our author probably means that he lived long and familiarly in that "good land," explored all its vineyards, tasted all its variety of fruits, and gathered more than one rich specimen,—which, indeed, is true.

It must be granted that Mr. Gilfillan is a critic of a very different stamp to Lowth. His notion of poetry is so loose and general, that he seems to hold that whatever is good in literature is poetical. Thus with him all the Bible is true poetry, and one bard not essentially distinguished from another. We have poetry of the New Testament as well as of the Old; and it is with evident reluctance that our author excepts from the same category the argumentative writings of St. Paul. In all this Mr. Gilfillan gives evidence of much good feeling and many devout associations; but none of any peculiar fitness for the office whose functions he has assumed.

While the plan of this work is thus radically faulty, the style and spirit of its execution conspire to make it really dangerous. When he meets with a chapter inscribed "The Poetry of the Pentateuch," the phrase is sufficiently doubtful to make the reader pause, or hold himself ready for further intimations of the author's meaning. In what sense is the Pentateuch to be esteemed as so much poetry? Knowing Mr. Gilfillan's peculiar manner, we are able to acquit him of doubting the authenticity and truth of the Mosaic record; but the cursory reader of his volume may not be equally prepared. He finds a frequent transition from some high-sounding praise of Hebrew King or Prophet to a modern and perhaps not much respected name. In point of taste, this is an obvious blemish, as nothing but disenchantment can result. These allusions are seldom warranted by any real propriety, and never sanctioned by any evident advantage; they are gratuitous solecisms in a work where a certain dignity of tone is demanded by the elevation of its theme. We could spare our author many of his grander flights, to escape the humiliation and danger of his sudden and perilous descents; for danger of a certain kind there is. The distinctive inspiration of the sacred bards is not, indeed, denied; but they are forced unceremoniously into profane company, and compared at random with modern and even living authors; till the reader is apt to suppose them all of one guild. It is of no use to assert a distinction in one place, and then lose sight of it in every other. Why should the names of Shelley and Coleridge and Byron,—of "Lalla Rookh" and Macaulay's "Lays,"—of "Macbeth," "Festus," and the "Pilgrim's Progress," so frequently appear on pages professedly devoted to the Bards of the Bible? Serving no purpose of useful illustration, their introduction is at best a grave impertinence and an ostentatious folly.

It is time to bring these strictures to a close; but it remains for us to notice, by anticipation, a remonstrance to which they may possibly expose ourselves. We have said much about our author's faults, but what of his real merits? Are they absolutely *nil*, or we so injurious as to suppress them? Let us own that

something might have been ingeniously arrayed upon the other side. A book may be positively worse than worthless, and yet not absolutely void of merit. As there is no popular fallacy which does not take rise from some partial or defective view of truth, so, perhaps, never was there a literary reputation earned without talent of some kind or other. This talent may be solitary, and so useless; perverted, and so mischievous; out of all proportion, a deformity, an excrescence; but something there will be to extenuate, if not to justify, the public folly. If a writer chance to be the reverse of fastidious, he may run on at almost any length upon any given subject. If he be, moreover, a person of vivid imagination, he can hardly fail to give off some striking things, struck out in the impetuosity of his headlong course. Mr. Gilfillan is an author of this kind. He has imagination, though it be not elevated or enlarged, not cultivated or enriched, not trained by intellectual habits, nor subordinated to the rule of judgment. It is a somewhat distempered imagination, too soon excited, and too far indulged. Our author's thoughts are therefore only fine by accident. His similes are generally audacious failures; but occasionally they are of striking excellence, and, like a fortunate rebellion, justify themselves by their success. When he says of John Sterling, "*His mental struggles, though severe, were not of that earthquaking kind which shook the soul of Arnold, and drove Sartor howling through the Everlasting No, like a lion caught in a forest of fire;*" there is a splendour about this final image which makes us wish it were not so awkwardly introduced. Still better, because not so encumbered, is his description of the policy and power of Russia, as "*the silent conspiracy of ages,—cold, vast, quietly progressive, as a glacier gathering round an Alpine valley.*" These images, we say, are fine; and they are so because of their striking aptitude and truth; and a few more of the same kind might, doubtless, be gathered from this author's publications. But to what good end? It is certainly not desirable to encourage the use of Mr. Gilfillan's pen on the wide, and high, and solemn, and important themes of which he is enamoured, for the sake of giving full scope to the indulgence of this gift of doubtful value; and to themes of humbler character and lesser moment he will hardly be persuaded. If any consideration could induce Mr. Gilfillan to forget, for some short time, the great men of the world,—to leave the Mirabeaus and Miltons in their craggy heights; if he would lay aside all books, and watch the world of men and nature with calmer eyes, and never write a line suggested by one already written,—we should yet have hopes of him. But we fear he is too far gone in his love of power to descend from his dictatorial eminence. We cannot flatter his pretensions to occupy the throne of universal criticism; and while he is making his pompous awards in every conceivable direction, we

point to the evidence just given as in very ridiculous contrast. He has in truth no single qualification for the office of a critic, either of sacred or profane literature, and, in assuming the one after the other, he has only added presumption to incompetence, and irreverence to presumption.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Conduct of the War. A Speech in the House of Commons.* By the RIGHT HONOURABLE SYDNEY HERBERT, M.P. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1855.
2. *The Prospects of the War. A Speech in the House of Commons.* By A. H. LAYARD, M.P. 8vo. London: John Murray. 1855.
3. *The War; Who's to Blame? Being a complete Analysis of the whole Diplomatic Correspondence regarding the Eastern Question, and showing from these and other Authentic Sources the Causes which have produced the present War.* By JAMES MACQUEEN, ESQ., F.R.G.S., Author of "Geography of Africa," &c. London: Madden. 1854.
4. *A Month before the Camp at Sebastopol.* By a Non-Combatant. London: Longman and Co. 1855.

THE war in the East, in which we are now involved, opens a new epoch in our annals, as well as places us on new ground. It is the first time that England has drawn the sword against Russia; but it is not likely, now that the contest is begun, that it will be the last. Queen Elizabeth and Ivan the Terrible were friends, not to say allies; and the dreaded tyrant contemplated becoming a refugee in our country, in case his subjects, in revenge for his cruelties, drove him from the Muscovite soil. He, however, succeeded in taming their discontents by the atrocities he perpetrated; and England was not honoured—or disgraced—by the denizenship of the most fearful monster who ever dwelt in human form. From the age of Elizabeth to the present time, England and Russia have been friends; and the ties of this friendship have become closer, as time has advanced, cemented by events. But this union of the two nations never possessed any common identity, and had no foundation in national character; the institutions of the two countries were always dissimilar, and the elements at work were perfectly antagonistic. The one State has always been essentially a military State, and the other commercial: the one is despotic in its head, and enslaved in its members; the other, constitutional and free: the one has ever been Machiavellian, crafty, subtle, overreaching, and fraudulent in its policy; the other, often duped, but never attempting to deceive and entrap: the one has all along built her power on physical force; the other, on moral force: the one has constantly

sought, through her wide dominions and her conquered provinces, to crush civilization; the other, to assert its claims, and promote its interest: in fine, the one has, to the full extent of her means, universally striven to arrest the progress of the human race; the other, to advance it.

On these accounts it may, at first sight, appear marvellous that the contest has been so long delayed. But it has never been the policy of our statesmen to interfere in the internal affairs of other nations; so that, though the two systems were wide as the poles apart, yet amicable relations were possible, on the ground of mutual forbearance. These amicable relations are now severed. This places us on the new path above referred to; and is, no doubt, the beginning of a new period in our history. A wide and interminable series of political and military events will take their date from the moment when Her Gracious Majesty declared war against the Czar. It is the opening of a new page in the book of fate: it is letting loose the waters of a deluge, to overspread many lands, and extend through many ages: it is as the *reconnaissance* of the two nations on each other's frontier, prior to a long and desperate campaign. These auguries are based on the idea of the strength of each nation. When a feeble state is brought into collision with a powerful one, the contest will soon be over; but when the battle is betwixt belligerents of equal power, this cannot be the case. It is true, the strength of the two countries is different. Russia is strong by land, and we are strong by sea; we cannot drive Russia from her frozen regions and boundless steppes, and Russia cannot drive us from the ocean. Hence the contest may remain for ages undecided; for a peace can only be of the nature of a truce, of shorter or longer duration, to be followed by new and sanguinary wars, till, in the cycles of time and the destinies of nations, other elements spring up, and new combinations take place. But in the present attitude of affairs, Russia and Great Britain are found every where; they confront each other; their policy is different, and their interests are different; they meet in moral collision in every country on the face of the earth; and it would require a miracle to prevent, at different times, this moral collision becoming physical. We cannot, therefore, help looking along the line of the future with forebodings of wars for many years to come; for, let it be remembered that the rivalry betwixt England and Russia is not theoretical and fastidious; it is the rivalry of eternal principles, never to be reconciled.

But other novelties arise out of this war. In this contest both our naval and military forces occupy a position never occupied before. An English fleet never rode triumphantly in the Euxine at any former period, and an English army never before planted its standards on the shores of the Cri-

mea. Our ships of war have traversed, we should imagine, every latitude and longitude of the ocean; but this one sea has been heretofore closed to them. For many years Russia has been snugly ensconced in this sea; has been building her navy at Sebastopol unseen and unmolested; has rode triumphantly over its waters; has scoured the Circassian coast at pleasure, and, by the broadsides of her men-of-war, has often committed sad ravages in the ranks of the brave mountaineers; has by this means built forts, furnished the material of war to their garrisons, and carried, or attempted to carry, her dominion, and with it slavery, to the fairest portions of the globe. By an insane policy, this country permitted the Dardanelles to be closed to the ships of war of every country in time of peace; thus shutting Russia up in the possession of the Euxine, to do as she pleased. And well she profited by the boon. The sea itself became a Russian lake: she was enabled to dominate at the mouth of the Danube; against treaties, to erect fortifications on the islands at its mouth, under the pretence of sanitary measures; to levy tolls on the merchantmen of all nations; to build Sebastopol with its arsenals and means of aggression; and constantly to hold Turkey in terror; to menace her independence, and to prepare for her final overthrow. All that Europe is now encountering of injustice and aggression, was stealthily prepared by the connivance of the Western nations to their own exclusion from these waters, without any precautions regarding the ascendancy of the Russian navy.

The entrance of the allied fleets breaks the chain, and lays open the Black Sea. This event brings the British navy into a new sphere, not likely again to be abandoned. In point of fact, the command of the Euxine is the command of Turkey, of the Circassian coast, of the commercial road to Persia, of the Armenian and Georgian provinces wrung from the Ottoman Porte at different times, and annihilates the influence of Russia in the East. But the entrance of our fleets into these waters can only answer their purpose by their remaining there. Their departure would only be the signal for Russia to repeat her old policy, to renew her preparations for aggression, to menace Turkey, and, taught by the past, to embrace the first opportunity, brought about by the complications of Europe, to seize on her prey. Nothing can be plainer than that Russian power must be arrested on this sea. She is paralysed in all her movements in the East by this one event. The entrance of the fleets of the Western Powers can only be stopped at the Dardanelles by the Porte; but in the present and the probable future posture of affairs, this is not likely; and, till she is in a state to defend these waters herself, it must be her interest to agree, by treaty, that the fleets of England and France should repress, permanently, the ascendancy of Russia. By a marvellous sagacity,

the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has been enabled to gain the mastery over the two great inland seas of the north and the south; and thus to make the Baltic and the Black Sea the flanks of her power, and the pivot of her policy. It seems strange that, with our naval superiority, up to the period of the present war, no English fleet, as far as we recollect, has ever appeared in either of these seas, farther than the expedition for the bombardment of Copenhagen by Nelson, and the insane and not very successful expedition of Admiral Duckworth against Constantinople.

In addition to the *physical* effects of powerful armaments riding triumphantly in these waters, for many years, the *moral* effect must have been much greater. How could the northern states see Russia building her enormous fortifications on every point of land, every harbour and bay, every creek and river's mouth, all around them, frowning upon their coasts, and threatening their existence, without misgivings as to her designs and their own security? How could these smaller kingdoms see, year after year, the gigantic fleets of Cronstadt parading their waters, and proudly spreading their sails, within sight of their very capitals, without some apprehensions of ulterior designs of conquest and dominion? The same must have been the case in the Black Sea. Nothing could be more menacing, in the imaginations of the Turks, than the port and fleet of Sebastopol. The moral influence of which we speak, sprang from the isolation of the naval power of Russia in these seas; this power was alone, it stood out in the sight of the nations around as one and undisputed. The policy of the present war is to show these nations that there are other powers besides Russia; that she is not alone on the sea. The Russian fleets may continue to hide themselves behind the guns of their fortresses; no naval victories over them may be gained; their ships may continue in undiminished numbers; but the appearance of the fleets of the Allies will diminish the *prestige* of Muscovite power, inasmuch as the fact of their refusing battle will be to these nations a sensible proof of the superiority of their antagonists. We imagine, consequently, that the same policy which has led to the invasion of these seas, will induce the Western Powers henceforward to guard the ascendancy they have gained, and to take care that the two flanks of the Russian power shall not be rendered impregnable by undisputed possession.

But the land scene of our military operations is, if possible, more novel than even that of the sea. The dominions of Turkey, in general, are lands on which the foot of a British soldier, for military purposes, never trod; with the exception, it may be said, of our expeditions to Egypt, and Sir Charles Napier's brilliant exploits in Syria. But the Crimea was to us a *terra incognita*, and the

Danubian Principalities almost as little known. We are not, except in a secondary degree, a military nation. Our predominant characteristic is commercial enterprise; and, although peace and commerce are twin sisters, it so happens that our commercial transactions carry us to every region, whilst, as it is found, out of these transactions spring up political questions, demanding the intervention of arms.

In this Eastern Question, other considerations than commercial have doubtless weighed with our statesmen; but our commercial interests pioneered our way into these countries, and have had their influence in bringing our armies upon Turkish ground. We cannot afford to have our markets wrested from us; and one of the certain consequences of the conquest of Turkey by Russia would be to enforce her prohibitory system, close the Dardanelles, shut our merchants out from Trebizond and the route to Persia, as well as to render the Danube a sealed river, except in so far as it suited her own interests to open its navigation to our trade.

The "balance of power," indeed, is a sufficient consideration to justify the war, without the reason referred to. What is involved in this? The technical phrase is sufficiently intelligible to practical diplomatists and statesmen; but, we imagine, it conveys a very inadequate idea to the uninitiated. The *real* justification of the war, however, turns on this point. The "balance of power" means, that it would be dangerous for one nation to possess so preponderating an influence by territorial acquirement, and political and military force, as to threaten the liberties of other nations. Would the conquest of Turkey by Russia have this effect? Certainly it would. No well-informed person can doubt this for a moment. Her possession of Constantinople, in itself a sufficient catastrophe, would not be the only effect of this conquest. The seizure of Constantinople would, as we have seen, give her the keys of the Dardanelles, and this, again, the absolute command of the shores of the Black Sea. But, if she would, she could not stop at this point. The whole of the territories of the Sultan in Asia Minor and in Syria must as certainly follow the capital of the East, as a stone gravitates to the earth. But the possession of these countries would necessarily carry Russian dominion forward to Egypt, to the Holy Land, and to Persia. Under these conditions what would become of our empire of India? Hence our interest in preventing the spoliation of Turkey, the preponderance of Russia, and the disturbance of the balance of power, is indicated by these infallible consequences of the success of her enterprise. Commerce is a very secondary matter compared with this. To prevent Russia going farther in her march towards the East, is a thing essential to our security; and a policy which should

connive at this by indecision, would be treason to our country.

Without the intention of raising suspicion as to the integrity and honour of the several administrations of this country for the past forty or fifty years, we have no hesitation in saying, that an almost fatal apathy has been manifested in regard to Russian aggression in the East. She has been permitted to despoil Persia of great tracts of territory, and plant her power within a few miles of the road from Trebizond to that country,—the route of our commerce,—and is now in a position to overwhelm that kingdom, at her pleasure. She has been allowed to possess and fortify the passes of the Caucasus, which opens to her a military road to all the nations to the south and east of the Euxine. And, above all, she has been suffered, without molestation or, as far as appears, remonstrance, to carry on a cruel and murderous assault—no, butchery—against the Circassian tribes, not for any crime, but simply because they refused to submit to her hateful rule. This natural barrier against the progress of Russian conquest has been left to its fate by all the nations. And gloriously the mountaineers have defended their homes, and, indeed, more than their own homes; for had it not been for their unconquerable valour, the Allies would have been saved the trouble of defending Turkey,—Constantinople and the whole East would have been in the possession of Russia long ago. Europe owes its safety to these glorious heroes; and yet, in the struggle now raging, we hear nothing of them: no recognition of their independence has been proclaimed; no *protection* for them has been secured by treaty; no means have been adopted to extend to their mountains and beautiful valleys the blessings of security and peace. Our statesmen will probably say they are not a nation, they have no head, there is no Government with which we can enter into diplomatic relations. But Russia is a Government; she is in possession of a head, as he makes the world sufficiently understand; she is not destitute of diplomatic agents, as all the earth by this time pretty well knows. Then, if the Circassians are so uncivilized as not to possess the counterpart of a Nicholas as their chief, but still remain in the primitive simplicity of their fathers, governed by the heads of families, the chiefs of tribes, and the counsels of their elders; are these reasons why they should be abandoned to the murderous barbarism of the Russian Autocrat? Cannot the Western nations secure the integrity, the independence, the freedom of these indomitable warriors, as well as perform these services for Turkey? And, let us add, the one is essential to the other. Turkey would not be safe for a single day, if these people were subdued; and we may safely predict, that the work of the Allies will one day be entirely undone, if these mountaineers are permitted to fall under the power of the Czar. We have

loudly affirmed that one of our purposes in this war is the defence of the feeble against the strong. Political codes seldom lead statesmen to adopt this principle as a rule; but if it is to be fairly acted upon, here is a splendid opportunity for the display of our moral magnanimity. Circassia never belonged to Russia;—has never been conquered; the armies of the Czar have never occupied the country, and never can. All that remains to them is pillage, fire, massacre. We remember well that the alleged reason for the interposition of the European Governments between the Porte and the Greeks, leading to the battle of Navarino, was the impossibility of these Christian nations standing by, and seeing two peoples destroy each other. And yet the Greeks at the time were the subjects of Turkey, and the war was a civil war between a rebellious people and their Monarch; whilst these Circassian tribes are not the subjects of Russia; the war is a *razzia* carried on from year to year, without any cessation of its cruel and iniquitous nature, and, so far as Russia is concerned, intended to exterminate the finest race of men on earth. Eternal justice demands that they should now be protected. Our interference in the strife betwixt Turkey and Russia will be an everlasting blot on our fame, fasten the suspicion of hypocrisy on our professions, and, moreover, be insulting to the God of justice, if we abandon them,—now that we are on their very shores,—to the future cruelties of Muscovite ambition. Unless we can succeed in driving the Russians from the passes of the Caucasus; in placing the tribes of these mountains in a state of secure independence, and enabling them to defend themselves; in asserting our naval supremacy in the Black Sea, and destroying Sebastopol; whatever blood and treasure we may expend, we shall have done nothing towards the safety of Turkey, or the preservation of Europe. Treaties can no more bind Russia than the “*withs*” placed on the limbs of Samson could prevent the exertion of his strength.

It is stated that Lord Palmerston gave it as his opinion, in the House of Commons, that “Russia was strong in defensive, and feeble in offensive, war.” This statement has been adopted, we see, by Mr. Cobden. With his views we are not astonished that the latter should fall in with this notion; but for a statesman who held the portfolio of the Foreign Office for twenty years to be under such an illusion, is indeed a marvel. Is his Lordship utterly ignorant of history? or did he speak with the impression that the gentlemen of the House of Commons were less informed than any school-boy of twelve years of age? What are the facts of the case? Instead of being weak in aggressive war, as every one knows, her successes have carried her arms in every direction, and added province after province to her enormous empire. What of the north? Has she not despoiled Sweden of Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria,

Carelia, parts of Poland and Finland?—provinces which made that country, in the time of Gustavus Adolphus, the successful champion of Protestantism and liberty. Their loss, moreover, has had the effect of reducing that once brave and powerful nation to a third or fifth-rate power, and the world is never again, in all probability, to hear of a Scandinavian defence of either religion or freedom. What, again, of Poland? After subduing some of the outlying provinces of that country, did not Russia succeed in partitioning the nation itself, appropriating to herself the larger share of the spoil? It is true, Russia was not alone in this infamy. As if in wrath against the happiness and freedom of the human race, Providence permitted the two most detestable Monarchs to sway the sceptres of Russia and Prussia at the same time. It is said that Frederick, misnamed “the Great,” first suggested the partition of Poland to Catherine II., and this perfidy agrees with his entire character. This Monarch was a compound of infidelity, craft, great talents, and ferocious courage; the incarnation of every base and mean passion; possessed of insatiable ambition; was far-seeing, audacious, and bold in demeanour; was devoid of honour, truth, and principle; in the administration of affairs, venal and unscrupulous; and, though decorated by the distinction of the term “the Great,” was, in all the moral qualities that distinguish man, the least and the basest of the species. Catherine, his contemporary and partner in crime, equalled him in all that we have named; and added the *graces* peculiar to womanly villainy. She began her reign by dethroning and murdering her husband Peter III., and lived, before and after his death, the life of a courtesan and a brava. These were the spoliators of Poland; for Maria Theresa of Austria signed the treaty of partition with tears, and ominously predicted the evils which have sprung out of it. It may be true that duplicity and fraud had more to do with this barefaced robbery, than arms; and yet the aggressive nature of the event shows that, even in the matter of war, the Russian power was not behind its political scheming.

Then as to Turkey and the East. Does it appear from the history of the progress of Russia in this quarter that she is weak in aggressive war? Let us see. In the various conflicts of the two empires, the balance sometimes turned on one side and then on the other, till the time of Catherine II., when it effectually preponderated on the side of Russia; and this preponderance has continued to the present time. Indeed, by the Treaty of Azof, in 1700, the Russians gained a new position, and territory amounting to one hundred and seventy-nine square miles, with various commercial advantages; but this treaty was modified in 1711 by the Treaty of Pruth. After a sanguinary battle, in which the forces of Peter the Great were completely defeated, and himself taken prisoner, the Czar willingly agreed to restore

Azof, demolish his new fortifications, and resign the Turkish territories, won from the Porte, into the hands of that power. Charles XII. was at the time a refugee in Turkey, and earnestly remonstrated against the restoration of Peter to his dominions. How much hung on the determination of the Grand Vizier on this question! It was on this occasion that the following scene took place. Charles, having heard that the Grand Vizier had restored Peter to liberty, "went to him in a fury, and in his passion even tore his robe with his spurs. The other merely replied, 'And who was to govern his kingdom in his absence, if I had detained him prisoner? It is not good for Kings to be away from home.'" If Russia was saved by the generosity of the Ottoman, how well she has repaid this generosity the sequel informs us.

The former conquests of Russia being thus restored, but little advance on Turkey was made till the time of Catherine. By the persuasion of the French Ambassador, the Porte began the war which led to its greatest humiliation, in order to save Poland from the grasp of the Czarina. Turkey had guaranteed the security of Poland by the stipulations of a former date; and, being urged by France to arm for its protection against the machinations of the Empress, took the field. But Catherine hastening to make peace with Poland, the whole weight of the empire was precipitated upon Turkey. The Russian Generals operated on the Danube, the Black Sea, the Crimea, and Kuban; and every where with success. The celebrated Treaty of Kainardji followed. By this treaty Russia succeeded in separating the Crimea, Bessarabia, and Kuban, from the Turkish Empire, and placing them under her own *protectorate*, and in gaining the ports of Kertsch, Jenikalan, and Azof. Russia also by this Treaty obtained a footing in Wallachia and Moldavia, by the right of interference in the administration; also, the privilege of constructing a Greek church at Pera, and the protection of the Greek religion and the sacred edifices. Thus began that system of protection which has proved so destructive of the tranquillity of the Ottoman Empire, and which, if not now put a stop to, must end in its subversion.

It was at this period that the Baron de Thugut, who had assisted at the formation of this celebrated treaty, gave utterance to the memorable words so much noticed since. "This treaty," he wrote, "is a model of ability on the part of the Russians, and a rare example of simplicity on the part of the Turks. By the terms of this treaty, Russia will always have the power, whenever she thinks fit, to effect a descent upon the Black Sea. From her new frontier of Kertsch, she will be able to conduct, in forty-eight hours, an organized army beneath the very walls of Constantinople. In this case a conspiracy, concerted with the chiefs of the schismatic faith, (the Greeks,) will, no doubt,

break out ; and the Sultan will have no alternative but to flee to the remotest corners of Asia, after abandoning the throne of the Ottoman Empire to a more able successor. The conquest of Constantinople by the Russians may be accomplished off-hand, and even before the tidings of such an intention could reach the other Christian Powers."

Such was the Treaty of Kainardji. It did not long remain intact. It, no doubt, was intended but as an instalment preparatory to other and ulterior measures. The independence of the Crimea, after its separation from Turkey, had been guaranteed by the two Powers, and in words the most express and binding possible, to the effect that neither Turkey nor Russia should assume sovereign rights in the country through all time. No sooner had the treaty been signed, than Russia commenced a series of intrigues in the Crimea, with a view to its annexation to the empire, and in four years accomplished her purpose ; thus bringing herself to the very gates of Constantinople by the construction of Sebastopol, and constituting the Crimea the base of her naval and military operations against the Turkish Empire and the East. The perfidy manifested in this whole transaction surpasses even Russian audacity in the line of duplicity and fraud. The Turks resisted these encroachments ; but being abandoned by their allies, and even opposed in rear by Joseph II. of Austria,—after the loss of Ismail, taken by assault, and the people massacred by the tiger Suwarrow,—the Treaty of Yassi followed. By this treaty Russia obtained the acknowledgment, by Turkey, of the annexed territories of the Crimea, the Kuban, and the island of Taman, as an integral portion of the empire.

The Treaty of Yassi was signed in 1792, and the old intrigues continued, chiefly with a view to the possession of Wallachia and Moldavia. And in 1812, when Napoleon invaded Russia, the war between Turkey and the latter power having this object for its stake, so tenacious was the Russian Cabinet for territorial aggrandizement, that, even in the hour of her utmost peril, Alexander succeeded in securing Bessarabia, and a part of Moldavia, and in pushing the frontier of the empire to its present limits, making the Pruth the boundary line.

By the Treaty of Adrianople, (1829,) Russia obtained still further advantages. The mouths of the Danube were conceded, and the islands adjacent ; the formal protectorate of Wallachia and Moldavia was obtained, by which event nothing was left to Turkey but a nominal sovereignty. We have not, in this enumeration, touched upon Russian aggressions in Georgia and part of Armenia, nor on the influence obtained over Cossacks, Calmucks, and numerous Tartar tribes ; enough, as we imagine, having been said to show the aggressive policy

f Russia, whilst her successes indicate the means at her disposal to accomplish these objects.

This, then, is the power which has to be curbed and limited. It seems the part of wisdom to look the matter fairly in the face. In our vanity we have indulged in an overweening notion of our own power, and of the weakness of Russia in aggressive war; whereas the opposite of this idea is evidently the truth. Russia is strong in aggressive war, because the state of the interior enables her to throw the full weight of her vast resources on her frontier. Impregnable in her steppes, her morasses, her forests, her frosts and storms; unassailable in consequence of these conditions of her empire, it costs her no money, and no material of war, in fortifications and ramparts, to guard her immense territories, which are sufficiently guarded by nature. This leaves her free for aggression. It may, indeed, be true that her extended frontier exposes her to the inroads of her neighbours; and, moreover, that to defend this frontier-line must weaken her power and drain her resources. This is unquestionably the case; but, being free from molestation within, she has the means of concentrating all her force on any point which may be menaced. The whole of Europe in arms at the same time might succeed in distracting her councils, and dividing her military force; and little less than this combination of states, as it appears to us, could succeed in making her powerless in aggression. This union of nations may, at some time, take place when danger is more imminent; but at present, through various causes, this is little to be expected. At the present moment no one knows what Prussia will do; and in case she joins the Czar, which appears most likely, she will carry with her several of the minor States; and for Russian purposes, as well as in concert with her armies, will divide Germany, and inflict a deadly wound on the freedom of the old empire. Sweden and Denmark hesitate, overawed by the power of their neighbour, and apparently waiting to see how the Western Powers succeed. This is the situation at present; and, in future, the same game of diplomacy may be expected, the same vacillation, the same rival interests. In the mean time, France and England refuse to attempt to resuscitate the nationality of Poland, being hampered by its partition,—a portion being in the possession of their ally, Austria; and, although the dynasty and Government of both nations rest on a revolution as their basis, yet they, apparently, refuse to identify themselves with a revolution. Stability and order are, undoubtedly, blessings, when their foundation is legitimate, national, and just. But the question is very different, when it relates to the denationalizing of a people, the usurpation of their country, and the overthrow of their liberties. To encourage such a people to assert their rights,

to regain their freedom, and to re-establish their nationality, is in itself just, and in this case equally politic. The two barrier-nations, Poland and Hungary, have been allowed to be swept off the face of the earth. Whether the latter will coalesce with Austria, or whether she will not some day, in despair or in anger, throw herself into the arms of Russia, is, at present, uncertain. But the destruction of their *national* character has brought Russia into immediate contiguity with the German nations; and the loyalty of all these nations to the interests of Germany and to their own freedom is essential, *always*, to the safety of Europe. This is more than we can expect. As certainly as Prussia now vacillates and yields to the star of Nicholas, so certainly will some of the German States, in time to come.

Nothing can avert this danger, but the independence of Poland and the loyalty of Hungary. But we despair of the first, and the second is most problematical. What, then, are we at war about? To secure, we say, the integrity of Turkey, and, with Turkey, the balance of power, or the independence of the nations of Europe. Our efforts, however successful for the time, will be in vain, unless we lop off some of the limbs of the overgrown giant. It is not necessary to follow in the footsteps of Charles XII. and Napoleon, and penetrate into the interior of Russia, in order to reduce her power for aggression and mischief. Her strength for these purposes is in her frontier-possession taken from other nations, and the fortresses she has erected. These are within reach: many vulnerable points present themselves, and may be easily attacked. But if, in deference to dynastic principles, the fear of revolutions, and the dread of innovation, the suitable means are not adopted, all our zeal, denunciations, and professed love of liberty and justice will be, at best, no more than the hurricane of November 14th: we may succeed in ripping up some Russian tents, despoiling some of her wearing gear, uprooting some of her long-cared-for plants and trees; but this is all, and the damage will speedily be repaired.

We may fail in our efforts. War is uncertain. But real success is not to be judged of by battles, by routs, by hecatombs of slaughtered men. The question of advantage will turn upon the treaties to follow, the ground gained, the strongholds demolished, and the means of future assault wrested out of the hands of the enemy. The expedition to the Crimea was obviously conceived in the spirit of these opinions. "Material guarantees," to use the words of Nicholas, are wanting to insure the peace of the world. This is one. It is a childish chimera, to imagine that Turkey can be safe whilst the Crimea remains in the hands of Russia; and it is equally fallacious to dream of the security of Germany and of the Western nations,

whilst she possesses Poland. Her means of assault are constantly in her hands, whilst she can assemble the hordes of her vast dominions on these two points of attack ; and we confess that we can have no confidence in the permanent independence and the full security of the freedom of nations, whilst these points of aggression remain in her occupancy.

If we judge of the prevalent notions of statesmen and diplomatists from the publications constantly emanating from the council-chambers of these high functionaries, it would appear that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is the only idea entertained. To push Russia back, to keep her within her own borders, to compel her to abandon her neighbour's territories, and abstain from robbing that neighbour of her goods, fulfils the conditions of this ideal. What then ? Her means of present and future spoliation are found in the possessions gained by past robberies. The strategical operations of those armies which threaten the liberties of the world take place on ground seized by perfidy, rather than won by war ; the guns that bristle on ramparts, giving Russia the means of effecting her *forays* into the territories of her neighbours, all stand on ground obtained by similar means of stratagem ; the waters she navigates, the ports she occupies by her ships, and the ascendancy she has gained, have all passed into her hands by similar frauds. Now, if a gang of depredators had robbed a portion of the peaceful inhabitants of a city, and then taken their abode in the last house which they had despoiled, barricaded the doors and windows, filled it with crow-bars, pick-locks, dark-lanterns, and the rest of the implements of house-breaking, for the purpose of carrying on their trade of robbery against the next house, the next street, and gradually to enclose the whole city in their scheme of plunder,—what would the citizens do ? Would they hesitate to pull down the stronghold of these thieves ? Would they feel themselves safe, till they had accomplished this ? To lock and bolt their doors, they would instinctively perceive, would be no security against a gang of scientific robbers ; and to unkennel the beast of prey from his lair would be the desire and study of every man. This is exactly the case in regard to Russian aggression. Her cupidity is never satisfied ; like the grave, she still cries for more victims : her spoliations this year only prepare her for new spoliations the next ; the occupancy of one province only gives her the means, and excites the appetite, to despoil the adjoining one, so soon as the time comes ; and her entire frontier is now in such a state of strength and efficiency, in all the material of aggressive war, as to prepare her to advance on every point.

The preservation of the independence of Turkey must mainly depend on Turkey herself. The Allies may be able to drive back the Russian armies, but cannot garrison the country. Here lies

the real difficulty of the Eastern Question. We have no doubt that much progress has, in recent times, been made in reforming the abuses of the old system. The European code of military discipline now established is one of these improvements; and the present war has shown that this organization is effective. The civil ameliorations, in the establishment of equal justice for all; the formation of municipal institutions, with the franchise conferred on Christians, in common with Mussulmans; the establishment of academies and schools, where the sciences and arts are liberally taught; the improved condition of the Rayah population; and the introduction of a general system of justice and law,—are all indications of progress. But many of the vices of the old *régime* still remain, and, for aught that appears, must continue to demoralize the nation. From these causes, apparently fundamental in the Mahommedan religion, the Ottoman population is constantly and rapidly decreasing. Either the jealousies of the Government, or the bigotry of the people, continue to prevent the Christian population from taking part, by arms, in the wars of the empire, so that the Mussulman population alone is liable to be called out for military service. Whilst the Mahommedan population is decreasing, the Christian population is increasing in as great, or even in a greater, ratio. And when it is recollected that, in the European provinces, the proportion is as twelve to less than four,—the Christians being twelve millions, and the Mahommedans betwixt three and four millions,—it is easy to see that stability in such an anomalous state of things is impossible. Several of the provinces already enjoy a pseudo-independence. The two Principalities, as we have seen, possess a Government of their own. Serbia is in a similar state; and so slightly is she connected with the Porte, that, at the breaking out of the present war, she resolved to remain neutral, and even refused to allow ten thousand Bosnian troops to pass through Serbia to reinforce Omar Pacha's army on the Danube. Montenegro is more independent still; and, in addition, is prepared now, and on all occasions, to join Russia against Turkey. It was only the appearance of an Austrian army on the frontier, threatening the invasion of the country, that prevented Prince Daniel, and his hardy mountaineers, from rushing from their fastnesses upon Bosnia, or invading Albania, with a view ultimately to join the Greek insurgents. We have no idea that *old* Turkey can hold together. In the loss of its military spirit the state lost its cohesive force; and there is not, apparently, sufficient moral power in the religion of Turkey to blend society together, and lead to civilization. The Christianity—very imperfect, it is true—which has stood its ground through so many ages of oppression, is sure to vanquish the antagonistic system in the end; and the people who have “multiplied and increased,” in despite of their miseries

and poverty, must, by the pressure of numbers and the force of circumstances, become, in the end, the dominant race.

But this is no justification of the invasion of Russia, no reason why Turkey should be permitted to fall into her hands. We hold to just the contrary principle. The religious people of this country may possibly have some scruples respecting the fitness of a Christian nation engaging its resources in support of a Mahomedan power. We are not surprised at this, it is perfectly natural. The political portion of the case is complete, in the apprehension of all; no one doubts the justice of our cause, and no one who understands the matter can doubt its policy. But surely Christianity never interferes with eternal justice; and what is just in policy must be true in religion. But the case may be fairly put even on this ground. What would be the prospects of evangelical religion, in case Russia succeeded in the conquest of Turkey? and what are its prospects now, under the Sultan's Government? We answer,—in the former case, liberty of worship, freedom of conscience, and the profession of the evangelical faith by the organization of Christian Churches, would be utterly destroyed. We are not disposed to do Nicholas an injustice. Let him enjoy all the reputation he deserves; but if we judge of the fate of religious liberty in Turkey by what has taken place in his own dominions,—not, let it be observed, by the operation of an old and persecuting system, but by his own personal acts, enforced by ukases signed by his own hand,—then we must believe that he would utterly uproot all religious freedom in his new and Turkish provinces, adopting, if necessary, a violent course of persecution.

The ecclesiastical system of Russia is politico-religious, in the grossest possible form. Peter the Great put an end to the Patriarchate of Moscow, the representative of the Christian principle in the Greek form, and substituted in its place what is called the "Holy Synod," which is a Committee, partly consisting of laymen and partly of Priests, the Emperor always being the head. All religious matters are under the cognizance of this Committee, whilst the Committee itself is as absolutely subject to the will of the Emperor, or the civil power, as the Police-Courts, the Courts of Admiralty, or the affairs of the Military Department. The imperial power is always represented in this "Holy Synod" by military and naval officers of high standing; and the ecclesiastical functionaries are entirely subordinate to the will of the Czar, through the influence thus exercised. By this arrangement the Church is made absolutely a machine of the State, and is employed to execute its behests in the same way as any other machinery of Government.

It has been the policy of the present emperor to bring all the religious bodies in the empire into strict communion with the

State Church. He has not hesitated to employ coercive means, as well as the cajolery of persuasion and bribes, to effect this purpose. We are told, on good authority, that persecuting measures of the vilest nature have been adopted towards all nonconforming Churches. Amongst the most interesting Churches of this sort, is found a body of nonjurist Greek Priests and lay-members, who refused to conform to the Church-and-State policy begun by Peter. These nonjuring Christians, of the old Greek persuasion, are represented as being in character by far the most respectable Christians found in the country. These people have been severely persecuted, their Priests maltreated,—some sent to Siberia,—and their flocks dispersed, because they would not swallow a State-manufactured religion. Most of the Polish people are Romanists. The Priests of this Church were required to conform. They refused; and, it is said, men venerable for age and virtue were seen marched off for Siberia, under the charge of rude Cossacks, to end their days in slavery, or to perish by the way. But these aged Priests were, we are told, subjected, many of them, to the *knout*, the instrument of Russian punishment for alleged offences against the new Gospel proclaimed by the Emperor for the behoof of his erring subjects. The Jews, a numerous body in Poland, have been dealt with in a similar spirit, though on other grounds; and their property has been confiscated, their trade ruined, their families dispersed, and banishment and ruin have been entailed upon them. In like manner, all the Protestant Missions have been broken up through the empire. The public of this country had, for years, been led to hope that in the outskirts of the empire, where they had chiefly aimed at the establishment of Missions, great good was going on amongst Tartars, Calmucks, and various Mahommedan and heathen tribes. These Missions have all been dispersed by the present Czar; and the expense and labour of many years, on the part of the Scotch and London Missionary Societies, all scattered to the winds.

Such having been the policy of Nicholas in his own empire, what is the world to expect if he should succeed in annexing Turkey to his dominions? There can be no question but that a similar policy would instantly be adopted in respect to the old Greek Church, which he now affects to desire to protect. Protect! Yes, he would protect the Greek religion, just as he and his ancestors have protected Poland, the Crimea, Georgia, and Armenia. Protection means absorption. It is only the first stage on the road to this consummation: the protection of a lamb by a boa-constrictor would be as safe as the protection of the Greek Church by Russia: in both cases the protection would last till the monster was ready for his meal.

The Greek Church in Turkey is really independent. It is the

type and representative of the Church of Constantine and the Lower Empire. The building where Chrysostom poured forth his beautiful and golden eloquence is not, it is true, now occupied ; but the same patriarchate is in the hands of the chief of the old faith ; and, by a wonderful instance of tolerant magnanimity, the Sultans of Turkey have, for four hundred years, allowed the Church to exercise all the rights of self-government, and, what is still more strange, almost an entirely absolute freedom in secular affairs, as well as ecclesiastical. The same is the case with the Armenian Church. What would Russia do with these bodies ? There can be no difficulty in supplying the answer. She would certainly destroy their independence, subvert the patriarchate, substitute another "Holy Synod" in its place, or affiliate the old Greek Church in Turkey to the new order of things in St. Petersburg, and absorb the religion of the East in the huge centralization at present existing,—a centralization which mingles together in one promiscuous mass heaven and earth, the Gospel and the Government, the spiritual and the temporal, the Covenant of the Son of God and the ukases of the Emperor, the morality of the Bible and the chicanery of the "Chancery," the bodies and the souls, the temporal and the eternal interests, of mankind, and then places the whole in the hands of the Czar, to be disposed of by his will, and governed by his fiat. Would religion in Turkey fare the better by this change ? At present all the Churches are, in themselves, free. We say, in themselves, because we are aware that they have not been free to make proselytes from the Mussulman population, or rather, which is more accurate, the Mussulmans have not been free to become Christians ; the *onus* not being with the Christian teacher, but with the taught ; not with the proselyter, but with the proselytes. If the Mahommedans of past days had chosen to brave martyrdom, they might have become Christians : whilst Christian teachers themselves would escape ; except so far as they might have been exposed to enraged Pachas and infuriated mobs. But this barrier is being broken down ; and we see that an Armenian who had turned Mahommedan and then apostatized back again to his former faith, being brought before the authorities, was told he might "go away : " his head was left on his shoulders, and his religious liberty insured. This was the beginning of a new principle ; and the repetition of a few more cases of this nature will secure the right of the Mahommedan people to embrace the Christian faith.

But the Churches themselves are perfectly free. In this, Turkey has always been infinitely more tolerant than Christian States. The "Holy Shrines," that we have heard so much about, are a standing monument of this toleration. Would Popish Italy, would Protestant England, have allowed the existence of religious convents, churches, and places of resort for Mahommedan pil-

grims, in the midst of their territories, to be maintained at the public expense, and guarded by the soldiers of the State, as has for many centuries been the case with the Turks? Would these powers have permitted the head of the religion of Mecca to have had his seat in the metropolis of their several States,—Rome or London,—with full power to conduct the ecclesiastical affairs of the Moslem religion, to build mosques, to carry on their public services, and the Muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, at the appointed hour, from the top of the sacred edifice? Would these States have tolerated the organization and self-government of Moslem congregations, in their chief cities, and all over their territories? All this the Turkish Government has done, and is still doing. But we are certain, if Russia obtained possession of the country, all this would end. A short process would be taken with the Greek, the Armenian, and the Evangelical Churches; and, in case they refused to merge their identity, and pass bodily into the Russian centralization, a fierce persecution would instantly follow.

On these grounds we are led to believe that the Bible, vital Christianity, and the progress of the Evangelical Church, would fare infinitely worse under the rule of the Czar than under that of the Sultan. Backed by the power of the state, the military force, the bureaucracy, and the wheels and pulleys of the entire system, a despotism crushing alike to social freedom, commercial activity, the progress of civilization, and the freedom of religion, would be established. Not a voice would be heard in testimony of the truth; not an assembly of Christians permitted, except in connexion with the established hierarchy; not an effort would be allowed to promulgate the Holy Scriptures; not a school for religious purposes would be tolerated, save such as taught the politico-religious creed of the dominant power; not a movement of the mind of the people towards that enlightenment for which all sigh, would be suffered; and one black and portentous cloud, dark as the regions of Tartarus, would cover the land, where, at present, a partial and glimmering light shines forth. We do not found these anticipations on conjecture, on hypothesis, on theory; but on what exists, on the well-known principles of the Russian system, on the history of the past. Russia is not satisfied with the allegiance, the laws of conscription and military service, the material substance forming her vast dominions: she demands the soul, the heart, the conscience of all her people; and her object is to reduce all minds to one dead level of submission, to a despotism which alike bows the soul and the body to her iron domination.

Considering the prominent place which the Church in Russia occupies as an instrument of the State, it is not a matter of surprise that the intrigues and audacity, which have led to the present war, should have had their starting-point in religious questions. Our space will not allow us to enter into detail; but the

fact itself is worth referring to. The "Holy Shrines" are found emblazoned on the programme of Act the First. A "cupola" and a "key" are seen to be the all-important subjects of dispute, in introducing on the stage the tragedy of war. Prince Menschikoff began his mission with demands on these grave matters. A brace of ecclesiastical baubles are found sufficient to agitate the sensitive mind of the head of the orthodox faith. Some concession had been made to a coxcombical Ambassador, sent by Louis Napoleon on the same grave subject; for the Porte, very naturally, seems to have cared very little about the Holy Places, if the parties concerned could agree amongst themselves. An Austrian Ambassador makes his appearance on the same stage; and he also is soon satisfied, obtaining all he sought. The Russian Plenipotentiary Extraordinary follows in the wake of the other two dignitaries, but with very different credentials, and for a very different purpose. The "cupola" and the "key" are only the first parallels in the siege just about to open. Lest this business should be settled amicably and too soon, he next outrageously insults the Turkish Government, and opens up the *real* question of his mission; namely, to demand the protectorate of the twelve millions of the Sultan's Greek subjects for his master the Czar; in other words, the transfer of the sovereignty of the greatest and best portion of the Turkish Empire to the sovereignty of Russia. This audacity met with a stern and positive refusal. The diplomacy of Europe was evoked, and the famous Note of Vienna followed, in the main conceding the demands of Russia, and recommending the Porte to submit. To her eternal honour, she still refused, thus placing the *onus* of enforcing their interposition upon Turkey on their own head. For very shame the four Courts—France, England, Austria, and Prussia—nullified their own act, and supported Turkey in her resistance. Evasion, shuffling, a change of basis, and some modifications were conceded by Prince Menschikoff, but the main point, the protectorate, was insisted upon; and to secure to himself, as he said, "material guarantees" for the fulfilment of his pretended "rights" on this question, Nicholas ordered his forces to cross the Pruth, and occupy the Principalities.

Thus the war began; for Turkey did not hesitate to accept the challenge, and by a Proclamation, couched in dignified but firm and decided language, exposed the perfidy of Russia, and announced that, if the Russian troops did not retire from her territory by a given time, hostilities would commence. Nicholas did not deign any reply to this manifesto; he, no doubt, anticipated it all, and was prepared for the issue: his army remained in Wallachia and Moldavia, awaiting the movements of the Turks.

The brilliant and extraordinary campaign of the Danube soon commenced. We may make a remark or two on the general

principles on which it was conducted by Omar Pacha, in illustration of the result. The unity and simplicity of the entire plan will enable us, non-professional as we are in military affairs, to comprehend the whole. In the main, then, it is obvious that the strategical policy of the Turkish Generalissimo was Fabian and defensive. His troops were massed on the right bank of the Danube, and the fortifications, to the utmost, strengthened and improved. We recollect being amused at the time with a graphic description, by a traveller, of the workshops in the arsenal of Rustchuk, as pointing out the diligence and assiduity of the Commander-in-Chief in preparing for the emergencies of the war. In addition to the more important preparation of artillery, and the strengthening of the fortifications, it was stated that in the workshops were seen, in the prosecution of their respective crafts, Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Gypsies,—all busy in the preparation of some useful implements adapted to their genius. The Gypsies were tinkering at tin canteens, and other articles essential to camp life; the Bulgarians were engaged in iron work, and in making gun-carriages and carts; the Greeks were pursuing lighter crafts, such as tailoring, boot-making, and the rest; the poor Jew seemed ill at home in these duties, but was obliged to make himself generally useful; whilst the Turks themselves smoked and worked, as best they could, in the midst of the general activity. The scene was, in its kind, picturesque enough, and, we must say, rather unusual in the regions of Turkey. But these exertions told on the general result. The fighting part of war is, in reality, the least portion of the dreadful game. The preparations behind the scene constitute the arms and sinews of the contest; and, in case these are neglected, disastrous consequences, as we too well know, must ensue. That these kinds of preparation were made on a judicious and large scale, we have proof in the issue; for it would have been utterly impossible for Omar Pacha to have made good his ground, had he not possessed these resources to retire upon. His arsenals were full of the material of war, the fortresses well armed and manned, provisions prepared and supplied in abundance, and the lesser matters of transport, forage, and horses, amply provided. A defensive force is oftener driven from its lines by the want of means of subsistence, and other causes of a like nature, than by force of arms.

The head-quarters of the Turkish army were, at the opening of the campaign, at Widdin. This place was chosen with skill, as we shall see, though not central. The ulterior purpose of Omar Pacha was evidently the formation of the "Torres Vedras" of the war,—the "lines," or fortified camp, at Kalafat. But to secure this point, the passage of the Danube, in the presence of the Russian army, was necessary. This bold manœuvre was accomplished, and the first combat of the war followed,—the battle of Oltenitza. The forces were not

numerous on either side, but pretty equal in numbers, and the contest ended in the complete rout of the Russian force. An eye-witness described Omar Pacha as seated on a divan, cross-legged, in the Turkish fashion, smoking his chibouque, and giving his orders with perfect *sang froid*. He was enabled to see every thing from this point of observation, and to direct the movements of every battalion of his army; and it was said by this witness of the action, that, when the Turkish cavalry were rushing forward upon the retreating Russians, and in danger of compromising the fortunes of the day by their headlong rashness, their sagacious General recalled them, by ordering the bugle to be sounded for that purpose. The day was won: no sinister counteraction followed; and the Turks remained on the left bank of the Danube. Intrenchments were thrown up; and we presume the Russians were deceived with the idea, that the Turkish army was about to operate from Oltenitza, as the centre of its movements. The General had a greater game to play, a higher prize in his eye, a more commanding position to secure. Whilst amusing the attention, and engaging the exertions of the Russians at Oltenitza, Omar Pacha crossed the river at Widdin, and, suddenly seizing the high ground of Kalafat, instantly threw up intrenchments, which ever after bade defiance to the Russian armies. This strong position was occupied by the Russians in the war of 1828 and 1829, and very much facilitated their operations against the Danubian fortresses, their capture, the passage of the Balkan, and march to Adrianople. How they came, on this occasion, to neglect to possess themselves of so important and essential a position, with the whole country open to them, and the example of General Diebitsch in the last war, we are unable to divine.

Be this as it may, it is perfectly clear, that the fate of the campaign turned on this successful manœuvre. Kalafat lies opposite to Widdin, and, by a bridge of boats, Omar Pacha was enabled to connect the two,—sending reinforcements and *matériel* of war and provisions across the river to the camp, at his pleasure. This explains the reason for his head-quarters being, at this early date, fixed at Widdin, instead of a more central point lower down, as afterwards at Schumla. The position of Kalafat became the key of the campaign, and may be said, also, to have been the salvation of Turkey. It seems to have been the intention of the Emperor of Russia to have turned the Turkish defences at this point; to have passed into Servia; to have overthrown the neutrality of that Principality; and either to have forced the people to take sides with her against their lawful Sovereign, the Sultan, or to have made this country the base of her operations against the Turkish dominions on the right bank of the Danube,—probably a march on Constantinople. All these schemes were effectually frustrated. The intrenched

works at Kalafat were from time to time reinforced from Widdin, strengthened from day to day by additional redoubts, and bristled with so formidable an artillery, as to bid defiance to the enemy.

We are unable to comprehend the reasons for the strategical movements of the Russian General. His forces were placed on a line of some two hundred miles, from Galatz and Ibrail to Bucharest, and even farther up than this capital of Wallachia. Judging of these movements by the ordinary rules of war, we might be led to imagine that the Russians were acting on the defensive, rather than the offensive; that these troops were intended to guard and defend the frontier provinces, instead of being assembled to invade Turkey. An aggressive war, to be successful, must, in the nature of things, be carried on by the concentration of large masses of troops on one point, so as, like a mountain torrent, to break the defensive chain of the enemy. All the wars of Napoleon were conducted upon this principle. The Austrian armies, under General Mack, were thus overthrown, leading to the capture of Ulm, the battle of Austerlitz, and the humiliation of Germany. In the next year, Prussia, after an infinite series of perplexed manœuvres on the field of war, just the same as her present perplexed policy on the field of diplomacy, shared the same fate. The Prussian army, under the command of the old Duke of Brunswick, of sinister fame, extended for many leagues, apparently, for the defence of the frontier of the kingdom, was pierced by one of Napoleon's masterly movements, and then scattered to the winds and utterly annihilated by the great battle of Jena. Had Omar Pacha possessed a sufficient force for such a purpose, it would have been as easy for him to have scattered the forces of Prince Gortschakoff, as for Napoleon to do so in either of these instances. But, true to his defensive policy, the Turkish Generalissimo could not be tempted to risk the fortunes of war by a general action.

We presume Nicholas became dissatisfied with the war and its results. As the time approached for active operations in the spring of 1854, he sent Prince Paskiewitsch to supersede Gortschakoff, and take the supreme command. This aged veteran is considered the first General in the Russian service; and he has, on two great theatres, eminently served his country. In Asia,—the scene of present operations,—in the last war, by a succession of masterly and brilliant operations, he entirely annihilated the Turkish power, and this at a time when the balance seemed to turn against the Russian armies on the Danube. And in Poland, in the last heroic struggle for liberty by that brave nation, Paskiewitsch was the instrument of their humiliation and subjugation. Having deserved so well of his Sovereign, honours were showered upon him. He was created Prince of Warsaw, General-in-Chief and Governor of that ill-starred country; and, from the date of his victories, he has held the

reins of authority, and employed his utmost energies—and not without success—in rendering Poland, what Russia always intended it to be, a military position of prodigious strength, to defend Russia against aggression, and provide an out-post of the empire, threatening to German independence and the liberties of Europe. The consolidation of Russian power in Poland has, unquestionably, been more advanced by Prince Paskiewitsch than by any previous satrap. The Polish nobility, if suspected of love to their country, have been doomed to the genial climate and elegant hospitalities of Siberia; the peasants and common people evincing such sins as patriotism and the love of freedom, have been marched off to the army of the Caucasus, to battle with pestilence and the Circassians,—esteemed amongst them, and with good reason, as tantamount to a sentence of death; and if we add to this decimation of the population, confiscations of property, temporary imprisonments, the liberal use of the knout, *espionnage*, a universal and crushing police-force, the sale of justice, and the everlasting intermeddling of all sorts of *employés*,—we may infer thence how well this Prince-General deserves of his master. Although it is said that he remonstrated against the policy of the war, and manifested great reluctance to be personally charged with conducting it; yet, in obedience to the imperial mandate, he made his appearance on the field of action.

The Prince had no sooner assumed the command, than extreme activity appeared in the Russian camp; and we may be well assured that new life and confidence inspired all its grades. The scattered corps were grouped at, and around, Bucharest: and it became evident that something decisive was contemplated. The object of assault was universally understood to be the intrenchments of Kalafat. These were reconnoitred by the General-in-Chief, skirmishing parties were incessantly sent out, petty *rencontres* took place, and always in favour of the Turks. The strength of the place was not found merely in the heights, the trenches, and the cannon of the camp: it was incessantly fed across the river from Widdin, as occasion required; and it was found impossible to destroy the Turkish bridge of boats, or to cut off the communication with the right bank of the Danube. After various delays, manœuvres, marches, and countermarches, it became evident that an attack was imminent. This was anticipated by Omar Pacha. He ordered a strong force to sally from the lines, under the command of Ismail Pacha, one of his most trusty and celebrated chiefs, and to assault the Russian corps. The battle of Citate ensued. The Russians occupied the village of that name in force, with a numerous artillery and powerful infantry, flanked and supported by a strong body of cavalry. The attack of the Turks was irresistible. The village was carried at the point of the bayonet, and set on fire; and the routed

Russians were seen in full retreat. They met a strong column of some fifteen thousand men, sent by Paskiewitsch to their aid, and the two bodies formed a junction. The victorious Turks did not hesitate a moment, but flew in fury upon this new enemy, which, by the union of the two bodies, greatly outnumbered their own. A second victory followed, perfectly decisive in its results, which would have been much more so, if a cavalry chief had not misconceived his orders, or neglected to obey them. But this mischance only had the effect of rendering the victory less costly and humiliating to the Russians, and not wresting it out of the hands of the Turks. The heroism of this conflict recalled the best days of Ottoman history. Ismail Pacha fought like a lion at the head of his troops, exposing himself to shot and sabre every moment; the officers in command were inspired with the spirit of their leader, and vied with each other in deeds of valour; and the common soldiers were in no wise behind their officers, but every man seemed to emulate his fellow in daring and prowess. True to the policy of the war, not to hazard any thing by rashness, the Turks retired in the evening to their intrenchments, flushed with victory, and re-assured in the confidence of being more than a match for their enemy.

This battle decided the question as to the possibility of a successful assault of the intrenchments of Kalafat. No serious attempt upon the place was made after this period. Parties of Cossacks and cavalry, sometimes accompanied by infantry and artillery, approached the place, as near the range of the guns as was prudent, apparently for the purpose of *reconnaissance*, or, perhaps, to tempt the Turks to abandon their stronghold, and weaken their force by useless encounters in the open field. But the sagacity of the Turkish Commander was superior to these vulgar bravadoes, and he left the Russians to waste their strength in fruitless and abortive efforts against his impregnable position.

The moral effect of the battle of Citate in the Turkish army was immense; and in old times,—indeed, so late as the war of 1829,—it would, in all probability, have caused the Chief Vizier of that day to abandon his intrenchments, and hazard every thing in the open field. Had Omar Pacha done so, notwithstanding his victory, the war would have ended disastrously to his arms. In any thing like equal numbers, this combat proved, beyond question, that the Turkish army was more than a match for the armies of the Czar; but in other matters the contest was fearfully unequal, and the only possibility of Omar Pacha maintaining it was in a firm adherence to his defensive strategy. In numbers, in organization, in artillery, in their cavalry force, in all the munitions of war, in the command of the resources of the country, and in monetary power, the

Russians were far in advance of the Turks. These things considered, it must be apparent to the most superficial observer, that a campaign in the open field must have terminated disastrously for the Turks. The only chance of being able successfully to resist the unjust aggression of the Czar, lay in a persevering persistence in the defensive policy adopted by Omar Pacha; and, happily for his country, he had the courage to continue it. The world has witnessed many instances, since the days of Hannibal's invasion of Italy, and its defence by Fabius, of a comparatively feeble State successfully resisting the assaults of its stronger neighbours. But nothing is more remarkable in the wars of Turkey with Russia, than the reverse of this. Impassible in ordinary life, and difficult to rouse, in war the Turk, above all men, is impetuous and fiery. In the very last war, the Grand Vizier had the temerity to sally out of Schumla at the head of his forces, place himself in an untenable position, and allow Diebitsch to interpose himself between the Turkish army and the fortress they had quitted, and inflict upon them a blow from which they never recovered. It was this false move on the chess-board which enabled the Russian General to cross the Balkan, and to dictate the Peace of Adrianople. Such was the importance of the constancy of Omar Pacha in the line of tactics he had adopted. The victory of Citate could not deceive him. True genius knows when to halt, as well as when to move; and we look upon the defensive policy of the Turkish chief as indicative of profound sagacity.

Baffled in his attempts to take Kalafat, and being equally unsuccessful in his efforts to decoy Omar Pacha from his stronghold, nothing was left to Prince Paskiewitsch but to take the old route into Turkey proper. He therefore ordered General Lüders to cross the Danube into the Dobrudscha, from Galatz, whilst the main army manœuvred on the left bank, to support this movement. The Dobrudscha is crossed by the remains of the Wall of Trajan; and Europe heard, with some anxiety, that this point was to be defended, and a great battle was impending. But Mustapha Pacha, undoubtedly by the orders of his chief, left the Wall of Trajan undefended, and retreated before the advancing Russians. This brought their armies before Silistria, and the celebrated siege of that fortress followed. The fortunes of the war turned on this pivot, and the skill and resources of both armies were concentrated on this point. To meet the exigencies of the case, and to be near the new field of operations, the head-quarters of Omar Pacha were moved from Widdin to Schumla; but his old policy of defensive war was still adhered to. Decisive offensive operations were anticipated; but the Turkish Commander was seen calmly, but energetically, strengthening his position, and refusing to be lured from his

ramparts. The garrison of Silistria was reinforced, its fortifications put in the best condition, and the fearful conflict began.

By reason of the secrecy observed in all military affairs by the Russian Government, it is impossible to ascertain the exact number of the force engaged in the siege of Silistria; but the general belief is, that not less than seventy or eighty thousand men were employed in the operation, with a vast train of heavy artillery. The approaches were conducted in the usual manner, and the Turks met the storm with cool intrepidity and unflinching resolution. An incident which gave a peculiar interest to this siege took place, apparently, from mere accident,—the presence of two of our countrymen. In the indulgence of a laudable curiosity to see the place, and make themselves acquainted with its defences, Captain Butler and Lieutenant Nasmyth entered the town just at the time of its being invested, and, either because they had no inclination to make the attempt to escape, or because of the hazard of such an undertaking, remained in the place. "So," said Lieutenant Nasmyth to the "Times," being the correspondent of that paper at the period, "So we are in for it, and must make up our minds to abide the issue." There they did remain, and nobly they acquitted themselves. By day and by night these two gallant officers were found at the post of danger; at one time encouraging the men, and at another directing their measures; at one time rousing the somewhat sluggish energies of the Governor, and at another suggesting the best plans of defence; at one time found in the trenches, and at another heading the *sorties* of the garrison; at one time foreseeing the stratagems of the Russians above ground, and at another detecting and baffling their mining operations; at one time suffering the want of supplies, and at another devising the means to obtain them. These young officers became the animating life of the garrison, the objects of universal confidence and admiration, the guiding lights of the measures adopted; and, although we do not intend to depreciate the bravery of the Turks, yet it cannot damage their reputation to affirm, that the skill and equal valour of these gentlemen contributed largely to the success of the defence. England was proud of her sons, and took their conduct on this novel occasion as an omen for good. It is hardly necessary to say, that poor Captain Butler lost his life by the bursting of a shell, and was bitterly lamented by his brave comrades in arms; Omar Pacha uniting in the universal grief, and rendering a public tribute to the memory of the young hero. By an act of justice, Lieutenant Nasmyth was, at the termination of the siege, raised to the rank of Major in the British army.

It is a singular feature of the siege of Silistria, that the efforts of the Russian army, in all its force, were directed chiefly to but

one fort,—Fort Tabia, which is described as a mere earthwork. Innumerable assaults, by large bodies of men, were made upon this work, but invariably without success. With unflinching courage the Turks met these attempts to seize their stronghold; their fire produced vast chasms in the ranks of the Russians, whose approaches to the works were met by the bayonet, and resolutely repelled; with perfect coolness any breaches made in their intrenchments were repaired by the spade, in the presence of a murderous fire, and the loss of one man in this work was instantly supplied by another; till, in the end, the steadiness and bravery of the garrison surmounted all difficulties. The loss of the Russians was prodigious. General Schilders, the chief Engineer, was killed; Prince Paskiewitsch was wounded, though, owing to the secrecy observed on such subjects by the Russians, the nature of the injury has not transpired. Several other general officers, as well as many of a lower grade, lost their lives, or received serious injuries, whilst many thousand soldiers were put *hors de combat*; when, finally, in the darkness of night, the Russian forces retired, carrying with them their artillery.

The defeat of the Russians must be mainly attributed to the skill and bravery of the defence. But there were, undoubtedly, other causes, leading to this result. Like Sebastopol, the town was never invested, the Russian General contenting himself with assaulting one side of the place, and leaving the other open. We are at a perfect loss to comprehend the reasons for this omission, inasmuch as the Russian force was sufficient for the purpose, and there was no army in the field to prevent it. By reason of this omission, it remained in the power of Omar Pacha to send in supplies and reinforcements at his pleasure; so that the casualties and losses sustained at different times, were constantly repaired. The case of both Silistria and Sebastopol reminds us of Sydney Smith's humorous description of Dame Partington attempting to mop up the encroaching waters of the Atlantic. The capture of fortified places is the effect of exhaustion; but if their losses can be repaired at pleasure, this exhaustion can never take place, and, consequently, the defence can be protracted *ad infinitum*. This, we presume, was the real cause why Silistria held out so long, and ultimately baffled all the attempts of Prince Paskiewitsch to take it. The case is so clear to non-professional men, that we cannot help expressing our surprise, that so experienced a General as the Russian Commander-in-Chief should have neglected so obvious a precaution. These hallucinations of intellect seem to be the instruments of Providence in defeating the designs of man. The most important and, indeed, to the parties, fatal results in war often spring from these momentary blunders.

The early movements of the Allied armies in the East have

been equally open to criticism; and we confess our inability to perceive the reasons for some of these early movements. The first position taken was that of Gallipoli; but why, we cannot imagine. The Allied troops began their work by throwing up intrenchments, preparatory to their being mounted with cannon. How this operation stood connected with the campaign on the Danube, then fearfully raging, though understood, no doubt, by the scientific warriors who planned the best mode of assisting the Turks, yet is a question lying very far from our vision. Gallipoli is a point of land, with the Gulf of Saros on one side, and the Dardanelles on the other; and these earthworks seem to have been intended to secure the other fortifications commanding those celebrated straits. In case the Russians had been at Adrianople, were marching victoriously on the capital, and threatening the very existence of Constantinople, we can understand the importance of making the entrance into the Black Sea safe. But they were some three hundred miles off, were struggling to overpower Omar Pacha on the Danube; and, to all appearance at the time, a small weight thrown into the scale would turn the balance in favour of the Turks. The moment we are referring to was the most critical moment in the entire war; and the most sanguine as to the justice of the Turkish cause, and the bravery of the troops, must certainly at that period have been visited with many apprehensions for the safety of the army, and the issue of the campaign. Bystanders must have felt, and we know many who said, that this was the time for the Allied forces to appear on the field. There was nothing to prevent it. The sea was as open to Varna as it was to Gallipoli, and a few hours' sail would have carried our forces to the field of action, and at once have decided, in conjunction with the Turks, the fate of the campaign. But there we remained at Gallipoli, till the idea of fortifying the forts of the Dardanelles was supplanted by another, and the troops were moved to Scutari and the neighbourhood of Constantinople. All this time, as we have intimated, the Turkish army was fiercely contending for existence, and exposed to the utmost peril, and yet no movement took place for their succour. We can only account for this on one principle; namely, that those who had the direction of the Allied forces—whether at home, or in the field—entertained the notion that Omar Pacha must necessarily be overcome, that the Balkan would be passed, that the Russians would soon be seen in full march upon Constantinople, and that it was essential to keep the Allied troops in the neighbourhood to defend the capital. But here again, we confess, our common sense is sadly perplexed by this fresh development of strategic science. We should have imagined that the Danube itself, and, in the case of its defences becoming untenable, then the Balkan, were the natural lines

of defence; and, moreover, that Constantinople would have been much more safe, with the Allied armies defending these bulwarks of the empire, than fighting the Russians flushed with victory,—which, we must remember, is one of the conditions of the case, as anticipated by our rulers,—on the plains of Roumelia, in their approach to Constantinople.

Besides this consideration, an earlier appearance of the Allies in Bulgaria would, in all probability, have preserved the troops from much of that suffering and mortality which followed their late appearance on the scene. In such localities as Varna, a certain amount of pestilence annually recurs, arising from malaria, the production of swamps and decaying vegetable matter. A previous residence is found the best safeguard, as, by a process of acclimatizing, the constitution is gradually prepared for the intense heats, noxious evaporations, and pestilential fevers, which are certain to come. Of course, the cholera could not have been foreseen; but cholera was by no means the only visitation which cut off so many of our men; and it is certain, that every other species of disease by which they were visited, might easily have been foreseen and provided against by a different arrangement as to time and encampment. But the lessons of science, and even of experience, are sure to be lost on Englishmen. We are “always learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth;” or, if we attain to this knowledge in one age, it is certain to be forgotten in the next. No nation in the world possesses the same means of medical experience as ours, and yet, when this is practically tested, it is found that none is more deficient. Our empire traverses every latitude, and embraces every variety of climate, from the Tropics to the Poles. We are found every where, and our countrymen can, when rightly treated, live every where; but no human system can bear to be plunged at once, and without seasoning, into new and untried regions, the absolute contrast of the climate in which their life has been developed. We know not whether the medical officers of the East India Company, like the military officers of that service, are proscribed, refused rank, and treated as non-British,—a sort of alien race: if so, of course their experience would be unavailable in the expedition. In passing, let us be permitted to express our regret, nay, our indignation, at this suicidal proscription. India is the school, and, in times of European peace, the only school, open to Englishmen for developing their military skill; and we all know that it has trained for public service the greatest men of the country. That these men should lose rank when they return to their native land, and in their association with the dandy officers of the household troops or others, who have never seen any thing beyond a birthday review, is an infinite abomination. The amalga-

mation of the two services is essential to the efficiency of the British army; and, in case our belief is well founded respecting the medical department, the same principle must hold good. Indian doctors could have given our authorities some information respecting climate and cholera, that, in all probability, would have saved hundreds of lives, had their advice been followed.

And yet it cannot be denied, that though the Allied army took no active part in the operations on the Danube, it contributed, in no slight degree, to the issue. By acting as a reserve, it enabled Omar Pacha to concentrate and employ all his forces in support of Silistria: the moral effect of such an army being at hand, and ready to act, could not be lost; and the certainty of having to encounter them united to the Turks, in all probability decided Paskiewitsch to abandon the enterprise. Besides this appearance of the Allies on the field, the Austrians had by this time begun to assemble troops in force on her Transylvanian frontier. A treaty had, moreover, been entered into with the Porte, to the effect that Austria would occupy and defend the Principalities, as well as secure the neutrality of Servia, and the integrity of the Turkish dominions on the side of Montenegro. In this latter country a Russian agent had been busily at work for some time, distributing bribes, promising rewards, and inciting Prince Daniel to hasten his attack on Bosnia and Albania, and to co-operate with the Greek insurgents. Russia has all along been considered the very soul of legitimacy, the safeguard of dynastic rights, the shield of order against popular movements; and yet, to serve her ambitious purposes, she could now stoop to become revolutionary, and attempt to create revolt in the territories of her victim. She found a willing instrument for her purpose in the Queen of Greece, a clever and ambitious woman, who, it is well known, has long entertained the dream of becoming Empress of the Byzantine Empire, reconstructed by the arms of Russia. How this petty Queen, with her imbecile husband, could imagine that Nicholas would conquer Turkey for their behoof, only indicates, in a somewhat new phase, the blindness of ambition.

It seems that soon after the discomfiture of the Russians on the Danube, the British Cabinet began to entertain the idea of invading the territories of the Czar, and assaulting Sebastopol. For reasons already stated,—namely, the insecurity of Turkey, and the utter uselessness of any temporary aid whilst this fortress remains,—we cannot but think this resolution was wisely taken. But we were not at the time prepared for so formidable a task. The army was sickly, and great numbers were daily carried off by cholera; the officers and men were dispirited by inanition, disease, and, to them, the terrible heat of the climate; siege artillery and material were not in preparation; no suitable transport service, on an adequate footing, had

been organized; the medical department was defectively supplied with both officers and stores; and nothing had been done to support such an expedition by reserves, either on the Turkish territories, or in Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu. Hence a long and tedious delay took place; and, as the nation could not know the determination of Ministers, great anxiety was felt, great astonishment expressed, as to why our army had gone to the East at all, seeing they had taken no part on the Danube, and were now left to melt away in the swamps of Bulgaria. Why, it was indignantly asked, did they not at once go and take Sebastopol? The enterprise was considered by the people so easy an affair, that they imagined all that was necessary was for the Allies to show themselves before the place, and it would at once capitulate. This illusion was brought about by three causes: ignorance of the Crimea, and of the strength of the place; the recent advantages gained over the Russians by the Turks; and then a hasty conclusion that, on their own ground, and in defence of their own stronghold, the former would be equally feeble.

Time is every thing in war; and as the expedition to the Crimea, from the causes referred to, would, of necessity, be thrown into the autumn, entailing the possibility of a winter campaign, we cannot help thinking that it would have been more judicious for the Allied Commanders to have united their forces with those of Omar Pacha, and finished the advantages gained on the Danube, by the vigorous pursuit of the retreating Russians, and the invasion of Bessarabia. A joint attack of the combined navies and armies of the Allies could hardly have failed to prove successful. Odessa was then open to assault, and might easily have been taken or destroyed by our fleets; and the fall of this place could not have failed to render an advance upon the Pruth successful. Besides, there was ample time for this operation, though not for the other; and the discomfiture of the Russian armies in Bessarabia, and the occupation of Odessa, would have cut off the Russian means of succour to the Crimea, which has since so fearfully crippled our exertions before Sebastopol. It was thought in this country, that the presence of the Austrian forces, which, about this time, entered the Principalities, would have the effect, at any rate, of diverting the attention of the Russians, and preventing their sending reinforcements to the Crimea. Such, however, was not the case. We cannot fathom the diplomacy of the Courts of Europe; it is an abyss too deep for our plummet to reach; but the facts are clearly before us; and, somehow or other, it happened that the presence of the Austrian army in the Principalities had the effect of setting the Russians at perfect liberty to march for the protection of the threatened city. The Turks seemed perfectly paralysed. Omar Pacha

ceased to advance; inaction, for a long time, took the place of activity; and Europe was astonished and appalled at the presence of an ally in the Provinces, who seemed entirely to tie the hands of the power she had gone to aid, and, whether disguisedly or not, to serve only the strategical objects of the enemy. Compliments passed betwixt Russia and Austria on the subject; and, for the nonce, the former proclaimed to the world, that the retreat of her armies across the Pruth did not take place in consequence of disasters before Silistria, but in deference to the Court of Vienna. Not being then exactly prepared for a rupture with so formidable a military power, this pretext served for the time; but in a while it was announced by the Court of St. Petersburg, that the retreat was effected on purely strategical grounds.

We lament that our first operations did not take place on the Pruth, as it seems certain that we should have been in the spring in a much better position to invade the Crimea with success,—as we think, the primary object of the war in the East,—and, moreover, should have avoided the dreadful miseries which a winter campaign in such a country could not fail to entail. Be this as it may, the expedition was resolved upon, and preparations made. Early in September, the expedition sailed, the most magnificent that ever floated on the bosom of the sea. The Spanish Armada, and the Christian fleet that fought at Lepanto, were each numerous and powerful armaments; but, looking at the size of the men-of-war, the number and power of the steamers employed, the transports in both fleets, the weight of metal carried by the ships of war, the officering and discipline of the crews, and, above all, the glorious army this fleet carried, the two cases mentioned, or, indeed, any other in history, sink into mere insignificance, compared with this. We shall not attempt a description. These are amply given by eye-witnesses, in most graphic and glowing colours, which are in every body's hands; and, certainly, nothing could exceed the enthusiasm, the hilarity, and the joy of both armies, when their inaction ended, and they had the prospect of meeting the enemy face to face. The rendezvous, at Serpent's Island, of four hundred such ships as there met, was such a sight as the sun never looked down upon before. The disembarkation was effected at a place called Old Fort, without the appearance of an enemy. This was little expected; and it is difficult to conjecture the reasons for this inaction in the mind of Prince Menschikoff. He would not have succeeded in preventing the landing, as our steamers could have reached his army by their guns; but still he might have caused much delay, confusion, and loss. He seems, however, to have desired to reserve his entire force for a defence of his position on the Alma, which he vainly imagined was, if not

impregnable, at least capable of defence for some considerable time. The night of landing was wet, the rain descending in torrents. Our men had no tents, had left their "kits" behind them on board ship, and had to lie on the cold ground, and were drenched through and through by the descending rain. Thus began those privations which have not yet ended. The officers, like the men, had been denied the luxury of tents, had been ordered to leave their baggage behind them, and they, as well as the common soldiers, were not allowed any thing but what they could carry on their backs. That young gentlemen unaccustomed to campaigning, and educated in the most delicate manner, in the midst of the luxuries of home, or of the mess and clubs in their own country, should have been put to this, must have startled their sensibilities, and put their fortitude to the test. They nobly bore it. Their birth and training, it was soon found, had not enervated their minds, or destroyed their stamina, as enduring Englishmen.

We should have wished here to say a few words as to the injustice which has of late been done to the behaviour of our nobility and gentry in this campaign: but we are prevented from dwelling on this subject by want of space. If, however, the assault on the aristocracy in the army is intended to remove the injustice of preventing the advance of our non-commissioned officers and soldiers to a higher grade, we give our suffrages to the end sought, but not to the means employed to secure it; holding, as we do, that nothing can be more alien to fair dealing, to sound policy, and to the efficiency of our army, in some of its departments, than the system of purchase.

We are thoroughly convinced that the country is, under the present system, deprived of the national advantage of its best talents. What would be the state of our Courts of Law, in case the native talent of its brightest ornaments had been stopped at the threshold by the principle of purchase? What kind of a Church should we have, if all the Clergy had to lay down some eleven hundred pounds,—as it is reported a most brave and deserving Lieutenant in the Crimea, on application for a Captaincy, was required to do,—before they could enter upon their clerical functions, or be elevated to a higher grade? What, again, must result from the purchase of office in the civil departments of the State,—the Excise, the Exchequer, the Customs, the Post-Office? And yet, if possible, there would be even more reason for this in these several cases, than in the army. The army is the shield of the nation; the representative of our honour, our prowess, our national character, in the eyes of the world: it is, in fact, the visible embodiment of the power of the English nation. To cripple its energies is to lower the country in the sight of the world, and, in the end, must reduce us to the *status* of a third or fourth-class State. Why should not the same mind, the same

firm will, the same energy, the same practical good sense, the same high moral qualities, the same capacity to surmount difficulties—why should not these national characteristics, which have made us the first nation in the world in government, commerce, and civilization, also make us the first nation in arms? There can be no grounds in nature why this should not be the case. The same human material that forms so splendid a social edifice, would, if fairly dealt with, give us an army such as the world never saw; but, so long as its life's-blood is restricted from free circulation, this is impossible. Remove obstacles, open the path of honour and promotion to all alike, and the competition, as in other cases, would benefit all alike.

We return to the Crimea. The battle of the Alma was fought on the 20th of September. The characteristics of this contest may be easily conceived. We have no intricate manœuvres, no perplexing combinations, no wise and scientific tactics; all is as clear and straightforward, as when two pugilists meet on a village-green. We see two armies standing in array against each other, till a gun is fired as the signal of battle. These two straight lines are pretty equally matched as to numbers, the chief difference being in their respective positions. The Russian army, forty-five thousand strong, were posted on the left bank of the river, on an elevated plateau of some four hundred feet, intersected by uneven ground and vineyards, presenting the *ensemble* of a series of hills, rising in some places abruptly, and in others gradually sloping up from the banks of the river. This ridge of hills extended some three miles, and on the left terminated in rocks on the sea-shore: the most commanding heights were guarded by the Russian batteries, which swept the plain below, and seemed to bid defiance to all approach. The right flank of this position was guarded by uneven ground and a numerous cavalry; the left by the rocks and the sea. In the contemplated assault on this formidable position, the French army took the right of the line, and the English the left; this arrangement bringing our allies into contact with the left of the Russian position, flanked as we have seen it to be, and our own troops into collision with the right of the Russian line, defended on its flank by its cavalry. A small village lay betwixt the two armies, and a bridge crossed the stream; the latter the Russians destroyed, and, on the advance of the English troops, set the village on fire. The river was fordable, but the banks precipitous and steep on the Russian side, costing our men much exertion to clamber up, and make good their footing. By a preconcerted signal the two armies simultaneously advanced. The Russian flank on their left was shelled by the steamers of the fleet, and was soon dislodged from the heights abutting on the sea. The Zouaves and Light Infantry were seen climbing the heights like goats, driving all before them. But a strongly fortified position

had to be assaulted, and a difference betwixt French and English tactics is here seen. We are told that the French assaulting sharpshooters and light troops, in their approach, suddenly spread themselves out like a fan to escape the fire of the artillery, and then, with equal quickness, formed into line again: the English, on the other hand, went straight up to the guns, never breaking their ranks, except when shaken by the fire of the enemy. Whilst the ships and the French were thinning the ranks, and putting the Russian left wing into inextricable confusion, the English passed the river, climbed the banks, formed line, and advanced. But here they encountered formidable obstacles. It was found that the chief Russian redoubts, surmounted by a numerous and well-placed artillery, lay before them. Destruction seemed inevitable. Volley after volley rolled amongst our ranks, and swept away our men. Nothing daunted, they pressed on. The Twenty-Third Welsh Fusiliers were fearfully decimated, and for a moment retired to re-form. This called up the Guards and Highlanders to their support. The Russians prepared to profit by this temporary confusion. A large mass of infantry appeared on the brow of the hill in pursuit, as they thought, of the flying enemy. The two noble Brigades of Highlanders and Guards were by this time rapidly moving up. The Russians levelled their muskets, as if to charge; the two Brigades accepted the challenge; they raised a shout that shook the earth; they pressed on with fixed bayonets; the Russians gave way; the English were masters of the field. The redoubts were overcome; the enemy threw away their knapsacks to facilitate their flight; and, in three hours, a fortified position, considered almost impregnable by Prince Menschikoff, was in the hands of the Allies.

Our sketch is necessarily brief and imperfect. We wish we could stop here; but there are two or three matters that impress our minds, as errors of great magnitude. Where, in the retreat of the Russians, were our cavalry? The great use of cavalry in war, we are told, is to enable a General to profit by the confusion of a defeat. The Russians were defeated, and retiring in confusion, giving Lord Lucan the opportunity of dashing into their retreating columns; but he was not there. This cavalry force had taken no part in the battle; they were perfectly fresh; they showed at Balaklava what they could do; and yet, by some strange oversight, they did nothing. The natural consequence followed. The Russians made good their retreat; they carried off all their guns save two; and the bloody but glorious battle of the Alma was barren of results, except as it opened the road to Sebastopol. A victory is only such, in reality, by its fruits; but here we have none, and, as we cannot help thinking, by reason of the inaction of our cavalry. The divided command, also, probably had its share in this ineffective improvement of a great victory. Had the cavalry of the two armies been brought together, so as to act in concert, the Russian cavalry could not have withstood them

for a moment; and the victory would have been crowned with the capture of all the Russian artillery, and thousands of their troops. In truth, the battle of the Alma was two battles,—the one fought by the French, and the other by the English; both fought with admirable bravery; but, as we believe, it would have been infinitely more triumphant, had it been but one.

We imagine another grievous mistake arose at this time. Time is every thing in war; but the allied armies remained on the field of battle two days, as it is said, to bury the dead and take care of the wounded. No doubt a humane work, but others might have done this. Why did not the fleet and army make one united effort at a *coup de main*? The greater portion of the garrison was in Prince Menschikoff's army, and, a great number of these troops were with the Prince in the field. The ships had not then been sunk at the mouth of the harbour, and the fleet had nothing to contend with, of the nature of an obstruction to their entrance. The Russian army was dispirited, and the people of the place panic-stricken. No walls or formidable ramparts stood in the way: Prince Menschikoff evidently considered his position on the Alma the real defence of the city; and, when driven from his intrenchments, he could have but slight hopes that Sebastopol could hold out. This, in fact, explains his conduct, and nothing else can. Instead of hastening within the fortress, he went to Balaklava; and when the Allies were moving on that place, his troops were met going into the interior, showing that he considered even the neighbourhood of that place unsafe. But the opportunity was lost; the fleet remained at sea, looking on the enemy sinking his ships and blocking up the mouth of the harbour; and the army leisurely moved towards the south, instead of entering the town,—as Oliphant tells us an army might easily do,—“marching down the main street, and burning the Russian fleet.”

Instead of Sebastopol being taken, the celebrated “flank march,” so highly extolled, was effected. And the success of this manœuvre but confirms our notion, that *possibly* the town might have been taken. To allow this march to be prosecuted without molestation, clearly proves how utterly the battle of the Alma had demoralized the Russian army. For the very same reasons that the Allies were permitted to pass the town without attack, surely they might have entered it, if not with impunity, yet with encouraging prospects of securing an effective lodgment.

The flank march in question brought the Allies to the south of the fortress, and gave them Balaklava, Chersonese, and Kamiesch, as ports; the sea thus forming the base of operations. Balaklava became the place of rendezvous for the English army, and the other two ports for the French. To secure this communication with the sea and the fleets was clearly necessary, when the idea of entering Sebastopol was given up:—the one arrangement evidently emanated from the other.

We wish we could give a succinct account of what followed. Let us make the attempt. We must begin by remarking that much misapprehension is found in the English mind on the subject of Sebastopol itself. We have read again, and again, of the "walls" of Sebastopol; the approaches to these walls; the prospect of knocking them down, and of effecting a breach, to be followed by an assault, and all the rest. The truth is, Sebastopol is not a walled city; and the defences created, in addition to detached forts, are earthworks, thrown up since the Allied armies took their ground. So soon as it was perceived that the French and English did not intend to enter the town, the Russians, with prodigious energy, at once began to throw up these earthworks, and place artillery upon them. In the mean time, the Allies, after making their position tolerably secure, began to drag up their guns, and prepare for a regular siege. Our own army was not furnished with siege artillery; and this defect was supplied, as well as it could be done, by bringing up heavy guns from the fleet; and the public were amused by graphic accounts of the alacrity and zeal displayed by our "Jack Tars" in this laborious work. The approaches were commenced as soon as possible, and the first parallel occupied about three weeks in its preparation. All this time the Russians were diligently engaged; and the very works our batteries were intended to silence and destroy, were constructed before the eyes of the besieging army. Why this was permitted, we cannot tell; but we witness no attempt to molest the enemy in the erection of his defences, which we were all the time preparing to destroy. It was certainly very civil, on our part, to allow the enemy as good a chance as ourselves!

The day of trial came, and on October 17th a simultaneous attack from our batteries and the fleet took place. It was utterly abortive. The fleet did nothing, except expend a large quantity of powder and ball, thrown against the walls of the forts from a distance that secured their perfect impunity; and, on the land side, it was found that the Russian artillery was immensely superior to ours,—not in practice, but in calibre. By day some of their guns were damaged; but Lord Raglan informed the Government that this damage was always repaired in the night; so that the next morning they were as prepared as ever. This lasted two or three days, when it was found that no impression was being made, and our fire slackened. As to the "walls" we have referred to, of course they remained, and still remain, untouched; for of what use can it be to fire cannon-balls into a great mound of earth? A railroad embankment will give us the best idea we can obtain in this country of these earthworks. What would be the effect of hurling cannon-shot into one of these embankments? The lodgment would effect no breach. The earth would imbed the shot, close in upon it, and, in fact, make it a part of itself. This is exactly what has

been going on at Sebastopol. Millions of shell and shot have been fired ; many of the enemy's guns have been destroyed ; but, as to a breach in their embankments of earth, this is impossible.

Emboldened, we may presume, by their successful resistance of the besiegers, the Russians prepared to act on the offensive ; and on the 25th of October took place the battle of Balaklava. The paramount object of the attack was to destroy our base of operations, by seizing the port. The forts defended by the Turks were assailed with success. Great indignation has been expressed at what has been considered the cowardly conduct of these troops, in so soon abandoning their position ; and, indeed, they seem to have manifested but little resolution on the occasion. But we must not forget, that they were entirely detached from the lines ; that they had no support ; and that, in the absence of succour, the question of abandonment or of capture could only be a question of time, and that a very short time too. It is possible that succour might have arrived, in case they had kept their ground ; but none was in view at the time of the retreat. Their guns were turned upon themselves ; and, as we shall see, were also fatally employed against our Light Cavalry. This point secured, the Russian General pushed forward a large body of cavalry to assault the position of Sir Colin Campbell, placed to defend Balaklava. The heroic Highlanders reserved their fire till the Russian force was within easy range ; and then, by one tremendous volley, scattered death and disorder in the enemy's column, who at once withdrew from the deadly conflict. They were met on their return by our Heavy Brigade of cavalry, under the orders of General Scarlett ; assailed, overthrown, and large numbers killed and wounded.

And now followed the most extraordinary event, we should imagine, ever witnessed in war. A written order, it is now known, was sent by Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, to prevent the Russians carrying off the guns of the Turkish forts. This order was carried by Captain Nolan, a brave officer, known to have entertained peculiar notions respecting the capabilities of cavalry to storm batteries and break through squares of infantry. This order was handed to Lord Cardigan, at the head of the Light Division, to be put into execution ; and, of course, as is always the case with British officers, was obeyed. But it is necessary, at this point, to add a word of explanation. The marching-ground to be traversed by our cavalry, was a valley of considerable length and of unequal breadth ; the hills on either side were in possession of the enemy. Batteries were placed on each side of the valley, as well as at the termination. In addition to these formidable batteries, the hills were lined with sharpshooters and riflemen. This was the furnace of fire which our men had to enter.

It is said that Captain Nolan pointed to the battery in front,

as the object of attack. This is plainly a deviation from Lord Raglan's order to prevent the Russians carrying away the guns of the Turkish forts. It seems now impossible to get at the entire truth. Captain Nolan received a ball, on the first movement, in his breast, and turned his horse, which carried him out of the reach of fire; but, though fixed in his saddle, he was found dead. Lord Cardigan, it is said, remonstrated; and he knew, and every man in the noble band of heroes knew, that they were marching to destruction. His Lordship led the way at the head of his troops. A more extraordinary sight was never witnessed. The hills were covered with spectators, French and English, and the heroic band passed on with the calmness of a manœuvre on a parade-day. The Russian artillery and small arms opened upon the advancing column, and mowed them down; but still the undaunted horsemen pushed forward. They reached the battery in front, assailed the artillerymen, and put them to the sword. Beyond, they beheld a large body of Russian cavalry, attacked and dispersed them; further on, they beheld numerous battalions of infantry ready to receive them. The sight was appalling. To assault this new enemy was impossible, and a retreat was ordered. The Russians followed, and it is said, on good authority, that the battery, being manned again, sent its volleys indiscriminately on friend and foe, and swept away many of their own men, mingled pell-mell in deadly and hand-to-hand fight with our soldiers. How any of our men escaped is a perfect marvel; they having to retrace their steps in the midst of the same destructive fire as in the advance. But the brave and indefatigable French General Bosquet appeared on the field at the right time; ordered a cavalry attack of one of the hill batteries, and, silencing it for the time, enabled our men to pass.

Lord Cardigan escaped unhurt,—a perfect miracle. But out of six hundred men and officers nearly three hundred were put *hors de combat*: many of them killed, and others fearfully wounded. Such was this cavalry attack, almost unexampled in war.* The discipline, the heroic spirit, the devotion to duty, the steadiness, manifested by this brave body of troops, were never exceeded. The brilliancy of the affair is more like a romance than a reality; a tournament in real war; a matchless spectacle in the presence of innumerable observers; a daring feat of arms, in the spirit of the most ancient chivalry. We wish we could stop here. But there is something so preposterous, so foolish, in this waste

* History often repeats itself. At the battle of Eylau, five hundred and forty-eight French Cuirassiers, carried away by their enthusiastic ardour, attacked a large body of the enemy in position, having cut their way through the infantry: they were immediately attacked in front and flank by the Cossacks of the Don, headed by their Hetman Platoff. Only eighteen of those gallant Frenchmen regained their lines, and in less than an hour five hundred and thirty Cossacks were clothed in the shining armour of their foes.

of life, and, moreover, so detrimental to the real objects of war, that we cannot help expressing our indignation. How it could by possibility have happened, we cannot imagine. That Lord Raglan's order did not contemplate such an assault upon the Russian battery at the end of the valley, is perfectly clear; its object being to prevent the Russians carrying off our guns, and being limited to this point. That it was a misconception, there can be no doubt. The moral effect of this bravery, it has been said, must have been great. But moral effect is of two kinds; and it seems a difficult problem to resolve, whether admiration of the heroism of our troops, or contempt for our wisdom, would predominate in the minds of Prince Menschikoff and his subordinates. Be this as it may, our brigade of glorious Light Cavalry was nearly annihilated; and the nation had to mourn the loss of three hundred of the finest and bravest of her children.

The morning of the 5th of November was dark, a dense fog lay on the mountains, drizzling rain descended, and all nature appeared in tears. This was premonitory. The Russians assembled in great force in the obscurity, advanced their artillery up the ridges, so as to command our position; riflemen and sharpshooters crept up the hill-sides, and approached our pickets; vast bodies of infantry were in readiness to act; and, at the dawn of day, the battle of Inkermann commenced. This, like the battle of Balaklava, was a surprise. Lord Raglan and his staff were in bed; the men out in the trenches were getting such rest as their exposed huts and mud-floors would allow; it was the time for changing the officers and men who had been up all night; none had time to kindle their fires, or to prepare breakfast; and, weary, hungry, and chilly with cold and wet, our soldiers were called to arms. One officer, General Codrington, watchful and vigilant, was on the back of his pony at five o'clock, as usual, though not his duty, and visited the pickets in advance of his division. "All right," was the report of the men. He turned the head of his pony to return to camp, when, after riding a short distance, he heard the report of fire-arms from the pickets he had just left. He hastily returned to ascertain the facts; and now the revelation was made, not suspected before, that the Russians were advancing in force to assail our position. General Codrington hastened with all speed to give the information. The camp simultaneously rose from its slumbers; the habiliments of war were hastily put on by the soldiers; every man, every company, every regiment instinctively took their place; in detached parties, as they could be formed, they left the camp, and rushed up the hill to meet the enemy. It was time. He was ascending the slope in powerful masses, and had nearly reached the summit, where such feeble defences as we possessed were assailed;

and the resistance to the enemy had to be made good or lost, and with it the whole British army.

And now commenced the most sanguinary, the most heroic, the most glorious conflict that ever occurred in the annals of the world. We cannot enter into its details. All we can do, is to refer to a few of its singularities. It has been called "the battle of the soldiers." The General-in-Chief was not present when it began. He arrived an hour and a half after its commencement. Hence there was no previous plan, no combination, no orders. Each division marched up from its encampment, as it got ready, to the brow of the hill, and occupied the ground nearest to its own huts. The space was limited, and admitted of no manœuvring; and, for the same reason, only eight thousand men could be engaged during the action. The main point of attack had been imperfectly intrenched; the works were feeble, and badly armed. Sir De Lacy Evans had repeatedly pointed out the danger, but, for the want of men, the defect remained.

The Russian advance up the hill to the assault was in dense columns of infantry, preceded by bodies of riflemen, spreading themselves out in parties, and hiding amongst the brushwood in the valley and hill-side. Without the science of such a movement, the narrowness of the ground obliged the enemy to follow the favourite principle of Napoleon in all his great battles; namely, to push a dense mass of men against the lines of an opposing force, so as to break through, divide the army, and then scatter the whole in detail. This was attempted at Waterloo against the British position, and failed: it was a necessity at Inkermann, and equally failed. It seems that the success of such a manœuvre must depend upon the strength and firmness of the resisting force. And, judging by this rule, it appears that British infantry possess more of this power of resistance than any troops in the world. Napoleon drove his human wedge through every other army in Europe; when he attempted it on the adamant rock of British bravery and endurance, his weapon was shivered in his hands, and the mighty mass returned, discomfited and broken.

The battle of Inkermann consisted of a succession of attacks on the British position, by these masses of Russian troops, gaining, at different times, transient successes, and then hurled back by the terrible courage of our soldiers. These hand-to-hand contests were most extraordinary; and, considering the vast disparity of numbers,—the Russians being as six or eight to one,—the physical strength, as well as the desperate courage, of our men stands out in marvellous prominence. It so happened, that the advantage from artillery was altogether on the side of the Russians, our guns accomplishing—at any rate, for a long time—but little against their powerful fire, and our cavalry took no

part in the contest. These conditions threw the whole burden of the contest on the infantry regiments of the British army, and tested, in a manner not to be mistaken, the kind of soul, the will, the devotion, the patriotism, of Englishmen. In such a pell-mell contest, carried on for nearly the whole day, of course a perfect chaos presents itself to view throughout; and an attempt to describe a sea-storm would be as successful as to exhibit this chaotic contest.

But one of the most marvellous circumstances witnessed in the storm is, the instinct of discipline and coherence displayed on the part of our men. The directing eye of the Commander-in-Chief, and orders corresponding, were impossible; the Generals of Division and Brigade, though somewhere amongst their troops, could but imperfectly convey their orders in such a tempest; and even regimental officers were often equally embarrassed. And yet the troops stood by each other. Small groups of men belonging to different regiments met, they knew not how, and, if an officer was present, put themselves under his command; and, if not, they formed in line, and again rushed in desperate fury upon the enemy. One case is singular, and ought to be handed down to all time. A medical officer named Wilson, in the search for wounded and dying men, and the exercise of the healing art, met with a number of men without an officer; they asked him to lead them; he consented, and, for the time giving up his discipleship to Esculapius, and swearing fealty to Mars, the Doctor turned General, and led his heroic band successfully against the enemy. This kind of contest continued for many hours; the Russians sometimes approaching, and even getting into our position, and then retiring discomfited and overthrown. But, recruited by fresh legions, they returned again and again to the encounter, and met with a similar fate. It happened that in many cases our soldiers had exhausted their ammunition, and it could not be replenished; they then took to the bayonet, and, when so pressed and surrounded that they had not room for this, they then employed the butt-end of their guns; but what will appear most singular in these scientific times is, that our men rolled and threw stones from the high ground upon the approaching enemy.

Lord Raglan states in his dispatch that there was no room for manœuvring, and yet Sir George Cathcart attempted a manœuvre. This gallant officer collected a portion of his division, and assaulted the flank of the Russians. This movement seems to have been made without orders from the Commander-in-Chief, without combination or support;—for, in the circumstances, what combination could be made?—to have been, in point of fact, an isolated attempt of a devoted officer to gain an advantage from the confusion of the enemy. His attempt failed. Our men soon found themselves inextricably

entangled in brushwood, surrounded by the Russians, and apparently cut off from retreat. And here occurred one of the greatest feats of valour on this eventful day. The heroic band pushed their way up the hill in the midst of incessant volleys and charges of the bayonet against many times their own numbers. Yet still they pushed on, and continued to gain ground. Their brave leader fell, pierced by a ball, and General Goldie also was mortally wounded. Their ranks were fearfully thinned; but a remnant reached the hill, and escaped further pursuit.

The battle had raged from dawn. The assault had been successfully repulsed at a vast sacrifice of life, and the remainder of our poor men, hungry and thirsty, were completely exhausted. At length the decisive moment arrived. The faithful, the alert, the brave Bosquet again appeared. He brought with him six thousand French troops, with artillery and cavalry. He rushed upon the flank of the Russian army, now weakened, dispirited, and in confusion, by their numerous repulses on the part of the British. The overthrow was complete. Nothing could withstand the spirited attack of the French; and the Russians in disorder were seen crossing the bridge of the Tchernaya, back to the city, or to their encampments on the opposite heights. The slaughter of the enemy was fearful. It is now known that some eighteen thousand Russians were killed or wounded. Five or six thousand dead were left on the field of battle, to be buried by the Allies; a mournful office, which, however, they piously discharged. The French and English soldiers were buried together, brothers in death, as in battle; but the Russians were laid in graves by themselves. We know not that the distinction was worth regarding. The strife had ended. There are no conflicts of race or of ambition in the grave.

One great demonstration has been given to the world by the war in the Crimea,—the proof that the race of British soldiers has by no means degenerated. It has been pre-eminently a war of MEN, and the battle of Inkermann only closed the contest begun at Alma. In reality, in every thing most national we have failed; and in the point on which the most doubt was entertained,—the effeminacy of the British people, by a long peace,—we have succeeded. We are, of all nations in the world, the most mechanical, and the use of artillery is a mechanical art; but the "barbarian Russians," as we proudly call them, are found to be far in advance of us in the use of this arm. This is a singular circumstance, and shows that the general progress made in mechanical science through the nation, by private enterprise, has not penetrated the dense cloud of old obsolete prejudices at the Horse Guards and Ordnance Department. But we need not despair so long as our manhood remains. The defects and errors of our material appliances can easily be repaired, but a dead nation is irreparably gone; humanity cannot be resuscitated,

The English-man never stood higher than at present; English art, as far as war is concerned, never sank so low. All the peculiar characteristics of our race have shown themselves in as much vigour as ever, whilst the artificial are wanting. The British infantry is seen to be the same as at Cressy and Agincourt,—resolute, heroic, immovable. The same mind, the same will, the same nerve, that distinguished our redoubtable peasantry with their bill-hook and battle-axe, now distinguish our men in the use of the rifle and the bayonet. No numbers appal them; no carnage intimidates them; no disadvantages cause them to flinch or quail; no storm of shot or shell moves their resolution. They know how to die, but they know not how to fear; they are alert in the advance, the charge, but do not comprehend the meaning of the term “retreat;” they dare look into the face of any enemy, but refuse to present their back in flight. Discipline may have done its part in all this; but discipline cannot make the man. Cowards, poltroons, imbeciles, may be drilled in the manœuvres of the army; but none except true men can be trained into bravery. The battle of Inkermann is unexampled in the history of modern, and was never exceeded in ancient, war. Every man appears a hero; and as every man had to act for himself, to a degree never witnessed before, his brave and robust manhood appears the more striking. Some check may have been necessary to the exultation of the country; but no calamity, no disaster from climate, disease, and death, can hide from the mind of Englishmen, from posterity, and from the world, that, since the days of Thermopylæ, human courage has never been exhibited so fine, so glorious, as by the British troops at Inkermann.

Whilst we write this, a new phase appears in the Crimean campaign. Omar Pacha has taken his place on the theatre, and one new act has followed in the eventful drama. On February 17th, it is announced, the Russian General Osten-Sacken attacked the Turkish position at Eupatoria, and was signally defeated. Two objects spring up before our minds at the mention of this event,—Eupatoria and Omar Pacha,—tempting to our imagination; but we are forbidden by the length of this article to say more than a very few words. Eupatoria is the place where a small portion of the original expedition landed, and is about fifteen miles on the north of Sebastopol. It had been occupied by a few hundred men,—French, English, and Turks,—from that period. This body of men had thrown up slight and rude intrenchments to defend themselves; and they seem to have been kept there chiefly for the purpose of obtaining provisions for the army. This garrison was gradually increased, as occasion required; for they were constantly exposed to the Cossacks in their duty of obtaining provisions. It seems to have occurred, however, to

somebody, that this port might be occupied as a military post, and become of great use in the campaign. How it should have escaped the attention of the military authorities from the beginning, as possessing this importance, we cannot tell; but it probably arose from the delusion which has been the root of all our errors,—the easy capture of Sebastopol. Be this as it may, it was determined to occupy this place in force, and the Turks had it assigned to them. We consider this as the most judicious manœuvre which has taken place in the Crimean war, and as destined to affect its course more than any thing else. If Sebastopol is captured, it is our belief that Eupatoria will be the captor. It is said the Turks occupy this place with an army of upwards of forty thousand men. This will be worth, to the Allies before Sebastopol, the deduction of an equal number of Russians from their main force. This is a moderate view of the case; the probability being that a much larger army will be found necessary to keep the Turks shut up in their intrenchments. For, in case they are not vigilantly blockaded, Simpheropol and the whole country must fall into their hands, the supplies for Sebastopol be cut off, and the rear of the Russian army constantly menaced. The whole country was in the hands of the Russians from the time of the march of the Allies upon Sebastopol; and why they did not expel the four or five hundred men who so long occupied Eupatoria, is to us a mystery. But the blunders, on all sides, in this war, have been most extraordinary; and, most assuredly, the Russians have perpetrated their full share. As to Omar Pacha, we confess we rejoice to see him on the field. Take away Omar Pacha and General Bosquet, and we defy any one to discover a spark of genius in all the rest, on either side. We observe that he received from his Sovereign the supreme command of his own army; but he is enjoined to act in unison with the Allied Generals. Of course this is essential in such operations as have a common object; but, we imagine, Omar Pacha will have more scope for the exercise of his own sound judgment, than the two Commanders before Sebastopol. That he will make good use of his opportunities, we have no doubt. Whether he will pursue a defensive policy, as on the Danube, we cannot tell: if so, he will have it in his power to harass the Russians, so as to divert half, or more than half, their force from their troublesome vicinity in the rear of the French and English lines; and if active operations in the field are determined upon, he will be able to perform his full share in driving the Russians from their present ground. We speak with the caution of unprofessional persons on these military matters; but, using our best lights on the subject, we believe, with Sir Howard Douglas, that Sebastopol can only be taken from the north. We hazard

the conjecture that Eupatoria will, in the end, be found to furnish the facilities for this achievement; first by enabling the combined forces to drive the Russians from their present positions, and then compelling the garrison to submit, either by cutting off their supplies, or by besieging the forts on the north side of the town.

We would gladly pass over in silence the disastrous events which have taken place in the Crimea during the winter campaign, if our duty would allow of this course. Instead of dealing in vituperation, we are disposed to look upon events in as fair and candid a manner as possible. The key to the whole affair, we imagine, will be found in Lord Raglan's anxiety to secure military advantages for his country, with the least delay, and at the least possible cost. This policy began on the entrance of our troops into the country. To secure every bayonet and every sabre, all the men were required to take their place in the ranks. To allow them full scope for their activity, they were not suffered to carry their knapsacks, and the tents were left on board ship. Disencumbered of these means of comfort, they marched forward to Balaklava, lying, for six or more nights, on the bare ground. The reason for this is clearly that which we have assigned. Again: as soon as his position was made good, nothing is seen going on in the way of a provision for the future. The whole strength, both of the army and navy, was at once set to work to get up the artillery for the siege, to dig trenches, and to throw up earthworks. This process lasted for three weeks, and required the untiring labour of every man. The trenches, as we have seen, were opened on the 17th of October, and continued their fire during two or three days; and, after the active fire ceased, they had to be manned by day and night, requiring the same men, often, to be up three or four nights in the week. It is clear, then, that up to this time men could not be spared from active duties to build huts, to form depôts of provisions, or to secure any other convenience.

The battle of Balaklava was fought on the 25th of October, that is, five days after the cessation of the active attack on Sebastopol. This assault of the Russians was of the nature of a revelation as to their design to dislodge us from our position. What would follow? A conviction of the necessity of strengthening this position, instantly, as much as possible. This was done, though, as the sequel tells, very inefficiently. At an interval of eleven days, namely, on the 5th of November, the battle of Inkermann took place; and the army was reduced in its strength to about fourteen thousand men. Still the trenches had to be guarded by day and night, as well as the lines defended; for though the Russians had been beaten, their encampments still lay on the contiguous hills, threatening a renewed attack, in case an opportunity presented itself. It is

certain, then, that up to the 5th of November, and for many days after, in consequence of that sanguinary field, no labour could possibly be spared to secure the shelter of the troops. But by this time the bad weather had set in, and on the 14th of November the memorable storm took place,—we may be certain, before the army had recovered itself, by the burial of the dead, the removal of the wounded, and repose from the toils of that terrible day. We are thus carried by events into the midst of the rains, the fogs, the desolations of the Crimean winter. This weather destroyed the roads by which provisions had been obtained, and reduced the whole plateau of Balaklava to a bog, a sea of mire.

Much has been said as to the neglect of the Commander of the Forces, in not making a road from Balaklava to the camp,—a distance of seven miles. In the circumstances of the army, as before described, we should like to know, where Lord Raglan was to get hands to make this road? But there is another matter of fact, respecting this road, of great importance. Up to the time of the battle of Balaklava, the Woronzoff road from that place to Sebastopol was in the hands of the English, and was used for purposes of transport to the camp. The loss of the four forts occupied by the Turks, together with the hill on which they stood, was the loss of this road, which these forts commanded; so that Lord Raglan was obliged, as he informed the Government, to contract his lines, leaving out these forts and the Woronzoff road. From that period, then, it was that the British troops were obliged to drag their provisions, medical stores, and clothing, across the mountains, and through the mud.

We believe this to be the true state of the case, and we know the consequences. Lord Raglan and his staff may have had faults, in the course of events;—and if, as is affirmed, he kept himself aloof from the miseries of his suffering men, this must be considered unpardonable;—but, in the circumstances, we do not believe that the General, or any other man, could have prevented the catastrophe. The true causes of this sad event lay further back, out of sight, and not in the incapacity, the indifference, or the mismanagement of Lord Raglan, or his brave and enduring soldiers.

The want of those accessories of an army which are essential to its very existence, could only be supplied from without. And it should not be forgotten that the occupation of the southern point of the Crimea was, and is, just the same thing as fifty or sixty thousand people landing on an uninhabited island. They only command the ground on which they are encamped. They have no command of labour by the employment of the people of the country; they have no command of beasts of burden and carriages of any sort; they have no command of food and shelter from the resources of the country. The differ-

ence betwixt our army, in Bulgaria and in the Crimea, is prodigious. In the former country, the peasantry with their carts and bullocks were constantly seen in great numbers in the camp, bringing provisions, and performing all the work required for the well-being of the army. The performance of a great amount of this sort of labour may be generally secured in campaigning, when in an enemy's country, by pay or pressure. Nothing of this kind could be done in the Crimea, and the whole burden lay on the army itself. It is very certain, then, that the absence of the means of transport over the boggy ground from the port to the camp, was the true cause of the suffering and the death of our brave men.

Where did the fault of this lie? Morally, as we believe, nowhere. It is impossible to conceive that the British Government would, with their eyes open, be, by wilful neglect, accessory to the destruction of the noble army of which they had just reason to be proud, as the force sent out by themselves. They did not foresee, or comprehend, the conditions of the campaign; they knew, it is evident, no more of the country or of Sebastopol, than any other well-read Englishmen; they probably partook of the spirit of the nation, despised the enemy, and indulged in overweening confidence in the fortunes of our race; they dreamt, like others, that Sebastopol would fall like Jericho, by the mere blast of our trumpet; like Cæsar, they thought that our General would have to report, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and fill all England with the frenzy of the triumph. Such dreamy romance may be pardoned in a people, but it is fatal in a Government. Hence, as the fruit of this want of forethought, when the day of trial came, the army was without reserves, without clothing, without siege artillery, without a waggon-train, or the means of transport.

Let us be permitted to pay our meed of admiration to the passive heroism of our suffering soldiers. We justly admire the courage they displayed on the field of battle. This, in our apprehension, is as nothing compared with the fortitude evinced in their terrible privations. No riots, no insubordination, no murmuring has been witnessed, in this dreadful struggle with suffering and death. These men have endured cold, nakedness, and the want of provisions, and yet they have done their duty. They have lain down in wet blankets, exposed to wind, rain, snow, and frost, in their fragile tents, and then have gone cheerfully to the trenches. They have even lived on half-rations, and been obliged to eat their scanty fare of salt pork raw, and yet they have stoutly held up. They have seen their comrades, by hundreds, cut off by disease, but they have calmly waited their own turn. Nothing in history ever surpassed this courage, the spirit of the British soldier never appeared more undaunted. The fact of a company of men mustering

under the command of their officer, each man taking his place in the ranks, on the deck of a sinking ship, near the Cape of Good Hope, and calmly waiting their fate, is not more illustrative of this spirit, than the firm and heroic bearing of our army at Balaklava. What may not the country expect from such men? Certainly every thing which can be done by men, will be done by these heroes. The system, however defective in some of its arrangements, has inspired every soul with the indomitable spirit of a hero. The mass is as one man: the purest patriotism, the profoundest enthusiasm, the glow of an inextinguishable fire, must be found in those silent serried lines that have met so many ills.

Our alliances constitute one of the most important elements in this war; and the moral of these alliances cannot end with the contest. We refrain from speculating on so intricate a prospective as this would open up, but cannot be blind to the circumstance, that international conventions, of the nature in question, must lead, like the war itself, into new and untried paths. A nation in alliance with other states loses, for the time, much of its freedom of action, and, in reality, its national idiosyncrasy. When the policy of several States is to be one policy, it is easy to perceive that each must give up something to its neighbour, in order to secure harmony of operation. And when, as in the case of our own country, a somewhat marked, defined, not to say stereotyped, line of political development has long been going on, it is impossible for new alliances to be formed without some violence being done to their old maxims of policy. As an illustration of our meaning, we may remark, that our two great allies, France and Austria, are much more military nations than ourselves; are without the constitutional freedom enjoyed by us; and, in all respects, are governed by a policy different to our own. Now, a certain amount of *suppressio veritatis*, according to our notions, must be one condition of such alliances. The moral impression sought by a free nation to be made upon other nations, cannot be the same as that of despotic Governments; for, whilst one, in its wars as well as in its diplomacy, must desire to advance the freedom of nations, politically and personally, the other can have no such purpose: all they can desire will be limited to some political advantage, and this may, in reality, lie in an opposite direction to our own desires; namely, to prevent the augmentation of liberty in neighbouring States, lest it should endanger the solidity of their own despotic power. Hence, the least that the latter States will expect from us, in alliance with themselves, will be to abstain from acting on our own national principles, to eschew all ideas of propagandism in favour of liberty, and to conform, in a certain degree, to the policy necessary to their own system. It may be true that, in these intercommunions of

nations, their peculiar internal state never comes into question, nor can be made a matter of interference. Undoubtedly this is the case. And we are not speaking of formal stipulations, but of moral effects, rather of negative than of positive issues. Hence none of the nations in alliance can be themselves. France cannot carry out French ideas and notions; Austria cannot be Austria, as she is on her own ground; England cannot be England, as she stands out in her own constitution, liberties, religion, Parliament, and press. Each must surrender something, or the amalgamation could not take place, so as to become at all practicable. Hence it is, that great numbers of intelligent and religious men look upon our alliances with suspicion and repugnance. What good result can spring out of the alliance of this country with powers, they imagine, "the one of which suppressed the liberties of France, and the other the constitution of Hungary?" And it is a perplexing question. But we are obliged to take the world as we find it; and, in many conjunctures of human affairs, we are obliged to act upon the maxim of taking the lesser evil presented by the alternative. It is so in the present case. We had no choice in the matter, except that of retiring from the arena altogether, which suited neither our self-love, nor our position, nor, as we believe, our obligations. In the history of nations, events over-rule predilections, policy, and even the most far-seeing judgments of statesmen. This we believe to be one of these events. There is not the least proof that any of the nations involved in this alliance, or that may hereafter enter into it, had any part in bringing about the state of things which has successively led to their union. To one State alone is due the guilt of involving Europe in this war, and of forcing these international compacts upon the several States now united. This compact is a necessity, and, we may say, an imperious necessity; one of those events which leave no scope for choice.

Our alliance with France is the most important event in the history of the two countries. After a long, ardent, variable, and bloody struggle, which lasted for centuries, these two neighbouring nations are at last in a state of concord and compact; not, we fear, brought about by the force of public virtue on either side, but by a pressing danger. Such are the ways of Providence, that in this, as in many similar cases, that which wisdom and sound principles failed to effect, He has enforced by the uncontrollable teaching of events. And it is well that the enmities of past contentions had not the effect of blinding the two nations to the realities of their situation. But the preparatory events necessary to this alliance are most extraordinary. The Empire is the basis of our union with France,—that Empire against which we had fought with so much fierceness and perseverance to overthrow. Had either the old or the younger

Bourbons been on the throne of France, there would have been no alliance with this country to resist Russian aggression ; and, as far as human probabilities can pretend to decipher events, it is almost certain that Russia would have gained her point, without having, as now, to meet the forces of Western Europe.

How little the course of events can be foreseen by human sagacity ! In this country, the burst of indignation on the resumption of the Empire, in the person of Louis Napoleon, was unbounded. The past flashed upon every Englishman's mind ; and it was feared that we should have to defend our own shores against the Gallic legions. We know not what would have arisen, had not this Russian outbreak called the attention of the two nations to a danger that threatened them alike. How provident is God ! We imagine we now see, in the restoration of the French Empire, a preparatory foundation laid for the successful resistance of Russian domination, and the preservation of the national freedom of Europe.

But what is most worthy of notice in this alliance, is its cordial character. The two nations had known each other too long, had contended with each other on too many well-fought fields, and been rivals in arts, commerce, and knowledge, on too great a scale, not to respect each other. The dynastic contention had long ceased ; the heads of the two Governments had no grounds of suspicion ; the *peoples* of each country had enjoyed a friendly intercourse, and nothing remained to engender distrust. Such being the state of the nations, when the time came for their union, the happy compact had only to receive the formal recognition of the two Governments, to be complete. The good faith observed on each side has augmented the mutual respect in which it originated, and we have hitherto heard of no divergence, even of opinion, in the matters to be arranged. The armies have evidently participated in the spirit of the Governments, and we have witnessed nothing but cordial and hearty co-operation. The French Generals and troops have sympathized with us in our suffering condition, and brought their hale and robust men to assist our wasted and dying troops in their greatest need. We hail this alliance as the augury of success in this struggle ; but we look to it for even more permanent results, and trust in God that it may lead to the progress of each nation in the arts of peace and civilization.

The Sardinian alliance, also, as we hope, augurs nothing but good to all the parties concerned. We have, indeed, looked upon the struggles of this small State for freedom, in the midst of prodigious difficulties, with extreme interest. The opposition of the Popedom and the Church party ; the disturbing elements introduced into the constitutional and moderate measures of the Court and Parliament by the factious ; the

traditional prejudices and feelings to be overcome; the unequal laws to be rescinded, and the privileged orders to be conciliated or subdued; the political antagonism of the surrounding States;—all these things met, and successfully overcome, give to Sardinia an interest in the affectionate concern of Englishmen, such as can be accorded to no other people. And they are now our allies. But the manner in which this alliance was accepted enhances its value. We have heard of no quibbling, no diplomatic finesse, no sordid attempt at a good bargain, no stipulations for recompense, no equivocations or reservations. Every thing appears to have been done in the most straightforward manner. The alliance was accepted frankly, with all its risks and all its conditions, and the only thing left for consideration was its details; and these, as must always be the case with honest men, were soon settled.

We can entertain no doubt of great advantages arising to Sardinia from this alliance. It places her in the family of European nations, not as an auxiliary, but as a principal. She has not sold her services to one or more of the greater States, but has entered into engagements with them on equal terms. This must give her a voice in the affairs of Europe, as well as secure a hearing in regard to her own. The position of the smaller States, since the growth of the larger, has become less and less secure, and their influence almost a nullity. We hear nothing now, even in the diplomatic transactions of the world, but about the Five Great Powers; these Powers settle the conditions of peace and war, in entire disregard of the claims of the lesser States. Nations,—as Holland and Sweden,—principal members of the European family a century ago, are seldom heard of in modern diplomacy. We cannot help looking upon this as political injustice, inasmuch as these smaller nationalities have interests at stake as dear to them, as valuable, and as important to the well-being of the world, as those belonging to the greater powers. That the human race, the freedom of mankind, the means of personal happiness, the advancement of knowledge and virtue, fare the better from the conglomeration of great populations under one head and system, may well be questioned. We trust that, in the case of Sardinia, a better fate than has fallen out to some of her sister States awaits her; at any rate, that her own independence will be assured to her by this alliance. Sardinia, we conceive, is the hope of Italy. The order, freedom, literature, science, and religion, now emanating from Turin, cannot be lost in the peninsula. The security of the Piedmontese Government must lead to the freedom and advancement, in one way or other, of the Italian people; and this, as we trust, is now rendered certain by her alliance with France and England.

But Austria! What of our alliance with this empire? This is a large and, moreover, a grave question. The course pursued

by this State, we confess, has been to us, as it must have been to all Englishmen, a perplexity, causing at times misgivings and doubts. We now, however, adopt the principle that, from the beginning, Austria has been governed by sincere and honourable motives in her diplomatic policy. Viewing the whole course of events from this starting-point, we are bound to accord to the Austrian Cabinet the praise of great prudence, and, indeed, of equal ability. Certainly Count Buol cannot be charged with precipitancy, with the love of war, with participating in the crime of plunging Europe into the miseries of the present complication. Like ourselves, he desired the continuance of peace; he strove, by all the means in his power, to prevail on Russia to forego, for the sake of humanity, her haughty and unjust claims; he mediated with caution and moderation between the belligerents, to bring them to terms; he went as near the line dividing justice and injustice from each other, as he could, to satisfy the demands of the Czar; he exhausted all the arts of a profound statesmanship, to compromise disputes so rife with peril to his country; but all in vain.

We say, "peril to his country," for Austria is more exposed to danger from the aggression of Russia on Turkey than any other State in Europe. The conquest of the Ottoman Power, or the aggrandizement of Russia on the Danube and the Black Sea, would be little less than the annihilation of the Austrian Empire. This being so obvious to all the world, from the geographical position of Austria, it has been a matter of astonishment to many, why she did not unite with the Western Powers from the beginning. Without being the apologists of Austria, we imagine we can discover several grounds for this procrastination. In the first place the empire was in a very disorganized state internally, arising out of the anarchy of 1848, and the Hungarian war. This disorder reached to the divided feelings of the people, the social and commercial condition of classes engaged in trade, to the finances of the country, to the administration of justice,—martial law existing in Hungary and Lombardy at the time,—and even to the moral state of the army itself. A nation so disorganized as Austria, in the beginning of this struggle, could not be expected hastily to rush into war; and it is likely that this condition of his neighbour and ally would be one of the inducements to the Czar to commence the conflict at the time he did. But in addition to this, Austria belongs to a league of States,—the German Bund,—and it became essential to act in concert with these, if practicable. We apprehend this has been the chief impediment in the movements of Austria. It is known that the States, constituting the old Germanic Empire, are pretty equally divided in their adherence to Prussia on the one hand, and to Austria on the other; and, also, that it has been the avowed policy of Prussia to prevent the union of

Germany against Russia. The King of Prussia has been obliged to assent to the principle of justice, involved in the defence of Turkey by the Western Powers; has taken part in the early negotiations to avert the horrors of war; has signed the protocols and documents of many kinds, to carry the designs of the several Powers into execution; and then, true to the Prussian perfidy of all past times, has invariably endeavoured, under one pretext or another, to evade his own engagements, and to defeat the action of Austria in Germany. We admire the patience of the latter Power; it has been most exemplary, and, although provoked and thwarted by her rival and, we must say, her betrayer, her language has been most moderate and dignified. No doubt Austria divined, from the beginning, the sort of game her powerful neighbour would play, the jugglery of her diplomacy, the insincerity of her adherence to the opposition against the Czar, the Russian tendency of her policy, the surreptitious correspondence going on with the Court of St. Petersburg, the sycophancy of the King to his imperial brother-in-law, and his readiness to barter the interests of Germany, and the freedom of nations, for a place in the satrapship of prostrate Europe. A diadem is no security against baseness; a high position, no safeguard against meanness of spirit; the traditional honour of Kings, no shield against paltry passions; and even the obligations of religion cannot guard some royal hearts against a craft and deceit, which, if found in private life, would banish its possessor from decent society. We cannot be surprised that the movement of Austria has not been more rapid, when it has had to wind its way in the midst of this Machiavellian antagonism. And now, though she has, it appears, escaped the danger of coming to blows with her German neighbours, she is obliged to act independently of Prussia and her satellite adherents.

But, besides these difficulties, the military force of Austria was not in a condition to take the field. She knew, better than any other country, the character and resources of the enemy, and that this enemy was not to be despised, or met in the conflict with inadequate, ill-appointed forces. Through the whole of the negotiations the Emperor Francis Joseph has been increasing and organizing troops, purchasing horses and equipping a powerful cavalry, perfecting his *matériel*, and augmenting the artillery and engineer departments, strengthening the fortifications of the empire, and providing provisions and munitions. And all this has so well succeeded, that, on authentic information, Austria is now in possession of one of the most numerous and well-appointed armies in the world. Besides these considerations, the contiguity of the Austrian territories to those of the Czar must have exposed her to his heaviest blows, which, in her unprepared state, she must have been unable to resist. France, and especially England, could take the field at once,

without danger, inasmuch as their geographical position placed them beyond the reach of Russia. This was, however, far from being the case with the Austrian territories; and Transylvania, Galatia, and Moravia, would have been open to the assault of the enemy, and, possibly, a humiliating peace would have been exacted within the walls of Vienna itself. To avert this calamity, time was essential; and, with consummate tact, the Court of Austria has obtained such a respite as to be fully prepared for every emergency.

We have purposely kept for the last consideration the relations, nay, the obligations, of Austria to Russia, on which, as it appears, the Czar confidently relied for the neutrality of Austria in his crusade against Turkey, and the aggrandizement of his own empire. We have no very exalted idea of the disinterested nature of the intervention of Russia in Hungary, and none at all of the gratitude of nations. Nicholas, no doubt, interposed in Hungary as much for Russian, as for Austrian, purposes. To allow Hungary to become a free and independent nation, to fraternize with Poland, to spread liberal principles on the frontiers of his dominions, and thus to become propagandist by example, he well knew, would be as dangerous to himself as to his ally. To arrest the progress of revolution in the Austrian dominions, he was too sagacious not to perceive, was to prevent a revolution in Russia. But this was too fair and good an occasion for the diplomatic *finesse* of the Chancery of St. Petersburg not to be used for attempting some advantage. It matters not to Russia whether the party is friend or foe; every transaction is improved for the gain of something, if it is only the introduction of a new principle, to be drawn out of the archives of diplomacy at a distant day. The Czar obviously reckoned upon the humiliation of Austria, from her solicitation of his assistance; and this feeling is, indeed, sanctioned by many historical events. One country never helps another but with the expectation of deriving profit of some sort, often its subjugation. Hence, in his conversations with Sir G. H. Seymour, respecting the dying state of the "sick man," and the disposition of his inheritance, Nicholas made no account of Francis Joseph, and said he would answer for Austria. He was egregiously mistaken! Austria, at any rate, was not dead as a nation; and the insulting treatment she received on this occasion led to the fulfilment of Prince Schwartzenburg's memorable declaration, that the Russian intervention would be responded to with "huge ingratitude." The question was one of the most grave and weighty that a nation could have placed before its attention. It amounted to nothing less than this, namely, whether she should sell her dignity, her independence, her greatness, her nationality, to Russia, for the assistance she had received, and for her questionable friendship for the future.

She is now answering this question by the magnitude of her armaments, by the attitude she has taken, and by her alliance with the Western Powers. No doubt it would have been for the interests of Austria to enjoy peace. This seemed peculiarly essential to her well-being. But the state of affairs left her no choice betwixt an ignominious debasement as a nation, or a determination to resist Russian perfidy and aggression. She has cautiously, but firmly, and, as we cannot doubt, in good faith, made her election on the side of justice, truth, and the freedom of nations.

Thus, then, the matter stands in respect to these alliances. In case affairs are not speedily settled, they cannot end where they are. The rest of the nations will have to make their selection betwixt Russian ascendancy and their own freedom. There is, there can be, no alternative betwixt these two conditions of the question. We write in the midst of negotiations for peace, but have slight hopes of its being realized. As if by concert, all the nations are armed to the teeth. There cannot be fewer than three millions of men in arms; whilst all the populations of Europe, having been trained for war, are in a state to be called out at any moment. These military preparations and expensive armaments can augur nothing but war.

As we pen these lines, the startling news of the death of Nicholas has reached us. We indulge in no vindictive feelings; in the presence of death silence is imposed. Nicholas was a great man. His private and domestic virtues were most exemplary; he no doubt conferred many benefits upon individuals, as well as sought his country's glory. The Russian system is *power*, and the late Czar was its most eminent type. His vices were the vices of the system he inherited. The administrator of a despotism must be a despot. From time immemorial the Muscovite nation has believed in its mission to conquer Turkey, and Nicholas inherited this belief with the possession of the throne itself. We hope his appeals to religion, so fanatical and offensive, had their rise in this inherited faith, and not in hypocrisy. This would not be a full extenuation, but it would save the memory of the Czar from the brand of deceit. What effect the departure of the chief actor from the scene of strife may have on its issue, we cannot pretend to foresee; possibly the very opposite of those anticipated. The new Emperor may be the amiable man, the lover of peace and progress, he has been represented; and yet these qualities of nature may place him more entirely in the hands of the war party than if he possessed a more stern and unbending nature. The iron will of Nicholas, we are told, was employed in balancing parties; but, comparing the latter portion of his reign with the former, we see a great difference; and from the appearance of Prince Menschikoff and the old Russian party on the field of action, followed by the

invasion of Turkey, it may be doubted, whether even the firm hand of Nicholas could control the swelling tide. If this was the case, then his less firm, less experienced, and less influential son must yield himself to the tide, and the war will go on to its issue; that issue being the humiliation of Russia, or her still further aggrandizement.

We pause at this point. We pretend not to prognosticate the future, or to be the interpreters either of prophecy or of Providence. But taking existing facts as the data for judging of the course of events, we cannot hide from ourselves the portentous character of our times, and the certain anticipation that this Eastern Question is destined to lead to momentous results. As believers in Providence, we cannot evade the conclusion that nations are the organs of God in the accomplishment of His decrees. The present war is, doubtless, destined to bring about some high purpose of the Divine Will. We cannot know this purpose; but, from the nature of His dispensations, can have no doubt but that the end will be in mercy to mankind. This, however, does not preclude present and temporary suffering; and it is likely that a period of calamity, on a great scale, awaits the human race. The conflict of passion, of ambition, of injustice, of tyranny, can, it seems, at present only be curbed by suffering, by resistance, by war. Many monstrous evils are found in human society awaiting the judgment of God; and the instrument of His judgment is war. That some of these evils will be swept away by the present contest, we can have no doubt; that a new path for the Gospel will be prepared, we have confident hope; that a great area for the kingdom of our Lord will be cleared, and given to Christianity, we believe; and that the freedom, the industry, and the civilization of distant races will be promoted, we fully anticipate. But "the end is not yet." The storm precedes the calm, the winter the spring, the education of a people the ripe fruits of knowledge.

We wait the issue with calmness, but not without anxiety. Their country is dear to all Englishmen; and her fortunes in this conflict cannot but be looked upon with profound solicitude. We believe her cause is just, her resolve magnanimous, her spirit heroic, her resolution firm. But, in a conflict so important, so full of peril, so moral,—we had almost said, so religious,—she especially needs the interposition of God. The basing of her policy on His word, trust in His protection, humility in the confession of national sins, fervent supplication for the guidance of His wisdom, and the blessing of His grace,—let these points be secured, and England is safe. We have out-riden many storms; we trust to be safe in this. We have assisted the oppressed in times past effectually; we hope to leave a monument of our justice, as well as of our prowess, as the result of our interference in this Eastern Question.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Sphere and Duties of Government. Translated from the German of Baron Wilhelm Von Humboldt. By Joseph Coulthard, Jun. London: Chapman. 1854.

THE express design of this treatise is "to discover the legitimate objects to which the energies of State organizations should be directed, and to define the limits within which those energies should be exercised." Full of the highest kind of interest, and at the same time attended with peculiar difficulties, this design was quite worthy of the late Baron Humboldt,—a statesman and philosopher of all but the highest stamp. If the attempt has not been followed by success, we may suppose the subject would prove at least as intractable in other hands, and yield as little profit in conclusion. We may even suspect that there is something radically faulty in the design itself.

The author endeavours to establish a practical distinction between measures which promote the *positive welfare*, and those which regard only the *negative security or well-being*, of the citizen; and maintains that the former are quite beyond the sphere of Government; are restrictive of individual freedom and development, and therefore detrimental to true social prosperity and greatness. We believe this distinction is more plausible in theory than observable in practice, if it be not even rather verbal than real. As a positive restriction is often required to secure a merely negative advantage, so this negative advantage may be valued only for its positive results: it is, at any rate, the expression of a positive opinion on the part of the majority, from whom the enactment of the law proceeds. The parties who may safely be allowed to judge of what is hurtful to the community as such, may surely judge of what is, in the main, desirable and necessary for the welfare of the same; and to refuse the exercise of the latter privilege, is to lose a moiety of the benefits of combination. In regard to the material interests of a nation, this truth is generally understood and acted upon. To erect poor-houses and asylums is as legitimate an exercise of governmental functions, as to provide for the removal of public nuisances, or to establish courts of justice for the repression of public crime. The question, then, occurs, If a people may safely consent to intrust their material interests to a delegated power, may it not further commit certain of its moral interests to the same salutary supervision and control? Are there not measures of the latter kind equal in importance to

those of the former,—measures wherein, also, the majority are equally agreed? There are other nuisances besides the accumulation of filth in our streets, which the great mass of the nation may lawfully condemn, and by means of the authorized executive remove. Perhaps the one is as imperative as the other; both, of course, being effected under the constant witness and direction of the people, from whom authority is rightfully derived. Moreover, it must not be forgotten, that to *corroborate private virtue is one of the prime objects and advantages of public laws*. The best as well as the worst of us needs this species of protection. Only by this assistance is society tolerable, or even possible; we can only defend ourselves from each other by consenting to some positive restraint upon ourselves.

These few remarks will receive ample illustration, by a reference to one great public ordinance,—that, namely, which asserts and secures the perpetuity of the marriage contract. This is confessedly a restriction of individual liberty: directly personal in its character, it is immensely important in its results. Let it be granted, also, that there are hardships under this as under every great act of public legislation. Yet—omitting for the time all reference to divine authority—who shall say that a nation has no right to confirm the fickle virtue of its members, to provide a fitting basis of social order, to secure a higher kind and a larger amount of general order and individual happiness, by the enforcement of this uniform decree? It is not only the virtuous and the good who are thankful for such a law; but all who have any relic or desire of goodness, or recognise the utility and loveliness of virtue,—all who desire to see humanity distinguished from the lower creatures, and exercising its diviner faculties with due advantage, and in their proper sphere. Now, the tendency of Baron Humboldt's argument is to remove matrimony out of the sphere of Government, to make it a matter for private regulation, subject only to the dictates of individual opinion or caprice. "I should not be deterred," says the author, "from the adoption of this principle by the fear that all family relations might be disturbed, or their manifestations in general impeded; for, although such an apprehension might be justified by considerations of particular circumstances and localities, it could not be fairly entertained, in an inquiry into the nature of men and states in general. For experience frequently convinces us, that just where law has imposed no fetters, morality most surely binds: the idea of external coercion is one entirely foreign to an institution which, like matrimony, reposes only on inclination and an inward sense of duty; and the results of such coercive institutions do not at all correspond to the designs in which they originate." Surely all men of sober, impartial judgment will be at issue with the author of these sentiments; and nothing but that tenacious fondness for a plausible and preconceived theory, which is characteristic of our German neighbours, could have blinded the eyes of so intelligent a philosopher to the overwhelming evidence of history and daily facts. The theory he propounds is, in some measure, useful as well as specious, and we may hope to approximate thereto, as the world shall sensibly improve; but we must beware of paying too expensive or too dan-

gerous a compliment to human nature. What is chiefly needed in public legislation, as well as in private life—what has, indeed, largely contributed to the consolidation and happiness of this great empire—is that moral wisdom which temporarily commutes the demand of absolute perfection for its practicable steps, and consents even to a compromise between the full enjoyment and the sullen repudiation of liberty itself.

Christianity, Theoretical and Practical. By William Kirkus, LL.B. London: Jackson and Walford. 1854.

The Outlines of Theology; or, The general Principles of Revealed Religion briefly stated. By the Rev. James Clark. Vol. I. London: Ward and Co. 1854.

It is works like these—not seldom, but with comparative frequency, imparted to the world—which serve to remind us of the superiority and riches of our Christian literature. The theory of our religion is so perfect and profound as to exercise and develop the highest and most comprehensive reason of our nature; yet so beautiful and so various as to impart a strange interest and fascination to the humblest epitome of its commanding truths. Whilst the cleverest of our sceptics is not able, with all the aids of an advanced eclecticism, to devise a theory of religion which can hold together during even an hour's perusal, it is competent to any Minister of the Gospel of Christ to avail himself of a system matchless for authority, consistency, and power,—a system not more replete with consolations than irresistible in its proofs, and not more mighty in its appeals than invincible in its numberless defences.

In the great body of Christian apologists Mr. Kirkus may take an honourable place. His work ably confutes some of the characteristic errors of the day: it is written, for the most part, with very evident ability, and in a pure and masculine style. The author shows a fine appreciation of the beauties and harmonies of “theoretical Christianity.”

With these words of approval we should have been glad to stop; but our commendation of this volume must be qualified by exceptions of a serious character. Much less justice is here done to practical, than to theoretical, Christianity. A single instance of defective and erroneous treatment may suffice to put the reader on his guard, in the perusal of this generally sound and thoughtful volume. “There are many,” says Mr. Kirkus, “who seem constantly in expectation of some supernatural and unaccountable feeling which they call ‘assurance,’ ‘the witness of the Spirit,’ ‘getting salvation,’ and the like. Such expectations are founded on mistaken views of the word of God. There is a true ‘assurance,’ one which always accompanies the simple belief of the ‘record which God has given of His Son:’ a man examining his own heart, finding that, in his sin and helplessness, he is wholly depending upon Christ for salvation, and taking God at His word, will be ‘assured’ that ‘there is no more condemnation for’ him.” We submit that this reliance upon a logical inference is something very different from a scriptural assurance,—indeed, is evidently no “assurance” at all. But Mr. Kirkus shall speak further for himself,

and let us know how far he is qualified to preach upon one of the most important doctrines of the Gospel. That we do him no injustice in describing his assurance as the effect of logic rather than of faith, is very evident from the following sentence: "A mere flutter or palpitation of the heart, a deliciousness of unthinking reverie, an inexplicable, unaccountable something, is mistaken for that 'witness of the Spirit with our spirits, that we are the children of God,' which is to be found only in the word of God." 'To be found only in the word of God? what can this mean? As a *truth*, it is certainly announced there; but as a *fact*, it is surely to be looked for in the believer's heart. The merest common sense demands this evident distinction. It is the witness of Spirit with spirit, and not the written and formal absolution of a multitude on the condition of their "simple belief in the record." Though Mr. Kirkus has quoted the very words of Scripture, which would seem to leave him no chance of evasion, he puts the doctrine of this personal witness wholly by, and concludes in language which we transcribe with equal astonishment and grief: "Even in the word the Spirit bears no witness to the sonship of a separate individual, John or James, Martha or Mary, but to the sonship of all and singular who possess certain characteristics, who, in short, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." If our author can so write, we hardly know whether his incompetency to enforce religion, or to teach theology, be most apparent.

Of the "Outlines of Theology," by Mr. Clark, we have only one volume before us, and must, therefore, defer saying more than that it is written in a worthy simplicity of style, and sufficiently illustrates the remark with which this brief notice commenced.

Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Second Edition. London: Longman and Co. 1854.

LORD CARLISLE'S genial disposition and generous tone of judging of mankind render him a delightful travelling companion. He wandered through the classic scenes of Greece and Asia Minor, at a time when our fleets were engaged in the preliminary operations of the war, and was conveyed from place to place by the friendly offices of the Commanders of various Queen's ships. In consequence of these facilities, he not only saw the natural beauties and historic scenes of the East to great advantage, but is now enabled to present his readers with a view of active professional duty, in connexion with a panorama of exceeding interest. The Piræus, Athens, the Cape of Sunium, "Chio's rocky isle," the Troad, and other scenes illustrious in story, are mingled with the doings of the present time. History, at its two extremities, is thus seen at a glance, and a double interest conferred upon the sunny waters and bold coasts of the Ægean Sea. To classical readers some of the descriptions introduced will have much interest, though we think the classical element appears too prominently for a popular volume of travels. Elaborate disquisitions upon the site of Troy and the Fountain of Arethusa are not every man's reading; and those chiefly concerned resort to other sources of information. In speaking of the war, whose earlier nautical movements are

here incidentally described, though his Lordship is as patriotic as might be expected, we trace some misgivings, which arise from the adoption of certain views of prophecy now greatly in vogue in some circles.

As a specimen of the style and matter of the volume, we give a description of a walk in Athens:—"The King's new palace is a most staring, ugly, browless-looking building. It is a blessed transition to the ruins of antiquity. We passed in succession Hadrian's Arch, the Temple of the Olympian Jupiter, the Fountain of Callirhoe, the bed of the Ilissus, the choragic monument of Lysicrates, the site of the Theatre of Bacchus, the Portico of the Furies, the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, the Arcopagus, the Temple of Theseus; reserving the Parthenon for ampler leisure, and a brighter, though it could not easily be a softer, sky. I have threaded all these pregnant names together, as the object of the day was rather to make a general survey, than a more special study of separate beauties and glories. What is admirable and wonderful, is the harmonious blending of every detached feature with each other, with the solemn mountains, the lucid atmosphere, the eternal sea, all wearing the same unchanged aspect as when the ships of Xerxes were shivered on that Colian Cape beneath; as when the slope of the Acropolis was covered with its Athenian audience to listen under this open sky to *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, to the *Agamemnon* or the *Œdipus*; as when *St. Paul* stood on the topmost stone of yon Hill of Mars, and, while summit above and plain below bristled with idols, proclaimed, with the words of a power to which not even *Pericles* could ever have attained, the counsel of the true God. Let me just remark, that even the impressive declaration of the Apostle, that 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' may seem to grow in effect when we remember that the buildings to which he must have almost inevitably pointed at that very moment, were the most perfect that the hands of man have ever reared, and must have comprised the *Theseum* below, and the *Parthenon* above, him. It seems to have been well that 'art and man's device' should be reduced to their proper level, on the very spot of their highest development and glory."

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Rear-Admiral W. H. Smyth. London: J. W. Parker. 1854.

THE Mediterranean skirts the whole south of Europe; it washes the shores of Spain, France, Italy, Greece, and (including the Black Sea, which all geographers have considered to be a part of the Mediterranean system) Russia in Europe. Asia touches it on the west by the Caucasian provinces, by the coasts of Asia Minor to Aleppo, and, from that point to Egypt, by the coasts of Syria and Palestine. Africa, on the north, is entirely bounded by the Mediterranean, as Europe on the south. The different civilized nations which have in turn fixed the attention of mankind, have almost exclusively inhabited its shores. When we travel in thought around the borders of this beautiful basin, historic names present themselves in crowds. Greece, Italy, Carthage, Syria, Arabia, and Judea! Such are some of the names that present themselves to the imagination.

Captain (now Admiral) Smyth, who has employed the greater part of a lifetime in determining the principal points of the charts of the Mediterranean, conceived the happy idea of collecting under this title all that his own labours, and those of his predecessors and colleagues, have brought to light respecting this vast basin; every thing relating to its productions and the commerce of the surrounding nations. He describes, also, the climate, prevailing winds, and the healthy or unhealthy atmospheric influences found in each locality; and he gives illustrations of all the principles he establishes. He draws his materials in turn from history and science. The west wind, which chiefly prevails in these latitudes, the *mistral*, the *sirocco*, the *tramontane*, the *etesian* winds, &c., take their places in a plan well conceived, and rich in numberless details. Side by side with facts drawn from the biblical period, or the age of Homer, stand observations dating from the Anglo-French war at the beginning of this century, and explorations still more recent, carried on by himself and by French mariners engaged on the hydrography of this sea.

To give an idea of the work, we will mention the five important parts of which it consists. The first refers to the productions, the commerce, and the industrial pursuits of the different countries bordering upon the Mediterranean, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the extremity of the Sea of Azof.

The second part refers to the sea itself, considered as a highway of communication, and as subject to the general physical laws of the globe or of meteorology; and comprehends temperature, currents, freshets, system of rivers, evaporation, and all that relates to the colonies of fishes and other living beings which inhabit this sea, and enrich the surrounding countries. The depth of waters, the appearance of rivers, and the effects of ancient and modern volcanoes are also described in due detail.

In the third part he places questions relating to prevailing winds, the seasons, and climatology, with all the phenomena of the atmosphere, such as tempests, rain, and electric hurricanes.

The fourth part contains the history of the geographical researches upon which the existing charts of the Mediterranean have been constructed, from ancient times to the present day. The author's own share in these researches is described with becoming modesty, and ample justice is rendered to others.

The fifth part is principally technical; it treats of longitudes and geographical positions, and is followed by some valuable tables, with symbols pointing out anchorages, harbours, rocks, submarine dangers, &c., &c.

The above outline will show that many most interesting problems are embraced within the scope of Admiral Smyth's work, which possesses a genuine value, and is worth a thousand mere compilations.

Le Rédempteur. Discours par Edmond de Pressensé, Pasteur.
In-8vo. Paris: Meyrueis. 1854.

THE author of this volume, one of the Pastors of the Independent congregation in Paris, has been for some years engaged upon a very important work. He purposes examining the various doctrines which

obtained, both amongst the schools and in the world, respecting the life and teaching of our blessed Saviour, during the first three centuries of the Church. But, before grappling with this interesting subject, M. de Pressensé felt the necessity of treating the question in itself, and as it is revealed to us by the word of God. Hence the Discourses we are now noticing; Discourses which are more properly disquisitions, than compositions adapted to the pulpit. They are twelve in number. They form a complete *Christology*, and evidence in the author both a great amount of sound learning, and a thorough acquaintance with *experimental* religion, two qualities not always found together. Even if M. de Pressensé had not intimated as much in his Preface, we could have had no difficulty in tracing, throughout his volume, the influence of German theological literature. Neander, Sartorius, Lücke, Lange, are his favourite authors; and he seems to have studied, with equal profit, patristic lore and modern divinity.

We cannot, of course, pretend to give a full critique of M. de Pressensé's Discourses; but the reader will find, in the remarkable *Avant-propos* which introduces the book, a statement of the views which the author entertains of the character and progress of contemporary theology. "If," says he, "the Gospel is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever, this immutability does not belong to theology. The history of dogmas is the history of the variations of divines, whilst there remains a certain amount of unity in essential points. As a scientific structure, the Reformation system of dogmatics can no more claim to be a definitive result, than the systems of the second and third centuries. Our predecessors were engaged in an immense movement forwards; so are we. We believe we know the end to which we are hastening; it is the ever deeper knowledge of the way in which the human and the divine elements are blended together in the Christian conception. By its deplorable Pelagianism, Catholicism had sacrificed God to man. The theology of the sixteenth century, through the determinism embodied in the most absolute of all systems, sacrificed too much the human element: it gave, at the same time, a highly beneficial impulse to modern society, by a contradiction which an attentive study will sufficiently explain. The Church, in the third stage of its development, has for its mission to maintain both terms of the religious problem in their respective rights, and to conciliate, as much as possible, the human with the divine element, the moral with the religious."

After having examined the event which first introduced sin into the world, and the promise it pleased God to make to Adam subsequently to the Fall, M. de Pressensé devotes three separate Discourses to the question, "How far man was prepared for the coming of our Saviour previous to the Mosaic dispensation, amongst the Jews themselves, and, finally, in the heathen nations." This is one of the most important parts of the volume: it is one which the author has treated with the greatest care; and we may say, that nothing so complete, so satisfactory, has hitherto been written in French on the same subject.

Count Joseph de Maistre, in his *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*, had already explained how, even in the darkest stages of Heathenism, the various forms of worship exhibited, especially through the rites of sacrifice, a sort of witness to the mission and person of the Redeemer.

The celebrated philosopher, Von Schelling, finds likewise in the vague and obscure science of polytheism a preparation for revealed religion. Other parallels, besides, will suggest themselves naturally to the reader, as he studies the work we are now reviewing, and lead him on to the conclusion adopted by M. de Pressensé; namely, that the preparation for salvation in the heathen world has been nothing else than a long and overwhelming experience of human weakness,—a series of desperate attempts to find God, a groping for the light.

Time will only allow us to make one more quotation from the present Discourses; but it is an important one, inasmuch as it proves that there fortunately prevails, amongst our young divines on the other side of the Channel, a tendency to throw off those fatalist views of religion which had misled so many respecting the influence of the Holy Spirit.

“If we transform grace into I know not what divine absolutism, if we make of it an irresistible power, we take away from it its true character; we deprive God of His sovereignty, under pretence of preserving it entire. His sovereignty is especially admirable, because it acts harmoniously with liberty, and reaches its own end whilst maintaining that liberty. The Spirit of God transforms us, penetrates us, by overcoming our opposition. Grace is a divine persuasion; it conquers us not by an act of authority, but by a secret and gentle influence; and the great manifestations of its power are connected, as in St. Paul’s conversion, with a long inward struggle, the catastrophe of which may be quite sudden. Let men therefore cease to mistake Fatalism for Christianity: the argument justifiable three centuries ago, as a weapon in the contest with Roman Catholic Pelagianism, would now injure those who attempted to handle it, and destroy them, by making them responsible for the tenets of contemporary Pantheism. The reign of Jesus Christ is not to be assimilated to the worst thing there is upon earth. God’s sovereignty has nothing in common with absolutism; and the Spirit of the free and powerful God must not be lowered to a mechanical and material power.”

We hope that an accurate translation will soon render M. de Pressensé’s volume accessible to English readers.

Histoire des Doctrines morales et politiques des trois derniers Siècles. Par M. J. Matter, Conseiller honoraire, et ancien Inspecteur général de l’Université, Correspondant de l’Institut. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1854.

THE subject which M. Matter examines in this work, has never yet been accurately treated by any writer, although it is certainly one of the most profitable themes for the reflecting mind to study. There is one publication, however, which would seem to bear some affinity to it, and that is the celebrated Dissertation published by Dugald Stewart in the “*Encyclopædia Britannica*,” but a slight perusal of both works will sufficiently prove the difference which exists between them. In the first place, the Scotch writer has almost exclusively confined himself to the history of the progress of ethical science; and he alludes to political theories, only when his subject renders an allusion to them absolutely indispensable. Next,—and here we touch upon a

point of far greater dissimilarity,—Dugald Stewart, by restricting his observations to the various metaphysical schools, and to the propounders of moral systems viewed as teachers, by shutting himself up, so to say, within the walls of an academy, has deprived himself of the means of appreciating the real merits of the doctrines he examines. For we should not forget, that the views adopted in schools are not always those which prevail in the world; and, if the part of society is to apply the principles expounded by moral instructors, it is seldom that complete harmony exists between theory and practice. To quote only one example: the great religious and political drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries resulted from the collision of two contradictory systems. On one side were the doctrines of Erasmus, Bodin, Sir Thomas More; on the other stood the despotic practices of Charles V., Henry VIII., Catherine di Medici. If we would know whether the ethical maxims taught in lecture-rooms are something better than useless or dangerous Utopias, we must study them in their bearings upon the progress of society. This is the only way of discovering their real value; for the political cataclysms by which God sees fit at times to visit the nations of the earth, are the natural consequences of the scission,—the differences we have just been alluding to.

These cursory observations will best explain the nature of M. Matter's work. It embraces a complete sketch of modern history; and by laying before us an account of the principal doctrines successively maintained by ethical and metaphysical writers, from the Reformation era down to the conclusion of the last century, it gives us a deep insight into the real causes of the various revolutions which have marked the annals of modern civilization.

When we examine the state of Europe during the sixteenth century, we meet at the very onset two master-minds whose influence on their contemporaries cannot be overrated. Erasmus and Machiavelli were the representatives of the two systems between which the human race is constantly, though vainly, seeking a middle course. In the *Colloquia*, the *Adagia*, the "Praise of Folly," it is not difficult to find the spirit of our modern Freethinkers; whilst all the worst doctrines advocated in later times by Hobbes, Filmer, and other writers of the same school, are most intelligibly propounded by the classical author of *Il Principe*, the historian whose disciples were Philip II., Alexander VI., and Lorenzo di Medici.

Machiavelli was the first man who reduced into axioms and definite rules the art of state-craft: his name is justly linked with the very essence of despotism, and no one can contend that justice has not been awarded to him. But Erasmus, on the other hand, has evidently obtained more praise than would have been his legitimate share. If he claims the honour of having vulgarized, and rendered popular, feelings and sentiments which were high in every breast, a philosopher less known, but far more original in his views, was the real thinker who broke loose through the fetters of scholasticism, and inaugurated the era of liberalism in metaphysical research. We allude to Peter Pomponazzio, for a complete account of whose tenets the reader should turn to M. Matter's instructive volumes.

Pomponazzio and Machiavelli,—such are the first two links of that

double chain which may be traced down, through an unbroken series of philosophers and publicists, to M. de Lamennais on the one side, and Donoso Cortez on the other.

The teachings of metaphysicians are not, however, the only channel through which public opinion is affected, or manifests itself; besides *libri sententiarum*, *summæ theologicæ*, and heavy artillery of that description, we have the light dragoons of literature,—pamphlets, plays, songs, vaudevilles. This point has not been omitted by M. Matter; and, as we approach the eighteenth century, it becomes more and more important. The French Revolution, for instance, is as much identified with the *Mariage de Figaro*, as with Rousseau's *Contrat Social*.

After having sketched the political history of society, and tested every system adduced either by the spirit of absolutism or the genius of liberty, the historian cannot stop there. We must deduce from a consideration of the past some useful teaching for our own times, and see whether the experience of ages now gone by will not supply us with directions for the future. M. Matter (let us bear in mind that he addresses himself to Frenchmen) utters the following severe but just denunciation against the nineteenth century. "Faith in things and in men has vanished; doctrines and institutions no longer inspire any enthusiasm; laws and morals are pervaded by scepticism; we are disgusted at what we see, and frightened at what threatens us: such is the moral, such is the political situation to which, after three centuries of an immense development, that fraction of humanity is reduced, which has either sought for progress, or been compelled to submit to it." From this shall we conclude that our author scouts the idea of progress, and that he longs for a return to those good old notions so fondly regretted by our friends of the Oxford school? No; M. Matter only points out the evil to which we may ascribe the state of prostration unfortunately prevalent at the present time: he is a sincere advocate of improvement; but, as he says very truly, there is no political advance, either possible, or even desirable, for nations, which is not also necessarily and naturally introduced by a corresponding moral development. Now, this is precisely the great mistake which both Princes and philosophers have always committed. They have sought for pledges of security in political, not moral, influence; whilst professedly repudiating, with all their might, the doctrines of Machiavelli, it is he whom, *de facto*, they have taken as their master and guide. Hence the natural conclusion, that the sole cure for the moral disease from which the political world appears to be now suffering, is a return to such religious principles as can alone insure the greatness and the lasting prosperity of nations.

In concluding this imperfect sketch, we may just say, that M. Matter is well known in France by various publications on metaphysical and other subjects. He is a Lutheran Protestant, and a Doctor of Divinity; and attached as he is to Gospel principles, the influence which his teaching possesses acts in a most beneficial way upon the mind of his countrymen.

Hand-Book of French Literature, Historical, Biographical, and Critical. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers.

WE are happy to be able to recommend this careful sketch of French literature to our young readers. They will find, if they put themselves under the guidance of the talented and judicious lady who has thus smoothed their path, that the chronological succession and general scope of French literature, as well as its separate writers, are arranged, discriminated, and valued, with much judgment and precision. Nor will more advanced readers, whose acquaintance with the subject has been of many years' standing, fail to receive from a perusal of this volume a considerable accession both of pleasure and of profit. The country surveyed has many quagmires; in these days an increasing number travel that way; and it is a great thing to be able to take the hand of a pious and intelligent guide.

Amerika. Die politischen, socialen und kirchlich-religiösen Zustände der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Deutschen, aus eigener Anschauung dargestellt von Dr. Philipp Schaff, Prof. der Theologie zu Mercersburg in Pennsylvanien. 8vo. Berlin, 1854.

It may be new to some of our readers, that there is an actual and not inconsiderable German literature indigenous to America. The one hundred thousand Germans who are annually landed in the port of New-York, are, it is true, for the most part, not of a class from whom much encouragement may be anticipated for literature; nevertheless, amongst the immense population spread through the United States, to whom the German language is vernacular, there are those who are not only ready, but well fitted, to minister to the reading wants of their fellow-countrymen.

Amongst these, the writer of the volume before us has already given to the world, through the medium of the Transatlantic German press, a work which has since enjoyed a far larger circulation and wider fame in its republished form in Germany, and in its translation both in America and our own country:—we allude to his “History of the Apostolic Church.” The small work from the same pen, which we now introduce, is an expansion of lectures delivered by the author before a German audience, during a visit paid by him last year to his native land. It is not designed for America, but for Germany; and has for its object the enlightenment of the Germans as to the political, social, and ecclesiastical condition of America, and especially as to the position of the great population of their own countrymen who have there found a home.

Dr. Schaff's survey is peculiarly lucid, and, as may be expected from a German mind, no less philosophical, in its plan and arrangement. He first treats of the United States generally, in their geographical, political, social, scientific, literary, and religious aspects. From this he proceeds to a lengthened and very thorough examination of the ecclesiastical position of America, embracing an analysis of its several principal Churches and sects,—Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Dutch

Reformed, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, Romish, and Mormon. Lastly, he devotes about two-fifths of his work to the subject of the German Churches in America; noticing the history, language, scientific and educational institutions, religion, and morals of the German population; and then the ecclesiastical position and prospects of the Lutheran, the Reformed, and the other German Churches. In speaking of the German Methodists, Dr. Schaff refers to the remarkable fact of some Missionaries having been sent by the Methodist communities to Germany, to labour amongst the neglected of their own native land. Altogether, we commend the work as a very sound and unbiassed examination of the religious condition of the rapidly increasing German population of the United States, characterized throughout by a very just appreciation of those points of mental constitution, and national character and temperament, by which the British, the German, and the American are respectively distinguished.

Dr. Schaff is very earnest in his call to the Christians of his own land to make some united and large effort to supply the spiritual necessities of the four millions of their fellow-countrymen in America. And with no less earnestness he calls upon those who have influence in the theological and literary productions of Germany, to exert that influence, so far as America is concerned, in such a way as shall contribute to an object towards which he looks at once with anxiety and enthusiasm; namely, the formation—through a healthy fusion of the German with the Anglo-American character, and through the influence, rightly directed, which German writing already possesses over the men of thought in America—of a race which, as it shall assuredly be foremost in the future history of the world, so shall be foremost also in carrying throughout the unmeasured region of its sway the blessings of a true, and solid, and living Christianity.

Die Verhandlungen des Siebenten Deutschen Evangelischen Kirchentages zu Frankfurt am Main im September, 1854. 8vo. Berlin, 1854.

WE have before us the Report of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Kirchentag, or Convention of the German Churches.

This Convention is one of the few beneficial fruits of the Revolution of 1848. A deep sense of the necessity of the times was the origin of this endeavour, by concerted action amongst the chief representatives of the Evangelical faith in Germany, to ward off the evils with which the Church was at that period so terribly menaced. It had the happy effect, by drawing together men of different Churches,—Lutheran, Reformed, and United,—and by associating them in a common Christian purpose, of doing much to harmonize those whom a difference of name had hitherto kept apart, and thereby achieving a first step towards proving, by a practical exhibition, the true unity of Christian faith.

As the Convention is one of a purely voluntary nature, it can assume no authoritative power. It continues, however, to maintain a growing influence, not only on the people at large, by means of its circulated Reports and appeals, but also on the various Governments with whom it intercedes for the concession of those legislative enact-

ments or alterations, which are demanded by the interests of Christianity, and the religious liberty of the subject. In this way the Kirchentag has already wrought many highly beneficial changes of a public character, whilst, in its annual peregrinations from city to city, it has scattered precious seeds of Christian truth, which mark its course as one of blessing to the land.

Dr. Hoffmann's paper, with which the discussions at the last autumnal meeting were commenced, "On the right Use of the Bible in the Church, the School, and the House," is a noble defence of the sacred volume against the prevailing tendency in Germany to its disregard, or its abuse. After showing the right position that should be accorded to the Scriptures in the pulpit, the school, and the family, the second and still more important topic is taken up, as to the introduction of a "Bible life;" and many valuable suggestions are offered on this vital question. A very important subject occupied the second morning of their meeting,—that of the relation of the Church to the civil legislation, as regards the question of divorce. It was introduced by the well-known Dr. Julius Müller, of Halle, whose paper contains a very clear exhibition of the question of marriage and divorce, viewed in the light of the New Testament, contrasted with the actual state of the law in most of the German States, and especially in Prussia. Dr. Thesmar's Report, which followed, exhibits the legislative enactments from a historical point of view; and at the close a unanimous Resolution was adopted to petition the various Governments of Germany for the amendment of those laws relating to this important question, which have been productive of so large an amount of moral and social evil. Dr. Wichern, the Superintendent of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, was present, as usual, to represent the "Inner Mission,"—Germany's great practical means of spreading godliness through the land. His speech, of which a beautiful outline is presented in the Report, gave a general survey of the labours of that Society during the past year, and produced a deep impression upon the audience by the thrilling eloquence which ever characterizes the effusions of that noble-hearted man. The Prelate Kapff, of Stuttgart, so known and loved in Germany for his Leighton-like fervour and heavenly unction, gave, on the last day, a masterly Report "On the Abolition of Gambling-Houses and Lotteries," which excited the deepest attention, and will doubtless exert a great influence toward the attainment of the object sought. Professor Schaff, of Mercersburg, occupied the afternoon with an eloquent paper upon "the German Church in America,"—the warm enthusiasm of which seemed a little too powerful for some of the more frigid Teutonic brethren to whom it was addressed. We omit in our notice many minor discussions which took place at the Meeting of the Kirchentag last September, however interesting their character, or great their intrinsic value. Having been personally present throughout the Conference, we are enabled to verify the correctness of the published Report.

We would fain see a truer appreciation of the question of religious liberty, in the minds of the members of this important convention, which represents the best portion of the Evangelic Church of Germany. We would gladly see the doors of the Kirchentag thrown

open to Christians of whatever sect or party, instead of being restricted to the admission of adherents of the Confessional Churches. In this, a grievous wrong is done to the German Methodist and Baptist bodies, as well as to others, who, like them, are excluded from its councils. Nevertheless, with all its faults freely admitted, the *Kirchentag* is a noble movement on the side of true religion, and gives hopeful promise in relation to the future of Germany's Church. We commend it, as a peculiar development of ecclesiastical power and Christian activity, to the consideration of all interested in the struggles and toils of the evangelical faith in Germany.

The Dream of Pythagoras, and other Poems. By Emma Tatham. Second Edition. London.

THE strains of this young poetess are very warm and sweet; remarkable for pure sentiment, fine feeling, and natural expression. Their originality is quite as evident as their merit, though it be not offensively obtruded in peculiarities of thought and phrase, in any affected strangeness of subject or of manner: these, with true feminine instinct, are avoided, as fatal to the modesty of a woman's muse. Neither does Miss Tatham derive her inspiration from the urns of her sister minstrels; we have no mournful echo from the distant tomb of Letitia Landon, no leaves from the sere, but sacred, chaplet of Felicia Hemans. Our poetess sings from her own full heart, and pours out an unpremeditated strain, inspired by religious faith, and breathing admiration, love, and hope in every line. The opening poem, "The Dream of Pythagoras," is of superior order to the rest, and full of beauty and significance. But the genius of Miss Tatham is eminently lyrical; and the following song, extracted from "The Mother's Vigil," will give the reader a fair idea—and a very high one—of its general quality and power:—

" O life! thou glad and throbbing heat!
O life! thou cup of heavenly sweet!
Past is the dim gate of death;
See, I draw immortal breath!

" From Redemption's crimson wave
Rising free, baptized, and white;
Lo! my beaming wings I lave
In the uncreated light.

" See, my infant tears are dried,
And my darksome slumbers broken;
See, in angels' arms I ride,
Hear the music seraph-spoken!

" Hark! I hear the boundless chorus
Rolling on from star to star:
Hark! it thunders full before us;
Hark! it dies, and echoes far.

" See, O see the flashing gold
Of a thousand suns outglancing;
See the starry heavens unroll'd,
And the skies around me dancing.

- " O how beautiful and warm
 To my newly-open'd eyes !
 O what majesties of form,
 And what melodies arise !
- " Yet I feel a softer splendour
 Flowing o'er my heart like balm :
 O how thrilling and how tender !
 It is Christ,—Creation's Calm.
- " Lovely angels ! raise me higher ;
 For my spirit leaps to be
 Where, above the crowns of fire,
 My Redeemer's face I see."

Poems. By Matthew Arnold. Second Series. Longman. 1855.

THE merits of Mr. Arnold's poetry have been very generally acknowledged by the press ; yet the circle of its admirers is not likely to extend beyond the literary and highly educated classes. As the popular heart seldom finds utterance through it, so the popular enthusiasm will not settle round it. But we have no doubt of the genuineness of Mr. Arnold's claims. Not more highly gifted as a poet than many of his young contemporaries, with whom so much fault has recently been found, he writes much better poems. The sentiment diffused throughout their formless rhapsodies, with him acknowledges the subtle laws of taste,—finds order and coherence,—is first crystallized into gems, and then appropriately set. Mr. Arnold's style is simple, almost to baldness, and contrasts strongly with the profuse ornaments of the school of "Balder." Yet this is the triumph of genuine poetry, when its suggestions of beauty, novelty, and grace, arise from the use of language apparently not one degree removed from artless prose. We believe this author also is young ; yet the tone of his poetry evinces large experience, as well as high culture and extensive learning. An admirer of Goethe the sage, and Wordsworth the contemplatist, he aims at the calm and eclectic spirit of the one, but despairs of the fortitude and pathos of the other.

" Ah ! since dark days still bring to light
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force :
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel :
 Others will strengthen us to bear,—
 But who, ah ! who will make us feel ?
 The cloud of mortal destiny—
 Others will front it fearlessly ;
 But who, like him, will put it by ? "

There is something of exaggeration, as it seems to us, in this estimate of the philosophic poet ; but it is expressed with great felicity and clearness. In like manner we do not quite approve of the tone which Mr. Arnold has caught from his great German model. Perhaps

the indifferentism of Goethe is too perceptible in his admirer's verses, and somewhat also of his serene and lofty fatalism. The tone we deprecate may be felt distinctly breathing in the lines addressed to Obermann :—

“ And then we turn, thou sadder sage !
To thee : we feel thy spell,
The hopeless tangle of our age—
Thou, too, hast scanu'd it well.

“ Immoveable thou sittest ; still
As death ; composed to bear ;
Thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,
And icy thy despair.

“ Yes, as the son of Thetis said,
One hears thee saying now—
Greater by far than thou are dead :
Strive not : die also thou.

“ Ah ! two desires toss about
The poet's feverish blood ;
One drives him to the world without,
And one to solitude.

* * * * *
“ Away the dreams that but deceive !
And thou, sad guide, adieu !
I go ; Fate drives me : but I leave
Half of my life with you.

“ We, in some unknown power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line ;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy ;
Nor, when we will, resign.”

As giving voice to an occasional mood, we cannot object to these fine verses. But throughout Mr. Arnold's volume we miss the tone of cheerful and religious confidence, and mark the absence of a distinct, pervading Christian philosophy, which, most of all, is needed to rebuke the pagan and repining spirit of the age.

The Haymakers' Histories. Twelve Cantos, in Terza Rima.
By Ruthen. London : George Bell. 1854.

True poetry, of a very delicate and charming sort ; to be admired most of them who love the Muses best. The pitch and genius of the whole strain is indicated in a few preluding lines, the closing sentiment of which we heartily commend to minstrels of louder note and more ambitious theme :—

“ How common are the men and things
Which Poesy loves best ! and on my page,
Singing as when in love a woman sings,
I chronicle the darlings of the age.”

We wish our space availed for some lengthier extracts from this volume, that we might find room to give some specimen of the stories of country life which it exhibits ; but we must limit ourselves to a few lines from the opening canto, which introduces the bonny heroines :—

—————" See them pass,
 A young, a beautiful, and happy band !
 Behold them while they roll the tedded grass,
 Hear their soft voices and their laughter clear,
 And judge right gently of each lovely lass !
 'T was theirs, throughout the lunsolar year
 Of sunlight days and moonlight nights, abode
 To make with Nature, to whom all were dear.
 Some stole out to their rural toils ; some strode
 With almost manly strides, oft held the plough,
 Or to the fields the colts unbroken rode :
 Others there were that, when beneath the bough
 Of some broad tree the rustic company
 Sat in the shade, cool'd by the marshy slough,
 Cast on the youths full oft a sidelong eye,
 And won from them such kindness as a swain
 Whose manners are of nature bold or shy,
 Brings with him from the cottage to the plain."

If the readers would know how fortune, as well as nature, dealt with these fair creatures, would make the acquaintance of Helen or of Lucy, of " bonny Maud " or of that " blithe " maid—

—————" who went about
 Her very dairy work with air so grand,
 More like a Duchess at her bridal rout !"—

he must obtain this pleasant calendar for himself. We must not, however, omit to notice the author's skill in metrical composition. We are here forcibly reminded of the marvellous compass of the *terza rima* of Dante, even as cultivated in our harsher tongue. The measure to whose music the great bard traversed the fields of Paradise and the plains of Hades, is found equally adapted to the movements of natural joy and sorrow which belong even to the humblest country life. This is the test of a great stanza, proving it to be framed neither in vanity nor caprice, but founded on principles of harmony and truth analogous to those of poetry itself.

The poem is published anonymously ; but it bears little of the character of a first production. Of the author's sex the internal evidence is not quite decisive. The style of art is masculine, but the sentiment is feminine throughout. "The hands truly are Esau's hands, but the voice is the voice of Jacob."

The Golden Age, and other Poems. By Alexander Gouge.
 London : Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

THIS book hardly keeps the promise of its flattering title and beautiful exterior. While we are glad to find, from the author's preface, that he is "prepared against failure," we are sorry to learn, from the same authority, that he not only hopes for, but "anticipates, success." We fear his merits as a poet are too small to establish his character as a prophet. The volume, however, is very elegantly dressed in green and gold, and will serve the chief purposes of a drawing-room table-ornament,—to be taken carefully up, and put as gently down. Thus treated, it may outlast many a book of more vulgar interest and merit.

Thoughts and Sketches in Verse. By Caroline Dent. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1854.

ALWAYS polished and melodious, the verses of this lady are marked by an occasional felicity of thought which indicates the presence of poetic gifts. The bulk of the volume does not, however, rise above the level of just reflection embodied in smooth and measured language. Even this degree of merit is not attained without a concurrence of advantages,—without more than the average talents and accomplishments: but the difficulties of true poetry are not appreciated by the reading public, too busy, or too idle, to be arrested by any thing less than its most conspicuous triumphs, and only roused out of the mood of thankless indifference by sentiments of admiration and delight.

The History of Political Literature, from the earliest Times. By Robert Blakey, Author of the “History of the Philosophy of Mind.” Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1855.

It is somewhat remarkable that no work has hitherto appeared in this country, professing to record the progress of political literature. Though more interested than other people in the advance of mankind towards rational liberty, and occupying a front rank amongst its assertors and defenders, in the field and in the legislature, we have seldom contemplated the subject in its scientific aspect. Political writers have appeared in all ages, exercising considerable influence, and frequently producing a permanent effect upon the Government of the time; but their labours have not been examined with a view to elicit principles which may take their place in a system of political philosophy. The temporary and local purpose answered, such writings have retired into obscurity, and have been, perhaps, less read than those of any other class.

Mr. Blakey has thought it time to attempt a sketch of the existing writings upon political and social philosophy. He has eminently succeeded in this attempt, and has produced a work of great importance and interest; although the portion now published is likely to be exceeded in attractiveness by that which is yet to appear. The two volumes before us bring down the work to the year 1700; the third will include the entire eighteenth century; and the fourth will complete the survey to the present time. We certainly did not expect to find so much agreeable reading in a class of literature which we are apt to imagine is somewhat dull and tedious in the retrospect.

Russia. By the Marquis de Custine. Murray. 1854.

Turkey, Russia, the Black Sea, and Circassia. By Captain Spencer. Routledge and Co. 1854.

The Englishwoman in Russia. By a Lady. Murray. 1855.

THE sudden inroad of books upon a popular and engrossing subject is apt to perplex the choice of inquirers; and not the least useful duty of our office is to point attention to those of the truest merit. This

brief indication is all that our space admits of in the present instance. Some of our readers may be yet imperfectly acquainted with the countries forming the theatre and subject of the present war, and to them we recommend these admirable volumes. If not the most recent, they are among the most valuable of their class. De Custine has long been known as a conscientious and intelligent traveller. His opportunities for observation were unusually good, and his statements may be thoroughly relied upon. His pages present a full and interesting picture of life and manners in the Russian Empire, from the Imperial Court down to the hovels of the poor and scattered peasantry. With such ample details as are there supplied the reader is independent of the author's judgment, and naturally forms opinions for himself. Captain Spencer's volume has less of personal interest and social detail, but is valuable as the fruit of extended observation and experience. It is even more comprehensive than its title indicates; for, besides the regions there enumerated, it contains, at the commencement, two or three chapters on the state of Hungary. The work of the "English-woman" is a record of ten years' residence, not in one, but in many parts of the Russian Empire. The author's acquaintance with Muscovite society and scenery was necessarily intimate and varied, and in some matters perhaps less exceptional in its character than that of a traveller of rank such as the Marquis de Custine. The narrative is lively and interesting. On the whole it is decidedly unfavourable to the social habits and institutions of our enemies; but there is no evidence that this tone is adopted to flatter a mere national prejudice, and adapt it to the present market.

Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson. By Richard Doyle. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1854.

THE names of Leech and Doyle stand at the head of a long list of comic artists, who have arisen during the last ten years. For some time they maintained a friendly rivalry in the pages of "Punch," before that ancient jester lost his *wits*. But unfortunately A'Beckett left, and Doyle left, and Thackeray left, and only Leech is left to keep Mr. Punch's show standing. We have placed the two names together; but it is almost necessary to consider each separately, for their styles present more points of contrast than of comparison.

It is very rarely that an artist attains a high degree of perfection in two branches of his profession;—that a painter combines landscape and history. But Leech is so truly a master of the highest branch of his art, that some of his pictures excite the same feeling as the serious poetry of poor Hood,—a regret that comic art should so exclusively occupy his attention. For instance, here is a background hardly two inches square, yet it represents a beautiful undulating landscape, dotted with trees stretching away for miles. These trees, though so minute, are not merely sketched in, but are carefully filled up with due attention to light and shade; and the whole is finished with a delicacy and truthfulness that Birket Foster might envy. Numberless examples, on a larger scale, might be given: most

of his river and hunting pieces are perfect studies of English scenery. Doyle, on the contrary, rarely gives much background, and still more rarely attempts natural scenery; if he does, he fails. Take the "Evening on the Lago Maggiore:" the clouds look far more like water than the Lake itself, which you would not recognise but for the boat upon it; the mountains are much too low, and their outline is as stiff and angular as any sketch of the Pyramids; the margin of the Lake is a hard straight line, without a single bend or projection to break its monotony; and of distance you gain no idea. Contrast with this one of Leech's evenings at the sea-side,—say, "Romance and Reality." The heavy, but not too opaque, masses of cloud; the effect of moonlight on the water, on the two figures in the foreground, on the beach wet with the retiring tide, on the shrimper,—especially at the knees, against which the water breaks,—these are some of the touches which almost give to a wood-engraving the effect of colour.

His purely comic sketches are of an equally rare order. He is not dependent upon such aids as the monstrous heads of Doyle, or the goggle eyes and impossible mouths of Thackeray, or the mediæval quaintness of Tenniel. There is, on the contrary, a remarkable absence of exaggeration. His men and women we meet a dozen times in a day; we know his butchers' boys by sight, and their nags too; his omnibus cads and Hansom cabbies drive us regularly through the city; and his poor little swells, who are so mercilessly shown up, are recognised at a glance. The fidelity of his interior scenes is very striking. Not only do the members of the family group lounge, stand, or sit, in natural and easy postures, but all the accessories are in the most perfect drawing. The very paper on the wall, the D'oyley on the table, the half-dropped embroidery, with the position of the needle and fingers, are depicted with the truth of a photograph. Not less true than the air of comfort invariably thrown around home life, is the cheerlessness and discomfort which a bachelor's establishment as invariably displays. We are shown an untidy room, the books all awry on the shelves; the one footstool upset, just as it was left the night before. Enters the slip-shod maid of all work; her hair scrambled under a limp cap, her left hand on the door-handle, and her right holding up an apron, evidently too dirty to be fully displayed; and the bachelor himself, poor fellow! with an old dressing-gown huddled about him, and his loose neckerchief already half untied, looking helpless and forlorn enough to excite pity in all gentle bosoms. But, for an example of perfect *expression*, turn to that well-known breakfast scene in a country-house, where, with reference to a fishing excursion, Master Tom orders sundry lob-worms and grubs to be brought in for his inspection. Note the evident disgust (not too strongly marked) on the maternal countenance; all done by one or two lines about the eyebrows, assisted by a gesture of the hand, but as effectually done as by the most laboured skill. Even better still is the face of the cabman, who intimates to his recent fare, in the presence of her five children, that no one can be a gentleman *who belongs to her*: the eye and mouth are more than expressive,—they are eloquent; and this without being overdrawn.

So remarkable is the fidelity, and so complete the mastery of the pencil, that it is possible to detect varieties of *colour*; to distinguish fair hair from dark hair, hands that are white and delicate from hands that are coarse and red, and pale complexions from those that are florid. A hunting sketch, in one of the recent Numbers of "Punch," represented a very stout old gentleman, wrought up by hard riding to a highly apoplectic condition: it was easy to see from the contrast with his grey whiskers, that his cheeks were actually purple. We can almost detect *motion* in some of our artist's happiest efforts,—say, the one in which the tottering old spinster is telling Mr. Tongs that her hair still comes off; as she dresses at the glass, you can see the old woman's hands *fumble* at her bonnet-strings; the cabman before noticed is evidently retiring sideways to his vehicle, keeping his face to the enemy; the ornaments that Mr. Briggs has knocked off the mantel-piece are not simply drawn in mid-air, they are *falling*; his figures on the ice are not merely standing on skates, but they skate; his dogs all but bark; and when you cannot cross a saddle yourself, the next best thing is to look at Mr. Leech's horses.

Up to a certain point exaggeration is an aid to humour,—beyond that point it defeats its own object. A "situation" loses its drollery in proportion as it exceeds the bounds of possibility; and when it loses our sympathies, it also excites the opposition of our judgment. This over-exaggeration is Mr. Doyle's weakness, and is seldom long out of sight. In the outline of the "Review," Robinson is seen clinging to the neck of a rearing horse, both of them in impossible attitudes; in the foreground is a grenadier considerably taller than the carriage horses; a little to the left is a bi-clouded German, five feet high by four feet wide; and in the background is a member of the band performing zealously on a trombone which is nearly nine feet long. When the trio visit the Jews' Quarter at Frankfort, they see a Hebrew countenance, the exact counterpart of its fellows, protruded from every window in the street. With just half the number, the effect would have been twice as comic. When Jones is arrested, it is by a small regiment of soldiers, and so on, *ad libitum*. Doyle, too, presents his situations complete, at their climax, perhaps past it. He leaves nothing to the imagination; whereas Leech often leaves an *hiatus*, which each one fills up for himself, and which adds considerably to one's enjoyment. Here is a scene up the river: three individuals in a punt are in a happy, contemplative, vinous state; one is standing up, lazily smoking a "dry" pipe; while another remarks how greatly he enjoys the delicious repose. But it is left for us to see, that in half an instant their repose will be rudely broken in upon by a Thames wherry, pulled with frantic energy by two equally oblivious amateur rowers, and that the erect gentleman in spectacles will inevitably conclude his meditations in a cold bath.

Mr. Doyle appears to have studied human nature from an isolated position, not from the centre of a home circle. His only interiors are illustrative of club life, or public assemblies, or occasionally an evening party. His female faces display little variety of expression; and child life, in its thousand attractive forms, he never touches. He loves the town, not the country, nor country sports. Mr. Leech, on

the contrary, is at home every where, in any society, and under all circumstances; and his hearty English feeling, added to his versatile genius, has gained him universal popularity.

The Restoration of Belief. Cambridge: Macmillan. 1855.

THE history of the evidences and external reception of Christianity is replete with profound lessons on human nature, and with proofs that infidelity is not a question of argument, but originates in "an evil heart of unbelief." Two things especially are remarkable; first, that the greatest efforts to defend Christianity were made at the time when vital religion was at its lowest state of inanition; like a seed of truth enveloped in the cere-cloth of rigid orthodoxy and lifeless morality. Yet such labours did not revive Christianity; for, secondly, it is observable that mere external evidences, however effectual in silencing the fire of the enemy, have seldom been successful in subduing the heart. The admission of the fact of its divine truth does not necessarily secure its reception as the one religion. Neither miracles nor argument form men to virtue and religion. Each new phase of society, and every advance of science, will expose Christianity to new assaults; yet it is proof against every missile; and, as the lighthouse of the world, endures all storms, dashing the broken billows into harmless spray at its base.

There is, just now, a happy tendency in our defenders to pay less regard to the outworks, and more to the citadel and temple of Christian truth. Mr. Kingsley takes the facts which are undisputed, and makes those facts reveal and defend the great truths of religion. While admitting that the positive truths of science must press against the whole structure of theology, and in their progress overthrow all that is mere *opinion*,—adhesive, merely, to Christianity, and not of its substance,—he shows that Christianity is a grand fact,—impregnable, indefectible, invariable, eternal. Like that divinely wise arrangement of the Books of Moses, which mingles history with law and prediction, so interwoven that they are inseparable, and therefore he who admits one must admit all, to the everlasting confusion of Jews and unbelievers; the natural history of Christianity so obviously and necessarily comprises the supernatural, that all is wholly unaccountable without it. If divine, no discoveries of scientific truth can overthrow it, or militate against it. We may for a season lack the intermediate or reconciling link; but true science and real Christianity must be consistent with each other: it cannot be otherwise. Self-consistent, each of the writers of the New Testament is calmly natural, while fully conversant with the supernatural; every portion is full of individuality, and all consistently coheres. Christianity is, by our author, represented as determinable, and not as an indeterminate matter of opinion. "Nothing in the entire round of human belief is more infallibly sure than is Christianity, when it claims to be—RELIGION, GIVEN TO MAN BY GOD." This is the proper challenging front which a man convinced of the truth should show towards opponents who are not to be won by foolish candour, needless concessions, and "gentle obliquities." It is needless, and is out of place in this controversy, to rehearse the articles of our Christian belief. It is enough to prove

our facts: and those facts will embrace supernatural truths and credentials, and exhibit the only religion which is suitable and saving.

The great design of this important volume is to bring us back to the simplicity of the faith and feelings of primitive Christianity; of the men who, thoroughly convinced of its truth, and permeated by its spirit, staked all for both worlds on its authenticity and power. And this is just what we need,—*to come back to the Book*.

This is a manly, bold, Christian volume; written in a mathematical and vigorous style, full of originality; of great practical power; and intensely interesting. Where is the sceptic who will honestly read it? Where is he who will, in the same style and spirit, attempt to answer it?

Capital Punishment Unlawful and Inexpedient. An Essay on the Punishment of Death. By John Rippon. London: W. and F. G. Cash.

WE gladly acknowledge the temper and ability evinced by the writer of this little volume, and the unusual candour and fairness of his statements. In the earlier and best part of his Essay, Mr. Rippon establishes—against the opinion of the majority of abolitionists—the popular and obvious sense of the passage in Genesis, (ix. 5, 6,) as an ordinance of the Almighty for the capital punishment of the murderer. We think he is much less fortunate in his attempt to prove its subsequent repeal under the dispensation of Christ. True, retaliation was then expressly forbidden, and the law of charity ordained; but this was a strictly individual rule of life, and could not be supposed to proscribe the exaction of penalties deemed necessary for the protection of society. Besides, this argument would prove too much. If valid against *capital* punishments, why not against those of lighter character? To practise “forgiveness” towards the shedder of blood, and yet exact a full penalty from the brawler and the thief, is not an equitable, much less a Christian, rule of procedure. We think the necessity, as well as the lawfulness, of this solemn judicial requirement has been denied on equally fallacious grounds, and should strongly deprecate any legislative measure which should award to the assassin and the poisoner no heavier punishment than that which is meted to the robber, thus tempting the latter to make murder the cloak of his concealment, and double the chances of escape without adding to the amount of his responsibility. But we forbear from further prosecuting this inquiry, while it is not imperatively called for by the agitation of a cause at once so plausible and dangerous.

A History of the Book of Common Prayer, with a Rationale of its Offices. By the Rev. Francis Procter, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1855.

WE can speak with just praise of this compendious but comprehensive volume. It appears to be compiled with great care and judgment, and has profited largely by the accumulated materials collected by the learning and research of the last fifty years. Embodying

much of the information long ago supplied by Strype and Comber, it derives correctness and completeness from the more recent and elaborate works of Cardwell, Lathbury, and Maskell. It is a manual of great value to the student of ecclesiastical history, and of almost equal interest to every admirer of the liturgy and services of the English Church. As a more perfect digest of the whole subject, it will, no doubt, supersede the popular use of Wheatley's "Rational Illustration."

Tonga and the Friendly Islands; with a Sketch of their Mission History. Written for Young People. By Sarah S. Farmer. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1855.

THERE is a peculiar propriety in Miss Farmer's consecrating the first-fruits of her pen to the cause of Missions in general, and of Wesleyan Missions in particular. Nor, widely as the name of the father is known throughout the Christian world, can there be any fear lest this product of the daughter's pen should be found not to merit the welcome which that name will contribute to prepare for it throughout so wide a circle.

Miss Farmer's book treats of a *very* interesting chapter in the history of Missions. She does for Tonga, in some respects, what Mr. Williams had done for some other of the South-Sea Missions. Her plan embraces a narrative both of the melancholy and unsuccessful, but not inglorious, attempt of the London Missionary Society to found a Mission in the Tonga group, and of the later Mission of the Wesleyan Society, which has been so remarkably successful. The introductory portion of the volume contains an elegant sketch of the subjects indicated by the following headings of the earlier chapters:—"Discovery of the South Seas;" "Islands of the Pacific;" "Coral Workers and their Doings;" "The Friendly Islanders;" and "Captain Cook's Visits."

Of the manner in which Miss Farmer has handled her theme, we cannot be so unjust as to speak with cold commendation. The book does equal credit to her head and her heart. She has spared no research necessary to master all the topics included in her task. She commands an excellent style,—clear, fresh, and telling. The book is full of heart, but free from sentimentalism; and the interest of the story never flags. The authoress has one great merit, particularly valuable in writing for the young,—she does not moralize too much. Though the work professes to be for young persons, it is suitable for all ages, classes, and intellects. It is written with elegant simplicity, but is as far as possible from any thing like puerility of tone or thought. Of the engravings which adorn the volume, we need only say that they are appropriate and valuable, and that, in beauty of execution, they are worthy of the letter-press which they illustrate. We believe it will add to the pleasure with which this delightful volume will be welcomed in many a home, both in this country and abroad, if we mention that these illustrations are understood to be from the pencil of another member of Mr. Farmer's family. We need scarcely add, that the volume is "got up" in the first style; but it may be well to say, at the same time, that its price is exceedingly low for such a volume.

Cain. By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall. 1855.

IF ambition is the "last infirmity of noble minds," it is also the first impulse of mediocrity. This truth is once more illustrated in the work before us. The subject of Mr. Boner's dramatic poem has long been a favourite with the poets, but more especially with young and inexperienced writers. These latter have so frequently tried their "prentice han'" on the solemn story of the first murder, and often with such pitiful results, that it might be deemed no light portion of the punishment of Cain, if he could be supposed to have foreseen, or in his fabled wanderings to have witnessed, the publication of these miserable libels. Mr. Boner's attempt is not the worst of its class; the verse is smooth, and sometimes poetical; but he has not achieved success. The great significance of the story of Cain is not easily sustained in any poetical amplification; and we would advise Mr. Boner to avoid a similar mistake in choosing for the future. If he cannot effectually bend the bow of Ulysses, why should he incur the danger of its terrible recoil?

Literary Papers. By the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S. London: Reeve. 1855.

THIS little volume, it is only right to say, has no pretensions to form a literary monument quite worthy of the genius and reputation of its lamented author. It is composed of a number of brief reviews, chiefly of books in the departments of Natural History and Travels; and these, being collected since the Professor's death, have necessarily wanted the benefit of his revision. This much premised, we have only to commend the volume as it is to the deserved attention of the reader. The most cursory remarks of a great philosopher are rich in allusion and suggestion, and seldom fail to illuminate the most salient points of any subject they may happen to alight upon. It is eminently so in the case before us. The papers here collected are, for the most part, on topics with which Professor Forbes was perfectly familiar; his own genius for research comes frequently in illustration or correction of the views of others; and it is no light advantage to know, from such a master, what books are especially worthy of a student's confidence, what individuals among the learned most proper for his emulous imitation. For other readers beside the earnest student, this volume will have peculiar attractions. As light reading, furnished by a learned and superior mind, it is precisely the *desideratum* of a considerable class, whose taste for pure literature and useful knowledge is very strong, while their zeal and leisure are not equal to its satisfaction by systematic means or original research.

Fabiola; or, The Church of the Catacombs. London: Burns and Lambert. 1855.

THIS work is a religious novel, designed to further the views of Roman Catholics, and is understood to be from the pen of Cardinal Wiseman. As a work of fiction it will not increase the literary reputation of the Cardinal, being most inartistic throughout, and totally

wanting in dramatic power. The author's object is to exemplify the beauty of a religious life, as understood by the Romish Church, and to identify the opinions and practices of that Church, in their fully developed form, with the opinions and practices of the early Christians. In this attempt a considerable amount of information is afforded respecting the history and topography of ancient Rome, particularly in connexion with the catacombs. As might be expected, however, the facts of history are made to bend in subservience to the writer's views; and the Christianity of the fourth century is made to put on the garments of the twelfth. From a careful examination of the Lapidarian Gallery in the Vatican, in which are deposited the slabs taken from the cemeteries of subterranean Rome, we can affirm that the assertions and inferences of the writer of "*Fabiola*" are not in accordance with facts. It is *untrue* that the inscriptions anterior to the date of the tale (A.D. 302) abound in praises of virginity; it is *absurd* to say that at the same date there existed the records of numerous *Pontiffs*; and it is grossly *unfair* that no reference should be made (not even in the historical notes) to the admitted interpolations of the Middle Ages.

This book deserves not the *confidence* of any reader; and, fortunately, it is written with so little skill and power that it cannot possibly inspire a dangerous amount of *interest*.

Popery as it Exists in Great Britain and Ireland: its Doctrines, Practices, and Arguments; exhibited from the Writings of its Advocates, and from its most popular Books of Instruction and Devotion. By the Rev. John Montgomery, A.M., Inverleithen. Edinburgh: Bell and Bradfute; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1854.

THE volume before us has some advantages over many works which profess to exhibit and refute Popery. The authorities to which reference is made are of modern date and easy access, and the style is uncommonly pungent and lively. The principal Romish authority to whom attention is given is Dr. Wiseman. Mr. Montgomery has had the fairness not to quote either from Roman Catholic works which have been placed in the Index, or from recent converts to Rome. We are glad to find that he has noticed and exposed such works as "*Geraldine, a Tale of Conscience*," belonging to a class of agencies, by means of which the Romish Church has endeavoured to enlist the sentiment and taste of youth on their side. We strongly recommend the work to our readers, as one of the latest and best refutations of the principal tenets of Popery.

Chapters on Prisons and Prisoners, and the Prevention of Crime. By Joseph Kingsmill, M.A., Chaplain of Pentonville Prison. Third Edition. London: Longman. 1854.

HERE we find a sketch of the convict systems which have prevailed from the days of Botany Bay to those of model-prisons. The gradual ameliorations are depicted as they occurred, and the existing system described with clearness. But the most valuable portions of the work

are those which refer to the peculiar duties of the writer's office. We might almost say that he has, unconsciously, described a model Chaplain. His views, and happily his practice, go far beyond the mere routine of clerical ministrations. He feels for the souls of the poor prisoners, and urges upon them the sole and sufficient remedy for the miseries of their position. Such truly evangelical labours cannot, and we learn from the volume that they do not, pass without a delightful measure of success. Would that we could believe that all our prisons had such officers as Mr. Kingsmill to tread their gloomy corridors, lighting up, in spots uncheered by earthly comfort, the joys of the heavenly world!

The episodes of actual occurrences interspersed through the volume are of deep and pathetic interest. It should be in the hands of all who can feel for the outcasts of society, and who remember the words, "I was in prison, and ye visited me."

On the Study of Language: an Exposition of "*Επεα Πτεροεντα*, or the Diversions of Purley. By John Horne Tooke." By Charles Richardson, LL.D. London: George Bell. 1854.

THE versatile, clever, and learned Horne Tooke's "Diversions of Purley" are thought by many to afford little *diversion*; and yet he managed to invest a subject, accounted the driest of the dry, with even a charm by his ingenuity and ever ready wit. The scene of these imaginary dialogues is laid at Mr. Tooke's seat, at Purley, near Croydon. His doctrines excel in simplicity and naturalness. He contends that nouns are the radicals of language, and verbs follow, as we know things before we know their motions, actions, or changes. These form the staple of the words necessary for the communication of our thoughts. Other parts of speech he considers as abbreviations used for the purpose of dispatch. Interjections are altogether excepted. He denies that the mind is capable of the *composition* of ideas, and attributes that operation to language. Tooke's doctrine of etymologies is this: "That from the etymology of the word we should fix the intrinsic meaning; that that meaning should always furnish the cause of the application; and that no application of any word is justifiable for which that meaning will not supply a reason; but that the usage of any application so supported is not only allowable, but indispensable."

Dr. Richardson has given us an able summary of the work, hoping thereby to induce his readers to study it for themselves. We thank him for his volume,—we hope, not "his last,"—and trust his purpose will be accomplished.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. Bartlett, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem." With Illustrations. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1855.

THIS is, unhappily, a posthumous work; the last of a series on the Holy Land, which the lamented writer had illustrated, by his pen and pencil, with acknowledged taste. Mr. Bartlett's death took place sud-

denly, on the eve of publication. "Cut off in the flower of his age, and in the full vigour of intellect, after a few hours' illness, he has found a sepulchre in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose shores he has so often, and so successfully, illustrated." Such are the words of his brother, to whom it has fallen to complete the work.

It is an elegant and useful volume, contains much interesting information as to the present state of Jerusalem, and will make an excellent gift-book.

A Dictionary of Terms in Art. Edited and Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., with five hundred Engravings on Wood. London: Virtue, Hall, and Virtue.

It is the design of this useful work to explain the meaning of all such terms as are generally employed in painting, sculpture, and engraving, whether descriptive of real objects, or the principles of action which rule the mind and guide the hand of the artist. The terms required to describe the contents of a museum of art, or a collection of pictures, are also explained; and information is given relating to the different periods and schools of painting. A profusion of illustrations adds much to the value, and something to the beauty, of this work.

Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments. By Samuel Sharpe. London: Edward Moxon. 8vo. 1854.

THERE is a large amount of learning, particularly historical and chronological, condensed into a convenient space in this little volume. Its condensation is so great, as to give a degree of ruggedness, which forbids its being pleasant reading; but it will be found of much utility to biblical students. Upon the ethnology and migrations of the peoples in the neighbourhood of the Israelites, the information is minute and valuable.

We cannot agree in all Mr. Sharpe's opinions, particularly with respect to the authorship of portions of St. Matthew's Gospel.

Excelsior: Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature. Vol. II. Nisbet.

To say that this volume is as clever and instructive as its elder brother, is high praise. "Excelsior" was a happy conception, and is happily executed. The proof is complete when young people devour it, and their judicious elders rejoice to see them using such "Helps to Progress in Religion, Science, and Literature."

Memoir of the Rev. Joseph Entwisle; Fifty-four Years a Wesleyan Minister. By his Son. Second Edition. London: Mason. 1854.

MR. ENTWISLE was a transparent Christian, and a faithful Pastor; and these Memoirs truly exhibit his eminent piety, simplicity, and prudence. The Church wants thousands of such men; and Methodism a shoal of such Biographies.

The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ.
By S. W. Fullom. 1854.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of a popular work which makes science the handmaid and witness to revealed truth. He is a real benefactor to the young especially, who will write such books; who will group even common truths respecting science, so as to show their accordance with revelation, and thus disarm the modern sceptic of one of his favourite weapons against Christianity. Mr. Fullom is familiar with both fields, and knows their just boundaries, and their products. Science is quickened by revelation, and in turn confirms its truths. These are suitable books for young people exposed to adverse literary influences.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Women of the Bible,
chronologically arranged, from Eve of the Old, to the Marys
of the New, Testament. By the Rev. P. C. Headley.
London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 1855.

AN eloquent and instructive book, of a class we are always glad to see on the increase. The younger branches of Christian families will find its pages as captivating as most of the works of fiction to which they are so partial, and, we need hardly say, much more profitable.

**Constructive Exercises, for teaching the Elements of the Greek
Language on a System of Analysis and Synthesis; with
Greek Reading Lessons and copious Vocabularies.** By
John Robson, B.A. Lond., Member of the Philological
Society, and Assistant Master in University College School,
&c. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.

**Constructive Exercises, for teaching the Elements of the Latin
Language on a System of Analysis and Synthesis; with
Latin Reading Lessons and copious Vocabularies.** By
John Robson, B.A. Lond., &c. London: Walton and
Maberly. 1854.

THESE works are prepared on what is called "the *crude-form* system," which for some time past has been growing into favour, but has not previously been brought out in a form so comprehensive and practical as that in which Mr. Robson has presented it. That system commends itself on principles which are sufficiently obvious, but which have not been sufficiently regarded hitherto, in the elementary works in general use for students in Greek and Latin. The crude-form system being founded on the etymological structure of the two languages in question, we are perfectly sure that, having been fairly propounded, it will make its way; and that such expositions and applications of it as those which are furnished in the works above mentioned, will largely contribute to its general adoption.

he stole a load of wood from President de Brosses, and lent money at ten *per cent*. Thereupon comes M. Lanfrey, who, with his "*Audi alteram partem*," proceeds to canonize the author of "*La Pucelle*." On the very first page of his work we find the singular proposition: "Civilization, that offspring of the eighteenth century!" What do our readers think of such a statement? Before the birth of Voltaire and the speeches of Mirabeau, the world existed not; it was necessary that the "Philosophical Dictionary" should appear, to induce men to leave their primæval forests, and live together in civilized communities. The Golden Age dawned upon this planet about the year 1700, and the first words which men learnt to pronounce were taken from the "*Déclaration des Droits de l'Homme*." This is, seriously, M. Lanfrey's assertion; he leaves Christianity utterly out of the question; he forgets the Middle Ages, the civilizations of Greece and of Rome; and he introduces us at once to Père La Chaise, Louis XIV., and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His book, we acknowledge, was the legitimate consequence of the Jesuitical canting we have had lately the misfortune to witness; but it is written in an exaggerated style, full of blunders and of errors which it does not require much historical knowledge to rectify. There is no depth in the work; the author glances at almost every thing, yet he does nothing but glance; if he gives anecdotes, those he selects are stale *bons mots*, already published a hundred times before; when he passes judgment upon those who are unfortunate enough not to share his opinions,—Kant, for instance,—his verdicts prove that he can only have skimmed over the books he pretends to criticize. There is another thing which requires to be noticed. Any person at all acquainted with the history of the eighteenth century, is well aware that the camp of the philosophers was far from exhibiting that harmony and that *entente cordiale* which might have been supposed to prevail amongst them. "Whoever loves Jean Jacques," said Voltaire, "does not love me." But M. Lanfrey is not a man to stick at such trifles. He has found the secret of reconciling the most serious differences; and, with his enthusiastic pen, he describes the gathering of the infidels of the last century as a sort of Pantheon, of "Happy Land," where the "*Contrat Social*" and the "Poem on Natural Religion" have adjusted all their squabbles,—nought is to be found but smiles, embraces, and cordial *poignées de main*. The contrast to this beautiful picture springs quite naturally from the conspiracy at present organized against the "benefactors of humanity." (!) Shame upon M. Saint-Marc Girardin, M. Sainte-Beuve, and M. Nisard! Like three *condottieri*, or rather like three slaves of superstition, they have pledged themselves to destroy Rousseau's character, they have sold their talent and their dignity to the obscurantism of the Priests. M. Lanfrey is on the alert, most fortunately: Catiline, Cethegus, and Lentulus shall be expelled from Rome, and the author of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*" rescued from the daggers of the conspirators.

M. Lanfrey is very loud in his defence of philosophy; he scarcely talks of any thing else, and he is always clamouring for the claims of the human thought. We may here observe, first, that for a man who seems so anxiously to advocate intellectual freedom, his book is a great deal too dogmatic, it is too much like laying down the law. He delivers his opinions in the midst of thunder and lightning.

In the second place, the philosophy which he advocates is not the spiritualism of Descartes, that doctrine which, under the pen of M. Cousin, has at least the merit of appealing to the noble elements of our nature. No, M. Lanfrey, we are sorry to say, would lead us back again to the grossest schemes of D'Holbach and Diderot; he takes his religion from the "*Système de la Nature*," and calls the "Theodicy" of Leibnitz a *jeu d'esprit*. The eclectic school of our times had endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation between the teachings of revealed truth and the *data* of metaphysical speculation. M. Lanfrey gives up the attempt, proclaims it to be a mystification, a piece of humbug, and compares it to the "exhibition of a *lusus naturæ* with two heads for the amusement of the multitude."

We shall proceed no further in our critique. The work we have just been noticing, although intrinsically of very little merit, has created a perfect sensation. We do not feel surprised at this; it is extremely remarkable as a sign of the times. There is, evidently, an immense amount of hatred accumulating in France against the insolence and the pretensions of the clerical party. At the very first opportunity, an explosion cannot but take place; and, from the nature of M. Lanfrey's volume, we may foretell that it will be of the most violent description. So true it is, that when a nation does not acknowledge the truths of the Gospel, superstition and atheism are the two poles between which it must always be oscillating.

Cours de Littérature Dramatique. Par M. Saint-Marc Girardin, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Vols. I.—III. Paris: Charpentier.

It will, perhaps, seem almost a paradox to many of our readers, if we recommend a Course of Lectures on Dramatic Literature, as deserving to take a place, side by side on the same shelf, with the moral essays of Abbadie, Nicole, and La Placette; and yet we do not hesitate to make this assertion on behalf of Professor Saint-Marc Girardin. Let any one take up the three volumes which form the subject of the present article, read them carefully, and judge for himself.

Literary criticism has assumed, in France at least, two totally distinct shapes. Those who are acquainted with the feuilletonistes and lecturers of the Napoleonic era, will remember the works of Geoffroy, Dussaulx, Lemercier, and Suard, as furnishing tolerable examples of ingenuity and acute observation, applied to the niceties of verbal criticism. This was all these gentlemen could do. The pressure of public events lay too heavy upon the generations whose life-blood stained the battle-fields of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Eylau, to allow them much time for the profound study of the human heart; besides, it appears very doubtful whether the free discussion of psychological subjects would have been tolerated by the Government, even from a Professor of *Belles Lettres*. The Restoration, however, brought about another state of things; and the extraordinary intellectual revolution which took place between 1829 and 1836, under the name of *Romanticism*, substituted in the domain of æsthetics the analysis of moral principles, and a reference to the laws of right and wrong, instead of the felicitous, but comparatively useless, weighing of words and syllables,—the traditional stock in trade of the old school.

M. Saint-Marc Girardin was appointed Professor at the Sorbonne at the very time when the new dramatists seemed to be—to use the political jargon—*masters of the situation*. MM. Ponsard and Emile Augier had not yet given the signal of a reaction to the eternal axioms of decency and of taste; and, amidst the mad enthusiasm with which *la jeune France* applauded M. Dumas' "*Antony*," M. Gaillardet's "*Tour de Nesle*," and M. Victor Hugo's "*Lucrèce Borgia*," it was, we can assure our readers, almost an act of heroism in any one, to stand up and protest, either in a lecture-room, or from the columns of a newspaper. This M. Saint-Marc Girardin was determined to do, and, for the space of twenty years, he manfully, and without interruption, defended the Thermopylæ of sound literature against the barbarians. More fortunate than Leonidas of old, he has seen his efforts crowned with success; the very fanatics who, not long ago, denounced Racine as too "slow" for the nineteenth century, are the first to gather around him, and to bestow upon him their well-deserved applause.

It is impossible to form a complete estimate of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's powers, except for those who have heard him. The delivery, the tone of voice, the *coup d'œil* of the Professor, go for a great deal in the effect produced upon the audience; and, in addition to the real substantial merits of the Lectures, such as they appear when perused leisurely in the seclusion of the study, one must needs make some allowance for many incidents which, suggested at the moment, and often arising necessarily from the feelings both of the orator and the hearers, cannot, of course, find their way into the pages of a volume. Enough, nevertheless, remains to assist the reader in forming a correct appreciation of M. Saint-Marc Girardin; and this appreciation, we assert it most confidently, can have only one issue, namely, that of stamping him as a critic of the very highest order.

The "*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*" is a reprint, corrected and revised, of the Lectures delivered at the Sorbonne by the author. We have called them "Lectures," the more correct name would perhaps be *Causeries*; there is nothing in the least pedantic about them, and we believe that one of the great reasons of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's success with young men is the familiar, the cordial, manner with which he addresses them. He never speaks, as it were, *ex cathedrâ*; his appeals are those of a friend, not of a dry and stern censor. The influence he exercises upon his auditors will seem extraordinary to those who are aware how unsparing he is in his condemnation of the vices and follies which have been so fashionable with *la jeune France*. No one so clever as he in deducing a moral lesson from the analysis of a character or the critical examination of a play; no one so judicious in pointing out the union which exists between the beautiful and the true. M. Saint-Marc Girardin's *programme* as a lecturer is one you would in vain look for, except, perhaps, in the pages of M. de Chateaubriand and the brilliant sketches of M. Villemain. Instead of taking, as his post of observation, any special drama of Racine, Corneille, or Molière, and examining, for instance, how far the *dramatis personæ* of Roxana, Chimène, or Sganarelle are in accordance with Boileau's conceptions or the traditions of scholastic *goût*, he makes the human soul his stand-point, selects one particular passion,—say, that of maternal love,

—and, after having described its nature, its bearings, its distinguishing features, he shows how it has been painted in the master-pieces of human genius, tracing at the same time the want of taste and the blemishes disfiguring the productions of some popular authors to their systematic disregard of the laws which govern our nature. Never was this mode of analysis more *à propos* in France than at present, when dramatists and romance-writers have done their best to prove that in the struggle for ever going on in the heart of man between passion and duty, all our sympathies belong to those who set at defiance the ordinances of God and the rules of society. M. Saint-Marc Girardin has done much towards pulling down from their usurped pedestals the *poètes incompris*, the “Rénés,” the “Werthers,” and the “Lélias,” of our own times; to use M. Sainte-Beuve’s accurate expression, he has pricked the balloons, let all the air out of them, and exposed them in all their emptiness to the public scorn. Common sense, it will be perceived, is the forte of the “*Cours de Littérature Dramatique*.” We cannot help regretting that the clever author should not have felt the necessity of taking a somewhat higher test; and whilst we would not think of insulting him by comparing him with such critics (so-called) as M. Jules Janin or M. Théophile Gautier, we wish we could find in his otherwise exquisite Lectures that acknowledgment of the principles of revealed religion which gives so much weight to the productions of another writer,—the late M. Vinet.

In the beginning of January last, M. Saint-Marc Girardin appeared once more in that Sorbonne amphitheatre, which for the last twenty-five years has become for him the scene of an uninterrupted series of triumphs. He was about, he said, to speak of Racine; and the mere announcement of the subject he had selected drew forth from his auditors the most deafening cheers. Since then his brilliant improvisation, and the soundness of his taste, have been preparing from week to week fresh materials for another volume; and we are sure that the issuing of a fourth series of Lectures from the same author will be hailed with universal delight. We may as well say that besides his duties as a Professor, M. Saint-Marc Girardin finds time also to write articles both in the “*Journal des Débats*” and the “*Revue des deux Mondes*.”

Real-Encyclopädie, für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche.
Herausgegeben von Dr. J. J. Herzog. Drittes Band, Erste Hälfte. 8vo. Stuttgart and Hamburg: Rudolf Besser.
London: Williams and Norgate. 1855.

ONE of the most valuable contributions to the theological literature of the present day is that of the “*Encyclopædia of Protestant Theology and Church History*,” edited by Dr. Herzog. The first half of the third volume is now before us, and gives us the opportunity of referring to the merits of this singularly useful and comprehensive work.

The portion now under notice fully sustains the character of the previous volumes, and is equally marked by sound scholarship and adaptation to the purposes of practical utility. Those of our readers who may not have had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with

Chemistry, Theoretical, Practical, and Analytical, as applied and relating to the Arts and Manufactures. By Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E., M.R.I.A., &c., &c. Glasgow : Mackenzie.

THE completion of one division or volume of this important work has enabled us to judge, with tolerable certainty, of what it is likely to be when completed. From a careful examination of this division, we feel justified in expressing our belief, that it will prove one of permanent value and interest. We have seldom met with a performance of the kind which so thoroughly deals with the topics upon which it treats, which places before us so fully all that the reader may reasonably expect to find, or which so fairly represents the actual state of an advancing science.

The work is correctly described on its title-page. It is neither a manual of chemistry, nor a chemical dictionary. The contents are arranged alphabetically, and many of the articles are perfect treatises upon their particular subjects. The completeness of such articles is surprising; and, where requisite, an ample supply of illustrative woodcuts are given. The following extract, although inadequately brief, will give some idea of the curious information in which the work abounds:—

“BUTTER.—Though butter may be considered as one of the most common of all ordinary things, yet the ancients were nearly, if not entirely, ignorant of its existence. The older translators of Hebrew seemed to think that they had met with it in Scripture, but most modern biblical critics agree that what was formerly interpreted ‘butter’ signified ‘milk or cream,’ or, more properly, ‘sour thick milk.’ The word referred to plainly alludes to a liquid, as it appears that the substance meant was used for washing the feet, and that it was imbibed, and had an intoxicating influence. It is well known that mares’ milk, when sour, has a similar effect. Those acquainted with the authorized version of the Bible would infer, on reading the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, that butter was prepared by shaking or beating; the original, however, signifies ‘pressing or squeezing,’ evidently meaning milking, and not the making of butter.

“Herodotus, in his account of the Scythians, makes obscure mention of butter. This is the oldest reference known.”

Of the more strictly scientific articles we cannot profess to give any specimens. To manufacturers the work will prove of great importance; and to all who may desire to study the *rationale* of the chemical processes involved in the arts and in manufactures, Dr. Muspratt has provided a work which will at once meet their wants, and greatly add to his own reputation.