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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1867.

- ART. I.—1. *Griechische Geschichte*. Von ERNST CURTIUS.
Erster und Zweiter Band. Berlin. 1865.
2. *A History of Greece*. By GEORGE GROTE. A New Edition.
In Eight Volumes. London. 1862.

THE present century has witnessed a wonderful change in our knowledge and our views of the times of antiquity. The ancient world, which before was seen through the mists of ignorance and prejudice, has become to us a living reality. The sages and heroes of Greece and Rome are no longer as trees walking: Athens and Carthage are no longer creations of the fancy, as purely imaginary as Brobdingnag and Cloud-Cuckoo town. The dry bones have stirred once more; the deserted cities on the coasts of the Adriatic and the Ægean have been again peopled with their motley populations, and become as of yore the marts of commerce, the haunts of the Muses, and the seats of empire. It is indeed scarcely possible to over-estimate the universal superiority which in this respect we possess over our ancestors. And we should indeed be ungrateful did we not award the highest honours to those who have thrown a flood of light over past centuries, and enabled us to form just conceptions of the great nations to whom we owe some of our most precious intellectual treasures.

Niebuhr must undoubtedly be considered the pioneer in this task. Though his work has been amplified and altered by his successors, it must ever be regarded with the highest veneration as the basis of all works on the history of Rome. What Niebuhr had done for Rome, Mitford attempted to do for Greece. But though his history was immeasurably su-

perior to all which had preceded, it was marred by very glaring defects. The task which he essayed was performed with greater success by Bishop Thirlwall, and with still greater by Mr. Grote. It was even thought that it would be impossible to do again what had been done so well. But within the last few years this prediction has been falsified. A countryman of Niebuhr has come forward and given to the world a history of Greece differing widely in many respects from the works of Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote. As we hear that an English translation of this work is to be published shortly, we propose to enable our readers to judge of its merits beforehand by contrasting it with the elaborate work of Mr. Grote.

One important difference we must notice at starting. In two small volumes, containing together twelve hundred pages, Herr Curtius brings his history down to the close of the Peloponnesian war. The same period in Mr. Grote occupies nine large volumes of 500 pages each. This difference must be ascribed in great measure to the different manner in which each writer has handled the subject. Mr. Grote writes at full length, answering all the objections of previous histories, and commenting in long notes on passages of Greek authors and criticisms of modern writers which admit of question. The history of the Persian war is given as copiously as in Herodotus. The history of the Sicilian expedition occupies as much space as in Thucydides. Herr Curtius has descended to none of these particulars. Like Professor Mommsen, he disdains to quote his authorities except in a few cases. All his notes together scarcely contain as much matter as one or two of Mr. Grote. Where the English historian is not content with less than thirty pages, he is satisfied with two.

We confess that we prefer the two pages to the thirty. •Everyone who attempts to read the history of Greece ought to study Thucydides or Herodotus, either in the original or in translations. No one who omits to do this can thoroughly enter into the spirit of an age when all around him will seem strange; peopled by men whose art, language, manners, and political life stand alone to this day in the history of the world. To the student of Greek history it is quite sufficient that he obtain a glimpse of the bearings of his path. It is totally unnecessary that his steps should be guided the whole way. Thucydides and Herodotus, like all contemporary historians, are very full in their accounts; and to the reader of the original, charmed by the childish prattle of the one and the grave simplicity of the other, their prolixity will

never seem wearisome. But it is very different when the whole narrative has been rewritten. Such a translation cannot but be as flat and insipid as decanted champagne. Herr Curtius has seen this, and wisely avoided entering into competition with his famous authorities. The reader is tacitly referred everywhere to the original sources, but their own words are nowhere reproduced.

This difference is accompanied by another in which we think that the advantage is no less on the side of the German historian. Herodotus and Thucydides labour under the difficulty which necessarily attends every contemporary writer of great events. They are too near the times which they are describing to be able to form a just estimate of the full import of events. The roar and the dust of combat, as it were, are still around them. The storm of passions engendered by the intense excitement of the moment has not yet died out. Each new scene in the shifting drama fills their gaze and absorbs their attention. What is insignificant swells into undue importance; what is of vital consequence can scarcely claim a passing glance. Unquestionably this is in some respects of great advantage. It lends a vividness to their narrative which would otherwise be wanting. But at the same time it is undeniably apt to mislead posterity. Thus it becomes the duty of an historian who records the same events at a vast distance of time to supply this deficiency; to point out the connection between cause and effect; to trace the motives which swayed the actions of great men; to mark the effects of the policy of great states. He stands on the summit of a mountain, from which he can sweep at one glance the whole panorama spread out beneath him. The contemporary historian stands at the foot, his vision is limited, and the streamlet at his side often seems as copious and majestic as the broad river which faintly sparkles in the distant horizon. Thucydides speaks much of Alcidas, but never mentions Aristophanes. We fancy that there are few students of the history of Greece in the present day who would attribute more importance to the expeditions of Alcidas than to the comedies of Aristophanes.

Herr Curtius has admirably accomplished this portion of his task. Indeed we are almost inclined to think that he has carried his love of theorising to an excess. But it is a fault on the right side. Where so much colouring is needed, we think that a little false colour may be better borne than no colour at all. Mr. Grote has undoubtedly erred on the other side. He has allowed too little sweep for his imagination. Mere

narrative occupies so large a space in his work that we lose sight of the connecting thread which runs through the whole. He scarcely marks off with sufficient distinctness the great epochs in Greek history, and the social, religious, and political changes which introduced those epochs. He talks much about the merits of Cleon, but he says very little about the position of the demagogue in Athens.

The manner of Herr Curtius' history is as good as the matter. The German language, though admirably suited to poetry, is ill adapted to prose composition. But in this work its inherent disadvantages have been in great measure overcome. The unwieldy sentences have been carefully eschewed. The obscure generalities which are generally so repugnant to the practical taste of an Englishman have disappeared. The narrative is sparkling and picturesque. And here again there is a strong contrast between the history of Mr. Grote and the history of Herr Curtius. Mr. Grote's style is always dignified, but it is not always vigorous. At times it becomes dry and wearisome. It lacks alike the charming ease of Hume and the striking irregularities of Gibbon. Still less can it claim any kinship with the magnificent diction of Burke. It seems to us as though he were hampered in writing by some imaginary restraints which do not sit easily upon him, but which he is reluctant to throw off.

Some minor defects we would briefly notice. Mr. Grote, we think, is too personal in his history. The first personal pronoun, as was remarked of Erskine, occurs oftener than need be. This in itself we do not so much blame, for we know that there is often quite as much affectation in a circumlocution; but we cannot help thinking that it has affected the character of his work, at times imparting to it an air of pedantry, which it would be well to avoid, and at times giving it a contentious character, which is out of place in a history. We shall perhaps be thought hypercritical if we add, that occasionally he writes too much like an Englishman. The constitutional history of our own country is too perpetually in his thoughts. Because an opposition speaker in England is generally a man of probity and sincerity, he seems to think it a necessary consequence that opposition speakers in Athens should have been so also. Because in England public prosecutors are men of unstained purity, he seems to think it impossible that in Athens public prosecutors should have been so mean as to set a price on their silence.

The chief fault of Herr Curtius is of a different kind. He has a slight tendency, like all Germans, to be unpractical and

ideal. He not unfrequently allows an isolated fact to run away with his judgment. Now and then his eloquence degenerates into the rhetoric of a school debating society. We will give one absurd instance. In his remarks upon the opening of the Peloponnesian war, Herr Curtius seems to be carried away by his love of the Athenians. He says, "What Athens had done for the glory of the Greek name in war and in peace no one thought of: all recognition and thankfulness were changed into hate: the glory of the metropolis which should have counterbalanced the grievance of submission was only an object of envy." Now we confess we think this is scarcely logical. We do not see how the glory which Athens had conferred upon Greece affected the question of exorbitant demands of tribute. We do not see why the tyranny of an illustrious city, if it be equally heavy, should be more bearable than the domination of an inglorious city. It would have been a strange argument if, when we imposed the Stamp Act upon our North American Colonies, Lord North had replied to Franklin's remonstrances, "Yes, no doubt the tax is iniquitous; but, then, think what a glorious nation we are! Think how we have supported the honour of the Anglo-Saxon race!" It is, however, nothing more than common justice to allow that Herr Curtius rarely indulges in this sort of declamation.

Greece, properly speaking, has no early history at all. It has, indeed, much which the Greeks thought could stand them in stead of an early history, legends and traditions, fables and fictions, as worthless in the eyes of modern critics as the story of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf, or of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. We are inclined to think that the influence of this oral history tends invariably to perplex rather than to elucidate, as the night-bound traveller is more likely to fall into a bog if he follows the guidance of a Will-o'-the-Wisp, than if he gropes his way unassisted through the darkness. In some respects, indeed, these fragments of an earlier age are inestimable. As evidence of the religious and moral views of the times when they sprang up, they are most interesting. But here their value ends. Any theories built upon them can only claim to be guesses at history, not history itself. Bearing in mind this distinction, we will endeavour to lay before our readers as shortly as possible the ingenious theory by which Herr Curtius attempts to explain the origin of the Greek race.

From the language of Greek writers it seems clear that the Greeks never looked upon themselves as the earliest inhabitants of Greece. They had a dim vision of preceding nations

whom they summed up in the Pelasgians. Of this people it impossible to speak positively owing to the slenderness of our knowledge. Probably they were akin to the Greeks. We find them in Attica from the beginning of history. By the poets they are called the black children of the soil ; but they always lie in the background, and thus it is from the arrival of Hellen and his sons that the Greeks date the beginning of their history.

If we adopt this view, there were two chief immigrations into Greece. The first immigration comprised the Pelasgians, who, like the Saxons in England, formed the real mass of the people. These were followed by a later branch of the same race, who, few in numbers, but distinguished by superior capacity for war and government, assumed the leadership of the earlier inhabitants, organised and educated them, and finally by blending with them formed the Greek nation. Thus the influence of this second immigration resembled the influence of the Norman conquerors in our own country ; and, as English history properly dates from the arrival of the Normans, the history of Greece properly dates from the arrival of the Ionians and Dorians.

The Phœnicians were the leaders of this second immigration. That restless and enterprising nation must have visited the islands of the Archipelagus and the shores of Greece many centuries before the descent of the Dorians into the Peloponnesus. Legends connected with all the chief islands of the Ægean point to a first settlement of the Phœnicians.

There can be little doubt, therefore, that the Phœnician merchants early touched at the shores of Greece. In the first chapters of his history Herodotus gives us a lively picture of the commerce which these merchants carried on with the inhabitants of the coast while bearing to and fro the produce of Assyria and Egypt. The vessels enter the port of Argos ; the choice wares of Tyre and Sidon, the costly robes and the rich tapestry, are spread on the shore ; the Grecian maidens hurry down to admire and to bargain ; the king's daughter is allured on board one of the ships, and the pirate traders put off with their prize. The Ionians of Asia Minor were probably the first to follow the example of the Phœnicians. They learned from them the art of shipbuilding, practised navigation, and speedily drove their predecessors out of all the islands of the Ægean. In course of time they reached the Greek coast, and, attracted by the fertility of the soil, the convenience of the harbours on the indented coast, and the healthfulness of the climate, formed permanent settlements.

That this was so is proved by the Greek mythology. According to the Greek tradition, all the gods, Zeus alone excepted, were immigrants. They were the types of the great leaders who headed the second band from Asia Minor. But as time passed on and the strangers had become one with the old race, the legends sprang up and the origin of the new colonists was forgotten. With the Dorians the case was different. The march of the proud mountaineers who swept down from the hills of Thessaly, could not pass away so easily from the memory of men. The Ionians effected no startling revolutions. More genial in temperament, more plastic in character, entering from the coast in small bands, not as conquerors but as peaceful adventurers, they were speedily absorbed into the indigenous population, and marked no great epoch in history to which posterity could refer their coming.

It is probable that the fusion of the Ionians and the Pelasgians had been completed before the Dorians descended into the south of Greece. The Highlanders of Thessaly seem to have resembled in more than one point the Highlanders of Scotland. In both we see the same unbending pride which led them to look down with contempt on the people of the plain. In both we can trace the same love of war, the same natural aptitude for martial exercises, the same undaunted courage which made the Spartan armies the terror of Athens, and made the burghers of Stirling and Edinburgh tremble before the hordes of Rhoderick Dhu. The passionate attachment to their chieftain and king which characterised both races alike, has been immortalised by the pen of the great historian of Greece, and the great novelist of Scotland. But here the resemblance ceases. The genius for conquest and rule which made the migration of the Dorians the turning point of Greek history, contrasts strongly with the piratical character of the Scotch freebooters. The courage of the Dorians was stern and dogged: the courage of the Highlanders partook of the impetuous nature of the Celtic race. The whirlwind onset which won the battle of Preston Pans would have been as impossible for the soldiers of Leonidas as the calm determination which held the pass of Thermopylæ for three days in face of the host of Xerxes would have been strange to the clans of the Pretender. The impatience of control which so long drove the politicians of England and Scotland to despair, is as far removed as possible from the orderly obedience to established government which Plato proposed for the imitation of his ideal citizens.

It is great matter for regret that no records have preserved to us the wide difference between the Dorians as conquerors and the Dorians as rulers. At the time when history presents the Dorian invaders to our view, their social and political relations had changed with the great internal changes which they had undergone; and we can but faintly trace their early character through the mists of ancient tradition.

What has been said of the Dorians generally applies most strongly to the Spartans. They may be considered by us (as they were considered by the Greeks) the representatives of the Dorian race. The circumstances of their history favoured in a special manner the peculiarities of their character. In Argos the nobler features of the Dorian race disappear almost before the era of authentic history. In Syracuse the accumulation of wealth, the pursuit of commerce, the growth of democratical sentiments, the enjoyment of luxury, the restlessness which was communicated by intercourse with strange nations, gradually obliterated the marks of kinship with the Dorians of Greece proper, and drew from Thucydides the remark that no city, Ionian or Dorian, bore a closer likeness to Athens. Even in Corinth, which stood second to Sparta alone among Dorian cities, causes similar to those which had operated in Syracuse alienated the Corinthians from the principles of the Spartan government. Those principles owed their origin mainly to two circumstances, the position of Sparta in Laconia, and the institutions of Lycurgus.

It is much to be regretted that we have no means of determining precisely the position of the Spartans in Laconia previous to the times of Lycurgus. All that we know is, that the celebrated lawgiver founded his institutions after a long season of frightful anarchy; but whether this anarchy prevailed between the conquerors and the conquered, or whether it was confined to the internal dissensions of the ruling order, must remain uncertain. The view which Herr Curtius takes of early Spartan history is remarkable. According to him the first settlement in Sparta, as in Crete, was forcible; but he thinks that the Dorian bands were not headed by Dorian leaders. From an allusion of Pindar he gathers that their captain, Theras, was sprung from the race of the Cadmeans. This fact was forgotten by the Spartans in later times, and they explain the double kingship by a legend about the twins of the first Heraclid. That Pindar was correct in his statements may be inferred, in his opinion, from the honours which the kings received—the generalship and the priesthood, the share in the sacrifices, the ceremonious pomp at their

burial, and the death lamentation which was sent up for them throughout the whole of Laconia. Before the rise of the double monarchy, Laconia was a hexapolis ruled by vassal princes whose relation to the Suzerain seems to have borne a certain resemblance to the relation between *Ægisthus* and *Agamemnon*. The dissensions which, if we may trust the early legends, prevailed between rival chieftains throughout Greece in the heroic times, broke out amongst the six rival princes in Laconia. Two of these rose on the ruins of the rest, and founded the double monarchy. The rise of these two houses ushered in a new era of conquest. The independent towns were rased, and their inhabitants were reduced to a state of servitude.

But whether we accept this hypothesis or not, we shall have little difficulty in drawing from well-known facts in the early history of our own country, a parallel to the position of the Spartans in Laconia. There, as here, the conquerors were a superior race, who ground down the faces of the subject nation. There, as here, the slave was powerless against the moral and physical strength of his master. The barbarity of the Norman monarch, who wasted with fire and sword thirty villages to lay out the New Forest, closely resembled the barbarity of the Spartan Ephors, who made away with two thousand of the noblest Helot warriors. The phrase which Aristotle uses of the Helots, who lay in wait for the misfortunes of their lords, might have been applied, word for word, to the comrades of Robin Hood. But the hatred and distrust with which Spartans and Helots, Normans and Saxons regarded each other, did not hinder relations between them such as would have been impossible in Ancient Rome or the Slave States of America in modern times. The bulk of the Spartan army which fought at *Platæa*, under *Pausanias*, was composed of Helots, and the bulk of the English army which fought in the Holy Land, under Richard the First, was composed of Saxons. We read with astonishment that the Helot, whose mere presence in Laconia gave the whole Spartan territory the appearance of a newly conquered country, who received unceasing proofs of the treachery and hatred of the Spartan government, whose noblest occupation was to till the land for his imperious lord, or attend him in the battles where he could hope for no higher glory than a nameless death, was yet, like *Ivanhoe* in the court and the camp of Richard, at one time the favoured minion of a great Spartan noble,* and

* *Thuc.* i. 132.

at another the most gallant warrior of a great Spartan general.*

The effect which this relation between the dominant and the subject race produced upon the Spartan character, may be easily discerned. It strengthened the pride of race which was natural to the Dorian, and to which Brasidas appealed before the walls of Amphipolis, and Gylippus before the walls of Syracuse. That Spartans should be defeated by Athenians was a fact which they could scarcely credit after the most undoubted proofs, or attribute to any other cause than the most shameless cowardice.† It strengthened also the selfishness which was the most marked characteristic of the Spartan nation. To save their own warriors, they were willing to sacrifice their allies with a meanness which seems incredible. We are not speaking now of the betrayal of the revolutionary party at Athens, and of the Ambraciots at Olpæ, or of the backwardness to assist the revolted subjects of their rival with which they were justly reproached by the Mityleneans. But when Syracuse, a purely Dorian city, scarcely second in importance to Athens and Corinth, was surrounded by the most imminent danger, they were content that Gylippus should sail to its rescue unaccompanied by a single Spartan.

And in the Spartan government the influence of this relation may be traced with equal distinctness. To this dominant position in their own country must be attributed the absolute incapacity for bearing sway over others, which in Pausanias was the immediate cause of the rise of the Athenian empire, which marred the prospects of the colony of Heraclea, and which in the Spartan Harmosts left an indelible impression upon the minds of the Greeks.‡

But these evils were light compared with the greater evil which affected the whole tenor of Spartan politics. The suspicious temper with which the race of conquerors regarded their Helot subjects, spread into every branch of the Spartan government. An eminent statesman of the present day has defined liberalism as trust in the people limited by prudence. The Spartan policy was the very reverse of this. It was built up on one huge mass of suspicion and mistrust. They suspected their generals,§ and spoilt their best chance of obtaining a permanent position as the leaders of Greece. They suspected their allies, and widened irremediably the breach between the

* Thuc. iv. 80.

† Thuc. ii. 85.

‡ Of the prediction of the Athenian Speaker in Thuc. i. 77.

§ Thuc. i. 93, iv. 108.

Athenians and themselves.* They suspected even the gallant soldiers to whom they owed their greatness, and abandoned all thoughts of creating a maritime power by which alone the power of Athens could be crippled.

To the institutions of Lycurgus we must look for the other causes which determined the formation of the Spartan character. The Spartan lawgiver proposed to himself one great aim. His people were to be secured against dangers from without and dangers from within. The Spartans were to form a standing army in the midst of nations which possessed only militia troops. They were to fill the position of a dominant caste amidst communities where the wide differences of birth and customs which divided race from race had long since been effaced by time. And to effect this purpose he established institutions which the boldest speculative philosopher could scarcely conceive possible, and which retained their pristine vigour amidst the ebb and flow of changing governments and changing sentiments in the heart of a nation more versatile, more fond of novelty, and more impatient of long-established forms than any whose history has come down to us.

The peculiarities of the Spartan institutions are so familiar to all readers of Greek history that we need not do more than briefly mention them. The Spartan citizens were absolutely forbidden all manual labour, not only in the workshop, but in the field. Husbandry, which in the rest of Greece was esteemed an honourable employment, in Laconia was given over entirely to the Helots; and Herodotus remarks that the contempt for artisans which might be found even in the commercial cities of Athens and Corinth, was nowhere so strong as in Sparta. The duties of the politician gave way on all occasions to the duties of the soldier. The strict discipline and plain fare of the latter were protected and enforced with the utmost rigour of the law. All children were examined by inspectors at their birth, and exposed if weakly or deformed. At seven years of age the boy was carried off by the State, and trained by the severest education. Every plan which the utmost ingenuity could suggest for developing his strength of body, and inuring him to habits of watchfulness, resolution, courage, and obedience, was put into practice. This devotion to the military art took precedence of the ties of race and the relation between the sexes. The true Spartan might be degraded if he failed in the discharge of his duty. The

* Thuc. i. 102.

Pericæus, or the Helot, might be raised to the rank of a full Spartan citizen if he quitted himself manfully in the fight. Women throughout the rest of Greece were treated as the slaves or the playthings of men, as the neglected inmates of their homes or the shameless companions of their vices. But to the women of Sparta might have been addressed the words with which the Scottish thane hailed his wife, "Bring forth men children only!" The position and the education of the Spartan women eminently fitted them to become the mothers of the victors of Thermopylæ and Platæa. In spite of the sneers of Aristotle, they were the Helen Macgregors of Greek history.

There is scarcely a trait in the Spartan character which may not be traced, mediately or immediately, to the working of these institutions. The religion of the Spartan harmonised with the severe gravity of his temperament. The Dorian Apollo commanded his undivided worship. The stronger forms of Eastern devotion, the rites of the Phallic Hermes, the mysteries of Orpheus and Demeter, the frenzied revels of the Dionysian Mænads—which so powerfully affected the imagination of the Athenians—never took any hold on a nation trained to despise alike poetic fancy and licentious effeminacy. But whatever were the beliefs which the Spartan held, he held them with the superstitious tenacity of a Nicias or an Herodotus. No political duties could claim attention till the sacred feasts of the god had been duly celebrated. When the Athenians for the first time faced the Persian invader at Marathon, when the united Greeks determined to hold the key of Greece against the hosts of Xerxes, when the Epidaurian territory was laid waste by the Argives, when the oligarchy in Argos was overthrown by a rising of the people, the Spartans in each case refused to allow secular interests to interfere with religious ordinances. Equally potent was the spell which the oracle of Delphi laid upon them. "The shrine of the god in the earth's centre," to which Plato was content to refer for the spiritual laws of his republic—which was heaped with the barbaric spoils of Libyan monarchs and the masterpieces of Greek art, which numbered its votaries throughout the whole known world, from the Pillars of Hercules to the coasts of the Red Sea, on the wild shores of the Borysthenes, and in the burning sands of Libya—was specially protected by the mighty arm of the Spartan commonwealth. Their faith in the oracle lasted long after the religious ties which had bound it to the rest of Greece had been loosened. In spite of full proof that the priestess had

twice yielded to the grossest bribery—though the first time they had been led to further directly the rise of their great rival, and the second time to abandon the important conquests of Brasidas among the northern subjects of Athens—their trust in the divine commands of the prophetic god remained unshaken.

The social and political morality of the Spartans was of a piece with their religion. They alone of the chief states of Greece seem to have escaped the depravity which spread in Athens with such frightful rapidity, and against which Aristophanes more than once inveighed with indignant sorrow and scorn. Harmodius and Aristogiton were ready to brave the wrath of the tyrant for the sake of their impure and debasing friendship; but we must go back to the age of Penelope and Andromache to find in any other Greek community, except Sparta, a single instance of the noble and pure affection which bound Anaxandrides to his wife. In like manner, Sparta alone escaped the internal seditions which raged with greater or less intensity in every Grecian city, and which endangered even the free and glorious constitution of Athens. Their king might justly boast of the care with which they had preserved the traditions handed down to them by their fathers; of the moderation with which they bore success, and of the equanimity with which they endured reverses; of the indifference with which they listened to those who strove to shake their caution by undeserved praises, or wound their pride by unjust reproaches. Even the traitor who fled to the camp of Xerxes to plot their ruin was reluctantly forced to confess that their reverence for the sovereign law which ruled them could work greater wonders than the terrors of Persian despotism. The Spartan citizen had been taught that modesty was the companion of temperance, and courage of generous shame. His sound good sense forbade him to carp at the laws from a sense of superior wisdom, or to disobey them through wanton petulance. His ambition, his courage, his love of liberty, were prompted by the same masculine energy, and regulated by the same grave self-control. Though the Spartan was essentially ambitious, his ambition does not at all seem to have resembled the ambition of the Athenian. With the Athenian the subjection of allies, the ingathering of tribute, the plundering of conquered states, were always subservient to the glory of Athens. He longed to make Athens the joy of the whole earth, and, in order that the fleets of Athens might be the terror of every shore—that Phidias might lavish all the powers of his splendid genius on the

statue of Athens' guardian goddess, that Callicrates might fitly frame together her stately temple—he was willing to undergo, without a murmur, the galling discipline of the trireme, to carry his arms into the heart of Egypt, and to spread his sails for the distant waters of Sicily. But the ambition of the Spartan sprang from sterner and haughtier feelings. He obeyed at home that he might rule abroad. He cared not for personal wealth, since the acquisition of it was forbidden by the laws of his state, and he looked with contempt on the statues, and paintings, and temples, which consumed the riches of the Athenians. He loved the sense of power though he despised the fruits of domination.

But it was in war that the Spartans appeared in the fairest colours. Here we must judge them, if we would judge them fairly. That their character was naturally fine is proved incontestably by their bearing on the battle-field. No tyrannised, degraded, broken-down people ever fought well; and that the Spartans fought well, even their bitterest enemies, in ancient and modern times, have been unable to deny. Their valour had nothing in common with the mechanical courage of practised mercenaries which moved the lofty contempt of Aristotle. The superiority which enabled them to bar the Pass of Thermopylæ for three days against the army of Xerxes, and to beat back with such signal success the Argive Dorians at Mantinea, was moral as well as physical. It was a moral superiority like that which broke the Carthaginian ranks at Zama, which scattered the hosts of Philip of France before the sturdy yeomen of England, and swelled the slaughter of the noblest chivalry in Europe at Marten and at Nancy. Othryades, the solitary victor of Thyrea, refusing to survive the death of his comrades; Sperthius and Boulis voluntarily offering themselves as sacrifices to avert from their state the wrath of heaven; Corridonius reluctant to quit life for the realm of the shades, to which Achilles had preferred the meanest serfdom on earth, yet facing death with an undaunted heart; Callicrates murmuring, not at death, but at death without a single blow struck for the good cause—are not unworthy to be compared with Regulus redeeming his pledge from the Carthaginians, and the Council of Kings offering their thanks to the defeated general of Cannæ, because he had not despaired of the republic. The Spartan could assert with pride that he never quitted his ranks, but conquered or fell on his post;* and the historian, whose admira-

* Herod. ix. 48.

tion of their military powers was deservedly great, gave it as his opinion that, even if all the other Greeks had deserted the struggle for liberty, the Spartans would have fought on to the end, and, after showing forth noble deeds, would have died as became them.* The Athenians might endure cowards; but the Spartan who could turn his back on the foe was cut off from his people, and became a by-word among men.† The Argive might need the fiery words of an eloquent general to urge him to battle; but the Spartan placed more confidence in the memory of noble actions already achieved than in the glowing prophecy of chimerical battles not yet won.‡

It cannot be denied that this martial spirit prevented the growth of other sentiments. It has been said that the Spartans had no patriotism, and this remark is true; but there was scarcely any room for patriotism in Sparta. The highest public virtue which lay within the reach of its citizens was the virtue which belongs eminently to an army. The lofty principle which has come down to us in the noble epitaph over the heroes of Thermopylæ inspired every action. It was the goal of Spartan public morality. The Spartan had none of the passionate devotion which the Athenian felt for his immortal city of the violet crown, and which breaks forth in some of the most exquisite strains of the Athenian lyre. For the countryman of Sophocles and Aristophanes was reserved the romantic enthusiasm which made his heart beat fast as he listened to his poet singing of the fairest homesteads of earth, of the dusky groves haunted by the nightingale, of the sleepless springs of Cephissus, of the plains beloved by Dionysus and the Muses; and it is a striking confirmation of the truth of this contrast that we never find in the speeches delivered by the Spartan generals any direct appeals to the memories connected with their city, but many to the abstract ideas of courage, and glory, and dignity, and order. Yet we are unwilling to think meanly of Sparta for this. The Athenian feeling of patriotism affects our imagination, but the Spartan sense of duty affects our reason. It is not the least cause of the glory of England that she has softened and humanised the stern features of Spartan duty with the rich tints of Athenian patriotism.

But even though we think it unjust, like Mr. Grote and Herr Curtius, to pour unqualified contempt upon the Spartan character, it must be allowed that the Spartan had a dark as well as a bright side. No Greek could be called humane in

* Herod. vii. 139.

† *Ibid.* vii. 230.

‡ Thuc. v. 69.

the modern sense of the word; but even the common humanity which was recognised by other Greek states was openly violated by the Spartan. The laws of Lycurgus forbade the possession of the precious metals; but the great men of Sparta do not seem to have been free from the avarice which so grievously marred the fair fame of Miltiades, Themistocles, and Demosthenes. Their hatred of change, their want of versatility, their contempt for useless arts, made them alternately the dupes and the laughing-stock of their foes. All this, and more than this, we are willing to concede; but we think it right to strive to rescue the virtues of the Spartan citizens from the clumsy and extravagant eulogy of Mitford, and the undisguised hostility of Mr. Grote and Herr Curtius.

The first occasion on which Sparta interfered authoritatively in the affairs of Greece was when she headed the popular cause against the tyrants. And we cannot pass by the mention of these celebrated men without a few remarks.

The age of the tyrants is one of the most interesting epochs in Greek history. Though the evils of their rule can scarcely be exaggerated, the good which indirectly sprang from it was great and lasting. Like a thunderstorm, they cleared the political atmosphere for a freer and clearer development of Greek life. They filled the place of the feudal system in Europe, and of the early kings in Rome; they controlled and checked the irregular growth of unhealthy and one-sided principles of government, and taught their subjects self-reliance and independence; while they exacted from them the most absolute submission. Above all they saved the Greek States from the greatest misfortune which could have befallen them in the later period of their history. The memory which the tyrants left behind them was so vivid that we never afterwards meet with a man who was bold enough or able enough to enter upon the hazardous career of cruelty and vice, fear of foes without and suspicion of foes within, which were the distinguishing marks of Greek tyranny, and called forth the bitter execrations of all the noblest sons of Greece from Solon to Aristotle.

The tyrants seem to have formed the third stage in the governments of Greece. The fall of the heroic monarchies was a necessary consequence of the advance of society. Men outgrew their respect for the rude wisdom which administered justice in time of peace, and the strong hand which kept foes at bay in time of war. Nor were other causes wanting to accelerate their fall. The mantle of an Aga-

memnon and a Nestor descended in time upon unworthy successors. The divinity which hedged the king, lost its power when the possessor of it stooped from his high position as the depositary of heaven's decrees, to grind down the faces of the people who bowed beneath his sceptre. In England the theory of Divine right was upset by folly; in Greece it was upset by knavery.

After a short period of transition, the oligarchies rose upon the ruins of the monarchies. What their rule was like, we have no accurate means of determining; but we cannot doubt that this period of their power was stained by intolerance and cruelty. We know what was almost invariably the character of Greek oligarchies throughout the whole of Greek history; how insolently they trampled on the poor; how unscrupulously they made away with dangerous foes; how they mistrusted their own party in peace; how they feared their fellow-citizens in war; with what virulence they swore to do the people all the harm they could; with what selfishness they prosecuted their own private interests; with what recklessness they sacrificed their country's welfare.* There have been many bad forms of government, but we are inclined to think that a bad Greek oligarchy must have been incomparably the worst. But they, too, passed away. The growth of a large and prosperous middle class proved fatal to a government which guarded its privileges with the most jealous exclusiveness. Everywhere the spirit of liberty and order was struggling with the spirit of despotism and lawlessness. The people selected a champion, whom they placed at their head, and under his leadership the existing polity was overthrown. Yet the relief was short-lived. Before their gratitude to their deliverer had died out, they found that they had exchanged the rule of the oligarchs for the rule of a tyrant.

It is not a little singular, that though the Greeks were more averse to control, more sensitive to the slightest restraint than any people we know, their great men might have rivalled Milton's Archangel in their insatiate thirst for empire. If there be any truth in the pictures which historians and philosophers have painted of these hated men, the mental tortures which they underwent in their uncertain tenure of power must have been such, that the guilty fears which racked the soul of Macbeth would have seemed light by comparison. And yet these men, like Satan, could exclaim:—

* Thuc. viii. 63, 89, 91. Arist. Polit. v. 6—9.

“ To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.”

At first sight it seems strange that the intense love of independence and the intense lust of power should contrast so strongly in the same nation. That it was so, we can have no doubt. But we think it is scarcely fair of Mr. Grote to say generally that “the acquisition of power over others, under any conditions, is a motive so all-absorbing that even this precarious and anti-social sceptre was always intensely coveted.” With the Greeks this was the case. But till the decline of all the old virtues of the Commonwealth, we scarcely find a single man of great ability, among the many eminent statesmen and warriors that Rome produced, who can be charged with this detestable crime. Nothing would have been easier for a popular tribune or a successful general than to have employed the political weight of a grateful commons, or the swords of a devoted soldiery, in the attempt to revive a fallen monarchy, or to establish a military despotism. Yet we find no instance of it. The hateful house of the Claudii alone were handed down to posterity with this stigma on their name. It would have been well for Greece had the same integrity prevailed there. Herodotus bears testimony in the strongest terms to this absorbing passion. That Histæus should not have asked for a tyranny because he was already in possession, and that Coes should have asked for it because he was not, appears to him so natural that he passes by the fact without further comment. Unhappily this vice was not confined to worthless men like Histæus, nor to insignificant men like Coes. Men of great parts, as Cypselus, Pisistratus, Gelo, Polycrates, Pausanias, and Lysander unquestionably were, prostituted their abilities after a like fashion. To them might have been applied with justice the energetic words of Dryden :

“ Wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune’s ice prefers to Virtue’s land.”

The means by which the tyrant was often compelled to secure his ill-gotten despotism, render this problem still more inexplicable. Those who hold, as we do most strongly, that the approbation of a good conscience, the calm of a mind at peace with itself, the love of friends, the unwilling admiration of foes, the esteem of rivals, and the proud trust in the verdict of an impartial posterity, are all that make the dignity and the honour of the great ones of this earth worth the

having, will be at a loss to fathom the motives which influenced the Greek tyrants. We can understand that Napoleon should have been compensated for the hatred of half a world by the enthusiastic devotion of his fellow-countrymen. We can understand that Luther should have thrown down the gauntlet to the hierarchy of Rome from a firm conviction in the truth and justice of his cause. We can even understand that Frederick of Prussia should have been willing to violate the most solemn treaties, and to incur the hatred of three great European states, that his name might fly along the lips of mankind; but that a ruler should consent to pass an existence, which the meanest slave might pity, in banishing from his state every man of lofty virtue; in assassinating every man of soaring genius; in breaking up social meetings; in hindering the spread of education and knowledge; in prohibiting all privacy; in compelling his subjects to live beneath the broad light of day; in filling every corner of the city with spies and eavesdroppers; in sowing discord throughout the community; in exciting the envy of the poor against the rich, and the hatred of the rich against the poor; in striving to break the spirit of his people by the meanest bodily labour; in setting the wife against her husband, and the slave against his master; in courting the hollow adulations of base-born flatterers; in propping up his government on the spears of mercenaries; in crowding the prisons with the victims of his suspicion; in heaping the scaffolds with the victims of his hatred; that a man should do all this, and yet should find life bearable, seems to us, we confess, altogether unintelligible.

But we must remember that much of the cruelty which has been laid at the door of the tyrants, was demanded from them by the peculiar exigencies of their situation. We do not mean in the very slightest degree to plead this in extenuation of their crimes. We only wish our readers to remark a distinction which will explain much that at first sight seems incomprehensible in Greek tyranny. In modern times we believe three essentials only are necessary to the maintenance of the most absolute despotism—a standing army, a check on freedom of discussion, and a check on the liberty of the Press. Had any monarch these three instruments completely at his command, we do not see any reason why he should not bear sway with the licence of Otho and Vitellius. But with the Greek tyrant the case was different. He was cooped up in the citadel of a small town. He lived in the very sight of his people. A couple of hours'

conference, a single meeting in the market-place, a single message sent round by trusty envoys at night, would be sufficient to band the whole population against him. He was constantly separated by a single wall from the dagger of the assassin. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him. To quote the old story of the Sicilian banquet, "a single hair supported the glittering sword which dangled above his head."

When we turn from the rule of the tyrants to the feelings with which that rule was regarded in Greece, we find the verdict unanimous. No words are bad enough to describe the wretch who mounted that accursed throne. The whole storehouse of Plato's inexhaustible vocabulary is ransacked for epithets of scorn and contempt to pourtray the "blessed state" of the community in which such a man was to be found. Aristotle calls tyranny a mixture of the worst democracy and the worst oligarchy, combining the vices of both without the redeeming points of either. Herodotus in the most forcible language follows on the same side. Even the grave and unimpassioned Thucydides, usually so sparing of hard words, does not attempt to conceal the miseries which Athens suffered during the last years of the Pisistratid dynasty with which he was himself distantly connected. Even in the poets, even in the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, the same note is sounded. Insolence is the parent of the tyrant; a despot is the State's most deadly foe.

Such being the feeling of the Greeks, we shall have no difficulty in understanding their eagerness to be rid of "this parricide of his country."* If the enthusiasm of a liberated state and the admiration of posterity were sufficient recompense for a tyrannicide, that recompense was awarded him in full measure. The most charming drinking-song of the Athenian banquets, which has been read with delight down to the present day, and may compare, not unworthily, with the happiest of Moore's Irish melodies, was composed in honour of Harmodius and Aristogiton. And Aristotle records the saying of Dion, who declared, when marching against Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, that should it be his lot to die the moment he had gained footing in his country, he should think this death glorious. Here again it is necessary to bear in mind the difference to which we have already alluded between the tyrant of antiquity and the tyrant of modern times. The wide extent of territory over which despots like Philip the

* Plato, *Rep.* viii. 569.

Second of Spain and Louis the Fourteenth of France have ruled, enabled them to gratify their passions and their prejudices without danger of revolt. If an obnoxious subject were imprisoned in the Bastille, or banished to the West Indies, not one Frenchman, not one Spaniard, in a thousand, ever heard of his fate. If Charles of Burgundy plundered the wealthy burghers of Liège, he needed not to fear that the dread of a like evil would rouse the citizens of Ghent and Antwerp. But in the small cities of Greece, tyranny was present, heavy, permanent. To make an example of one man was the surest way to excite the alarm of the whole mass of his fellow citizens. They were reminded that the sword which had fallen upon another, threatened their own necks. Or, to borrow the expressive metaphor of Burke, when they saw their neighbour's house on fire, they thought it could not be amiss for the engines to play on their own. Thus Plato happily compared the tyrant to the master of a household of slaves, who if he dared to chastise one, was certain to bring down on himself the vengeance of the rest.

Yet we cannot allow that even the positive enactments of the tyrants were an unmixed evil. On this point we think that Herr Curtius is far more just and true than Mr. Grote. There seems no reason to doubt that in a certain sense the tyrants were reformers of the best kind. Pheidon, of Argos, by his scale of weights and measures, materially aided Greek commerce. To the Pisistratids, Athens owed her excellent roads and her valuable aqueducts. To the same men later posterity owes one inestimable boon. To their taste and energy we are indebted for the preservation of those immortal works of genius which rank with us by the side of *Hamlet* and the *Paradise Lost*. Had it not been for the exertions of Hippias, the *Wrath of Achilles* and the *Wanderings of Ulysses* might have been lost to us as completely as the comedies of Cratinus, and the odes of Sappho.

We are willing to go even further than this. After what we have said, our readers will not suspect us of regarding with any special favour the form of despotism which prevailed in Greek society. But we cannot be blind to the fact that it would be in the highest degree unjust to deny the extenuating circumstances which ought to be allowed at the bar of history. The tyrants were, as it was natural that they should be, the creatures of their age and their country. They were the offspring of fierce passions and terrible convulsions; and their character was stamped with the features of their parents. The heat of party strife had soured in them the

milk of human kindness. Their mental vision had been distorted in the dark atmosphere of conspiracies and massacres. The wild beast had tasted of blood, and was hurried on by an insatiable craving for more.

The rise of the tyrants and the abolition of tyranny brings us into immediate contact with the state which, more than any other, owed all its future greatness to its liberation from the yoke of despotism. The fall of the Pisistratid dynasty was the immediate cause of the great rise of Athens.

Stretching out into the sea, and fenced in by the mountains that rise at Marathon, destitute of the fertile valleys and sunny plains that tempt the settler, Attica escaped the ceaseless immigrations which had changed the face of every state in Greece. The heroic age of Cecrops, of Erechtheus, of Theseus, had never been violently separated by fierce convulsions and revolutions from the age of Draco and Solon; and Athenian poets and Athenian genealogists loved to look back to the golden times which seemed to link their nation to the gods of Olympus, and bespeak for them the peculiar favour of heaven. Unharmd by foreign invasions, Attica became the harbourage of the old families and the old races who had been dislodged from their ancestral homes by the incursions of the highland conquerors. The fall of the heroic monarchy in Athens was more gradual than in the other states of Greece. The hereditary kingship gave way to the archonship for life; this again was replaced by the decennial archonship, which in its turn was changed into a yearly office. Then followed the second stage of Greek government. The noble families, by whose influence the royal power and privileges had been curtailed, seized the sceptre as it fell from the grasp of Theseus' descendants. Then broke out the old antagonism between the rich and poor, which racked the early commonwealth of Rome, and more than once threatened the dissolution of all social order. The archons were the tools of the Eupatridæ, as the consuls were the tools of the patricians. The plebs of Attica shared the fate of the plebs of Rome. Poverty spread rapidly among the lower orders. The poor were anxious to borrow, and the rich were anxious to lend. When the debtors were unable to repay, the creditors enforced their claims with all the barbarity of those rude times. The old heartburnings and the old animosities of the two orders revived in all their former strength. That they gave rise to violent internal dissensions is sufficiently proved by the legislation of Draco, which seems to have been a concession to the demands of the people like

the legislation of the decemvirs at Rome. But the alleviation was only temporary. The aristocracy monopolised the administration of justice, and meted out to their opponents the utmost rigour of the law.

Whether the populace would have again risen on their oppressors without further provocation may be doubtful. But an unexpected event exemplified the truth of Aristotle's maxim, that it is not about small interests, but from trifling causes that revolutions take their rise.

Among the young scions of the noble families of Athens, Cylon was specially distinguished. From what we know of his history, he must have been the Alcibiades of his generation. He had been crowned for his athletic prowess at the Olympian games; had been thought worthy of the hand of Theagenes' daughter; had witnessed the pomp of the tyrants of Megara; and returned to Athens, his imagination filled with dreams of future glory, and his ambition fanned by an oracle which he had received at Delphi. Restless, eager, and unscrupulous, he borrowed troops from Theagenes, and with the help of his own friends, who probably were young and forward nobles like himself, seized upon the Acropolis. It is scarcely possible to believe that he did not expect the populace to catch at this opportunity of rising against the oligarchy and electing himself as their champion. This expectation, however, was disappointed. The Acropolis was closely besieged, and the insurgents were at length compelled to take refuge at the altar of the protecting goddess. Heedless of the sacred privileges due to supplicants, the archons dragged them out of the temple, and put them to the sword. This wanton outrage of Greek religious feeling raised a storm of indignation. The Alcæonidæ, who had been the chief actors, in vain strove to quiet the tumult. The people only needed a champion, and this need was supplied by Solon.

The celebrated legislator, who left the impress of his wise policy on the Athenian government to the latest times, and whose memory was cherished by after generations of Athenians with the same affectionate reverence as the memory of Lycurgus by the Spartans, and of Servius by the Romans, commenced his active life as a merchant. But his absorbing occupation left him time to ponder over the condition of his native state. Gifted with a singularly calm and equable mind, he brought to the study of the most agitating questions an intellect undimmed by passion and unclouded by prejudice. He saw at once that internal sedition was the root of all political misfortunes, and the union

of the higher and lower orders the immediate cause of all political prosperity. Taking advantage of the commotion which the conduct of the Alcæonidæ had excited, he came forward, showed the justice of the people's cause, and demanded the trial of Cylon's murderers. Reluctantly the aristocracy consented. The evidence was damning; and the whole house of the Alcæonidæ was banished the country.

Not long after, Solon drew up the scheme of his great reforms. From Aristotle we learn his opinion of his own laws. He declared that he had not given the Athenians the best laws absolutely, but the laws which were best for them in their present circumstances. It cannot be denied that he is justly entitled to the praise which he claimed. Those who have studied the history of violent commotions, and especially of violent commotions as they raged in the small states of Greece, must ever admire the wisdom and the moderation with which Solon stilled the troubled waters.

The legislation of Solon was the first step towards the democracy which attained its full perfection under Pericles. The barriers of the aristocracy were broken down. Even now, indeed, it was necessary to reserve for the leading families a large share of power. The four classes were formed with the special aim of securing to them the prerogative. But high birth, the chief qualification of an aristocracy, had given place to a new qualification which lay within the reach of the meanest as well as of the noblest citizen.

What was of even greater importance, the political life of the Athenian democracy, dates from the time of Solon. The whole people were taught to feel an interest in the prosperity of the State. The small landowners, by their attendance at the assemblies, acquired a practical experience in State matters. And their sense of responsibility was strengthened by the election of officers, by the making of laws, by the decision of important questions of foreign policy.

But the wisdom of Solon failed to restore lasting peace. The flames which had been smothered for a time burst forth with fresh fury, and the great lawgiver lived to see the fall of the Athenian republic and the rise of a tyranny.

We shall not dwell upon the rule of Pisistratus and his sons at Athens. We have already discussed at length the characteristics of Greek tyranny, and we are anxious to make a few remarks on the reforms of Clisthenes and the character of the Athenian people.

The few years which separated Clisthenes from Solon had wrought a marvellous change in the Athenian character.

Under Solon the aristocracy were still the ruling power in the State; under Clisthenes they had almost disappeared from the face of Athenian society. The Council of the Areopagus still received a wavering allegiance, and still retained a faint hold on the Conservative prejudices of the State. But it is none the less true that its power had gone, and a keen observer might have perceived that it needed but a slight impulse to overthrow it altogether. With the respect for nobility had gone also the importance of landed property. The state of husbandmen, in which Solon had enacted laws for the repression of commerce and trades, had been changed into the state of merchants and artisans. Athens was fast rising to a position which she had never occupied before. She was becoming the centre of the State, the seat of government, the city which virtually enclosed within its walls the strength and the glory of Attica. The days when every man sat beneath the shade of his own fig tree and drank the juice of his own grapes, had been succeeded by the age of social and political ferment, the age of crowded market-places and stormy assemblies, the age of military enterprise and commercial activity. Even the old ties of race, which in early times were as powerful in Greece as in Scotland, had been snapped asunder. The strange blood of foreign residents and foreign freedmen mingled with the pure blood of the sons of Theseus and Erechtheus at the altar, in the assembly, and at the family hearth. The voice of the sovereign people had made itself heard. Public assemblies, which, in the time of Solon, existed only in name, sprang into full vigour and became emphatically the ruling power in the State. The new courts of justice, which in later times produced the finest displays of eloquence that history can record, date their formation and their importance from the time of Clisthenes. Tyranny had filled in Athenian history the place which winter fills in the order of nature.

The Athenians were unquestionably the most remarkable people in Greece. They realised the ideal of Greek perfection, the union of perfect manly beauty and perfect intellectual excellence. Alcibiades, stripped of all the vices which made him a curse to his country, and clouded with infamy the most splendid career that ever opened before an Athenian—Alcibiades, as he was before the expedition to Sicily or the battle of Mantinea, fashioned after the most perfect model of human beauty, the admirable athlete and horseman, the general and statesman who might have rivalled Pericles, the master of wit and eloquence, the earnest student of philosophy, the

light-hearted sceptic who laughed at the mysteries, the soldier who never flinched, the lover who never sighed in vain, the idol of the Athenian people and the admiration of Greece—was the true type of an Athenian citizen such as, perhaps, could only have been formed by the social life and the political institutions of Athens.

We think that the Athenian character may be best described by contrasts. The high-born youth who rose from the banquet at morning twilight to hang his festive wreath upon his mistress' door, could sail without a murmur before the morrow's sunset to keep watch in the winter snows of Chalcidice, and could sing snatches of his favourite drinking song as he paced his post at midnight beneath the inclement sky of a northern clime with the same careless gaiety as though he were reclining at the side of Lais. The humble citizen, who gave himself up, heart and soul, to the revelry of the Dionysian festival, was ready in the midst of his cups to take up arms at the alarm of a Theban raid, or to man his ships at the news of an Ionian revolt. The inhabitants of the most lovely city in Greece never lost their passionate love for the country. And we read with wonder and admiration how these men were content to abandon their cottages nestling amidst the foliage of the dark-green olives, their flocks cropping the dewy herbage on the banks of the Cephissus, the cakes of preserved fruits, the figs and the myrtles, the sweet new wine and the violet-bed beside the well,* to huddle between the Long Walls and lie down at night in chests and wine barrels when their country's interests required of them the sacrifice. No people loved more intensely the pleasures of idleness, and no people was more ready to purchase those pleasures by the severest self-denial. Outwardly they seemed fitted only for the song and the dance; but the deepest and most earnest thinkers in Greece were sons of Athens. Outwardly they seemed fickle, changeable, irresolute, but they were capable at bottom of the most firmly set purpose and the most energetic resolves. The same audience which could burst into tears at the fall of Miletus and gaze with trembling awe on Œdipus departing in obedience to the mysterious voice for the nether world, could send up peal after peal of inextinguishable laughter at the humour of the sausage seller, or the marvels of Cloud-Cuckoo Town. Unlike the Spartans, the enjoyment of the goods of this present life did not unnerve their courage at the prospect of death. Unlike the Syracusans, the establishment

* Aristoph. *Peace*, v. 550—582.

of freedom of speech and of absolute equality had not given the reins to turbulence and lawlessness. They have been bitterly condemned, and not without reason, for fickleness in their conduct to favourite leaders. They have been enthusiastically praised, and with equal justice, for their unwavering allegiance to those who could command their respect. That their treatment of unsuccessful generals was harsh in the extreme, can scarcely be denied. Demosthenes was compelled to remain at Naupactus through fear of their wrath at the failure of his *Ætolian* schemes. The generals who were sent to Sicily were suspected of corruption without the slightest grounds, simply because they did not do what they could not possibly have done, and punished by banishment and fines. The ill-success of Nicias was owing in great measure to his dread of Athenian injustice. Yet it cannot be denied that the Athenians stood by Pericles through good report and evil report with a steadfastness perhaps unequalled in history, save in the constancy with which the English nation stood by Pitt. And even when the gloomy letter of Nicias reached them, telling of the destruction of the finest armament that had sailed from Piræus during the whole course of the war, not only did they refuse to utter one word of reproach, but insisted in keeping him in the command.

The contrast between Demus at the Pnyx and Demus sitting at home gave rise to Aristophanes' happiest witticisms. If we might venture to translate the meaning of Aristophanes, we should say of his countrymen what has been said of the Americans, that they were slaves without being dupes. They were willing to tolerate Cleon in the assembly, from that natural dislike to severe gravity and that keen sense of the ridiculous, which has always been characteristic of southern nations. But we feel confident that in their heart of hearts they saw through him with a clearness which he little suspected. In like manner their love of litigation was carried to an absurd excess. To serve on a jury was to them as great a treat as the contests of the amphitheatres to the Romans. They loved to exercise their acute intellects in unravelling complicated cases, and to have their fine sense of oratorical excellence gratified by listening to the most finished eloquence in Greece. That this passion was productive of bad results, that it justified Aristophanes' mocking epithet of the "gapers," that it infused into all ranks of society a meddling, busy-body spirit, we have no doubt. Rather than have no causes to try, they were ready to overlook the glaring injustice of an accusation. But we are convinced that on the whole they were

anxious to see fair play, and desirous of meting out even-handed justice.

It is not difficult to trace contrasts as striking as these in other points. The Athenian religion touched upon two extremes. The most mysterious rites satisfied the earnest believers who yearned for the atonement of their sins and for the promise of a life beyond the grave. The most unlicensed mirth enabled the careless throng to find a vent for their devotional feeling in sensual enjoyment. As it was with their religious, so it was with their political character. They cannot assuredly be charged with an excessive reverence for ancient institutions. Indeed, it is a common accusation against the democracy of Athens that it swept away unsparingly the last landmarks of a bygone age, and refused to preserve laws and forms simply because they were old. Yet their respect for antiquity was unquestionably deep and sincere. Whether consciously, or unconsciously, they never failed to observe the wise precept of Burke, that a people who would look forward to posterity should look backward to their ancestors. The speeches of their great orators teem with allusions and appeals to the wisdom of past generations. The legislation of Solon was as trite and commonplace as the battle of Marathon or the Great Charter, though the Athens of Demosthenes had been as completely changed from the Athens of Solon, as the England of our own day from the England of King John. The noble speech of Demosthenes against the law of Leptines, might vie in this reverence for antiquity with the most statesmanlike speeches that have been delivered in the British Senate. We see in the Great Charter the germ of all the wise changes in our own government, which has so admirably qualified it to grow with the growth of the people and strengthen with their strength; though in the times of the Great Charter nothing was known of trial by jury, of the removal of religious disabilities, of the extension of the suffrage, or of the control of the powers of the Upper House. Demosthenes saw in the laws of Solon the first beginnings of Athenian power and Athenian liberty, though Solon had never dreamt of the organisation of the Courts of Justice, of the limitation of the Archon's powers, or of the admittance of every class to a share in public offices and a place in the public assembly. In spite of the spirit of equality which democratical institutions invariably foster, their admiration for the old families of Athens, the descendants of the early nobility of Attica, was extravagantly great. The claim of Alcibiades to the position which he arrogated in

public life, was based in part, as Thucydides tells us, upon the reputation of his ancestors. Aristophanes has described with inimitable force and humour how the Athenian farmer, slovenly in his dress, unrefined in his habits, careless in his mode of living, with his head full of bees, and sheep, and pressed olives, with the odour of new wines, and dried cheeses, and fleeces strong upon him, weds the daughter of Megacles the son of Megacles, proud, haughty, cœsyrified, fragrant with myrrh and saffron, perfumed robes and scented kisses. With a wit which Molière never excelled, he points the ludicrous distress of the poor father mourning over his son's "galloping consumption,"* his aristocratical passion for horses, and chariots, and pheasants, and his undisguised partiality for the extravagant vices of the lordly house of Megacles. Had this feeling been less strong, we can scarcely believe that the comic poet would have kept before us so steadily the leather-selling of Cleon, or that the great orator would have thought it worth while to satirise the low station of his rival's mother. But though fond of prating of high birth and pure blood, in practice the Athenians, with a good sense which is much to their honour, vigorously resisted the narrow exclusiveness which prevailed in the aristocracies of Sparta, and Rome, and Russia. In no city were strangers more heartily welcomed and better cared for than in Athens, and in no city were the sympathies of aliens so completely bound up with those of the native citizens.

We might extend these remarks indefinitely. We might point out how good men and bad men, reared under the same institutions and trained in the same public discipline, rose to importance side by side, how the good men were always better and the bad men never worse than in other Greek states. We might compare Clisthenes and Isagoras, the house of Alcmaeon and the house of Pisistratus, Aristides and Themistocles, Alcibiades and Nicias. We might show how, though Athens cannot be acquitted of tyrannical conduct, her treatment of her subject allies was immeasurably more generous than the treatment of the Sicilian cities by Syracuse, or the treatment of the Greek cities by Sparta. But we will only notice in conclusion the most remarkable characteristic of the Athenians. In one point they were always consistent. Their energy and their enterprise never flagged. Their fiercest enemies, the Corinthians, exclaimed with a bitterness which had been wrung from them by long experience, that

* Clouds, v. 243, ἰπποκλή νόσος.

the Athenians were never born to keep the peace themselves, nor to let others keep it. Without waiting for the aid of their backward allies they marched out to meet the Persians on the plain of Marathon. Even though they may not have been altogether uninfluenced by motives of self-interest, the self-devotion and the enthusiasm which they displayed at the invasion of Xerxes justly entitled them to the panegyric which Herodotus pronounced upon them as the saviours of Greece. Long after Sparta, Corinth, and Ægina had withdrawn from the crusade against the national foe, the Athenians, at the head of their Ionian allies, scattered the Persian navy over the Ægean, sacked the Persian towns on the coast of Asia Minor, and stormed the last Persian strongholds in the Hellespont. An inscription, which has escaped the ravages of time, records the names of the citizens who fell in the course of the same year in Cyprus, Egypt, Megara, Ægina, Phœnicia, and the Halieis. And when at length they stood in arms almost unaided against the mightiest states of Greece, when their noblest troops had sunk in the waters of Sicily, or had feasted the vultures in the mines of Syracuse, when they struggled for their existence against foes from without at Samos, and against foes from within at the Peiræus, the calm desperation with which they bore up against their reverses is worthy to be ranked with the spirit of the Romans after Cannæ.

We had intended to discuss some of the more noteworthy parts of the Athenian constitution, but we have not left ourselves space to do them justice. We cannot, however, omit all notice of one of the most remarkable features of Athenian life, upon which we have already touched, the trial by jury. Mr. Grote and Herr Curtius have united in defending the Athenian judicial system against the attacks which had been made upon it by preceding writers. With great acuteness both historians have pointed out the merits of the system. That it possessed unmistakeable advantages, that it ensured a fair hearing to plaintiff and defendant alike, that it protected the poor against the oppression of the rich, that it gave every citizen a lively interest in the maintenance of public justice and in the observance of the laws, that it precluded in great measure, if not altogether, bribery and corruption, that it provided on the whole the most open and impartial tribunal in Greece, will, we think, scarcely be denied. But we cannot be blind to the defects of this administration of justice. Mr. Grote has pointed out the chief differences between trial by jury in Athens and trial by jury

in England. These differences cannot fail to have struck any one who has read the two celebrated speeches delivered in the contest between Æschines and Demosthenes. Not a single witness is called by Æschines in support of a single fact. Two depositions were read on behalf of Demosthenes; but in neither case was there any cross-examination or any sifting of evidence. The same law is quoted by both orators, and a different interpretation is put on it by each. There was no judge to expound its true meaning, or to clear away the sophistry which lurked in the conflicting expositions. To us it appears monstrous that the question, whether or not the proposal of Ctesiphon was illegal, should be influenced by the third-rate acting of Æschines, or the pusillanimity of Demosthenes at Chæronea. It appears equally monstrous that the licentiousness of Demosthenes, or the low profession of Æschines' mother, should be dragged into a trial affecting the public policy of an eminent statesman. But we wish specially to direct the attention of our readers to the radical fault which in our opinion ran through the whole judicial system of Athens. The Athenian jury was essentially a political body, and what is more important, a political body which was absolutely uncontrolled. The man who one day was an ardent and vehement member of the public assembly, the next day might be chosen to sit in judgment on the orator whom he had hooted from the Pnyx. It is impossible to ignore the natural consequences. The evils which have at times made themselves felt in trial by jury, even in England, were perpetually working at Athens. The juries which tried the victims of the Popish Plot, and the victims of the Bloody Circuit, were not more prejudiced than the juries which tried Pericles and Demosthenes. But in England religious and political passions have within later times rarely influenced our Courts of Justice. In Athens all the more important cases turned on religious and political questions. And whatever allowance we may make for the good sense and good feeling of the Athenian jurymen, we cannot think that the political atmosphere which hung around the courts was favourable to the administration of justice.

We can scarcely wonder that under this system the vile wretches, who, if we are to believe the Greek writers, were numerous in Athens, prospered and multiplied. The Athenian citizen, who twice a year ravaged the Megarian territory, would not be disposed to listen with any keen impartiality to a charge brought against a Megarian resident in Athens. The citizen who had lost a father or a brother in putting

down Mitylene, could scarcely maintain his judicial character when sitting in judgment upon the inhabitant of a city which was associated with such bitter memories. The citizen who had on political grounds conceived a violent hatred to Pericles, would be only too eager to revenge himself on Pericles' mistress or Pericles' friend. The man who had voted Demosthenes a golden crown could not be expected to condemn in the jury-box the act which he had applauded in the public assembly. What for other reasons was an almost necessary precaution, only aggravated this evil. The large numbers who sat on any important case, though they effectually precluded intimidation, only strengthened these political sentiments. The jury were not so much a judicial body on a large scale as a political body on a small scale. It will hardly be asserted that the House of Lords is inferior to the Athenian juries in its judicial character. Yet it is notorious that in all great impeachments, the decision of the House of Lords has been swayed far more by party motives than by the desire for absolute justice.

But the Athenian jury was the supreme judicial power in Athens, and the English jury is not the supreme judicial power in England. The Crown has the right of pardon. The House of Lords has the right in most cases of reversing the decision. That there were no such checks on the juries of Athens was a capital fault in the constitution of Pericles.

The new constitution at Athens had scarcely been established before its merits were tried by a severe test. The thundercloud which had long been lowering over Greece suddenly discharged itself. Greeks and barbarians suddenly met in the deadly grapple on which hung the fate of civilisation. Well was it for Greece that Athens no longer cowered beneath the mercenaries of her tyrant, for the first day which had seen Hippias sending earth and water to Xerxes, would have been the last day of Greek independence. To the people of Athens and to their democratical institutions we owe the preservation of that immortal art and those immortal writings, the art of Phidias and the writings of Plato.

We cannot but think it a most fortunate circumstance for the interests of the Greek confederacy that Athens lay in the van of those states which had rejected the demands of Xerxes. Had it been otherwise, had Athens occupied the position of *Ægina* and *Corcyra*, there is too much reason to fear that she would have held aloof from the combat. But as the special object of Xerxes' vengeance—a vengeance which he had inherited from his father, who, thrice a day, bade the slave

behind his throne remind him of the Athenians—lying directly in the path of the invading army, at once the border land and the stronghold of Greek freedom, Athens was compelled to take up arms herself and endeavour to band the other Greek states to follow her example.

To us it seems strange that the petty jealousies and petty interests of the moment should have almost thrust out of sight the ruin which would inevitably have befallen divided Greece. We read with astonishment that the Athenians, who, of all the Greek States, most markedly proved themselves superior to paltry pride, were willing to run the risk of fatally marring their cause rather than resign to Gelo, tyrant of Syracuse, the empty distinction of sharing with them the command. But we must remember that it was impossible for the Greeks ever to become one nation in the sense in which France or Spain is one nation. The Homeric camp might be deemed typical of the capital fault which ran through the whole of Greek society. The quarrels of the crafty Ulysses and the stolid Ajax, the dissensions of the imperious Agamemnon and the proud, passionate Achilles, were reproduced at every era of Greek history. Athens and Bœotia, Sparta and Argos, Corinth and Corcyra hated each other with an intensity which might have been envied by the haughty goddess who would fain have devoured alive Priam and Priam's children. Even when they left their native land the evil spirit haunted their tracks. And amidst the wilds of Libya, before the gathering hosts of watchful barbarians on the coast of Lucania, in presence of the countless mercenaries and innumerable ships of the great Phœnician colony, remembered when all nobler sentiments had been lost, the eternal discord survived Greek morality, Greek patriotism, Greek enterprise, and Greek art, and burned with a fiercer flame amidst the ruins of freedom, of nationality, and of empire.

It would not be difficult to assign more than one cause for this fact. All the sympathies and the prejudices of the Greek were confined to his own city, and rarely extended beyond its walls. Thus, though on one side of his character he was singularly disinterested and self-sacrificing, on the other he was singularly interested and selfish. The Spartan leaping out of his bath to repel the invaders is as noble as the Spartan folding his arms while men of his own language and blood were contending against the vast power of Persia is mean. Something, too, must be allowed for the pride which refused to bate one tittle of its rights, and chose rather to desert the good cause than resign the post to which it was entitled.

But we have no doubt that the chief cause must be looked for in the wars which raged almost unceasingly between the neighbouring States of Greece. Argos tendered her submission to Persia because Sparta had incurred Persia's bitter enmity. Thessaly followed the example of Argos from her hatred of the Phocians. Corinth and Ægina, from their dislike to Athens, wished to retire behind the Isthmus, and abandon Salamis to the invader. Nor will this feeling appear extraordinary if we try to place ourselves in the position of men who were thus tempted to gratify the longing for vengeance even at the cost of their own liberty. Yearly raids and yearly defeats were eminently fitted to foster vices which in the present state of society seem almost unnatural. Where every citizen was a soldier, war acquired a personal interest, which in times when the army is composed of a professional class wholly disappears. Where a severe defeat brought mourning into every family, revenge and hatred were developed into a morbid intensity—where every man was known to his fellow-citizens, the gaps which were made in the market-place of Athens by the defeat at Delium, or in the public tables of Sparta by the disaster at Sphacteria, wrought up men's minds to a pitch which we can hardly conceive. The feelings which Scott has admirably described must have been unusually vivid in a Greek city :

“Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain,
 Had locked the source of softer woe ;
 And burning pride, and high disdain,
 Forbade the rising tear to flow ;
 Until, amid his sorrowing clan,
 Her son lisped from the nurse's knee—
 ‘And if I live to be a man,
 My father's death revenged shall be !’
 Then fast the mother's tears did seek
 To dew the infant's kindling cheek.”

But the days of Greek freedom were not yet numbered.

“A king sat on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships by thousands lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set, where were they ?”

The cloud like that which deepened over the paradise of Irem had threatened to send forth from its womb the icy wind of death, but had descended instead in a beneficent and

fertilising rain. The first-fruits of it were the Greek tragedies.

Whatever accusations may be brought against a free government, this at least we hold to be unquestioned, that it is eminently favourable to all intellectual development. The human mind has never yet thrown off the chains which cramped its powers without giving unmistakeable proof of the mighty influences of its newly acquired liberty. Wherever a nation or an age has made a great step towards spiritual or political freedom, the epoch has been marked by immortal works of genius which serve as trophies of the battle that has been fought and the victory that has been won. Shakespeare and Bacon were thrown up by the Reformation. Cervantes and Calderon were the true sons of the free institutions of Spain. In Molière and Racine we can trace the fair promise of French liberty which Louis XIV. crushed for a century and a half. In Wordsworth and Goethe we can catch the distant murmurs of the mighty wave which is still bearing us onwards. And in like manner the victory of Greek freedom over Persian despotism was immortalised by the advent of Æschylus and Sophocles.

It has, we think, been too much the custom to judge Greek tragedy by the rules of modern art. With all respect for the able critics who have acted thus, we venture to assert that this is an error. Greek tragedy was, in the highest sense of the word, ideal. An immeasurable distance separates the *Prometheus Bound* and the *Bacchæ* from *Othello* and *King Lear*. It is not only that the tragic muse of Shakespeare wears a different garb and moves to a different measure from the tragic muse of Æschylus; we are ushered into another world, we breathe another atmosphere, we hold converse with beings of another order. The heroes and heroines of Shakespeare are creatures of earthly mould,

“Not too bright or good for human nature's daily food,”

swayed by human passions and beset with human infirmities. To them we may justly apply Aristotle's definition of tragedy. For three centuries men's hearts have been purified and braced up, while they have trembled at the devilry of Iago, and wept over the fate of Desdemona. But the Greek felt far otherwise as he witnessed the masterpieces of his tragic poets. Perhaps none but the rude peasantry, who till recent times attended the representation of the mystery plays in many parts of Germany, have been thrilled by emotions at

all akin to those of the Greek spectator at the festival of Dionysus. The rustic who saw with his bodily eyes the crucifixion or the resurrection of his Lord could sympathise with the Greek who gazed upon the sufferings of Prometheus, or listened to the commanding tones of Athene. For him was reserved something akin to the blessedness of Hippolytus, to stand at the portals of heaven, and catch sweet snatches of the colloquy of the gods.

We think that the confirmation of this theory may be found in the Greek tragedians. The Greek drama is stately and unimpassioned. It has none of the fire and madness of Lear and Faust. From its very nature it was unfitted to reproduce with vividness the scenes of actual life. We miss the rapid change of place and time which lend so much life and reality to the plays of Shakespeare and Schiller, at one time the palace and at another the open heath, at one time the hum of the camp and at another the silence and gloom of the astrologer's chamber, at one time the royal theatre and at another the churchyard. We are not presented with the striking contrasts to which modern tragedies owe so much of their interest and significance, the raving king and half-witted fool, the grave-digger with his old saws, and the moody prince with his deep philosophy; the fiery, passionate Carlos, and the cold, impenetrable Philip; the garrulous nurse and the silent lover; Achilles and Thersites, Wallenstein and Max Piccolomini. We have instead the lofty, unvarying diction, the solemn antithesis of the dialogue, the slow development of the plot, the uniform number of actors, the unchanging scene, the stated intervals for the choric songs. The paraphernalia of the Greek stage gave additional effect to the impressive poetry of the tragedian. The buskin exalted the actor to a stature more than human. The mask prevented all play of feature, and replaced it by one fixed expression. In a vast building where the spectators numbered tens of thousands, and where the voice of the speaker, unless strengthened by artificial support, would have been totally lost, the subtle modulations of tone were exchanged for a monotonous cadence which admirably suited the rhythmical rise and fall of the verse. For the parti-coloured garb of the modern stage, the fool's cap and bells and the beggar's rags, the dark gown of the doctor and the slashed doublet of the gallant, the Greeks had no need. The sceptred pall which fell in massive folds around the actor was the only legitimate dress of Greek tragedy. And nothing grated more harshly on the conservative prejudices which clung to the hereditary

practice of the drama, than the unscrupulous freedom of which Euripides was guilty in bringing his dethroned monarch upon the stage with a bundle of rags on his back and a beggar's staff in his hand.

But the moral interest of the plot pointed this way no less strongly than the outward structure of tragedy, and the pomp and circumstance which surrounded the tragic muse. Even in plays which would seem to admit least of the interposition of the Divine agency, the power of the gods, their hatred of the high thoughts of men, their vengeance upon those who insulted their majesty, their scorn of the puny might of earthly monarchs, are the leading ideas around which the catastrophe is grouped. The *Persæ* is an excellent instance. The shade of Darius rises from the nether world to warn, to rebuke, to predict. By the streams of Asopus, in the land of the Bœotians, Xerxes, puffed up by empty hopes, has left the flower of his host. But there the direst calamities await them, meet reward for their insolence and ungodly pride. For coming to Greece they spared not to strip the statues of the gods nor to burn their temples. In the dwelling-places of the deities they left not one stone upon another which was not cast down. Wherefore their cup of woe shall be drained to the dregs, so deep shall run the stream of blood on the field of Platææ beneath the Dorian spear. And the funeral mound shall silently testify even to the third generation how the blossom of pride ripens into the full ear of misfortune, whence the reaper filleth his bosom with a harvest of tears.

Hence we think that the Greek tragedians have succeeded best when they have trodden most boldly within the magic circle of religion. Euripides never produced anything which could compare in wildness of imagination and richness of poetic diction with the *Bacchæ*. Sophocles is never more majestic, more filled with the divine frenzy, or more fertile of harmonious numbers, than in the *Œdipus* at Colonus. And in like manner, if we were to select from among the seven plays of *Æschylus*, we should certainly name the *Eumenides* and the *Prometheus Bound* as the noblest specimens of his genius. Indeed, the last-named play is an admirable illustration of our meaning. What tragedy could seem to the modern dramatist to furnish more unpromising materials? The hero is bound hand and foot to a jagged rock. The action is conducted entirely by the chorus of sea nymphs, Oceanus, and Io. A few lines are allotted to Vulcan and Strength at the beginning; a few lines are put into the mouth of Mercury at the end. Yet we doubt whether any one, except perhaps

a French critic, ever read the *Prometheus Unbound* with indifference. Indeed, if every other line of Greek literature had perished, we should still form from it the very highest notion of the greatness of Greek genius. The play opens with a scene in the highest sense dramatic. The three hirelings of the usurper of heaven's throne are shackling the mighty Titan to the rock. Not a sound escapes his lips in answer to the taunts of Strength and the condolences of Hephæstus. But when at last he is left in his desolation, with the sharp peaks of the mountains rising above him, with the sea murmuring at his feet, and the pitiless eye of day looking down upon his tortures, the pent-up fire bursts forth in words scarcely less noble than those of the fallen archangel on the top of Niphates. With admirable effect the poet places the chorus of Oceanids, weeping, pitying, now passionately railing at Zeus, now deprecating the bold words of his victim, by the side of the great Titan, unrelenting in his hatred to the tyrant, assured of the justice of his conduct, refusing to give way to womanly grief, and undoubtedly looking forward to the countless ages of suffering which still await him. To heighten this contrast, Oceanus is introduced. The scene between Hamlet and his mother is not more finely conceived than that between the old sea-god, fussy, matter-of-fact, unable to appreciate sentimental scruples about ingratitude and time-saving, wasting no fine words on pity or admiration, only too glad to get back to his sea-cave when his mission has proved unsuccessful; and Prometheus, with his bitter irony, his stinging contempt for the new dynasty, his inflexible resolution, and his indignant recital of the woes which his Titan brethren have suffered. But the dramatic interest culminates in the entrance of Io. The unhappy maiden, frenzied by the sting of the gad-fly, maddened by the fear of the thousand-eyed Argus, whose spectre haunts her steps, moaning her interminable wanderings, relating her fatal experience of a god's love and a goddess' hate, praying to be burned up by lightning, buried in the earth, given to the winds of heaven, so her toils may but cease, yet tender-hearted enough to forget her own woes in the contemplation of Prometheus' tortures, is magnificently contrasted with her calm, self-possessed adviser, like her the victim of the love and hate of heaven, whose agonies immeasurably transcend her own, but who, in spite of all, is buoyed up by the memory of a righteous cause nobly maintained, and the expectation of a future requital. A few lines more, and we are brought to the close. Hermes descends from heaven to bear the message

of Zeus, to reproach the sophist for his sins against the gods, to taunt him with his fair fortunes, to tell of his master's unswerving purpose, to dilate on the horrors which yet remain, the rending of the rocks which shall engulf him in their chasm, and the advent of the vulture who shall daily flutter down, an uncalled reveller, to feast upon his entrails. But neither promises nor threats can move the great Titan. With keen sarcasm he praises the gratitude of heaven's new rulers. He pours contempt on Hermes for his ignoble truckling. He avows his steadfast hatred of the gods who have leagued against him. And when the earth trembles from its foundations, when the surging waves blind the sun, when the hollow roar of the thunder draws near, when the whirling flashes of lightning gleam above him, when the circling pillars of dust enclose him, and the contending winds fall on the vexed world, and sea and sky are mingled in wild confusion, no sound escapes his lips but a prayer to his glorious mother and the light-giving Sun to behold his unmerited punishment.

But though a modern reader may be able to appreciate the literary beauties of this wonderful play, he can never appreciate its merits as they were appreciated by a Greek audience, unless he strives to read it with the feelings of a Greek. We can but faintly conceive the emotions which thronged on the spectator in the theatre of Bacchus as he was carried back thousands of years to the creation of the world, when the Zeus, whom his forefathers had worshipped through countless generations as the omnipotent and all-wise governor of the universe, appeared as the young ruler of the gods fresh from the terrible conflict which had laid heaven waste, petulant, despotic, unable to brook contradictions, overbearing in his wrath, wielding his power with injustice and cruelty, when the kindly fire had just been stolen from heaven, and hope had been first planted in the breast of man, when his race had scarcely emerged from the sunless caves where they took no count of time, where seeing they saw not and hearing they heard not, but flitted to and fro like the shadows of a dream. With what awe must he have gazed on the beneficent saviour who rescued them from their evil estate, who first taught them to note the movements of the heavenly bodies, to form the sounds of language, to yoke the horse beneath the plough, to spread the ship with sails, to soothe the anguish of the sick, to interpret the mystic signs of heaven, and to propitiate the gods by burnt sacrifices for a sweet-smelling savour! How their hearts must have

thrilled as they heard the Titan's proud boast that for their sakes he had undergone this fearful penalty! With what breathless eagerness must they have listened to his haughty defiance of the threats of Zeus, and his mysterious prophecy of a coming retribution! With what shuddering dread must they have caught the echoes of his last appealing cry as he sank from their sight amidst the thunders and lightning of the indignant god! Those who lived to see the *Phædra* of Euripides displace the *Prometheus* of Æschylus might well believe "that there had passed away a glory from the earth."

The mention of Euripides suggests the mention of a famous body of men whose name is closely linked with his, and concerning whom we wish to say a few words—we mean the Greek Sophists.

Though we fear to weary our readers with historical parallels, we cannot resist the temptation of drawing their attention to the resemblance between these celebrated men and another class of men, equally celebrated, who likewise rose to fame at a great epoch in the history of human progress and religious thought. Making full allowance for the difference of times, and circumstances, and modes of thought, we cannot but think that the resemblance between the Sophists and the Jesuits is most striking. The name of Jesuit—like the name of Sophist—implied nothing bad at first; on the contrary, we are fain to believe that the Order of Jesus numbered in its ranks men far more worthy of canonisation than half the saints in the Romish Church. We do not believe that the distance which separated the worst of the Sophists from Protagoras was wider than the distance which separated the worst of the Jesuits—Père Bauny or Père Basil—from the strange enthusiast who was content to give up all love, all honour, all ambition, for the one hope of standing forth as the chosen champion of his Lord's Church on earth; who endured self-inflicted tortures with more than the heroism of a martyr; who curbed an impetuous temper and a fiery imagination with the coldness and patience of an ascetic; who fancied that he had wrestled with the tempter of mankind in bodily shape, that he had beheld the joys of eternal felicity which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the mind of man conceived; that he had been caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. But, in course of time, all this was changed. The Jesuits fell into disrepute like the Sophists, and we cannot but believe with equal justice. Jesuitical was the epithet applied to the supporters of an immoral religion, as sophis-

tical was the epithet applied to the supporters of an immoral philosophy. Pascal rose up to crush the corrupters of the Romish Church with the same truth and the same energy with which Plato rose up to crush the corrupters of Greek society. So, too, the tenets of the Jesuits were conceived in the same spirit and pervaded by the same principle as the tenets of the Sophists. What was the Jesuitical doctrine of probable opinions but a reproduction of the sophistical maxim that man is the measure of all things? What was the Eristic of the Sophists but an anticipation of the art in which Father Bauny specially excelled? And might not even that sharp-sighted casuist have envied the facility with which the master-spirits of the Sophists could, like himself, make the worse appear the better cause? Did not the teaching of the Sophists, that justice is the right of the stronger, find its counterpart in the teaching of the Jesuits, which exempted a priest from excommunication, provided he laid aside his robes before breaking the Seventh and Eighth Commandments, which converted the grossest simony into an act of charity, which bade men hold that they adequately observed the command to love their Maker by stopping short of impiety, and the command to love their neighbour by winking at homicide?

But Gorgias was wholly innocent of the charges ordinarily brought against the Sophists. And is it not at least equally true, on the showing of writers most unfavourable to the Jesuits, that the most jealous eyes have searched Xavier's letters and reports in vain for one wilful deviation from truth, or for any positive proof that he was actuated by any indirect or sinister design? But Socrates never openly denounced the opinions of the Sophists. And did not the Jesuits plead in defence of their morality that their opinions had never been openly denounced by the Church of Rome? But Socrates was condemned by the Supreme Court of Athens for undermining the public morality. And were not the Provincial Letters condemned by the Church of Rome for undermining the authority of the Church? But the contemporaries of Plato, for the first time, a generation later, acquitted Socrates and condemned the Sophists. And did not nine years elapse before the Church of Rome acquitted Pascal and condemned the Jesuits? But Protagoras, Plato being witness, inspired his pupils with the most unbounded veneration and affection. And did not Ignatius Loyola exercise over the minds of his followers such an influence as has rarely been vouchsafed to the sons of men? But till

the time of Plato the Sophists had never been attacked. And had not eighty years passed from the founding of the Order of Jesus before Pascal attacked the Jesuits? What are the words of Pascal? "O théologie abominable, et si corrompue en tous ses chefs, que si, selon ses maximes, il n'était probable et sûr en conscience qu'on peut calomnier sans crime pour conserver son honneur, à peine y aurait il aucune de ses décisions qui fut sûre! Qu'il est vraisemblable, mes pères, que ceux qui tiennent ce principe le mettent quelquefois en pratique! L'inclination corrompue des hommes s'y porte d'elle même avec tant d'impétuosité, qu'il est incroyable qu'en levant l'obstacle de la conscience elle ne se répande avec toute sa véhémence naturelle." What are the words of Plato? "Do you hold with the multitude that there are certain individuals corrupted by Sophists in their youth, and certain individual Sophists who corrupt in a private capacity to any considerable extent? Do you not rather think that those who hold this language are themselves the greatest of Sophists? That all those mercenary adventurers, who, as we know, are called by the multitude and regarded as rivals, really teach nothing but the opinions of the majority? . . . As if one were to call what a wild beast likes, good, and what it dislikes, evil, being unable to render any other account of them, nay, giving the titles of just and noble to things done under compulsion, because he has not discerned himself, and therefore cannot point out to others, that wide distinction which really holds between the nature of the compulsory and the good?"* Are not Plato and Pascal really at one in their charges? In their eyes the Sophists and the Jesuits echoed the universal cries of the world around them. They pandered to the corrupt tendencies of the society in which they lived. They gave men fair-sounding words as a cloak for their vices. They put darkness for light, evil for good, bitter for sweet.

Yet we have no doubt that both the Sophists and the Jesuits were not conscious of all the harm which they were doing. On the title-page of one of their books the Jesuits call themselves "a society of men eminent in doctrine and wisdom, who have all been conducted by divine intelligence; or rather a society of angels who were predicted by the Prophet Isaiah in the words, 'Speed swift and ready angels!'" We do not question that Thrasy-machus would have been no less astonished than the good Father, with whom Pascal discoursed,

* Plato, Rep. vi. 492, 493.

had he been charged with corrupting the morality of Greece. But we do not therefore think that the harm which they did was inappreciable. Their teaching may be summed up in this, that they floated down with the stream of public opinion instead of struggling against it. Was this the teaching of the poets? Could it be doubted for a moment on which side *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* were fighting? Could *Plato* have called the Sophists the educators of Greece? And if he bestowed that title on *Homer*, was it not because, in the words of *Horace*—

“——*Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chrysippo ac Crantore dixit*”?

We have not time to go into *Plato's* indictment against the poets, but we think he attacks them from totally different reasons and from a totally different point of view. We think it quite fair, therefore, to find a true bill against *Thrasymachus* and not against *Æschylus*.

Mr. Lewes couches his lance on behalf of the Sophists in the same chivalrous spirit as *Mr. Grote*. “Is it credible,” he asks, “that the art of making the worse appear the better cause should have been avowed, and being avowed should be rewarded, in a civilised state? Let us think for an instant of what are its moral, or rather its immoral, consequences. Let us reflect how utterly it destroys all morality. Then let us ask whether, as we understand it, any state could have allowed such open blasphemy, such defiance to the very fundamental principle of honesty and integrity. . . . Yet the Sophists were wealthy, by many greatly admired. Around them flocked the rich and noble youth of every city they entered. They were the intellectual leaders of their age. If they had been what their adversaries described them, Greece could only have been an earthly pandemonium where *Belial* was king.”*

We sympathise strongly with this charitable view, but we greatly fear that *Mr. Lewes* is too much of an optimist. We do not say that the Sophists were as bad as the Jesuits. It is hard to believe that there could ever have been another class of men who, in the name of religion and morality, should have so terribly outraged all that is sacred, and pure, and of good report. But we ask, does not his argument tell equally against the Jesuits? Could it have been believed,

* *Biographical History of Philosophy*, by *G. H. Lewes*.

except on the most overwhelming evidence, that any church professing the faith of the Lord Jesus, and holding sacred the Holy Scriptures, should have sheltered beneath its shadow men purporting to be the ministers of God's altar, and not hesitating to defile that altar by the most monstrous immoralities, or to defend those immoralities by the most monstrous quibbles?

But we must conclude this lengthy article, merely recommending our readers again to read Herr Curtius' history when it appears.

- ART. II.—1. *Archives de la Bastille. Documents Inédits*, Recueillis et Publiés par FRANÇOIS RAVAISSON, Conservateur-adjoint à la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal. Règne de Louis XIV. (1659—1661). Paris: Durand et Pedone-Lauriel. 1866.
2. *La Police sous Louis XIV.* Par PIERRE CLEMENT, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier. 1866.
3. *France under Richelieu and Colbert.* By J. H. BRIDGES, M.B., late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1866.

"ONE day Voiture met in the street of St. Thomas du Louvre, a couple of bear-wards with their muzzled beasts. What did he do but bring the whole following into the Hotel Rambouillet, and make the animals walk upstairs right into the room where the lady of the house was reading with her back to the screen. She heard a noise, turned round, and saw two big brown monsters standing up close behind her." "There," says M. Clément, "is a true picture of those good old-world manners which it took all the efforts of Richelieu and his successors down to Colbert to civilise." Alas for old French politeness, and for the courtesy based on the so-called maxims of chivalry. French politeness is found on investigation to be an out-growth of absolute monarchy, springing up (so to speak) from the grave of that feudalism which in common language we so erroneously identify with chivalry. The fact is, chivalry is antecedent, as well as diametrically opposite, to feudalism. The system which strove to put the law of honour in the place of the law of brute force, to support the weak against the strong, to teach self-restraint and real nobleness, has nothing in common with that worst of despotisms, the despotism of a crowd of petty tyrants, which resulted from the invasion of the German tribes. We err in imagining, because our own country, where divers races are happily kneaded together, has long set the world a pattern of freedom, that German and freeman are interchangeable terms. The state of Germany up to the time of the French Revolution, the feudalism still existing there, and the singular inaptitude for self-government which the Germanic race has always shown, might have taught us differently. The error goes a long way back. The other day the *Spectator*, speaking of King Arthur, descanted on "the strange way in which Teutons have taken

a Celtic hero and made him the central figure in the chivalry which they (the Teutons) invented." That is how we all talk, forgetting that chivalry is of the Celts; that, long before there was anything like knighthood in "Teutonic" Europe, Brittany was the land of knights errant, and Ireland had its glorious "knights of the red branch." We shall very probably find that the ogres against whom knights everywhere waged war were great feudal lords, given to eat up the possessions of their neighbours. There never was the least approach to chivalry in Saxon England, though feudalism had, under slightly different forms, saturated the whole system of Anglo-Saxon tenures. And when feudalism became all through Europe the order of the day, knighthood necessarily underwent an entire change. Old names were indeed kept up, but the spirit was gone. It was no longer a system for upholding the right against over-mastering violence, for "redressing human wrongs;" it was the burlesque of true knighthood, kept up for the pleasure and profit of the privileged class. All who were not noble were *canaille*, for whom the nobles had no care nor concern, and who repaid their ill-treatment by jacqueries. Even to one another knights and nobles were not always courteous and kind. Richard I., the *preux chevalier* of his day, hanged all the garrison of the castle of Chaluz, reserving only Bertrand de Gourdon, who had shot him, for a still harsher fate. Edward III. having grudgingly let off the six burghers, and turned out all the inhabitants of Calais, actually imprisoned the garrison which had made such an heroic defence.

There is nothing over which time has thrown a more deceptive "glamour" than the chivalry of feudal times. Cruel, as well as depraved and grossly vicious, we shall find that society to have been, the moment we look beneath the external splendour which has so long dazzled us. In Germany, knighthood, even in the latter sense of the word, never found a congenial home. France was the country of its full development; the reason being that France was acted on by non-German elements—Provence at one end and Brittany at the other. And, even in France, first Teuton feudalism and then the savagery of the religious wars had so thoroughly rubbed off the polish of pseudo-chivalry, that Voiture's conduct is a fair sample of the way noblemen and gentlemen behaved in those days. Hear what Mademoiselle de Montpensier tells us about the great Condé, how, during the street-fighting at the Porte St. Antoine, he rushed into the presence of "la grande Mademoiselle," dusty and blood-stained as he was,

his hair rough, his sword without a scabbard. This was as late as 1652. M. Ravaissou, too, as well as M. Clément has his budget of stories illustrating the wildness and coarse licence so general during the earlier half of the seventeenth century. We know of no time like it except that just before '98, when Irish squires lived in a strange fools' paradise; and when drinking, duelling, and running off with heiresses were the order of the day. This last was quite a "vice of the age" among Frondeurs, as well as among the Irish squires. A nobleman could always get his friends and relations to help him; they made up a troop, and rode to the lady's castle. If her servants resisted, they were killed then and there, and the lady, carried to some neighbouring house, was married at once in spite of all her protests. Nor was the man who had figured in an abduction looked upon by people of fashion as in any degree compromised. Worse, indeed, by far, than Irish society of the last century, was French society as Louis XIV. found it. For, besides the reckless violence which was common to both, there existed in France a gross licentiousness—"a tradition (says M. Ravaissou) from the evil days of the Valois"—which polluted the springs of domestic life, and also an Italian maliciousness which showed itself in the poisonings so frequent, as to have given a character to "the times of la Brinvilliers." Hired bravos, swash bucklers, like those who were the originals of Shakespeare's "ruffians," abounded. So did cheats at cards. Men like De Grammont cheated, and actually boasted that they took that way of "setting their luck right;" yet nobody thought of excluding them from society for so doing. It was a bad time, and sharp remedies were needed if society was to be saved from falling to pieces. The Bastille was (says the modern French school) the grand agent in the hands of Louis XV. and his ministers for effecting a reform which was necessary, unless France was to drop back socially to the unprogressive grossness of that loose gang of German states to which the Fronde party would fain have assimilated her politically. There were other civilising influences at work; the queen mother, accustomed to the elaborate courtesy of her Spanish countrymen, did a good deal to form the manners of those about her; the "Précieuses," laugh at them as we may, made decent conversation possible; the king himself set an example of refinement, the value of which may be estimated by comparing him with many of his great nobles. But chastisement was needed as well as example, and the Bastille gave, when the police of the country had been well centralised,

just what was needed for crushing extraordinary offenders. That is M. Ravaillon's view. He is so determined to show that the Bastille does not deserve the ill-name which it has got, that we might almost fancy that he has been taking a lesson from Mr. Froude, and, improving on his example, has set to work to justify the instruments of oppression, exactly as his instructor is fond of justifying the oppressors themselves. Nothing can mark more strongly the radical difference between the way in which most Frenchmen and most Englishmen look at things, than the passage in which the Bastille is glorified, because it is "something in reserve, whereby precautionary measures may be taken as quietly as possible; *l'œuvre caché du pouvoir*, in fact, by which the internal administration of the country is conducted." Fancy any one claiming such titles for our Tower of London. We are almost ashamed of the way in which Elizabeth used, or abused, it; and yet no one had more excuse than she had for "taking her precautions" quickly yet summarily. From this deep-seated unlikeness between the nations it comes to pass that while our working against feudalism has been gradual, from the severe measures of Henry VII. on through the days of the Long Parliament, and downwards till the time of the Reform Bill, France has moved in a spasmodic way, getting on by fits and starts, and making (amongst others) one grand protest against feudalism in Louis XIV.'s day, a protest the reaction against which brought about the Revolution. These sudden and violent protests can only be carried out by these exceptional agencies—"terribles moyens de salut public," M. Ravaillon calls them—which our law-loving nature has always led us to distrust, whatever temporary good they might seem to promise. With Frenchmen the case is otherwise; and M. Ravaillon reminds us how Colbert's lieutenant of police, whose creation he calls a master stroke of policy, has survived all the revolutions. He might have added that, though the Bastille was swept away, the "cachet"—solitary confinement for political offences—proposed by the liberty-loving chiefs of the Convention, was something far more terrible than the system of *lettres de cachet*; and that during the present régime the Mazas prison and Cayenne have answered very well as that "*œuvre caché*," without which, it seems, "*le pouvoir*" cannot get on in France.

Premising so much about the object of M. Ravaillon's book, which we might almost call "A Plea for the Bastille," let us briefly state how the book came to be written, and what the author tells us about the great fortress-prison

whose name has become a sort of socio-political bugbear. There have been books about the Bastille before, based also on authentic documents; for, when the place was taken in 1789, all the papers were thrown into the courtyards, and left for several days exposed to chance pillagers. Speculators in autographs hung about, pocketing anything that seemed valuable; soldiers and national guards put heaps of records under their camp kettles; and, no doubt, a good deal of valuable matter had been lost before, on the 16th of July, Dessaulx and three other commissioners were appointed by the committee of the Hotel de Ville to carry what papers remained to the "provisional dépôt of archives," in the Abbey of St. Germain in the Fields. Those who remember Carlyle's graphic narrative will readily understand that the crowd—"a living deluge plunging headlong in, almost plunging suicidally into the ditch by the hundred or the thousand; plunging through court and corridor, billowing incontrollable; firing from windows on itself, in hot frenzy of triumph, of grief, and vengeance for its slain,"*—would have little care about old records; the wonder is that so many were saved after all. Besides those which were taken to St. Germain, private adventurers got hold of enough to furnish the basis of *La Bastille Devoilée* and *Mémoires de la Bastille*. Other documents were carried out of the country. M. Ravaisson cites several existing in the British Museum, and says that a large number are in the St. Petersburg library. Fortunately, the papers which were left fell into the hands of an intelligent curator. Ameilhon, librarian at the Hotel de Ville, had them taken there, and put out an advertisement begging all citizens who had any papers in their possession to bring them to him. "Such was the honesty of the times (we are told), that this was enough to make a good many people give up what they had rescued, as they fancied, from the rubbish heap." By and bye, a commission was appointed to publish a set of documents, which the public had begun to expect would throw great light on the misdeeds of the old government. But the eagerness of the people outran the zeal of the commission. Inquiries were made; charges were brought; several of the commissioners, too, lost their heads; and at last, Ameilhon, whose escape is all the more remarkable because he had been a priest, was the only one left. The churches were then used as libraries; but afterwards, when the Concordat restored them to the clergy, they had to be emptied rather suddenly; and

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, vol. i. p. 7.

the way in which this was managed gives us a wonderful picture of the times: "Every official body, the senate, the bench, the corps législatif, all had libraries founded for them—nay, each of the official houses of the ministers of all grades had its library, formed on rather a novel plan: the Minister of the Interior gave an order for so many books for such and such a house. Down came the steward, picked out what he liked, and just gave a receipt for what he took." The Bastille papers, among many others, were carried to the library of the Arsenal, where they were classified, and afterwards thrown into a lumber-room and forgotten. There, in 1840, M. Ravaisson found them; and from that time to this he has been employing himself in arranging and deciphering them. He has been so successful as to be able to promise us all the papers of any interest which are still extant. The work has cost him more than twenty years of hard labour; and, to judge by the present volume, which, in more than 400 closely printed pages, only gives the records of three years, it will be a long time before the whole series is in the hands of the public. Such a series of records has a value, in reference to the history of a country, which it is impossible to over estimate; and these documents have at once the authority of State papers, and the liveliness of contemporary memoirs. To the current complaint that historians, like Mr. Froude, are doing just the reverse of what their predecessors did—laying too much stress on archives, and neglecting whatever cannot be shown, labelled and docketed, in some record-office or other—we may reply that French history at least runs no risk of becoming one-sided in this way. With St. Simon, and a crowd of less voluminous memoir-writers, the fear always has been lest strict historical detail should be sacrificed among our neighbours to conversational prettiness—lest we should hear too much of what men thought about events, too little about the events themselves. These "archives," however, combine facts and opinions in a very remarkable degree. They tell us about the way in which nobles still exercised on their own estates the brutal rights of *seigneurie*; of the plans by which parents in the seventeenth century sought to reform their "fast" sons; of the devices by which government got rid of its too powerful ministers. There is variety enough in the portion now published, and the next instalment, including the great poisoning case, promises to be still more interesting. "I came upon these documents quite accidentally (says M. Ravaisson); they had been piled up pell-mell in a dark *entresol*, which was so filled that it was almost impossible to get

into it. There they remained some thirty years, so entirely forgotten that when old amateurs came to inquire for them, the answer was, 'No one knows anything about such papers.' An assistant-librarian (he thus modestly describes his own share in the matter), who had some time on his hands, thought he would look into the dusty *entresol*. Great was his surprise to find what he felt sure was the long-lost treasure. He mentioned the matter to the authorities, and at last was employed to put the papers in order." The result is the work of which the first portion is before us—an important contribution, it cannot fail to be, to that history of Europe from original documents which France has the honour of having first made popular, but which is now the only sort of history which even the least profound readers care to accept.

Of the Bastille, before it came into use as a State prison, there are comparatively few notices. Built by Charles V., as a defence against the English, on the site of an old fort which guarded the river where it enters Paris, it continued to be for a long time merely the St. Antoine Gate in the wall with which the wise king had surrounded his capital. Bastille, bastillon, bastion, are all kindred words, of course connected with *bastir*; this is simply "the Bastille," just as our London fortress is "the Tower." From the two towers of the original construction the number was raised to eight, joined together by a wall ten feet thick, and defended by a ditch twenty feet deep. When the fear of foreign occupation had passed away, the Bastille was found very useful to overawe the turbulent Parisians. The court preferred Vincennes to St. Germain, because the city fortress formed an outwork to the royal castle, and the king could signal from his window at Vincennes to the governor in command of the Bastille. Whoever was master there, was master of Paris. In the strange and seemingly purposeless changes of parties during the Fronde, we have Turenne, in July, 1652, on the king's side, defeating Condé in the suburb of St. Antoine, and chasing him into the narrow streets, when suddenly Mademoiselle de Montpensier contrives to get into the Bastille, and turns the cannon of the fortress on the royalists. The result is that Turenne has to retreat to St. Denis. When, however, the Parisians, with characteristic levity, recalled their king, and Condé found his influence completely undermined by the Cardinal de Retz, the commander of the Bastille, a Frondeur, son of the famous councillor Bressel, sold his post to the victors, but insisted on a sham siege to hide his treachery. Even then the besiegers dared not attack

it; nay, at the last, in 1789, defenceless as it was, it would not have been carried by a *coup de main* but for the self-willed folly of M. de Launay, the governor. The Parisian rioters thereby got credit which they certainly did not deserve; for its old inviolability had prevented the court from doing anything towards putting the place in a condition to stand a siege.

This Bastille was in the days of Louis XIV. quite a little world in itself. It had its shops, the high rent of which brought in a pretty revenue to the governor; it had its surgeon-barber, its physician, and its apothecary. Life there was by no means the hopeless blank which we have been taught to believe it. Prisoners lived well, had always several courses, and two bottles of wine (burgundy or champagne) at dinner, and a third for use during the day. They could not drink it all, and so, by degrees, some of the old stagers got quite a choice cellar in their rooms. The governor made it a point to send round extra wine on feast days, so that it was their own fault if the prisoners did not get drunk pretty often, after the fashion of the times. We can well understand that some governors were less liberal than others, and there were periods of scarcity—for instance, 1709 and 1710—when nothing but rye bread was to be had even at Versailles. Whenever the prisoners thought themselves hardly treated, they appealed; and the governor was frequently called on to justify himself. Poor man, his place generally cost him some 40,000 francs, and the salary was small; so he had to make what he could out of the sum allowed for board, and yet to keep his prisoners in good health and good humour. Of course there were, as we shall see, poor prisoners who found it very hard to keep themselves clothed and warmed, and to provide a little furniture for their rooms; but the general idea which M. Ravaisson gives us of the place is that of a college or comfortable club, the members of which had to put up with just one little inconvenience—they were cut off from direct intercourse with the outer world. En revanche, they were allowed to keep pets, to have aviaries, even to keep and use carrier pigeons. If they found the feeding too good, they might arrange with the governor to take only a part, and to have the rest given them in money when they were let out, a plan by which some came out better off than they had ever been in their lives before. "Punishment diet" consisted of soup, meat, bread, and half-a-bottle of wine; no one was ever put on bread and water without a direct order from the Court. Unlike the prisoners whose hard case Mr. Pope Hennessy was deploring last Session, the inmates of the Bastille had servants to clean out

their rooms ; and, instead of being under perpetual espionage, they knew well when the visits of the officers were to take place, and for the rest of the day even those in solitary confinement were left to themselves. As for the ordinary prisoners, they had the free run of the courts, and played billiards, nine-pins, and so forth as merrily as debtors in the old Fleet. Books, too, there were plenty of ; scandalous novels as well as religious treatises ; every kind, in fact, except political works and the writings of "the new philosophers." And so, with chess, and card-playing, and chatting with their officers and with one another, these men must have found life endurable enough. They were not a quarter so badly off as prisoners of war, while it is ridiculous to compare them with those confined in the ordinary prisons in days before Howard had taught men common humanity to the captive. If those, *au secret*, wanted to communicate with one another, they found plenty of means of doing so ; either they cut a thin slice out of the books lent them, fastening up the leather again, or they wrote in microscopic characters on their pewter plates, trusting to the chance that, as there was only one service for all the community, the writing would sooner or later come into the hands of a brother prisoner. This last device was discovered ; and the governor was obliged (having no Wedgwood to help him) to provide a separate dinner-service for every tower. How they hid papers, ropes, &c., under the flooring of their rooms, some of us remember from that "escape of De Latude" which used to astonish us in our boyish readings. No official ever seems to have looked for anything even in the most likely places. When a prisoner was very refractory he was banished to the top story of the tower—a low vaulted room very hot in summer and cold in winter ; if this treatment failed, he was put in the dungeon—a very unpleasant place, for it was likely to be flooded whenever the Seine rose and filled the moat. Yet he was never left there long, and he was always allowed to have his bed, and was provided with a candle at night.

It is absurd, says M. Ravaisson, to talk of people being lost sight of in the Bastille. The place was under the superintendence of the Chief Minister ; he received every day a list of the prisoners, stating who had sent them. With men like Colbert, Seignelay, and the Pontchartrains as superintendents, we cannot imagine that secretaries of state could put in whom they pleased and do what they pleased with them afterwards. As for the *lettres de cachet*, every precaution was taken to make errors and abuses impossible. Each letter was

signed by the king and countersigned by a minister, and the governor (who had previously received notice that the prisoner would be brought) had to sign a receipt at the bottom of the paper.

We do not know how M. Ravaisson will reconcile these assertions, based, doubtless, on documentary evidence, with the plan on which *lettres de cachet* are popularly supposed to have been given in the days of Louis XV. Possibly our ideas on this subject may be as wild as those of the populace in 1789, who thought that the bones which they turned up all over the castle garden were those of murdered prisoners; the fact being that they were the remains of "heretics" who, dying without the sacraments of the Church, were buried anywhere and anyhow. Be this as it may, the prisoners seem to have been exceedingly well dealt with in the matter of examination. This appears from several of the cases given in M. Ravaisson's collection. The proverbial harshness and brow-beating of French judges is entirely wanting in these interrogatories. "Sometimes," we are told, "the punishment seems too severe for the crimes specified. But we should be very wrong if we imagined this to be due to reckless tyranny. Those whom we look on as victims were often persons guilty of atrocities which, for their own sake and for the sake of the public, it was considered desirable to conceal." Of course a prisoner was occasionally put to death; and, in an age when torture was universal, we may well expect it to have been in use at the Bastille—"only," says M. Ravaisson, "on those already condemned to death." The two kinds of torture in use were "the water," when the prisoner, stretched on a trestle, was forced to swallow horn after horn of water, the weight on the stomach soon causing terrible suffering; and "the boot," with its wedges, the use of which on the poor Covenanters has stamped the memory of our own James II. with execration. Death was inflicted by hanging, beheading, or burning—nominally alive, though the judges generally added a *retentum*, i.e., an order for the prisoner to be strangled beforehand. "This was generally done," adds our author, "by the executioner while he was putting his faggots in order, for fear the spectators might be enraged if they knew they had been balked of a part of the show." For ladies and gentlemen of fashion used to make a point of going down to the Place de Grève when any one was going to be killed. Executions were more popular than plays; managers avoided bringing out a new piece on the day when the rival show was to come off. It is at any rate consoling to feel that, if English manners, then

and afterwards, were really too coarse, and Tyburn was a regular place of resort, things were no better in France. Mr. Phillimore, in his history of George III., wrote as if we alone were brutal and vulgar in our ways during the eighteenth century. His book did good, for it roused some of us from that self-satisfied state in which Englishmen can see no faults in themselves, no good in any other people. But an historian, claiming to be impartial, should certainly have pointed out that many of our shortcomings are chargeable on the time and not on our national character. Cruel punishments (as M. Ravaisson remarks) belonged necessarily to an age in which the process of law was uncertain and arbitrary, and the power in the hands of half-a-dozen rival sets of judges. We had, up to yesterday, our abuses in the way of "pie powder" courts, and other special jurisdictions. In France, before Colbert put everything into the hands of his lieutenant of police, things were much worse. Paris was under the jurisdiction of the King's Court, the Châtelet, the Parliament, the ecclesiastical courts, and the many seignorial courts corresponding with its old feudal divisions. If the street in which a crime was committed came under the class of "main streets," the King's Court had to take cognisance of it; if it was a bye street, the lord of the manor had to deal with it, unless it had happened near some palace or some religious house, the neighbourhood of which was a "peculiar." In this way a man often lay in prison for years while the judges were settling who should try him. With the judges it was not a question of dignity only; their income depended on the number of cases which came before them. Everybody had bought his place—the custom was defended on the ground of its insuring respectability among the officials—a man, it was said, would not be likely to risk being turned out of an office for which he had paid heavily by gross misconduct. But having bought their judgeships, these petty judges were naturally anxious to reimburse themselves; and M. Ravaisson's picture of "the swarm of hungry magistrates eagerly competing with one another" almost reconciles us to the despotism which crushed them out. Under such a state of things it is not to be wondered at that harsh punishments should have been accepted as a matter of course. Where a man was kept in prison, after acquittal, till he had paid the *épices* to the judges, as well as the costs, and the dues for the bed, board, and imprisonment, he would think it nothing unusual to be subjected to a little torture now and then into the bargain. Well, all these little jurisdictions were done away with when the Lieutenant-General of

Police was created. M. d'Aubray, father of La Brinvilliers, the old *lieutenant criminel*, died, and Louis bought up his son's claim, remodelling the whole police arrangements of the kingdom ; and fortunately finding in Nicolas de la Reynie an honest and intelligent man, of whom St. Simon says, " he managed to win the esteem of everybody in a place where he was above all men exposed to public hatred." Under La Reynie and his successor, D'Argenson, the police became veritably a " police correctionnelle." We have seen how much it was needed, and we may judge by the difference between the meaner law-fearing sinners of the Regency, and the " *fanfarons de vice*," as Louis XIV. called them, of the earlier part of his reign, how much good his strictness had done. Things fell off again during the troubles which clouded the end of his long life, but the ground won was never wholly lost. Society, even if it was equally vicious, was certainly far less coarse than it had been. As to Louis XIV.'s political severity, it is explained by the troubles of his youth. The Fronde was a much more serious affair than we fancy. The nobles who had joined it made light of it afterwards, so as to draw down as little odium on themselves as possible ; the Government preferred keeping silence, for fear others might imitate the men whom it had been so difficult to subdue. Louis' feeling is well expressed in his reply to the minister who, amid the reverses of the war of succession, was alarmed lest the enemy should march on Paris : " I don't lose heart so easily," said the king ; " remember, I've seen the Spaniards in Paris itself."

And now for a few specimens of M. Ravaisson's archives. The first on his list does not quite correspond with what he told us about the comfort and enjoyment of the prisoners. The Count de Pagan, seemingly an Italian, imprisoned for having boasted he could kill the king by magic, writes most piteously to Colbert to beg for liberty. He is perishing of cold and nakedness ; whole weeks he has to stay in bed for want of clothes ; his upholsterer strips his room of its little furniture ; if he is let out he could gain his own living. Colbert orders him to be clothed ; and, a year after, receives his thanks with an intimation that the clothes are worn out, and that the poor man, eighty years old, and thirteen years in confinement, is in as bad a plight as ever. His greatest grief is that he cannot go to mass—

" For more than two months I have been deprived of this consolation, for I have been obliged to sham illness and lie in bed, because

I find myself *infantem et nudum sicut natura creavit*. . . . As for my poor dear liberty, I commend it and leave it wholly to your lordship's Christian and compassionate goodness, to the end that it may please you to restore it to me through my lord the King, in accordance with the prayer which the very Eminent Cardinal Mazarin (the heavens be his bed) made to him on the subject. His Majesty did grant it me, and his Eminence notified the fact to M. de Besmaux, but on condition that I should be taken under guard to the frontiers like a rascal and a criminal. In order not to stain the honour of my house I thought I was bound to implore his Eminence that this sentence might be altered; and he promised me to get the order made less harsh, when death suddenly overtook him; and I have been since left friendless, a stranger, weighed down with infirmities, and penniless to boot."

Poor Count de Pagan; there is no order extant for his release. Let us hope that before he died he had at least a better understanding with his upholsterer. Surely the case seems to go hard against M. Ravaisson's theory: here is a man to whom life is made an intolerable burden; and he is one whom (as far as we can judge) it could not have been dangerous to set at liberty; altogether a typical case of the Bastille prisoner according to received notions. We are bound to say it is almost the only instance of the kind in the book. In striking contrast with it is that which stands next but one. Du Vouldy de Passy, the younger, is a young man of family, who, against the wish of his relations, has married Claude de Paulmier. His mother has him taken up and put into Fort l'Evêque, the old episcopal prison, alleging that he was already engaged to Mademoiselle Dujour, by whom he had had children. Claude, evidently a determined woman, gets the *lieutenant criminel* to let him out on bail, she being the surety. But he is seized again and put into the Bastille, his wife being sent to the Conciergerie. There she is examined with the view of proving that before marriage she had lived an irregular life; of course she indignantly says no, and demands damages for the calumny. No witnesses are called, and how the case ends it is impossible to tell, the only ascertained fact being that the husband was imprisoned in February and let out in July.

This M. Ravaisson will hardly think a case in which the Bastille was socially or morally useful. With the best intentions it seems to have failed, too, in the case of young Varin, son of the celebrated engraver. This hopeful youth had had some money left him in his own right by his mother; on the strength of which he seems to have taken every opportunity

of thwarting his father. Not being studiously disposed, he was placed at the Royal Academy, a sort of old French Sandhurst, whence he was turned out, along with his half-brother, for bringing in girls disguised as students. Then he is sent as an *attaché* into Italy, where in eight months he runs through 9,000 livres and gets sent home in disgrace. His father wants to buy him a place about Court, but his bad character makes this impossible. So the army is next tried; and he is five or six months at Sedan, where he spends a great deal of money and gets into trouble about some bill transactions. Then comes the last resource; he is to be "smuggled into the Church." They send him to several colleges—from one he runs off in three days, "not liking to sit down in class with children of twelve years old;" from another he steals out at night to a neighbouring cabaret, leaving his *soutane* at a friend's house close by, and so scandalises the good monks that they oblige his father to withdraw him. Monks' schools, "where they want you to kiss the ground and kneel for long hours together, and to do all the other ridiculous nonsense which they teach the poor lads who are being trained up for priests to go through," do not seem to suit young Varin. He has three months' Bastille. Whether it so far cured him that his father was able to "get him into the Church" after all, would be a curious question for those who feel how much the deplorable state of the Gallican church had to do with the violence of the French Revolution. Next comes the case of a bookseller, seized as he is coming back from Holland, where most French books with any independence of thought were beginning to be published: he is accused of distributing Jansenist tracts. The governor, who examines him, assures Chancellor Seignelay that he is innocent; but significantly adds, "the influence of his enemies is stronger than his innocence."

This was in 1661. Two years before this the Marquis de l'Hospital has ten days' imprisonment for the sole purpose of keeping him out of the way of justice. This feudal tyrant owed his immunity to his being the cousin of the Marshal de l'Hospital. Down on his estates he played the oppressor so outrageously that a parish priest mentioned him in his sermon. Whereupon my lord took a couple of his pages, waylaid the priest, who was walking home along the high road with one of his parishioners, killed the poor man who was escorting him, and gave his reverence wounds enough to have killed half a dozen men. The poor priest falls on his knees and begins recommending his soul to God. "Oh, you'll pray, will you (says the ruffian)? I'll show you how your

prayers are answered," and he breaks his victim's jaw with the butt end of a musket. Finally he rides him down, and gives him, as a *coup de grâce*, a thrust through the ribs with his sword. Wonderful to tell, the priest recovers, brings his action, and gets the support of his order all through France. The Marquis is tried before several parliaments, and, by all, is condemned to death. But the Marshal, who had won favour as one of the murderers of Concino Concini, was powerful enough to get the sentence remitted. The Parliament of Paris, however, made such a stand against the injustice, that the Marquis was put into the Bastille in order that he might be out of the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of law. While there he begs for and obtains "letters of abolition," a form of royal pardon which the king at his coronation had sworn never to exercise "in cases of duel, rape, or crimes against the clergy." It is satisfactory to find that, even in 1659, public opinion was strong enough to prevent the king from letting the pardoned Marquis go immediately at large. His "order of release" is dated 9th July; but he is simply transferred from the Bastille to Fort l'Evêque, out of which he and his pages escape one dark night in October—the Marquis breaking his leg in getting down—and are driven off by friends waiting outside—

" Dans une chaise de sûreté,
En quelque lieu de qualité,"

as the old rhyming *Gazette* of the time tells us.

Characteristic is the case of Forcoal, clerk of the council and king's secretary. His father had farmed the *épices* (judges' extra fees) for the *Chambre des Comptes*. He died owing them 72,000 livres. Of course the proper way would have been to sue his assigns before the Parliament, but the Chamber preferred taking the law into its own hands, and put Forcoal into their "coal-hole," "a low room (says Privy Councillor Poncet) where his health must soon suffer." The king interferes. The *Chambre de l'Edit*, another of these little courts, composed of equal numbers of Romanist and Protestant judges, transfers him to the *Conciergerie* (the Forcoals were Protestants); the scene is a curious one, in which the *Sieur Carnavalet*, lieutenant of the guard, truncheon in hand, comes in before the Chamber, and, after two low bows, demands the body of Forcoal. Finally the man has three months' Bastille, to keep him out of the way while he is arranging his affairs.

Now, will M. Ravaisson seriously assert that in any of

these cases the good done is at all sufficient to make up for the lawlessness of the procedure, and the danger of putting such a power in the hands of the Government? The case of poor Mademoiselle de Vezilli, who, maddened by the loss of her lawsuits and by the ill-treatment she received from her brothers, waits for the judges as they come out of court, and flies at the President de Mesme, tearing his beard and scratching his face, and crying out, "You unjust judge," makes more in our author's favour. It was well that the poor creature should be shut up out of harm's way. At this Conciergerie she had refused to eat, and remained obstinately silent during divers examinations, saying she would plead before no one, save the king. She is probably taken good care of in the Bastille, for Louis writes from Fontainebleau ordering a waiting-maid to be found for her during her illness. But, if this is a fair case for royal interference, why should a government which had so much to do in and out of France take cognisance of every case of slander? Why imprison, for instance, one Lesmoal, for asserting that he had, down in Brittany, married the Marchioness of Kerman, who had since come before the world as wife of the Marquis of Montgaillard? The fact is, Louis XIV.'s despotism aimed at too much. Strictly paternal as far as the nobility was concerned—for the "canaille" was left pretty much to itself, provided it paid its dues—it erred, as according to English notions Continental governments so very generally err, by making no distinction between really important things and absolute trifles. One can fancy that Mazarin and Loménie and Le Tellier might have found fitter work in 1659 than getting evidence about a pretended marriage, and imprisoning poor fellows who "wrote news letters" to gain a livelihood. Wicquefort, son of an Amsterdam merchant, and resident envoy of the Elector of Brandenburg, is naturally enough impounded by Mazarin, when it is found that he has been telling his master all about the goings on of Louis XIV. and the Cardinal's niece, Mancini. But Mazarin bears no malice; and Wicquefort, sent across the frontier after a three days' imprisonment, still holds a French pension, and lives to disgrace himself by selling Dutch state-secrets to the English ambassador. Miscellaneous, indeed, is the group of prisoners to whom M. Ravaissou introduces us. Forgers; "fast" younger brothers kept out of mischief till their friends can get them sent to sea; an ambassador who has talked a little too freely to the Portuguese, and who must be put in honourable confinement to satisfy the Spaniards, for whose sake also a captain

of marines gets two months for an epigram on the ambassador Don Luis de Haro; Irishmen recruiting for the Portuguese army; rebels against the salt tax; aggrieved relations who seize the property of a priest who has willed it all to the Church; a Chevalier de Clermont, knight of Malta and captain of a galley, who helps his scapegrace friend, the disinherited Marquis Arpajon, to take and plunder one of his father's castles—such are a few of those who form the population of the eight towers. Then we have Niceron, a grocer, who had dared to protest against the monopoly of whale oil by a company in which Mazarin held shares; and then, again, a Jansenist publisher, and his wife, neither of whom is kept long in prison, for Mazarin, avaricious though he was, was certainly no bigot. It is worth while to translate a few of his remarks on the case: "We must notice this affair for fear of giving De Retz a handle against us; but don't let any Jesuit think that he can do as he likes because Port Royal is being called to account. His Majesty is perfectly impartial, and wishes to be equally fair to everybody. The Chancellor had better see the superiors of the three Jesuit houses in Paris, and tell them, from the King, to take care that none of their people preach or write anything which may embitter men's minds, and may disturb the calm which his Majesty wishes to see prevail among all his subjects. Above all, let them abstain from making remarks, either general or particular, on the clergy of Paris." What a pity Mazarin was not alive when his evil genius prompted Louis XIV. to revoke the edict of Nantes.

Another characteristic case is an abduction. François Benedict Rouxel de Médavy, Chevalier de Grancey, ship's captain, lieutenant-general of marines, governor of Argentan, thinks Catherine de Nonant will make him a nice wife. He catches her and her mother near Alençon, carries them to his father's castle, and calls an assembly of neighbouring nobles to settle whether she is to be his or not. The assembly is dispersed by the Duke de Longueville. Madame de Nonant goes to law; and as, in spite of the efforts of his uncle, the Bishop of Séz, M. de Grancey's case begins to have an ugly look, he puts himself in the Bastille (remaining there some ten days) in order to be pardoned by "*lettres d'abolition*" when the King next comes into Paris. Were these all the cases which he records, we should certainly say that M. Ravaisson had not the slightest right to call the Bastille a valuable agent in the hands of the then Government. But the larger part of the book is taken up with State trials, the prisoners being in every case except one too insignificant to be known to ordi-

nary readers. The one exception is Fouquet, who was seized in 1661 for malversation. He was an able finance minister, but his greed was insatiable. He spent eighteen million francs on his château of Vaux-Praslin, near Melun, and he gave such a more than regal house-warming entertainment there that Louis from that moment determined to arrest him; and, fearing to take such a step in Paris, went down into Brittany for the purpose. A commission is appointed to try him, which gives sentence three years after its first sitting. Colbert and Le Tellier exert themselves to have the ex-minister capitally convicted. The commission only sentences him to banishment, which Louis cruelly changes for life imprisonment in the castle of Pignerol, where he lingers nineteen years. The universal joy at Fouquet's disgrace is the best justification of the step; and, we suppose, the case of this powerful offender, whom it was so desirable to get rid of quietly, would be M. Ravaisson's chief instance of the political value of the Bastille.

Most of the other political prisoners are persons mixed up with Condé or Cardinal de Retz in their treasonable parleys with the Spaniards. This was the real danger of the time; there was disaffection enough among the nobility to have set up a new League had there been a Guise to head it instead of the frivolous grumblers who at times seemed scarcely to know whether they were for or against the Court. Melancholy points come out occasionally in reference to the habits of these prisoners. Abbé Dorat, a creature of De Retz, spends his time in the Bastille in card-playing. "When he loses (writes Mazarin to Colbert) he swears and blasphemes God and Christ and the blessed Virgin, using about her all the vilest terms that can be used of the most abandoned women." Dorat seems to have found congenial society in prison. La Vallard and Barin, imprisoned for insolence at Court, and for having robbed a convoy of money, hearing that peace was made, swore and said, "that if they had Christ there they would stab him for suffering such an infamous peace to be concluded." These men will not go to mass; indeed, Barin has several times made a mock procession with a broom for cross, and a bucket for holy-water vessel, and has sung the *De Profundis* over a boon companion who pretended to be dead. "In fact (adds the Cardinal) most of the sixty prisoners now in the Bastille live like devils amid oaths and blasphemies of all kinds." Surely such a miserable state of things hardly carries out M. Ravaisson's opinion that the Bastille was a useful State engine. To us it seems to have been a sort of "domestic institution," the "corner" into which the

paternal despot put his naughty boys. Very remarkable is the mild way in which almost every one is treated; we can, out of all our author's cases, only recall one who is put to death, and this is a Norman noble, De Bonnesson, imprisoned, with several others for plotting to help Condé.

By and bye, we fancy, this mildness was exchanged for severity, just as instead of a man being simply banished for performing a travestie of the baptismal service over a pig (p. 173) he would probably a century later have been broken on the wheel for such impiety. Anyhow, we do not think M. Ravaisson has made out his case as yet. He may do so in the volumes which are to follow this; but at present we can only look on his attempt to raise the Bastille in public estimation as one of the wildest paradoxes of this paradox-loving age. For all that, we think his estimate of Louis le Grand a very fair one. "Louis (said Mazarin) has in him the makings of four kings and of one honest man into the bargain." He would have been a great king anywhere; specially is he so in France, than which no nation has suffered more from miserable *fainéants*, to whom a king who worked daily eight hours in his study was a wonderful contrast. Just as the weakness following the Wars of the Roses gave absolute power to Henry VII., so the decimation of the nobles by Richelieu, and the strange way in which the magistracy sank during the Fronde, left Louis in a condition to say, "*L'état c'est moi.*" He was a useful despot; and M. Ravaisson is justified in saying of him that "*en cherchant à moraliser un pays, il avait policé toute l'Europe.*" It has not been sufficiently noticed how his ordonnances are the basis of the present French code, which so many of us speak of as if it came brand-new from the brain of Napoleon. "Louis' grand fault," says M. Ravaisson, "was that he fancied he might now and then transgress the good laws which he himself had laid down."

We have said most about M. Ravaisson's book, because, though it will undoubtedly take high rank as a book of reference in all historical libraries, it is not a work which the general reader is likely to buy. Mr. Bridges' lectures, on the contrary, ought to be in everybody's hands. They contain a clear view of the formation of the French monarchy, pointing out the grand distinction that, whereas with us the boroughs went with the aristocracy, in France they sided with the king. They give a life-like portrait, sketched with a loving hand, of Richelieu, whom Mr. Bridges successfully defends against the charges so constantly repeated against him. They enable us to tread our way through the tangle of the Fronde,

that temporary league between the aristocracy and the middle class; and they show us how great a man Colbert was, and how far in advance of the other statesmen of his day. Much as we differ from Mr. Bridges in some of his conclusions, we are glad that he brings out clearly the indefensible character of our "commercial wars," which, beginning with the buccaneering of Queen Elizabeth, went on to the French Revolution, and have unhappily since been too often repeated in the far East. Herein we have, sad to say, set an example which other nations have been only too ready to follow. The French outrage in Corea is the latest instance of this aggressive policy. Mr. Bridges silences, too, the silly talk dealt in by those who have kicked away the ladder of protection now that it can no longer serve their turn, to the effect that "State help never having founded any permanent industry." The silk manufacture in France, solely due to Colbert, is an instance to the contrary. Further, we are grateful to him for pointing out that the French peasant, amid all his poverty, ground down as he was by taxation, never became the political nonentity, the mere animated machine, which the English labourer is. As for M. Clément's book, it should be read by all who want to know something more than mere historic details of the reign of the Grand Monarque. It is a good companion to the memoirs which make the French history of this period such a fascinating study. The police became under Louis XIV. quite a State business. Society was still restless, working with half-checked excitement; the old order was gone for ever, and an intermediate time of licence had left men unwilling to submit to rules. Everything had to be reorganised. M. Clément looks on the struggle between Colbert and Fouquet as the last battle between feudalism with its absurd pretensions and the new *régime*. One half of the taxes got into the treasury; one of Fouquet's clerks was proved to have saved more than four million francs in less than two years. No one can find fault with Louis XIV. for strengthening his hands against rebellious and traitorous nobles, and plundering finance ministers, by the use of the Bastille. The sad time in his reign is when the feudal reaction sets in, accompanied with the religious bigotry of the Maintenon party. This was a time, too, of disaster abroad, and of famine and misery at home. How did the Bastille work then? M. Ravaisson will enable us to judge in some of his future volumes; but, meanwhile, we must remark that the cloud which hangs over the closing years of Louis XIV.'s reign shows plainly enough how unsatisfactory a thing despotism is, even when it has such a "useful State engine" as the Bastille to second it.

- ART. III.—1. *Ulric von Hutten.* Von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Leipzig.
2. *Etudes sur les Réformateurs du 16^m Siècle.* Chauffour, Kestner.

On the 21st of April, in the year 1488, in the picturesque old castle of Stackelberg, on the confines of Franconia, a weak and sickly infant was born, of whose powerful influence upon the revival of literature and on the religious reformation of the sixteenth century, but few and imperfect records are to be found in the English language. The birth of Ulric von Hutten took place at a memorable period in the world's history, when the first faint reflection of the coming sunrise was beginning to lighten the darkness of the horizon, and when everywhere—in the sequestered villages of Switzerland, in the obscure towns of Germany, or in the quiet hamlets of England—earnest spirits were arising to contend against ignorance and corruption—men who, in their violent reaction from past errors, might find it difficult to keep from excess, but whose faults in after life were incompatible with any laxity of principle, or coldness and selfishness of heart.

When Ulric first drew breath, those who were to stand in the front ranks in the great protest, were mostly youths or children. Luther, a boy of five years old, was learning to read and write at Eisleben; Ulric Zwingli was a child at play in the valley of Toggenburg; Philip Schwartzerd, afterwards surnamed Melancthon, was quietly beginning his studies under his father's roof; Erasmus, a youth of twenty-one, was prepared to undermine those systems of philosophy which had obtained such favour in former ages; and Reuchlin, a man of thirty-three, was already bearing witness to the truth received from John Weessel, that all attempts at reconciliation with God in virtue of human satisfactions, were a denial of the perfect sacrifice of Christ.

Hutten's grandfather, the aged Laurence von Hutten, who dressed himself in the coarsest garments, and lived on the plainest viands, bitterly inveighing against the degenerate manners of the times, would quote with enthusiasm the bolder exploits of his youth, when from some royal eyrie on a mountain top, he and others of his noble kindred had been

wont to swoop down on the unprotected prey, and to ravage like ill-omened birds for their daily food. In his garb and in the roughness of his daily fare, young Ulric differed in nothing from the sons of the peasantry around him, but his brain was filled with wild fancies and barbarous stories of the daring deeds of his progenitors. For nursery tales there were stories of rapine and murder. In the stead of Bible histories his ears might be regaled by the legend of Von Wallmoden, the black-armoured hero, said to use the devil for his steed; or he might listen open-mouthed to the tale of Heinrich von Stein, who made a virtue of robbing monasteries and waylaying merchants, always fighting with his visor mysteriously closed; or, perchance, an original moral argument might be suggested to the dawning intelligence of the child, by the exploits of Count Eberhard, who in his daring insolence styled himself "the friend of God and the foe of all mankind."

Stackelberg was built, as Ulric himself has described it, not at all for beauty or comfort, but solely for purposes of defence. There were stables and armouries for state apartments, ditches and ramparts instead of garden and pleasure grounds, the smell of powder and cattle instead of effeminate perfumes, and for music the howling of wolves in the surrounding forests.

"Always war," wrote Hutten afterwards, describing these days, "war everywhere." In the midst of war and agitation his life commenced; in war and agitation of some sort it was doomed to continue. The days of chivalry and fairy lore were passing away, never again to return—the simple, child-like, unreasoning days, when the souls of men were like canvas, to be stamped with impressions of the senses, when, as Goethe expressed it, the rough Teutonic forefathers of the race "lived with their bodies, thought with their eyes, and argued with their fists." But instead there was rising up a higher and nobler fulness of life. Germany was awake—awake at first like a fevered invalid. The mists of superstition were slowly rolling away; but the eyes which had never before seen the light of pure truth could not as yet distinguish objects, and were only dimly conscious of the flickering sunshine.

Ten years at such a memorable era in the history of mankind could not fail to produce an appreciable change. When the boy Ulric was approaching his eleventh year, the movement of the sixteenth century might have been foretold by the numerous signs of its approach. The cravings of human hearts, and the natural laws of progress, were already com-

bining with the forces of Divine truth to hasten the conflict between freedom and despotism, reason and superstition; not for one generation, or for one nation alone, but to involve the solemn recognition of liberty and toleration for all time and for all races of people.

Science and philosophy, so long confined to dungeons and cloisters, spread their treasures before the eyes of men. The Renaissance, with its handmaid printing, was ready to revive the classical culture of antiquity, and new thoughts were suggested to the minds of the most ignorant which violently clashed with the opinions of the Middle Ages. Egotism and pedantry had hitherto been impervious to all advances, but the narrow scholasticism and slavish degradation of Europe were no longer in a condition to contend against the light of genius from Italy. Calm and peace-loving men, whose hearts had never been disturbed by the violence of political passions, and never affected by selfish considerations, now felt themselves stirred to the innermost depths of their being by the new and startling subjects of thought which were discussed around them. "How to do one's duty?" "How to serve God?" These were the questions which absorbed the hearts and reasons of mankind, drawing those of the most opposite character and different principles into the strife.

The countrymen of Ulric were especially ripe for change. The *Theologia Germanica* had secretly done its work, and though the followers of Gerson, the disciples of Dr. John Tauler, and others, had been too much absorbed in their own devotion to attempt to introduce their purer tenets, still the effect of German mysticism, combined with secret evangelical teaching, had long been silently leavening the masses. The love of novelty and change, inseparable as it was from existing abuses, had long been producing a restlessness amongst the people. Social risings were precursors of the peasant war. The poorer classes groaned under the oppression of the rich, and all hearts were turning to the unknown future. Such was the state of things around them when Hutten's parents endeavoured to rid themselves of their incapable first-born son, by sending him, according to the fashion of their times, for present education and future incarceration, to the monastery of Fulda. But Ulric himself had a decided objection to the arrangement.

The tales of the burning of heretics or their works in anticipation of the fires of hell, of the martyrdom of the Dominican monk who had just been committed to the flames in Florence,

of the gloomy mysteries of the Flagellants, who had paraded from town to town in days gone by; or the whispered scandal respecting the Beghards, who hid themselves from observation in dread of outward authority, or of the "Fratricelli" and "Friends of God," who confined themselves to secret guilds for the assertion of their opinions, were scarcely likely to have penetrated to the wild inhabitants of the rough and uncivilised castle of Steckelberg. But the spirit of adventure and the instinct of independence were strong in the sickly boy. Solitude had no charm for him; nor, as he advanced towards youth, chafing more and more against the restraints of the cloister, did it appear that Ulric was the only murmuring upstart who seemed to be born with a natural antagonism to a life of monkery.

Crotus Rubianus strengthened him in his opposition to the system; and the noble Eitelwolf von Stein, who was bold enough, in his admiration of the new humanitarian learning, to despise the advantage of his birth, and to declare that he knew of no aristocracy but that of intellect, did not hesitate to address himself in earnest remonstrance to Ulric's parents, inveighing bitterly against the ignorant aversion to genius which prompted them to hide such talents as their son possessed, in the seclusion of a cloister. In vain did the keensighted Abbot of Fulda endeavour to dazzle the young man with the dignities and honours of a monastic career. Ulric turned from his eloquence in disgust. Ignorant of theological controversy as he was, he yet discerned signs to which the experienced statesman was blind; and saw that the battle between an unnatural system and an indignant nature herself, was already nearly fought out. It was rather a craving after novelty for its sake, and a weary impatience of the deadening sameness of the present, than any loftier motive, which animated Ulric von Hutten, when, in the scorn and independence of his fiery nature, he fled from Fulda at the age of seventeen, in defiance of the commands of his father, and the tears and entreaties of his weak but well-meaning mother. It was given to another and more deep-seeing man, in his sterner apprenticeship to the meaning of spiritual suffering, to test the hollowness and barrenness of the system, which still, as in the twelfth century, endeavoured to grapple with the hydra monster of sin, by the "touch not, taste not, and handle not" of Bernard. Not long after young Ulric had deserted from Fulda, and hastened to Cologne with an unsatisfied thirst after knowledge, to sit at the feet of prosy schoolmen, Luther was turning in bitter

discontent from the empty dialectics of these very doctors—turning to the seclusion of Erfurt, in search of that spiritual peace, which meek and unreflecting souls like Frá Angelico had found in the cloister in days gone by, dreaming out their placid dreams, secure from the agitations of the world.

Luther, like Hutten, belonged to that order of men whose characters are developed into the strongest lineaments in the midst of national and intellectual ferment; and whose fixity of purpose, intensity of will, and enthusiastic perseverance in the cause of their firmest convictions, are naturally calculated to overcome the apathetic indifference of others. There was a strong family likeness between the two men: but whilst the imperious disposition of Hutten had acquired its rude and superior force within the gloomy walls of a fortified castle, where little was held in veneration but predatory war; Luther, a man of letters, learning the secret of his own heart amid bitter wrestling with his sins and sorrows, had imbibed that religious reverence for the forms hallowed by antiquity, which had nothing in common with the iconoclastic zeal of the mere fanatical innovator. In nothing was the singular difference which marked their intellect and temper, in spite of their likeness, more strongly shown than by their conduct at this period. Hutten left Fulda like a prisoner escaping from his cell, dazzled by the unaccustomed sight of the outer world, and unable as yet to discriminate between regularity and disorder. His mind was already unquiet, and his ambition unbounded. He had taken the contagion of the popular distrust; but his opinions on religious matters were by no means clearly formed, nor was he prepared to run any serious risk for their maintenance. Luther, on the contrary, had sacrificed his love of fame, and was ready to yield up his personal identity in the hope of catching higher glimpses of Divine illumination in retirement, free from the obscuring mists of the world. Hutten fled from Fulda; Luther chose his place at Erfurt, with his eye constantly fixed on eternal realities, endeavouring through weary vigils to reconcile loyalty to the Church with belief in the truth; and to infuse new life into the mouldering skeleton of the past. In the seclusion of his monastic life he was destined by slow degrees to work out the truth which Hutten was afterwards to learn from him; struggling on in the midst of every possible obstacle; sustained and borne along, he as yet knew not whither, pursuing some dim and shadowy object of which he had no distinct knowledge.

While we follow Hutten as he engages in the more active

struggles of the outward world, it is impossible to forget the grave significance for his after life of his unknown fellow-worker's search after truth—a search undoubtedly all the more effective because it was free from rashness and selfish ambition—a silent contest, in which, instead of a refuge, he discovered in the recesses of this hidden life, the concentrated temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; but conquered through discerning the secret of that consolation, which was not only to preserve one soul from insanity and despair, but to enable it to be the proclaimer of the only real hope of salvation to a world groaning under bondage.

Meanwhile, as the pupil of Rhagius Æsticampianus, who had been expelled from the University of Leipsic for his opposition to the scholasticism of the doctors, Hutten was rapidly contracting a disgust for the swaddling bands which had so long cramped the human intellect; and after periods spent in study at Cologne and Erfurt, he followed his master to Frankfort-on-Oder, where he was himself appointed to a professorship of the university. In companionship with John Täger, Eoban Hess, and Crotus Rubianus (the clever humourist and cynic, who laughed in scorn at the inconsistencies of poor humanity; but, as Dr. Strauss expresses it, never “let his hair grow grey” for the wickedness of a knavish world), Ulric dived deeply into the stores of classical antiquity.

The secret restlessness of the German mind in the beginning of the sixteenth century has been compared to that of migratory birds agitated by the apparent approach of spring. The love of wandering was beginning to show itself in a tendency to vagrant studentship. And something, perhaps, of the wildness of his old life led Ulric quickly to weary of the world of books. Feeble in body, he was undaunted in soul. Dangers, treacheries, and persecutions were as nothing to him. He wished to study the problem of human life, and the realities of human nature, without the intervention of any artificial media of thought; and, animated by this desire, he went forth to roam.

Through the North of Europe to Rostock, Wittenberg, and Vienna he went, accompanied everywhere by his ready sword, and supporting himself as best he could by his efforts at poetical composition. It were too long a task to relate his many and wonderful misfortunes. At one time we find him taking refuge in Pavia, when the French were defending it against the Swiss. At another he is enlisting, in dread of starvation, as a common soldier in Maximilian's army. Loud

and noisy himself, with his big goblet and ready dice-box, he yet shows a certain aristocratic impatience of the plebeian "canaille" around him. Always in fear of being robbed, though with scarcely a "pfennig" in his possession, escaping barely with his life from shipwreck, exposed to fever, disease, and hunger, young Ulric's wanderings proved to be so laborious and beset with danger, that, as he himself afterwards expressed it, if he could tell the story exactly as all took place, the world would hear a tragedy so melancholy, and (even in those rough days) so uncommon, that his own friends would scarcely credit the details. Help was difficult to procure, even from his next of kin. His verses had already attracted much attention; but his father, who had begun to relent, and to long for a sight of his truant son, regarded the avocation of a quill-driver as a terrible disgrace, and continued to implore Ulric to return to the monastery. "As to the German nobility," exclaimed Ulric, in scorn of such social distinctions, "one would take them for centaurs rather than knights." Threats and entreaties were spent on him in vain. The young man was supported by the consciousness of his own powers. He would not bow his neck to the yoke of mistaken prejudice. The world—the active stirring world around him, and not the mummy-like mimicry of existence at Fulda—was his goal.

An incident soon occurred which decided his vocation; but meanwhile, the want of parental sympathy was supplied by the friendship of the learned. The earnest Eoban Hess and the large-minded Mutianus Rufus stood bravely by him throughout all discouragements; and in 1514, during his visit to the old Rhenish town of Mayence, Ulric made the acquaintance of a man of note, who resembled him in being small in body and weakly in constitution, in being likewise a master of a graphic and vigorous latinity, and a martyr to the vicissitudes of unprotected travel, but who proved himself to be the very antithesis of Hutten in many peculiarities of character.

The learned but over-cautious Erasmus—to whom many historians have awarded but partial justice—Erasmus, weak and nervous by temperament, shuddering like a woman at every blast of cold air, and trembling at the thought of death, being by his physical constitution incapacitated for taking any prominent part in the great struggle of his times, endeavoured to occupy the position of mediator between conflicting tendencies, and was consequently regarded with suspicion and jealousy by all parties. Comparatively indifferent himself to the higher mysteries of religion, it was not possible that

Erasmus should ever fathom the minds and purposes of deeper and mightier men, such as Luther or Loyola. He loved rest and hated dissension. He had no contempt for terrestrial distinctions, and no ostentatious disregard of comfort and pleasure. Such a man might be guilty of omission and vacillation, of feeble and languid adherence to the truth ; he did not willingly depart from integrity.

He was conservative rather from his admiration for the arts which flourish during peace, from his gratitude for the patronage of princes, and dread of dangerous disturbance, than from that conscientious horror of heresy and that excessive reverence for ecclesiastical authority which deterred Sir Thomas More from contemplating any departure from the established routine. When he hesitated, it was not from any sensitive fear of being possibly in the wrong. He had nothing in common with the shrinking scrupulosity of Melancthon, nor with the logical exactitude which caused Cranmer to discern both sides of a debated question. "*L'homme de repos à tout prix*," this Galileo of the sixteenth century stood aloof from the spiritual struggles of his fellow-men, and remained the calm representative of independent student life amidst the noise of that tremendous crisis. He made no allowance for the greatness of the stake for which the combatants contended, but was willing, from his sheltered hill hard by, to criticise the arrangements of the opposing forces with the coolness of a spectator, who has no idea of risking his personal safety by engaging in the ranks on either side. Of all the friends whom Hutten made at this period, Erasmus was the only one who betrayed him in after life. But Erasmus could not be expected to evince any sympathy for an outcast in disgrace. Judiciously cautious to save his own dignity from being compromised by failure, he had no tenderness to spare for a man who had followed extravagant hopes to see them end in shame and confusion.

The crisis was fast approaching which was to develop the dormant faculties and stronger passions in Hutten's nature, constraining him to a course of action which could not fail to separate him widely from a fastidious lover of ease like Erasmus. In the spring of 1515 the noble Eitelwolf von Stein ended the conflicts and trials of his stirring life. Ulric had scarcely realised the shock of the intelligence, when on the same memorable afternoon in the month of May he was stunned by the news of a far more terrible event, which altered the whole current of his life. It was a tale of horror and treachery so astounding as to goad him into a state of

indignant rage, and to prove the turning-point of his career, and as Loyola's wound led to the foundation of the order of the Jesuits, so the murder of his cousin, Hans von Hutten, was the means of revealing the unknown satirist even to himself. Henceforth there was to be no more confidence in systems, whose asserted infallibility was to stop enquiry. He was ready to scoff at all governments and constituted authority, and appeared to be transformed for a time into the terrible avenger of blood. He became suspicious, intolerant, and disdainful of pretences, and was inclined to oppose religion itself for the follies which had been forced into connection with its name, and to rail with poignant sarcasm at the profligacy of the great.

His cousin, the youthful Hans von Hutten, the cherished David of a father's old age, and the most accomplished knight of Franconia, had been urged greatly against his will into the service of the reigning Duke of Wurtemberg. He accepted the flattering offer, and for a time all went well. The ornament of the court and the flower of its chivalry, young Hutten was dazzled by the brilliance of his career, and believed his cup of happiness to be full when he married Ursula, the daughter of the Marshal of Wurtemberg, a lady celebrated for her beauty and possessing a fair share of intelligence. Transported with jealousy, and determined by unlawful means to secure a treasure which he coveted for himself, the Duke of Wurtemberg, having deprived young Hans of weapons of defence, enticed him, under pretence of sport, into the heart of a forest. There the prince fell upon his helpless companion, and, piercing him to the heart, mutilated his body and suspended the corpse to the bough of a tree; and then riding back justified his act as done under the animosity of the "Vehmgericht," or "Black Tribunal."

The Duke of Wurtemberg was closely connected with the reigning family of Bavaria, and a relative of the emperor. He was permitted to parade the foul dishonour of the dead man's wife, and to compound for his cowardly murder by the payment of money. But a stern and bitter retribution, on which the sinner had not counted, was to come from an unsuspected, and as yet undreaded, quarter.

Time was of importance to Ulric at this crisis; and in his five powerful harangues against the cruelty of a wicked prince, he did not pause to weigh his terms, but kindling with his theme he was hurried into a passion of energetic improvising. Forgetting his own identity and personal interest in the quarrel, his language took possession of him, and, echoing through

the length and breadth of the land, it displayed the characteristics of true oratory—unpremeditated, impassioned, inspired.

The principle involved was of greater value than the actual purpose at stake. Ulric's *Philippics* gained the day. Assisted by the troops of Franz von Sickingen (who had already come forward as a general redresser of the wrongs of the weak), he succeeded in hunting the criminal from his dominions; but it was of far more importance for the purging of Germany from the sinful excesses which had hitherto defiled its soil with blood, that he had gained the sympathies of the popular mind, and had come boldly forward as the opponent of tyranny and falsehood, the uncompromising champion of truth, righteousness, and freedom. Already Hutten was bound in honour to abide by his war cry of after days, "*Alea jacta est!*" The die was cast, and the decision for good or for evil, which we must each of us form at least once in a lifetime, had bravely been taken—a decision which, in spite of infirmities and excesses, was right and noble in itself, and which in its sum and substance was never to be revoked.

Having concluded his orations against the tyrant, Hutten commenced his dialogue of *Phalarismus*. In it he satirically exposed that Machiavellian policy which had hitherto been adopted by most recent rulers, civil or ecclesiastical. It was no sooner published and circulated in Germany than a fresh field of warfare was ready for Hutten, the defence of Reuchlin. It was not in his nature to keep aloof, to witness the oppression of an accomplished scholar whose spirit was rendered timorous by the weakness of advancing age, but who had always been characterised by the calm and peace-loving serenity of the saint and the sage; who hated perturbation and discord, and was more anxious to persuade the ignorant and audacious than boldly to oppose them with their own untempered weapons. Men like John Reuchlin can overcome evil only by the silent force of good. He preserved courtesy in argument, for harshness was foreign to his nature. Indefatigable in his exertions to promote the study of Scripture, the aged divine never ridiculed the ignorance of his adversaries, but was always willing "to make a silver bridge for the flying enemy." Since the days of Jerome no man had understood the difficulties of the Hebrew tongue like the aged Reuchlin; whilst his familiarity with the Latin and Greek, and the accuracy of his information, gave him a decided pre-eminence over the monks of Cologne. He was meek, but he had no desire to prevaricate with the sophistry of a cowardly time-server; and though (remembering the Inquisition and the

deeds of which Dominicans had proved themselves to be capable) he had faltered and mildly apologised at first, when Pfeffercorn raised the cry that he was a secret abettor of the wickedness of the Jews; yet the cruel sentence pronounced against his own researches roused him into vehement self-defence at last. He could no longer maintain his equanimity. The University might decree the burning of his *Speculum Seculare*, but by that same act of tyranny it had unconsciously nerved the meekest of mankind for an intense encounter with its own absurdity and superstition.

The monks, by their bigotry, had constituted Reuchlin the protector of the treasures of Hebrew antiquity, even against the Sorbonne itself. By their own act of cruelty they had deliberately raised up an indomitable liberator of European intelligence. The storm raged high, and nothing was to be determined without the decision of the Pope; but while the anxious scholars were nervously counting the hours, and doubtful (like ill-starred Tannhäuser in their German legend) of the result of their embassy to the Holy See, that decision, whenever it should arrive, was virtually annulled and set aside by the well-timed witticisms of Hutten and his friends.

In the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, which were prepared with a marvellous rapidity to meet the pressing emergency, Ulric's readygenius was assisted by the wit of Crotus Rubianus, as well as by the learning and skill of the celebrated Buschius, a scholar who had already made himself known as a bitter and determined opponent of that ignorant mendicant fraternity which a contemporary pope had facetiously declared to be far more formidable to offend than the mightiest reigning monarch in Christendom. These sparkling epistles, which cleverly unmasked the roguery of Pfeffercorn and the blacker treachery of the more highly-gifted Hochstraten, exposing at the same time the ignorance of their coarse confederation, were as powerful in their way as the *Colloquies of Erasmus* or the *Provincial Letters of Pascal*. The enthusiasm of Herder for the great national satire of Germany caused him to exclaim that the *Epistolæ* had effected incomparably more for his native land than the *Hudibras* for England, or the *Knight of La Mancha* for Spain.

The great success of the satire consisted in a reduction of the existing state of things to the irresistibly ridiculous. The coarse outlines and vivid colours of the one type of caricature which prevails throughout the whole parody—that of the fanatical and clownish German priest, with his childish pre-

judices and his gossiping confidences—were so truthful; whilst the “stupid wonder” of the ignorant monk, with the absurd situations into which he constantly fell, were all (as Ranke, in his *History of the Reformation*, remarks) painted with such marvellous “features of resemblance,” that the likeness was at once pronounced to be as inimitably true as it was ludicrous. No fantastic fancy and no “Aristophanic wit” was needed. A Midas was conducted in state to the looking-glass, and there was no ignoring the ass’s ears.

The solemn world of learned Europe, awaiting the decision of His Holiness in conclave, found itself suddenly taken by surprise, and before the bishops and scholars had time to recollect their dignity, they were all of them shouting with merriment in chorus. Erasmus laughed himself better from an attack of illness before he remembered it was his duty, in self-protection, to pull a grave face, and seriously to reprimand the authors of the mischief. Sir Thomas More, in the seclusion of his study, acknowledged the truth of the satire, and heartily desired that lying and arrogance, should be flogged for ever out of his way; but then hid the book in the recesses of his shelves, lest it should encourage the spread of heretical opinions. Leo and his cardinals at Rome made merry.

In modern times the satire has been imitated, ridiculed, and misunderstood. It afforded an admirable model for Buchanan in his *Franciscanus* and *Fratres Fraterrini*. Steele (writing as Isaac Bickerstaffe) could shrug his shoulders in disdain, and then strangely review the work in his *Tattler* as a proof of the “incoherent conceptions” and the “pernicious impertinences” of certain upstarts in German literature, never for a moment doubting that the *Epistolæ* consisted of an authentic collection of letters which some “profound blockheads” had written in praise of each other. The work, in fact, is too thoroughly indigenous to be easily transplanted from its native soil. Mr. Hallam, on his part, misconceived the nature of the design when he ridiculed the monkish dog-Latin (unaware that it was designedly bad), and fastidiously remarked on the bald jokes and the classic inelegance which were essential to the original scheme; and Isaac Bickerstaffe’s mistake in supposing the letters to be genuine may be partially justified by the still more startling tribute to the truthfulness of the picture which is furnished by the anecdote related by Sir Thomas More, in which some imbecile monks are described as hastening to buy up copies of the work, under the delusive idea that it was written in praise of their order.

The battle between the Humanists and the Scholastics was virtually decided by this bold stroke. Herein Hutten was making way for Luther. The study of the Greek and Hebrew could never again be branded as heretical. The weakness and indifference of Maximilian could no longer bestow dangerous power upon the pretended proselyte Pfeffercorn; and the tragedy which had crushed *Johannes de Weselia* could not possibly be re-enacted before a professedly Christian world. The Pope, in embarrassment, suspended judgment, whilst, under the name of *Triumphus Capnionis*, Hutten hastened to celebrate the victory which he did not hesitate to claim for that grey-haired Oriental scholar, who had been styled the "Phoenix" and the "Alpha" of learned Europe, and whom Cardinal Fisher had journeyed from England to visit.

In the *Epistolæ*, Hutten, Crotus, and Hermann von Busch had probably brought their various powers to the task of un-cloaking deceivers, and lashing the vices of hypocrites—levelling their bitterest shafts against men who had proved themselves to be infamous calumniators. In his *Triumph of Capnio*, Hutten, unaided this time in the contest, and fired with fresh enthusiasm by the success of his efforts, laid his unsparing axe to the root of that spurious counterfeit of zeal for the truth, which, early in the history of the Christian Church, had illogically inferred the obligation of exterminating error. This time he was opposing not one party or one sect in particular, but the general spirit of his age. He discerned the necessity for a vigorous and growing life, and for a fresh order of things, to save men from staking their whole religion on mere dogmas and creeds. The *Triumph of Capnio* was indignant, tumultuous, fiery; the world could no longer smile as it read it. Hutten dipped his pen in the wormwood and gall to paint the black side of the terrible truth. This was the Rembrandt contrasted with the Hogarth—the harrowing tragedy, and no longer the humorous comedy. But a castigation of mere words was not sufficient to intimidate Dominicans. Maddened by the ludicrous *esposé* of their sanctimonious immorality, they persevered in their vainglorious ignorance, and at length obtained the condemnation to which Germany (now considering the whole matter as a contemptible farce) had ceased to attach the slightest importance. Reuchlin, tottering to his grave, was past caring for their enmity, and Franz von Sickingen (who had raised his band of independent troops to avenge his father's death, and now retained them to protect the oppressed), coming again to the rescue, applied a more practical argument to bring the

terrified monks to their senses. Meanwhile, hoping to conciliate his relations, who bitterly lamented the cruel fact that their eldest son should still be a "useless poet"—a "mere nothing"—Hutten determined to repair to Italy, to acquire the title of "doctor of laws," and to examine the splendours of the Papal Court for himself.

It is easy to imagine how the Italy of this period—the Rome still rife with tales of the Borgias, where Christianity assumed the guise of a new Paganism, where Venus was enthroned in the place of the Virgin, where debauchees and poisoners paraded their shame; the Rome of the fiery-eyed Julius II., who had relinquished the keys for the sword of the oppressor; or the Rome where the accomplished Leo X. was surrounding himself with atheistical friends, and skilfully arranging his machinery for duping the world, whilst he decorated his Vatican with the magnificence of art;—must have presented a perplexing anomaly to the graver students of the North.

The very arts by which this Italy had been reduced to her debasement—the fascinations of beauty, the allurements of poetry, and the homage of chivalry—were insignificant and unmeaning attractions to them. For them Ariosto had not sung, and Raphael had not painted. The marble which had started into soul-breathing resemblance under the chisel of Michael Angelo, filled them with wonder but not with delight.

Like their Teutonic ancestors, they wandered—lured by curiosity and something of envy—to the gates of the brilliant capital of Roman civilisation, and gazed with childlike amazement and horror at the darkness produced by a wide-spread corruption of morals, at the cruelty engendered by the depravation of human affection, and the hopeless decay which had followed in the wake of superstition and despotism. The splendid Church of St. Peter's, for the building and perfecting of which the shameless traffic of indulgences was carried on; and the huge colossus of the Vatican, with its marble floors, its superb statuary, and the luxurious apartments which had witnessed the orgies of Alexander VI.; were far from possessing the same sensuous attractions to the grave and earnest mind of the German people, which commended them to the more impulsive and less reflecting inhabitants of the South. In 1510, a little earlier than Ulric's visit, we have Luther, accompanied by pilgrims as simple and enthusiastic as himself, journeying towards Rome, as to the one point of light in the overcast sky, and hoping there to discover some

antidote to that dismay which had seized upon him, when in despair of all spiritual certainty, his soul was reeling with doubt. A short experience was sufficient to deprive him of his joyful anticipations; and we find him shaking the dust from his feet, passing the grandest treasures of classical antiquity, and the noblest specimens of Italian art with averted eyes, and turning—as De Lamennais did in after times, from this seat of Atheistic philosophy and debasing sensuality, as from a howling wilderness—a habitation of serpents—a land where the people sat in the shadow of death.

Not but that the German people, with the deep earnestness of its inquiring mind, had fully appreciated the grand but impracticable theory of that one universal Christian community, which should admit of no questioning and doubt, and which should absorb a multitude of nationalities in one mighty union of faith. Even from the barbaric times of Charlemagne, they had meekly accepted the idea of one all-embracing ecclesiastical organization, which should annihilate the confusion of Babel, and bind the most-diverse natures into bonds of relationship, which should purify and sanctify all grades of society; educating each separate people, without destroying its individuality. So entirely had this idea commended itself to the strongest intellects of the middle ages, that the rupture of exterior unity had come to be considered as the most heinous of crimes. Thus it happened, that never in the thousand years which preceded Hutten and Luther, had an attempt at open aggression been ventured upon by any assailant; even Frederick II. being careful to procure from the bishops a lying certificate of his orthodoxy. Dante had indeed been sufficiently bold to urge the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power of the Pope; but his love for blind obedience and unquestioning uniformity condemned him to inaction. Yet it is a striking and significant fact, that, contemporary as Dante had been with fourteen Popes, his conscience would allow him to praise but two.

If anything more had been needed to give a decided bent to the scornful genius of Hutten, it would have been the spectacle of the Court of Rome at this period.

Hitherto he had treated the rites of the Church with the reverence which was considered to be decorous; but he was no sooner admitted to gaze behind the scenes, than he was filled with hatred and disgust. In his unsparing sarcasms and abusive laughter he cared no more for the anathemas of the terrified priests, than he did for their worthless blessings.

"Salt," as one of his fellow-countrymen expressed it, "is an admirable condiment," but it must not be substituted for articles of food. It is better to establish a single truth, than to rail at a hundred heresies; and Hutten's method of opposing the dishonest acts of the Papacy would in itself have proved weak and insufficient, had it not been supplemented by the more earnest faith of Luther. Instead of striking, as his great contemporary did, at the moral source of the abuse of indulgences, it was the obvious absurdity of the matter which roused the indignant protest of Hutten. He remembered the ridiculous centenaries of Boniface VIII. and of Clement VI.—absolutions *en masse* to satisfy the ignorant and blindfolded people, and to take the place of the "Ludi Sæculares" kept by the ancient Romans. "Like sea-robbers," as Theodore of Vienna had written, "the Papal pardon-mongers plundered Christendom, and no one—even the most notorious evil livers—had been refused absolution." There were still darker tales afloat, such as that of the wholesale murder of the Templars, and various mysterious rumours of unscrupulous deeds, and unsparing methods, in which the fearful prerogative of excommunication had been employed, for the mean and degrading motive of extorting money. Reports such as these were still more calculated to rouse the indignation of Ulric's nature. He returned to Germany, less inclined than ever to conform to the dogmas of the Church.

On his return from Rome, Hutten was publicly knighted by order of the Emperor; his brows were adorned with the laurel crown, and he was honoured with the title of "Imperial Orator and Poet." It was probably his exploits of personal bravery, rather than the independent daring of his genius, which attracted the attention of Maximilian. On one occasion at Viterbo, Hutten had defended himself single-handed against five Frenchmen who had roused his ire by publicly insulting and maligning the Emperor. Weak and diminutive as nature had made him, his undaunted spirit could overcome all disadvantages. He defended himself successfully against his assailants, killing one of them and putting the rest to flight.

Hutten was at last undeniably "something," and his ambitious relations were proud and content. A peaceful and joyous existence, full of honour, and not wanting in luxury, might have tempted him to repose; but he thought disdainfully of the pleasures of a court, and in 1517 began his open war against the Pope, by publishing the forgotten

pamphlet of Laurentius Valla, a brave but somewhat neglected scholar of the fifteenth century.

Supporting himself upon the groundwork of this treatise, which he had discovered in the library of the monastery of Fulda, Hutten began his first attack upon degenerate Catholicism. He was determined to make no concession to chicanery or fanaticism, and boldly exposed the imposture of the pretended donation of Constantine—the figment on which the temporal power of the Pope had been founded. He had even the temerity to dedicate this work to Leo X. It was at the appearance of this publication that Luther (whose eyes were gradually being opened to the scandalous excesses and careless unbelief of the Italians, and who discerned the necessity for a reform in the doctrine and the discipline in the Church, but as yet had shrunk from the idea of a decided rupture with Rome) exclaimed: “Good God, what ignorance; what perversity. I am so agitated that I scarcely any longer doubt that the Pope is Antichrist.” The minds of the two reformers were to influence and stimulate each other. But Hutten was not prepared at first to do justice to the labours of Luther. Suspicious at all times of monkish and theological squabbles, he did not attach much importance to the master stroke of obscure professor, who in the October of the same year in which the work of Laurentius Valla was published, had startled Germany with his theses. Hutten spoke disdainfully of Luther’s propositions, as of an unimportant contest of words, destined to be confined within the narrowest limits.

Whilst animating the courage of Count Nuenar, who was endeavouring to remodel the learning of Germany; whilst inciting Jacques Lefebvre, the favourite of Francis I., in spite of all risks, to continue to recommend the study of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue; and whilst advocating the cause of Guillaume Copp (whose son Nicholas afterwards defended Marguerite of Navarre against the doctors of the Sorbonne), Hutten was unaccountably backward in recognising the full importance of the first practical effort to resist the exactions and iniquities of Rome. But Luther, unknown as yet, had been preparing for a mightier emancipation than ever had been dreamt of by the political soldier in his zeal for the moral welfare and social amelioration of the condition of the masses.

Day by day the question became more urgent, “If God exists, and if Christianity be true, how can these priests be suffered to insult the heavens with their crimes?” To this question a positive solution was required. Bitter negatives

and fierce invectives, such as Ulrich and his adherents were too ready to pour forth, only made the void more fearful. A religion of mere negation—a Protestantism which only consisted in protesting—was felt to be no religion at all. Innocent VIII. had boldly asserted, in language of pleasant and sacrilegious romancing, that “God, instead of desiring the punishment of sinners, only required them to pay for their sins;” but Luther had discovered that the tide of sin could never be turned till the Spirit of the Lord came in to turn it. In the silence of his solitary study, pondering his Bible and the writings of Augustine, he had gradually freed himself from the asceticism of the cloister, and had lighted upon a different solution to the difficult riddle of his life. The hideous scandal of indulgences and the gloomy tyranny of asceticism were equally condemned by the doctrine of justification by faith, which came to the reformer as light from heaven and life from the dead.

Ulrich von Hutten at length recognised his ally in the unknown monk, whose proceedings he had hitherto treated with disdain. Shouting his war-cry, “*Alea jacta est*,” he threw himself with energy into the ranks of the assailants.

Contemporary biography has recorded little to help us in any inductive method of ascertaining the history of his inner life. Too often he mistook noise for argument; and his conduct bore a painful disproportion to his principles; but, being physically as well as morally brave, he was eager to identify himself with the cause of the truth. He had no instinct of self-preservation to incite him to bow down before the opinions of the world, or to worship a golden Dagon; but, resigning his inheritance on the occasion of his father's death, the impetuous knight continued to maintain himself by his literary undertakings; and abandoning the scholarly Latin in which he had hitherto written, he burst into his native tongue, and in terse vernacular appealed to the sympathies of the people.

For a time he appears to have hesitated, to have dreamt of a peaceful old age, and of a wife, in whose refined beauty and intellectual companionship he might forget the turmoils and excitements of his past existence. In one of the daughters of the patrician house of Glauberg, educated without any taste for display, but far beyond the fashion of her times, Ulrich seemed for a while to have been reminded of the genius and loveliness of that Constance Pentiger, who, in his earlier and happier days, had twined the laurel wreath to adorn his brow. Had he married the maiden, he would have suffered himself to be drawn into

those more luxurious ways of life to which the Glaubergs had hitherto been accustomed. His chivalrous tenderness for the delicacy of her sex, would never have allowed him to entertain the possibility of tempting the lady to share the privations and roughnesses of his wilder mountain home.

But the strong desire for repose was manfully resisted. Even as Ulric hesitated, events thickened around him, and self-abnegation became the highest object of his life. Mistaken as his self-sacrifice might often have been, it is impossible not to admire that earnest enthusiasm for the welfare of his country, and that vehement longing for the advancement of a kingdom not of this world, which made him a marked man from the first.

Weakened in body, as he was already by the attacks of an insidious disease, and enfeebled by premature old age, he yet never shrank from active exertion, but looked upon the rest which he had coveted on earth as a dream which was only to be realised hereafter. "Christ," he exclaimed, "wishes us to proclaim the truth undauntedly, and without fear of man. If the Pope should direct against me the thunderbolts of his wrath, I would not for that the less speak out what I know to be the truth, lest I should have to exclaim with the repentant prophet, 'Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips.'" It was this undaunted spirit which dictated his *Trias Romana*—a dialogue discussing the claims of the Papacy—a book which was afterwards translated into German, and very naturally procured for him the coveted honour of the pontifical wrath.

Persecuted like Luther, he was determined to fraternise with him only the more openly; and in June, 1520, he addressed to the reformer the well-known letter of historic celebrity, in which the zeal of the vehement politician was combined with the earnestness of the devoted enthusiast. "Let us unite," he exclaimed, "to save liberty, and to set free our country, so long oppressed. The Lord is with us; who, then, shall be against us?" Luther, who, in the December of the same year, had not hesitated to burn the decretals publicly, thus openly defying the authority of the Pope, was yet judiciously on his guard against any manifestoes in the garb of religious reform which should inflame a spirit of democracy, already ripe for revolution amongst the people.

To the suffering multitude, turning in disgust from the unmeaning badges of religion and the tyranny of their temporal leaders, Luther was ready to proclaim a Saviour; but, at the same time, he discouraged that tendency to political revolt

which subsequently found vent in the mad excesses of the peasant war, and which was already beginning to agitate the Lollards, Beghards, and a host of other visionaries. In accordance with his principles, he appears to have regarded the inflammatory speeches of Ulric von Hutten with a measure of distrust from this period, and was ever afterwards cold and reserved in his personal intercourse with the caustic satirist. He had good reason to fear the consequences of those fiery epigrams which, like explosive bombshells, were being thrown with dangerous facility amongst all classes of the community. The revolution which the more prudent reformers began reluctantly to consider as inevitable, was not to be a social one. They had a message of deliverance from the torments of conscience, but no licence from heaven for fanning the flame of fanatical discord. Hutten's subsequent appeal to the Christian nobility of the German nation, and his ambitious anxiety that Charles V. should be induced to place himself at the head of a league of those who constituted the secret strength of the nation, met with no response from Luther. But Hutten was not to be dissuaded. Full of hope in the success of his deeply cherished plans, and never doubting of the influence which he should be able to exert over the unformed mind and plastic nature of a young and amiable emperor, the enthusiast set out for the court of Brabant; where the only effect of his interference was to kindle into a flame the smouldering hatred of Charles against the Protestants. Ulric was speedily and thoroughly outwitted by the crafty and suspicious policy which the young "lord of half the world" was already bringing to bear upon the dangerous innovations which he felt to be pressing in upon him. The person of Hutten was now scarcely safe. Disappointed and puzzled, but yet in hourly dread of assassination or poison, the dispirited knight was thankful to find an asylum for a time in the strongly-fortified castle of Ebernberg. Here, safe under the protection of the vehement Sickingen, he fulminated his indignation upon the Archbishop of Mayence, and, with a truly Ciceronian burst of eloquence, proclaimed his resolution to continue his course undaunted.

"Yes," he cried, addressing himself to the astonished emperor, "yes, I have attacked, and shall unceasingly attack the enemies of the truth, the oppressors of public opinion, and the real maligners of your dignity." More important still was a letter addressed to Frederick of Saxony, which suggested a suppression of the monasteries, a reformation of the priesthood, and other daring innovations. Luther, in

sending this letter to Spalatin, exclaimed, "Good God! what will be the end of all these novelties? I begin to think that the Papacy, hitherto invincible, will be overthrown."

At the Diet of Worms, when the selfish and astute policy which marked the imperious nature of Charles became more clearly revealed, and when he scornfully exclaimed in reference to the indomitable monk, "That man shall never make a heretic of me;" the mysterious cry of "Bundschuh," which echoed throughout the crowd, calling the knights and peasants to their joint resistance against tyranny, was not without its terrific and well-remembered significance.

Hutten took advantage of the popular agitation. One after another, he poured forth his four powerful dialogues entitled the *Two Monitors*, the *Bull*, and the *Brigands*. His language became more intemperate, more vehement and unsparing. He despised Charles V. for the want of that unflinching courage and consciousness of pure intentions which had always actuated himself. He looked down upon Erasmus for his self-considerate hesitation, and thought scorn of that careful trimming by which sober and dispassionate persons were endeavouring to save the "common Christian ship." Sick of inaction, and pining for excitement and honourable distinction, prudence was no longer esteemed a virtue. Open war appeared preferable to a hollow and ignoble peace, and he hastened to scatter more angry sparks on the tinder, which was only too ready to ignite around him. In justice to Hutten and his allies, it must be admitted that they could scarcely have anticipated the tremendous consequences which Luther, in his keener wisdom, had foreseen.

Like children playing with fire, they were aghast at the results of their own passionate violence, and stood amazed at the raging of the conflagration when they could no longer restrain it within due bounds. The sober citizens of the towns, representing the monied power of the country (of whose domination of capital Hutten and all his class were unreasonably jealous), were terrified and alarmed at this impulse to anarchy. Luther hastened to reassure them. "The Word," he wrote, "has conquered the world, and the Word shall save it." Hutten was, unfortunately, not yet to be convinced. At the Diet of Worms he had written in his excitement, "Would to God I could be present! I would get up such a tumult as would shake some of them." "I see clearly," he exclaimed at another provocation, "we must come to swords, bows, armour, and cannon." Eoban Hess was ready to urge him on. "You two together," he cried

in his delight (coupling the names of the monk and the soldier), "will be the thunder and lightning to crush the monster of Rome!"

But the lightning flashed in vain. There was no answering roll from the thunder; and Ulric, in bitterness and diedain, wrote to the man whom he had hitherto addressed in reverence as "father," "Henceforward our paths must be different."

The conclusion of the story is painful to relate. There was no element of conscious malignity in Hutten's ungovernable zeal; but he could not comprehend that the opposite of wrong was not necessarily right. Moderation had no place in his creed, and it was impossible for him and his adherents to check themselves in their tendency to exaggerate the evils which they sought to redress. Frenzied with excitement, they rushed blindly forward in their crusade against superstition, forgetting that it was necessary first to hold the reins over their own passions. Abandoning all restraint, Hutten hastened to unite with Franz von Sickingen, who, with a spirit excitable and aggressive as his own, had likewise broken away from the prudent influences of Luther, and, acting in accordance with his ambitious political schemes, had been raised to a high post of military command during the war between Charles V. and Francis I. It was not long before Sickingen was elected as chief of a daring confederacy of Rhenish knights, and, maddened by his ill-success in besieging the Castle of Megierés, (where he was brought face to face with his French rival, Bayard, the last representative of the high-minded chivalry of the past), determined upon the bold step of besieging the Archbishop of Trèves. Exhausted in body, wounded in spirit, and degraded in his own eyes by his humiliating failure, Sickingen (who was by this time scornfully nicknamed the "ante-emperor") was little fitted to rule a band of undisciplined insurgents. But Hutten did not hesitate to buoy him up with ill-founded expectations of success, publishing in his honour the dialogue of the *New Karstans*, in which the peasants were incited to resistance by the assurance that Sickingen was on their side.

After this there could be no drawing back. Sickingen was bound in honour to struggle against the government, whilst the imprudent Ulric was compelled to take refuge in Switzerland. Deserted by Furstenberg and his other allies, Sickingen was again foiled, and foiled ignominiously, being driven as a final resource to his fortress of the Landstuhl for protection. Powerful in their numbers, the assailants pursued him to his

retreat. There was a desperate struggle, but the balls struck with deadly precision against the building, and its stone walls were at last destroyed. Franz, who had foreseen trouble from the first, was calm with the calmness of despair; but the enemy was disappointed of its intended victim.

When the ruins were demolished, he was discovered lying mortally wounded beneath them; his body was crushed under a heap of fallen stones. There was a characteristic dignity in the words in which the dying man refused the offer of a confessor—words which implied an acknowledgment of his infirmity and his mistake—"I have an account to render," he answered, "to a more powerful Lord. I have already confessed myself to God!"

The same reckoning was speedily to come for Ulric von Hutten. The hand of death was upon him, and he knew it. Anxiety, exposure, and the vehemence of his unshrinking spirit, had done the work of years upon a body always frail. Stretched on a sick bed in a strange land, in want almost of the necessaries of life, the over-lauded poet, whom monarchs had honoured, had fully experienced his bitter training in the school of sorrow, and had discovered that the baptism he had so earnestly coveted for himself must indeed be a baptism of fire.

The last drop in his cup of bitterness seems to have been the desertion of Erasmus, who, having loaded him with reproaches for his wild excesses, stood coldly aloof from him in his hour of need. We know little of his latter days, except that, in the society of the reformer Zwingli, the once terrible and ambitious warrior, becoming tender and humble as a little child, so that those who saw him wondered how he could ever have attempted to grapple with the perplexities of his times, patiently awaited his passage to that world where the applause or contempt of his fellow-creatures would no more have power to disturb him. Rejoicing in the beauties of nature, and with all his sarcasms forgotten, he seems to have looked forward day by day to the coming of the last and welcome messenger, and to have expressed constantly the earnest desire that God, in His mercy, "would one day reunite the friends of truth then scattered throughout the world." He died on the 29th of August, 1524, at the early age of thirty-three, in the island of Uffnau, by the waters of the lake of Zurich.

ART. IV. *La Révolution*. Par EDGAR QUINET. Paris: Lacroix, Verbroeck-hoven et C^{ie}. Two Vols. 1865.

SINCE the Christian era there have been four series of events pre-eminent above others by their bearing upon human society and civilisation in all their aspects: the destruction of the Roman Empire by the barbarians, the Crusades, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. The great social and political movement, which, eighty years since, awakened throughout Europe aspirations that have been so imperfectly satisfied, and yet are apparently unquenchable, presents a matter of study at all times equally interesting and instructive; but it becomes more so than ever at a moment when another great nation has launched forth on a career of perilous transformation, which, if well directed, may endow it with the will and the power to maintain the peace of Europe, and with liberties such as to tell upon the future of the entire Continent. Germany is perhaps about to take among the nations the place that has been so long held by France, becoming the representative of their wants and wishes, and thereby attracting to herself their sympathies.

The French Revolution stirred Christendom to its depths, and yet, as regards the immediate ends of its authors, it has in a great measure proved a failure. This shows that it was not itself the end contemplated by Providence. It can only have been intended as a preliminary step in a process, the vastness of which we can apprehend but imperfectly, suggested as it is rather than measured by the scale of the merely preparatory phase. It was destined for a negative as much as a positive use—to warn men of the dangers in the way, and of possible mistakes and shortcomings, while at the same time effecting something towards the desired consummation. It was, in short, a tuning of instruments—a prelude on the harp of history.

Another great step in the process is now about to be taken; another leading nation is on its trial to see what it can do for itself and for the world; another angel has taken his trumpet from the altar and prepares to sound. The Christian spectator of this great sight should pause with a sense of reverent admiration for the wisdom and love that control the march of human affairs, and with a sense of anxious sympathy for the people whose responsibility is more immediately involved; nor can he better prepare himself to understand the present, and to anticipate the future, than by the study of the past.

When we look back upon the last four centuries, one of the most notable observations to be registered is the fact of the action and the reaction of the principal nations of Christendom upon each other. The comparative uniformity of the middle ages was succeeded by a state in which the several national individualities—the characteristics of each people—stood out more prominently, and in which they came forward successively to play their parts on the world's great stage; each of them in turn waking up to occupy the foremost rank, and exert over the others a predominant influence.

Italy led the way by the brilliant and refined civilisation of its republics, and by the great revival of letters and art which she did so much to spread throughout Latin and Germanic Europe. Then Spain and Portugal inaugurated their magnificent career of discovery, conquest, and colonisation. After this the signal for religious revolution was given by Germany, the land in which minds were most independent, and moral instincts most sound; in which the *Renaissance* had led to the most serious study, and in which printing had been invented. The French mind disciplined the movement, gave it its most effective shape, carried out its theology farthest and most consistently; but after this promising beginning, the majority of the French nation refused to embrace the Reformation, and left to others the privilege of catching up the succession, and applying themselves to develop the fruits of Protestantism in domestic, in intellectual, and in political life.

The desire to secure guarantees for their religious liberty, led the Dutch and English Puritans to assert those political franchises of which the germs already existed in their traditions. The instincts of both nations working with them, the amphibious position of the one and the insular situation of the other enabled them to escape the despotism which paralysed the influence of the Reformation in Germany, and to put their political institutions in harmony with their religious principles, all the elements of national life advancing together with equal steps and well-ordered front.

Holland, however, was too small a country, and its conditions of existence too peculiar, to admit of its becoming an example to other nations, or determining them to follow its traces. England herself, too, was precluded from exerting a proselytism upon a scale proportioned to her power and her success by peculiarities connected with the same insular situation and national temperament to which she owed so much. A great many of the novel and distinctively English features of her institutions were dissembled under time-honoured names

and trappings, which partly concealed their true purport and bearing from strangers and from her own children. Her civilisation was the complex product of elements combined in more equal proportions than elsewhere, modifying and correcting each other, constraining to reciprocal compromise, acting simultaneously rather than successively, and no one principle exercising for any considerable time the exclusive sway which it had wielded, or was yet to wield in other countries. Civil and religious order, aristocracy, democracy, and royalty, local and central institutions, moral and political development, an old ecclesiastical hierarchy, and a new reformed theology—all kinds of interests, rights, and forces—instead of having their successive and separate reigns, were obliged to co-exist, to work together, limiting each other, and tolerating each other's presence in an island of which the soil and climate seemed fatal to all extremes. This peculiar character of English civilisation was in many respects our happiness as a people. It secured for us the honour of introducing the era of governments at once regular and free, and the privilege of trying its blessings upon ourselves; but, on the other hand, it made us slow to understand the feelings of other nations, and hard to be understood by them. It seemed as if the principles that divided or united the rest of mankind were modified in some mysterious manner, and no longer to be recognised when they crossed the Channel. Something conventional attached itself to everything English—to our religion, laws, usages, and amusements. In the eyes of other nations our constitution in Church and State wore the appearance of an insular invention, as artificial as fox-hunting, suited to a vigorous but eccentric national genius, and such as could not be safely adopted by foreigners. They admired and envied our happiness, but did not believe it attainable for themselves, and did not reckon upon our sympathy.

The same cause which made us slow to understand or be understood by others, made us slow to understand ourselves. With our less radical and complete experiences, we neither ascended to the ultimate principles of the systems we practised, nor carried them out in all their legitimate consequences. There has been an absence of general comprehensive ideas, and of reach of thought, sadly out of keeping with our practical energy, talent, and good sense. We seem to approach every question by its lowest bearings and its narrowest side. We have had to learn in a great measure from strangers the philosophy of our own history, and the theory of our uncon-

scious empirical practice. It is not a little remarkable that the beginning of the period of speculative inferiority should have coincided exactly with the successful revolution which satisfied the most urgent political aspirations of the nation. We treated it as a summons to rest and be thankful ; and, so far as the higher walks of philosophic thought are concerned, we have conscientiously obeyed—at least the call to rest.

English civilisation has, therefore, its numerous points of contact with every human interest that has moved other societies ; but circumstances led to the exhibition upon the American continent of the emphatically English contributions to the complex whole, on a large scale, with fewest elements of resistance, or modification, or disguise. Accordingly, it was through the United States, even more than by her own direct influence, that England acted upon France, and through France upon the world. When Lafayette and his companions in arms returned from the American war intoxicated with republican enthusiasm, and spread the contagion through all ranks of their countrymen, whom Voltaire and Montesquieu had already taught to admire the free institutions of England, France was then all unconsciously applauding principles to which her own persecuted Huguenots had first given wings, though they had found nurture, and a congenial medium, and an inviolable asylum elsewhere. Self-government is political Protestantism ; it had returned adult from the American strand in a shape that forced it upon the notice of men, and it now confided for a time its apostleship to that great, ardent, and sympathetic people, which, by its expansive character and refined culture, and geographical position, seemed fitted to communicate its own enthusiasm to the world.

Alas, the spirit of liberty recrossed the Atlantic disassociated from the high religious purpose which had animated the glorious little band of Puritan exiles, who had carried it along with them to the shores of New England. It was still a fire ; it was to burn fiercely throughout Europe ; but no longer fire kindled from above. It was now the mere external political shell of Protestantism apart from its heart and life, and therefore it could not live and prosper ; it could only end in cruel disappointment and internecine strife. The builders of the city of God understood each other on that memorable day of Pentecost ; but whenever man would erect a monument of his own pride, aiming at union and happiness without God, its name is always Babel, and its builders end by taking arms against each other, dispersing those that they

desire to unite, and aggravating the bondage from which they seek to escape.

From this point of view M. Quinet's two volumes on the French Revolution are a most remarkable work. A zealous republican, an ardent admirer of the aims of the Revolution, and at this moment an exile on account of his fidelity to his convictions, he complains with justice that the men and the deeds of the Revolution are generally judged more severely than those of the despotisms against which it reacted, yet he confesses, with manly sorrow, its total failure so far as its leading specific objects are concerned, and explains the causes of that failure with equal truthfulness and penetration. A devoted patriot, his eyes are not the less open to all the failings of his countrymen. A deist, with all the prejudices against positive Christianity which are current upon the Continent, and among a certain class in England, he honestly and repeatedly confesses that it was the want of religious principle that caused the shipwreck of the French Republic. Better still—he proves the assertion by entering into details, and showing the critical moments at which all was lost, because the leaders of the movement quailed before responsibilities that they would have assumed, or yielded to temptations that they would have brushed aside, if there had not been the secret consciousness of a great void in that inner sanctuary that should have been filled by religious convictions and purposes. Much as has been written on the French Revolution, we know of no historian who so thoroughly lays bare the influences that were at work during that eventful period. He felt that the causes of so prodigious a catastrophe, attended by such cruel contradictions and mutual slaughter, must lie deep indeed; and the very poignancy of his disappointment helped him in their investigation and exposal. He has also made good use of the inedited memoirs of Baudot, a member of the National Convention.

There are many persons belonging to the upper and middle classes in France nowadays, who, having completely bowed their own necks under the yoke of imperialism, persuade themselves that their fathers only cared to secure civil liberty and equality, and consequently argue that the conquests really desired and pursued in the great changes of 1789—93 have not been lost. M. Quinet, of course, admits that the abolition of the régime of privileges with its inveterate abuses was one great object of popular aspiration in 1789; but he contends that all ranks and classes were so unanimous in feeling that the days of this system were gone by, that it

fell to pieces at the first breath of opposition almost of itself, without discussion or resistance; had men desired nothing more, the Revolution would have been accomplished without difficulty, and would have been stained by no violence. The *cahiers*, or official instructions, with which the deputies of the nobles and clergy from the several provinces were sent to the States-General, breathe indeed less impatience for change than those of the *tiers état*; they are less like trumpets of Jericho, but they also call for material and civil reforms substantially the same. The three orders agreed in asking for unity of legislation, suppression of the jurisdiction of provincial intendants, the opening of all courts of justice to the public, the mitigation of punishments and their impartial infliction upon criminals of all classes, equal admission to employments, equal repartition of taxes, and the cessation of all injudicious and vexatious restraints upon agriculture and commerce. After a little time and experience he believes they would have been equally unanimous for liberty of conscience, the periodicity of national assemblies, and even the division of property. It was the question of liberty (by liberty M. Quinet understands popular sovereignty) that let loose the tempests.

The fact that the first impulse of the Parisians, when the Court began to menace the National Assembly, was to storm the Bastille, is quoted as an additional proof of this state of the public mind. The lower classes were never imprisoned in that fortress; it had been reserved essentially for the victims of religious persecution and for literary offenders; it was "a jail for the mind;" so that its destruction was a sort of instinctive popular vengeance for the outrages which arbitrary power had inflicted upon reason and human dignity; and its keys, sent by Lafayette to Washington, called the New World to rejoice over the liberties which the Old was acquiring.

The privileges which the nobles and clergy had been acquiring or enjoying throughout ten centuries, were by their own act abolished in one night—the memorable 4th of August (1789), and assuredly *they* only accepted civil equality on condition of receiving liberty in exchange, for no man will sacrifice his own material interests and the prerogatives which flatter his vanity, merely in order to remain a slave in common with all his fellows. It is from this moment that M. Quinet dates the first serious misunderstanding between the different classes of society. The hitherto privileged orders had believed that the acquisition of civil liberty and equality would satisfy the people, and that they might retain

political power for themselves ; the *tiers état*, on the contrary, looked with indifference upon every conquest short of political sovereignty. Instead of feeling contented with the offering laid at their feet, they were ready to suspect the nobles and clergy of interested magnanimity ; and these in turn, startled by this new and—as it seemed to them—exorbitant demand, accused the people of ingratitude, began to fear and hate the Revolution, and became the accomplices of the Court in its several attempts to neutralise the movement from within, or crush it from without.

When Louis XVI. made that unfortunate attempt to escape from his capital, which was frustrated by his arrest at Varennes, he left behind him a written protestation against all the acts emanating from him since the 6th of October, 1789, as having been extorted by violence. In this document no complaint is made or insinuated against the changes which had been effected in matters of civil order, the destruction of the feudal system, and the equality of all ranks before the law. It is the political revolution alone that he repudiates—the new forms of government, the diminution of the royal prerogatives, the sovereignty of the National Assembly, the election of magistrates by the people, &c. Monsieur Quinet concludes, that if the unhappy monarch tried to fly to the army on the frontier, and sought allies on the thrones of Europe, it was for the sole purpose of recalling his political concessions, and that this was the only reaction of which he conceived the possibility.

While the leaders of the triumphant popular party asserted the theory of the sovereignty of the people, and endeavoured to carry it out in all the new institutions created for their country, there was nothing in the past history of France and in their own temperament to dispose them to guarantee the rights of individuals against the despotism of majorities or of an overbearing central power. M. Quinet does not yet, as we shall see, understand that the individual rights which a man enjoys as an *integer*, are more important than any collective sovereignty into the exercise of which he can only enter as a *fraction*: that is to say, he confounds *liberty* and *sovereignty*, but he bitterly feels and eloquently states the broad fact that the French people had not been prepared by their history for the rights and duties of self-government. “The English have had their great charter; the Spaniards their *cortes*; the Italians their republics; the Belgians their communes; the Dutch their states-general; the Germans the Reformation; the Swiss their free cantons. The French have had

no continuous tradition but that of arbitrary power. . . What we call order, that is to say obedience to a master, and peace under arbitrary rule, is, in our case, imbedded in the very rock, and comes again to the surface of itself, almost infallibly and as a matter of immemorial tradition."

Ever boasting of the past, he continues, France is invariably ready to reconcile herself to present servitude, taking part with the strongest and cruellest whoever he may be. She never breaks out into indignation against an oppressor. "We still resemble our ancestors, who betook themselves to adore Cæsar when he had cut off their right hands. As soon as the Girondins were seen disarmed and in the custody of the gendarmes, many of their most zealous partisans began to think them guilty of some unknown crime." The despotic genius of Old France passed over into the New; Louis XI. and Richelieu revived in the Jacobins. The latter say in one of their addresses—"Here is our confession of faith; we wish to establish a popular constitution despotically (*Nous voulons despotiquement une constitution populaire*)."—Quinet adds,—

"It was indeed inconceivable with what readiness the conquerors caught up the language used by all previous possessors of absolute power among us and made it currently adopted, from the very moment that they were invested with authority. . . . Through all the revolutions which succeeded each other in the course of the Revolution, one thing remains common to all parties and survives in every fragment as the very spirit of the epoch; that one thing is the incapacity to bear with contradiction, or with the least diversity in remembrances, in projects, in aversion, or even in hope. There is the essence of the men of the Revolution. They love liberty, or at least they think they do so. But the idea they form of it has been cast in the mould of old-fashioned despotism. It is still full of the untractable spirit of bygone days. Each of our new-made kings exclaims with royal sternness—'Such is my good pleasure.' And woe be to him who thinks and feels otherwise! He will be extirpated as an enemy and a rebel."

The system of centralisation which the Bourbons had carried to such perfection in France, and the unhealthy predominance of Paris over the provinces, became as powerful means of action for the new republican despots as they had been for the monarchy. Robespierre had but to leap into the saddle of which Richelieu and Louis XIV. had drawn the girths, and, while he kept his seat, the whole country knew no will but his; a whole army of functionaries, official or officious, carried it abroad to the remotest hamlets. The communes had lost all prerogatives of self-government from the thirteenth

century. The rights of the provinces had been pulverised; the very remembrance of them almost effaced. Whenever a new province had been annexed to France by treaties or conquest, the first step taken in the process of assimilation had invariably been the annihilation of whatever liberties or privileges it possessed, even those that had been guaranteed by the very treaty of cession. It is a significant fact that it was by evoking the remembrance of its local assemblies and its old historical rights that Dauphiné set the example of resistance to the feudal regimen, and suggested the calling of the States-General in 1789; the one province that had not altogether forgotten its local liberties gave the Revolution its first impulse.

The nobles as a body could not sympathise with the spirit of political freedom, and they possessed no power to direct the movement, to guard against its dangers, and to resist its extremes. How could they who had not respected themselves be respected by the people? They had fawned upon their masters with the most abject servility, and abandoned their *châteaux* for the waiting rooms of the palace. They had shown themselves plebeian by their craving for dependent and lucrative employments, by their mean vanity, their blind submission to every caprice of despotism, and by their mania for equality after their own fashion, always striving as they were against distinctions of rank among themselves. The greatest families had imitated the example of religious apostasy set by Henry IV. as soon as they found it their interest to do so; and how, asks our author, "could a class that had sold its religious faith found a political faith?" At the time of the *Fronde* they had exhibited a mere spirit of intrigue without any noble or patriotic ambition; they had rebelled against Mazarin to fall prostrate as soon as the Prince appeared. The same generation that witnessed a civil war of principle in England—one unwillingly undertaken, but pursued to the death by the heroic Puritans—the same generation saw the French nobles begin and give up with equal levity a civil war of wanton and factious selfishness.

Thus in every way the France of the close of the eighteenth century paid the penalty of its weak submission to, or its complicity with, the despotism of its former rulers. But the great crime of the past had been its religious persecutions. We should not estimate the evil resulting from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, says M. Quinet, as most historians do, merely by the material losses which it inflicted upon the country, or the amount of skilled labour which it took from

France to scatter over Europe. Who shall estimate the moral impoverishment it effected? The Revolution alone was capable of revealing the void which the religious proscriptions of the last two centuries had left behind them.

"When you see in the French mind those great failings which from henceforth it would be puerile to deny, do not forget that France tore out her own heart and bowels by the expulsion or the stifling of nearly two millions of her best citizens. What nation—what society at the present day could resist such an experiment? These are wounds such as all ages cannot cure."

"... The refugees—these men tried by fire and sword—these characters of granite, who had given way under no past form of tyranny—how their absence was felt by and by in everything! The difficulties of a few years would not have discouraged *them*, or thrown them back upon a mediæval system; they could not have added to the violence and heroism of the passions that were at work, but they would have given them as a foundation their own character of persevering energy. . . ."

"It is to our honour that it cost the proscription of five hundred thousand amongst us, the extirpation of part of the nation, to reduce us to the state of frivolity with which men reproach us now after having forced it upon us. Our France, fashioned as she is to do the bidding of one man, was not always thus. We can show our wounds, our mutilated limbs. Providence made us complete, like all its works; there existed once a just equilibrium between gravity and lightness, substance and form, reality and appearance. Is it our fault if barbarous violence has deprived us of ballast? There are proscriptions which are irreparable, and they have left our nature halting."

France, he says, has sometimes been compared to Madame de Sévigné, a mixture of earnestness and graceful ease. Take away the seriousness that was at bottom, leave nothing but the frivolity on the surface, and you have France such as the persecutions of the old régime left her. "She was constrained to substitute levity for austerity; she had to give away to foreigners her most solid gifts and faculties, retaining for herself only the half of her genius—glitter, brilliancy, mobility. But it is not upon mobility that liberty can be founded: it requires a seriousness that dismays those who have lost it. Woe be to the nations that allow themselves to be mutilated of the best part of themselves! They are condemned to a long infancy, and to a longer servitude under tutors and governors."

In the life of nations it is certain that generations are punished for the faults of preceding generations. "As the

iniquities of the kings who had preceded Louis XVI. were visited upon him, so the French of all ranks were punished by the Reign of Terror for the servility of their ancestors. The sword lit upon all, because that servitude had been the work of all. . . . It was the bloodiest of revolutions, because the history of France had allowed the greatest store of iniquities to accumulate." The ordinances of Louis XIV. for the dragonnades served as a model for the *loi des suspects* with which Merlin of Douai filled the docks of the revolutionary tribunal. The ferocious perpetrator of the drownings of the Loire had not the merit of originality, for in the seventeenth century one Planque had suggested this expeditious way of ridding the kingdom of Protestants.

It must be owned, however, continues our author, that the terror of 1793 did not equal that of 1687. The executioners did not show the same patient ingenuity, making the bitterness of death to be tasted for days together. They did not torture their victims, nor tear their limbs asunder; they did not break their bones and then throw them quivering into the flames. Upon what horrible scenes did the eighteenth century open, with all its elegance and frivolity; these horrible gibbets, hideous with putrifying bodies, the prey of the raven. The heroes of the Cevennes tortured, broken on the wheel, or torn asunder, then burned to ashes amid the jeers of the populace. And there was one thing more odious still than these brutal inflictions—it was the cynical contempt exhibited for all convictions. Eight days used to be allowed to the population of a whole district for their conversion, and then the sabre. Cruelty was intensified by levity. The persecutors laughed over the souls they had degraded. The Duc de Noailles wrote to Louvois,—“There are two hundred and forty thousand religionists in my province. I think that before the end of the month the whole will have been expeditied.”

Such a history as this, gory with murders in every shape, could only produce contempt for all religion, that of the persecutors as well as that of the persecuted. The work of carnage continued from habit when fanaticism had glutted itself, until it issued in the orgies of the regency and in a people of atheists. “The French should know themselves by this time, or they will never know themselves. They can see clearly in their past history, and here is what they find in it—St. Bartholomew’s day; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the massacres of September; successive usurpations and proscriptions. All this means one and the same

thing, and leads to the same, invariable, inevitable conclusion—servitude.”

Speaking of the points of contact between civil and ecclesiastical history, Dean Stanley writes :—

“The French Revolution must always be considered as an epoch in the religious history of man. Not only was its hostility to the Christian faith the most direct that the world has seen since the days of Julian; not only did it spring, in great measure, out of the corrupt state of the French clergy, the church of Dubois and of Talleyrand; but it possessed in itself that frightful energy which, as it has been truly observed by its latest exponent (Tocqueville), can only be likened to the propagation of a new religion—the wild fanaticism, the proselytism, the self-devotion, the crimes, as though of a western Mahometanism—of what its own disciples have often called it, an imitation, a parody, a new, distorted edition of the Gospel.”

This statement is true in the sense in which it is meant: the French Revolution, as contemplated in the minds of its authors, was equivalent to a religion, because the faculties which ought to have been at the service of religion were diverted to a foreign object. For the same reason they were mistaken and excessive in their action, running wild, so to speak, because there was no proportion between the feelings, the aims, and the performance of the actors. The French built on the sand, “because it was absolutely impossible for them to found their political principles upon their national beliefs or to reconcile them together; hence their ideas are always at the mercy of every vicissitude or every imagination.”

“If you wish to know whether a revolution has succeeded or not, it is not things that have to be considered, but man; for the revolution was made for man; and if you find that he has not been transformed inwardly, and become other than he was, you may boldly pronounce the revolution unfinished, or else men unfaithful to it.” Judging the leaders of revolutionary France by this test, Quinet is indignant at their pusillanimity. They defy the world in arms; they trample upon kings and castes, and upon everything else that had hitherto been held sacred; but they dared not finally break with Catholicism. When, in November, 1792, a little before the king's trial, Cambon proposed to the Convention that the State should no longer endow the clergy, the Jacobins put him down peremptorily, telling him that, among a superstitious people, a law against superstition would be a crime

against the State. No one seemed to perceive how much contempt for the people was concealed under this respect for its habits, and these precautions not to interfere with its moral servitude. Robespierre asserted in his declamatory way that any direct attack upon the Catholic faith was an offence against the morality of the people, and, consequently, a political crime. Danton was equally positive, and equally indignant.

A year later, in November, 1793, Gobel, Archbishop of Paris, and his twelve vicars presented themselves at the bar of the Convention, saying that they came to abjure Catholicism and exchange Christianity for "the worship of holy equality." These renegades, knowing that the Jacobins were all deists or atheists, naturally believed it was their secret wish to see the nation throw off all profession of Christianity, and that they must look with favour upon the men who should be the first to anticipate this wish, and offer incense to the new divinity. So Gobel formally laid down at the feet of the Convention his crozier and pastoral staff and ring; and for a few, a very few, days, it seemed as if he had reasoned rightly. The populace in the tribunes applauded vociferously; the leaders of the *mountain* were afraid to renew at once their former opposition; the assembly was carried away by a fever of abjuration; most of those among its members who had been priests rose up, one after another, to repudiate their old faith and sacerdotal orders. The commune of Paris went further, and, at the instigation of Hebert and Chaumette, ordered that the churches throughout its jurisdiction should be closed against the services of the Church, and the worship of the goddess of reason substituted for them.

But Gobel and his fellows miscalculated. The men in power shrank back in dismay from the great void which the negation of the Christian faith was opening at their feet. Bandot confesses in his inedited memoirs that it was with repugnance that he and his friends heard men who had been officiating at the altar up to that moment, throw contempt upon the mysteries they had been hitherto celebrating and teaching. "However robust our unbelief, it produced upon us an impression of moral fright. I afterwards knew many conventionals who remained firm against Romish superstitions from conviction and from reason, and who, like myself, continued to disapprove highly of these personal avowals of imposture in matters of faith. They considered the religious conscience of the people was too important in itself, and too

respectable in its motives, to be made an object of derision and profanation."

The very vagueness and want of logical precision and sequence in Baudot's phrases serve to illustrate the embarrassment of men who, devoid of religious convictions themselves, felt that the masses could not do without something of the kind. Robespierre, Couthon, and the other dictators, soon rallied and protested against "the wretches (*scélérats*) who wanted to exasperate the people by their atheism." They believed, or pretended to believe, that the worship of the goddess of reason had been promoted by creatures of Pitt, in order to discredit the revolution! Sergent, one of the authors of the massacres of September, proposed and carried a resolution that every priest who professed to have been in error hitherto was a charlatan; and the decree of the commune closing the churches of Paris was repealed on the fourth of December, 1793. The new *Republican Kalendar*, which had come into existence along with the anti-Christian movement, was in use for twelve years; but the worship of the goddess of reason only lasted for twenty-six days, and the closing of the churches of Paris for twelve. At the first menace, Hebert returned to the foot of the old altars; but his dastardly confession that his conduct had been guilty and ridiculous did not save him; Gobel, Chaumette, and he were thrown into the prison where suspected royalists and moderate republicans were awaiting the judgment of the revolutionary tribunal, and where they were received with loud jeers of triumphant scorn by their fellow-victims. At their prosecution, the public accuser, the infamous Fouquier-Tinville, did not fail to insist, with a sententiousness that would have been worthy of Louis XIV., that all religious innovations should proceed from government alone. "None but the highest authority should pronounce upon matters so delicate!" So sudden was the reaction that crushed these pitiful apostles of anti-Christian apostasy, that their ill-informed imitators in the provinces continued to pillage churches, and to carry about priestly vestments and chalices in mock processions, while, at Paris, the abject originators of the movement were trembling under the axe of the guillotine.

Voltaire, in his writings, observes M. Quinet, did not boldly attack Catholicism face to face. He was led to adopt a method of irony and insinuation both by prudential reasons and as a matter of taste; and the revolutionary leaders thought they were imitating their master when they held that Catholicism should be allowed to die out of itself, and believed that

they were exhibiting political wisdom by offering incense upon its altars in the meantime. "Not a wafer—not a halleluiah has been suppressed," exclaimed Camille Desmoulins, sarcastically. But M. Quinet replies that the method which may be very efficacious as a matter of controversial tactics is a frivolous stratagem in a political point of view, and a poor evasion of straightforward action. The Jacobins did not believe the people would follow them in embracing what they held to be religious or philosophical truth, and in their fear of being repudiated they had recourse to the old system of official hypocrisy, without attempting to instruct the masses or to prepare them for any change. It is, he says, a habit of the French mind to cover its want of boldness under a veil of irony; and to pretend to despise an adversary when unwilling to attack him. Thus the revolutionists incurred all the dangers of religious innovation without the strength that it bestows. What faith, he asks, could they have in the Revolution if they did not believe the people capable of accepting its consequences in matters of a moral order? They thought that a whole population could be gently shunted off the old track without so much as perceiving it; that a nation could be transformed without its religion—that is to say, its moral consciousness—taking the alarm; that its laws could be revised without touching the substance of all law; that its God could be put out of the way without making a noise!

He justly urges that this chimerical expectation was unlike the method of the Revolution in every other sphere. Elsewhere, it never failed to appeal to natural and primeval rights, but in matters of faith it was slow to exercise or to recognise the rights of conscience and private judgment. It professed itself universal; it claimed to be the inauguration of a new era for the universe; and it refused to break with the doctrines of the middle ages, or to lay down at its foundation the one principle which contains a whole world of consequences. Luther would have laughed at measures that made Robespierre and Danton tremble.

"Oh, John Huss! Oh, Luther! Zwingle! Savonarola! Arnold of Brescia! Humble monks! Poor solitaires! Give a little of your courage to these undaunted tribunes! Where do your loud thunders and your indignation sleep? That which ye braved unfriended and alone, from the depths of your cells, when the world was against you, these men of the people, sustained by the might and the love of a nation, three or four centuries later than ye—they dare not think of it! They boast themselves ready to change every thing, and they have not courage to lay hands upon what ye rooted up. How came

ye, weak and unaided as ye were, to proclaim war so valiantly against the spirit of the past which these men will not venture even to denounce?

"On the contrary, they flatter, they incense, they adore principles that they despise. How can they be so powerless in the midst of applause and absolute sway? What is the secret of your strength, and of their weakness?"

It did not escape M. Quinet that this singular pusillanimity had been systematically inculcated by Rousseau. The Savoyard vicar, the ideal reformer of the celebrated Genevese, was made thus to express himself,—“In the uncertainty in which we find ourselves, it is unpardonable presumption to profess any other religion than that in which one was born;” and so this worthy priest, without believing in the Gospel or the Church, in tradition, or the Papacy, or in Jesus Christ, contents himself with letting his parishioners suppose that he devoutly believes in them all. It is evident, continues our author, that this disingenuous resolution to elude religious change would have condemned mankind to immobility. With one hand the Savoyard vicar let loose the most restless and insatiable aspirations, with the other he set upon all their efforts the seal of hopeless sterility. Man cannot be driven off in one direction politically, and kept chained down religiously with his face set in another direction.

Quinet treats with well-deserved contempt the theories of those who, like the late Mr. Buckle, suppose alimentary and economical questions to be at the bottom of all political changes and progress. Those revolutions, he says, which only aim at material well-being, do not attain it; “they are everlastingly dupes. If there could be found in the world by any chance a class of men who should only trouble themselves about eating, drinking, clothing, and sleeping, renouncing every other problem; it would necessarily become the lowest of all, and not even be aware of its degradation.” But man is not such an earthworm as this; the enthusiasm that works abiding revolutions carries a nation out of itself; the Dutch forgot the comforts and almost the necessities of life for eighty years rather than forego their civil and religious liberties. It must be owned that in some of the early crises of the French Revolution, the material distress of the people helped to exasperate them against the Court; but when this cause acted alone it only produced miserable abortive insurrections like those of Germinal and Prairial, 1795.

It was a religious scruple that made Louis XVI. for one day stronger than the armed mob that forced its way into his

palace, on the 20th of June, 1792, when he refused to recall his veto upon the decrees against the refractory priests. It was the power of religious prejudice that annihilated so many armies of the Republic one after another in La Vendée. "One religion can only be extirpated by another," and, therefore, notwithstanding the heroism of the Republican troops, and notwithstanding their nominal victory, "they were obliged to return to the religion of the conquered. . . . The pacification only became a reality when the Vendéans and Chouans obtained what they wanted—the old *régime* in matters of religion. The refractory priests, in a state of complete revolt against the new institutions, had to be left as the guides and tutors of the people." The Vendéan peasants won for their own posterity, and in the end for all France, the practical supremacy of their religion and of its ministers.

It was, if we mistake not, about 1830 that M. Quinet first became known to the French public by *Ahasuerus*, written with all the fire of youthful hope and of a brilliant imagination. In this work he made the saints, and kings, and virgins, and all the mystic heroes of the dark ages, to rise up from their tombs on the night of All Souls, complaining that Christianity had proved to be but a hollow dream, and asking, "Why hast thou deceived us?" This bold pontiff of the Revolution, for whom it was then a religion, now comes forward after the experiences of an additional generation, to attack his own faith, or his idol, in its turn, proclaiming its insufficiency and shortcomings. He has learned now to say with the Roman orator, *cuncta religione moventur*; but he does not yet see that he has asked of the Revolution more than it could give, and that he has asked for France more than she has ever been disposed to receive. He calls for a religion to a Mirabeau and a Robespierre, and he calls for it in behalf of a country that has rejected Protestantism and stifled Jansenism.

He sees that it is the want of seriousness that makes France, in common with all Latin countries, so slow to change its religion. This would be to take religion in earnest, and, *nous avons trop d'esprit pour cela*. We prefer, he says, burying ourselves alive in the past to copying reforms from neighbouring countries. "Whether it be that the prejudices of our creed have over-lived our faith in it, or that our self-love is greater than our love of freedom, we had rather remain slaves than owe our emancipation to a foreign genius."

Another obstacle is the fact that Romanism, by abusing our credulity, has exhausted the sources of faith. "We only obey now because we have always obeyed. We attend a

given ceremony because it is the custom. We make the appointed gesture at the right moment, because others have made it before us. We accept the old faith as a matter of good taste;" or we adjourn our reforms until we meet with a system that allows of no variations, its metaphysics and scholastics full-grown from their birth and immutable.

"Again, we only look upon religion as a bridle for the greater number. Reduced to this, the more we have ceased to believe in it, the more excellent we find it; we think it admirable that the people should be bound by beliefs from which we have emancipated ourselves, and that they should bear a yoke which we would not accept for ourselves. . . . We retain with complacency an old form of religion at which we can smile in our sleeve while the crowd adores! What a satisfaction for our pride! With what serenity do we enjoy this our superiority, the more so that by this means we extend our protection over Providence itself! I take a little holy water and I give exactly half of it to my neighbour, congratulating myself in secret that, while he bows both body and spirit, I reign over him and patronise his God."

As a description, this is all strikingly and painfully true. M. Quinet excels in *diagnosis*; not a symptom of the disease escapes his quick observation. It is when he comes to prescribe for the patient that we find him unequal to himself. He thinks that a religion can be finished off to order, and imposed upon a people destitute of religious needs. He imagines the French people could have been endowed with a religion by the same hands from which they received the civil code, without any previous consciousness of poverty, without any hungering or thirsting after righteousness! We know of One who proclaimed Himself sent to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to announce deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; but what message from heaven can be sent to those whose hearts are not broken, and who do not believe themselves to be poor, or captives, or blind? Can a cold deism awaken the sleeping spiritual life of a people whose religious instincts have been crushed, or misdirected, or trifled away? It is strange that this accomplished thinker and writer should see so clearly the supreme importance of religion as the master-spring of all human conduct, and should expose so eloquently the utter hollowness of all efforts to regenerate any society without religious change, and should at the same time be ready to adopt the poorest, most superficial substitute for religion, and to expect from it this momentous, all quickening, all-pervading agency!

He tells us J. J. Rousseau was the sort of priest-like philosopher who might have provided the Revolution with a creed if he had been less tolerant of Catholicism. His words, says M. Quinet, were accepted almost without examination; they inspired a kind of faith rather than mere persuasion; and they contained in germ the principles which constitute Unitarianism, and which have shown themselves capable of producing a real and a growing religion upon the American continent.

We will not stop here to discuss the importance of American Unitarianism as a mere question of history or of facts. No well-informed person in this country is likely to fall into the error as to statistics shared by M. Quinet in common with many literary Frenchmen. We may therefore pass on at once to a more important controversy, and ask if Unitarianism can be considered as a religion in any proper sense of the word, and not rather a mode of giving a religious aspect to philosophy? The difference between religion and philosophy appears to us to be this: That philosophy confines itself to the present visible world, recognises no relation to a higher and invisible, and connects no hopes and no fear therewith; if atheistic, it has no God; if pantheistic, its God is impersonal law; if it patronise deism, its God is a solitary being who interferes in nowise with the established course of things, and from whom no present help or comfort is to be expected, though He may assign men their places at the end of the world. Religion on the other hand looks up; it tries to cultivate a present relation and present intercourse with the higher and invisible world; it teaches men to pray. Our definition, be it observed, is not confined to true religion. All forms of religion agree in this one feature—that they *look up*; whether the expectations of their votaries be well-founded or chimerical, whether addressed to the one true God, or to a false god, or to a rabble of imaginary deities, they are all characterised by *prayer*.

Our definition opposes religion and philosophy. We believe that the highest and truest science is also religious; but the thinker who admits the truth of revelation has admitted into his horizon an order of facts which transforms all history, which supremely determines his whole conception of human life, and of the purpose of the universe. Philosophy in him must be baptised, and change its name, for it has been raised to a higher power and a loftier intuition; it has become Christian science.

Individual Unitarians pray; the great majority of Uni-

tarian congregations pray. They are, therefore, religious in the sense of the definition. But then they are acted upon by the influences of the Christian civilisation that preceded and still surrounds them. We do not believe that an absolutely self-originated unadulterated Unitarianism would ever have taught men to pray; Unitarians in whom the exigencies of logical consistency prevail over habit and instinct, like Ralph W. Emerson and multitudes of others, have ceased, or are daily ceasing to pray. However, without insisting further upon the place to be assigned to Unitarianism generally, it is certain that the special variety, which according to our author would have carried the Revolution safely through, was a prayerless one; for Rousseau makes his Savoyard vicar formally repudiate prayer as a presumptuous attempt to change the Divine purposes. M. Quinet says philosophy corrupted the old classical and Pagan world, because it helped to disgust men with their religions without raising them up to itself and to the pure region of truth. It is evident that his ideal for France would be a philosophy that the uncultivated classes might mistake for a religion until they should be enlightened enough to do without one. What he would aspire after for his country is not the reality, but the *name* of religion. Is it reasonable then to think that the great cause of liberty was lost for want of a name? Is it reasonable to be so hard upon others for not resting the Revolution upon religious principles when he has none to suggest himself?

Indeed, it is not the least striking feature in these two volumes, that M. Quinet not only lays bare unsparingly the failings of his nation and of his political friends, but also exhibits all unconsciously the same shortcomings and the same errors, so as to be himself an illustration of the most refined and subtle form of the very evils and weaknesses that he deplures! He complains of the sapless, heartless, theatrical, official worship of the Superior Being instituted by Robespierre, which the terrible sanction of the guillotine alone protected for a few days against the utter weariness produced by its insipidity. What is this but a confession of the nakedness and poverty of his own religion? Robespierre did what he could; deism was tried in the hour when a great nation and a great cause were gasping for want of a religion. It was tried in the most favourable circumstances, when the Roman Catholic clergy had disgusted all men of intelligence and feeling by ages of intolerance and an age of hypocrisy. It had at its disposal the pen of a man eminently suited to act as the hierophant of a philosophical substitute for religion,

and to gain over the masses—a man whose words confessedly inspired a sort of faith, and were accepted without examination. Deism was tried when its success was a political necessity, for Romanism had armed against France the deadliest enemies of her new institutions at home and abroad. The unparalleled excitement—the boundless enthusiasm awakened by the Revolution, a moral power beyond calculation or imagination, was at the bidding of any new religion that should prove itself able to gain any hold upon the mind of man; and with all this breadth of canvas, and all this motive power, deism became at once a miserable wreck. It ran upon no bank; it struck upon no rocks; it went to the bottom at once from sheer incapacity to float.

Atheism too was tried; and if Hébert was an old hanger-on of the theatres, and his goddess of reason a childish stage decoration, Chaumette seems to have been in earnest in making the Revolution itself an idol. "His worship of it was blind, doubtless," says M. Quinet, "but tended towards a sort of civil and popular religion, in which the imagination of the masses could find scope in hymns and all sorts of legendary representations. Every time that men meet to celebrate in common the object of their enthusiasm, they are on the road to a religion." M. Quinet seems less impatient of this frenzied adoration of an abstraction than of Robespierre's festival of the twentieth Prairial, and he is so far right that the blasphemous worship of the Revolution was the expression of a feeling that really existed, while the official festival of deism was a piece of acting hopelessly conventional and frigid; but how can so clear-sighted a critic overlook the fact that it is impossible for deism to create anything better in its way? Robespierre in his sky-blue coat, with a nosegay in his hand, leading the procession to the statue of wisdom—*la sagesse au front calme et serein*,—and applying a torch to the monstrous personifications of atheism, epicurism, &c.; while the programme marks the precise moment at which the mothers in the crowd are to smile upon their children, and the old men upon the young. All this may be a poor opera and a still poorer parody of a liturgy; but, once more, can philosophical deism invent for itself any better religious garb than the said sky-blue coat? M. Quinet, so far as we have observed, never speaks of the *conscience* in connection with religion; he repeatedly speaks as if the religion he would have wished for could add nothing to the abstract doctrines of deism except appeals to the *imagination* of the people. He would doubtless tell us that the philo-

sopher's belief in the existence of a Creator ought to act upon his heart and conscience as well as satisfy his intelligence, but all the world knows how cold it leaves him; nothing short of faith in a Saviour satisfies the conscience. There must at least be faith in some sort of heaven that is supposed to reveal itself, if the religious affections are to be moved. No! the Revolution did not go to pieces for want of a religion that was within its reach, but because deism is incapable of becoming religious without faith in the intervention of the higher world in this present life and in history.

The Jacobins were by far M. Quinet's inferiors in intellectual power and culture; but the fact that they had to do with a whole people crying out, "Who will show us any good?" made them feel the hollowness and insufficiency of what they had to give in a way which he does not understand. He is right in maintaining that all was lost for want of a religion; they were not wrong—they had a truer instinct when they felt that they had no religion to offer. Thus Robespierre refused to prohibit the Mass with this distinct confession, that religious worship was necessary for the poorer citizens. "If," said he, "they are obliged to do without the ministry of the priests, they will then feel all the weight of their wretchedness, and appear to be deprived of every good, including hope itself." The conventional Baudot addressed himself to John Bon Saint-André, a Protestant by birth, and a member of the committee of public safety, asking him if Protestantism could not fill the aching void. The other, whose Protestantism was doubtless of the rationalist and Unitarian type, answered he could do nothing; any proposition coming from him as a Protestant minister would appear suspicious. He added that the populations of the south would find Protestant worship too gloomy. The man was but too conscious he had only husks to spread upon the board, and dared not invite a people to surround it.

The idea that Rousseau could have saved the Revolution appears all the more extraordinary when we find M. Quinet himself owning in another place that it was ruined by building too exclusively upon his ideas and borrowing from his temperament. The Revolution as it advanced seemed more and more an incarnation of Jean Jacques. His works were its Bible; he was its legislator, and in his personal character he was its type. This saccharine fermentation turning acetic—these illimitable aspirations diverted from their proper object, seeking a heaven upon earth, and then, when disappointed, issuing in a proportionate distrust of others, turning

to gall and fury ; this is Rousseau's temperament and history, and they are alike those of his whole school. He began by pronouncing everything in man to be good, and ended by the most impartial and implacable misanthropy, believing himself betrayed by all his friends, looking upon the whole human race with suspicion, just as his disciples were to immolate each other as successive victims of the same inexorable spirit of suspicion and jealousy. We cannot forbear transcribing the whole passage upon the way in which the Reign of Terror was engendered by a self-deceiving and finally exasperated philanthropy.

"The Revolutionists set out from Jean J. Rousseau's starting point—that man and the people are originally good without any mixture of evil. When they saw, that, notwithstanding this intrinsic excellency, goodness and happiness had such trouble in getting a footing, they believed themselves deceived and betrayed ; they asked themselves if the heritage of servitude was not being renewed around them by their own friends.

"Having begun by writing down as the order of the day the axiom that man is good, they had no sooner experienced the obstacles that presented themselves to the establishment of a reign of justice, than they concluded that they were surrounded by an immense conspiracy, without perceiving that this conspiracy was most frequently that of circumstances alone.

"Man had been violently set free from the chains which had hindered the original righteousness that was in him from appearing. No more hindrances, no more masters, and yet the ideal of J. J. Rousseau did not show itself. Where was that simple and virtuous man—that Emile, true son of primitive nature—who should have at once started up spontaneously ? What hindered him from coming forward and revealing himself upon the public place ?

"Must it not then be the will of evil-minded men that was holding him down in captivity ? The same universal plot that beset the steps of J. J. Rousseau was now weaving its machinations around the Revolution—the daughter of his genius. How could one avoid being moved to a transport of righteous wrath when a plan so simple and easy to be accomplished as that of the author of *Emile*—a society that would only require for its realisation the impulse of nature and the consent of the good—was not the less undergoing all manner of contrarieties and delays ?

"The more these contrarieties appeared inexplicable, the more odious they were. Was it not the greatest of all crimes, by one's perfidy or one's indifference to keep back from immediate realisation the plan of Nature itself ?"

This was the radical origin of the suspicions that haunted the minds of Robespierre, Saint Just, and the other principal

Jacobins, from the beginning of the Legislative Assembly; producing a tyranny that devoured its own instruments, crushed its accomplices, tore out its own bowels, in a way that the world had never seen before, and which, when we look back upon it, fills the mind with a mysterious awe and horror. The world had witnessed bloodier saturnalia, proscriptions more general and as reckless; whole populations had been exterminated at times; Tartar hordes, popes and priests, Christian kings, had inflicted suffering and death on a scale that the revolutionists had not time to imitate; but there had never been exhibited the same fanatical frenzy—the same, at first sight, inexplicable contrast between men's original motives and their actions. Political parties, and fragments of parties, were to be seen equally sincere, in the vulgar sense of the word, really desirous at bottom of securing the same ends, and utterly incapable of mutually convincing each other for one moment of their sincerity.

"This example confirms what we have said concerning the impossibility of existing in society without a religion of some sort, be it new or old; for this alone affords the common ground on which minds most at variance can yet feel themselves belonging to the same family. . . . Their protestations of truthfulness were all in vain. The Great Witness to their oaths was wanting. Their assertions found no echo in the consciences of others. The God whose presence had given force, authority, and a sanction to human speech among other peoples, was absent here."

Doubtless, the most obvious lesson to be drawn from the French Revolution, as contemplated from a Christian point of view, is also the truest. The explanation of its atrocities lies upon the surface. Men cannot inaugurate a reign of happiness, and peace, and love, when God is forgotten or denied. Where the supreme relation is out of joint, none of the rest can be right. Men were left to themselves, and the terrible irony of the reality avenged the glory of God upon those who had blasphemed or forgotten Him. But, while the final cause of events is thus evident, we naturally ask for their more immediately efficient causes. In what way did the spirit of emancipation without God work in order to bring about such results, and bury itself under the ruins it had made? What was the immediate connection between the successive steps of the process? It is when we would answer these questions in detail that we find M. Quinet so useful a guide. He goes to the bottom of the movement, and of its failure, more frequently than any other eminent French writer upon it—for

even M. de Tocqueville did not see that self-government was incompatible with Catholicism—and in those cases where his own views fall short of the complete philosophy of the crisis, he at least helps the evangelical thinker to attain to it.

The parallel between Rousseau's personal history and that of his political disciples is especially true and suggestive. A medical commission would doubtless have pronounced the unfortunate Genevese out of his mind; for recognised authorities on these matters are apt to see madness everywhere—it is their fixed idea. But Jean Jacques was not mad, in the proper sense of the word. His was an extraordinarily gifted and excitable mind, with the most insatiable cravings, and, at the same time, devoid of self-control in proportion to its other faculties, and ignorant of the conditions of human life as sin has left it. Hence he was liable to be exasperated beyond measure by the limitations that beset him on all sides, by the disappointments and contrarieties that he met with in society, and from his friends, and in himself. Far from being madness, his thirst for happiness was in itself a truer instinct of our original calling than the indifference which the stolid possess by nature, and the professors of a frigid practical philosophy have acquired by systematically contracting their aspirations.

The national genius of France is, perhaps, more than that of any other people akin to the character of Rousseau. Of course, in ordinary times, a whole nation cannot be moved by feelings as intense as those of a mind like his; but the Revolution was a crisis that stirred up the souls of men to their very depths—depths of which they do not generally so much as surmise the existence—and, ignorant as they were of God and of themselves, they believed that the heaven for which they felt themselves made was within their reach, and was to be of their own creation. They pursued a *mirage* with a feverish impetuosity, and they resented its disappearance with a fury, both of which seemed inexplicable to themselves when the excitement was over. In this respect the confession of the conventional Baudot is a most remarkable revelation. "What they call excess in the Revolution was enthusiasm—a kind of fanaticism, if you please. Those that have been once devoured by this burning fever, when they are advanced in age and wish to analyse it, find that they no longer understand it. No wonder, therefore, that tribunals judge it so harshly."

The proneness to a spirit of mutual suspicion and cruelty

engendered by the original mistake of the revolutionary leaders and of the nation, was aggravated by various accidental causes. Louis XVI. ought not to have been expected to understand or to sympathise with even the most legitimate changes introduced by the National Assembly. The Revolution, to be secure, should have been accompanied by a change of dynasty; but the French were so far from being prepared for this, that, for a time, they looked upon the seizure of the king on his attempted flight as the prevention of a national calamity; whereas it would have been better for him and for them if the attempt had succeeded. They attached a superstitious importance to the possession of the royal person, and fondly imagined that a man trained to look upon absolute power as his inalienable hereditary right could be brought to act with sincerity as a constitutional king. He, on the contrary, attempted to ruin the constitution, and to bring about a reaction by the most perfidious methods without scruple, because he believed that every kind of violence or dissimulation was excusable in his position; and he was confirmed in this persuasion by the private messages of Pius VI. So he was prodigal of caresses to the National Assembly, and ostensibly declared war against the Emperor of Germany, while secretly he was preparing projects and formal agreements for the invasion of his country upon all its frontiers at once, and for the betrayal of its fortresses so far as that lay in his power. Roland and the Girondins, the honest men who might have saved him, and themselves, and the nation along with him, were in his eyes the most insupportable of all the characters that appeared in these troublous times.

The treachery of Mirabeau gave a fatal intensity to the suspicious temper already awakened by the insincerity of the Court. Who could be trusted now, if the great agent of the Revolution, its orator and inspiring mind, had sold himself to bring about a counter-revolution? It is M. Quinet's opinion that this wonderfully gifted, but corrupt and unprincipled man, really intended at once to save and to swindle both the monarchy and the people, that it was his purpose to maintain the constitution he had established by playing off the king and the people against each other. But such machinations, even if they existed, lay too deep for general apprehension; those who had seen themselves deceived and betrayed by a Mirabeau were ever ready from that moment to doubt of each other and of all men. "At this discovery the nation became all at once older by many years." Then came the defection of Dumouriez; the first victorious general

of the Revolution followed the example of its greatest statesman.

These were the things that made Robespierre's fortune, if that position can be called fortunate which enabled a poor, vain, narrow mind to exhibit at the expense of a whole people, and at his own, the blindness and cruelty of which mankind are capable. Robespierre was really, as he and his friends boasted, incorruptible by money; his was the more refined but not less guilty venality that would sacrifice a universe to his own vanity. He had no determined end, no definite political scheme or purpose of his own. "This avenue of scaffolds only led to the desert." He was simply a maker of phrases, the fanatical worshipper of his own rhetoric, the sort of man just fitted to catch the ear of a race given to sonorous superficial declamation like the French. He was the predestined organ of the spirit of suspicion and denunciation that had crept into all hearts—the eye of the demon of terror looking around for its victims! He pointed, and polished, and balanced his phrases, and amplified the first vague suspicion until he had made it seem credible to others and himself. The one thing he could not abide was the least difference of opinion, unanimity was the only condition of Republican orthodoxy, and in this spirit he gave an edge to the guillotine and a method to the reign of terror.

Absolute monarchy and aristocracy can rule by terror more safely and for a longer time than a republic; they have less need of being sustained by a sense of justice. Witness Russia and Venice. But in a democratic republic such a system cannot be prolonged without provoking a reaction, nor resisted without proving fatal to its authors. However, when men or children are accustomed to be led by fear, nothing is to be obtained from them by any other means. The men who crushed Robespierre, Saint-Just, and their fellows, continued for some time on their own account the work of judicial assassination, eked out by popular executions. In the South of France, at Tarascon, Toulon, Aix, Marseilles, &c., the prisons were first filled with Jacobins, and then emptied with wholesale butchery in cold blood by the so-called Moderates. The Directory was despised because it had ceased to guillotine; the men who had trembled under a *régime* of violence made amends for their past silence and submission by murmuring against the first government that allowed them to breathe.

The remains of Mirabeau had been deposited in the Pantheon with all the honours an admiring people could lavish

upon them. They were soon afterwards ignominiously cast out and scattered to the winds of heaven, preceding those of Voltaire and Rousseau, that were to be dispersed in their turn. The carved and gilded inscription—" *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!*" remains to mark the empty sepulchres; only too apt a symbol, as M. Quinet feels, of the sad contrast between the promises and the performances of this great movement. This terrible irony of the reality dogging a society that had sought stability, and happiness, and liberty, and philanthropy without God, meets us everywhere, on the surface and in the depths: the long list of the decapitated appeared daily in the *Moniteur*, just above the play-bills for the evening's entertainment. Never did the world witness so much sterile suffering, exclaims M. Quinet, such an immense disproportion between the efforts made and the results effected. Never did so many generous martyrs die without the consolation of hoping that their blood might become a seed of value and liberty for posterity. Each party in its turn continued to declaim about the happiness of the people, after it had ceased to believe in it, but the day came for each in which it could no longer hide its despair. The bitter exclamation, "All is lost," was sooner or later to be found on the lips of every leading personage. The two ideas which predominate in the last writings or the last words of Madame Roland and the Girondins, are those of despair for the future, and a withering contempt for the mass of mankind. "It is better to be a poor sinner than to govern men," howled the fierce and gigantic Danton. The very men who were absolute masters for a moment felt that there was no solid ground under their feet, and this consciousness made them merciless towards each other when they were strong, utterly cowardly and demoralised when the finger of suspicion pointed at them. "I have always been the first to denounce my friends," exclaimed Camille Desmoulins!

Quinet is ever appealing to the history of Holland, and England, and America, to show that revolutions animated by a more or less religious spirit alone succeed; but he only learns a part of the lesson taught in the great facts to which he refers. They do not simply show the necessity of some religion—of religion in the abstract, but that of a specific kind—evangelical religion. Had France been Huguenot, the great body of the population would have been ready for liberty, and persevering in seeking, and resolute in maintaining it. He has himself shown that all these conditions were wanting. The population of the provinces, however wretched,

were still asleep on the eve of the Revolution. They were then aroused and dragged in the wake of the movement by the enlightened classes and the population of the towns; the Jacobin clubs were necessary to explain and to popularise the crusade against the *régime* of absolutism and privilege. They accomplished a work in its way corresponding to that wrought by the missionaries and preachers of the Reform in the sixteenth century, and which no mere writings could have effected. But the people thus superficially influenced by a violent and feverish proselytism, were filled with illusions; they were not prepared to meet with difficulties, and hardships, and disappointments. They had no principle to constrain them to moderation in the hour of triumph, and to arm them to unflinching resistance in the hour of adversity and reaction. They looked for too much from the Revolution, and then they thought it had betrayed their hopes. The genius of Catholicism pursued even those who believed that they had renounced it. Educated in a system which carried them mechanically on from the cradle to the grave, their religion was outside them and independent of their personal grasp. They had only to yield a passive consent to formulas that others had drawn up, and a passive respect to practices that others had instituted. When awakened to political life they naturally exhibited the same docility, the same childish expectation of being carried on to perfection and happiness, without efforts of their own, by a state of things outside them, and the equally childish pretension to impose upon others, irrespectively of their will, the forms that *they* in their wisdom had judged best for all.

It has been truly said, individuals cannot long resist either the authorities that are constituted above them, or the society that presses around them, when they do so merely in virtue of their own tastes or pleasure. A man can resist and overcome them only when he can lean upon some irresistible want of his being, giving him a better title to his liberty than society can produce for his subjection. All really effectual and invincible freedom must come of the recognition of the one sovereign authority. Let but a handful of men be true Protestants—i.e. take in earnest the right, or rather the duty of private judgment, and say in the face of a whole country or a whole world, "We must obey God rather than man," and there need be no fear in their case of the speedy satiety, the lassitude, the lack of devotion, the faintness of heart which M. Quinet finds so striking in the children of the French Revolution, when compared with the *Geux*,

the Huguenots, and the Puritans. Such men will not expect to become better or happier from freedom independently of their own exertions; they know beforehand that it can have no value for them except that which their own toil and manly self-control will have conferred upon it. Again, having asserted their own freedom as an inward necessity, they will be the readiest of all men to learn respect for the rights of others; they will seek freedom rather than power to constrain their fellows. Believing in the fall and ruin of the race, they will be prepared to encounter difficulties in every shape, imperfections inherent in all things, and cleaving to all men. Having their treasure in heaven, they cannot throw themselves with inordinate and frenzied passion into the pursuit of subordinate objects.

Our description is true of a minority only in Protestant countries, and in their best times. But the minority has been able so to influence the whole mass of society as to give it tendencies different from those of Greek and Roman Catholic Christendom. We trust that even Germany, unsatisfactory as its religious state has been, will not be found in the present critical period exhibiting the spectacle so often seen in France, of professed liberals deciding in the supposed interests of civilisation or democracy, what countries are to be handed over to this or that foreign power; at one moment claiming liberty for all opinions, and in the same breath discussing how Government is to settle all questions, pronounce definitively upon all controversies, and impose a given set of doctrines authoritatively upon the rising generation. As M. Quinet sagaciously observes, Utopians are always for despotism. There is ever something contradictory to human nature in their dreams, and so they would fain appeal to absolute power to bring about their realisation. A dictator and a pope are two features common to every such scheme, and they are generally united in the same person. When the would-be innovator is a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic by education, there is this additional feature, that he goes back to the middle ages for his ideal of society; his city of the future is sure to be a modification of the convent. Now, it is evident to us that countries in which religion has become *effete* present the soil most favourable to the production of chimerical ideas of all kinds; Utopias are man's sorry substitutes for the heaven he has lost sight of. It is only the poor wretch dying of hunger that gloats over an imaginary banquet.

When the Revolution had quenched its energies in the

blood of all men who had risen to any prominence, reaping with the blade of its remorseless scythe three or four successive generations of statesmen in the course of a few months, there only remained an inert crowd, horrorstruck at the havoc they had made, and clamorous for the first dictator whose despotism should promise security, and at least save them from themselves. Napoleon was the King Stork of the fable destined to devour the youth and strength of France, as Robespierre had consumed all its ardent and ambitious spirits, thus preparing for the incredible intellectual and moral sterility of the first years of the nineteenth century. In our mind they were both alike and both equally scourges of God; the military despot as well as the civil dictator; the hero of the battle-field as much as the monster of the guillotine. Both were unconscious instruments in the execution of a law of the Divine government, first illustrated on the banks of the Euphrates, but pervading all history and giving it meaning—the law that judges and condemns every human attempt to be great, and happy, and united, and free without God. All the successive edifices of man's pride must be broken up and destroyed, that the true temple of which God is the builder may rise upon their ruins.

It is the fashion in France to represent Napoleon I. as the great disseminator of the principles of the French Revolution, that is to say, at least so far as civil liberty and equality before the law are concerned. Even M. Guizot, before the revival of Bonapartism, helped to give currency to this assertion. He doubtless felt unwilling to admit that a man of such extraordinary genius should pursue his meteor career and entail such an inconceivable amount of suffering upon all Europe for no purpose. Now, it is certain that the French armies as they came and went between the Tagus and the Dnieper must have sown broadcast many ideas that were new to the populations; and the introduction of the French civil code on the banks of the Rhine or in Italy was a boon to the provinces so favoured; but we venture to suggest, with all humility, that the principles of civil liberty could have made their own way in nearly the same time, without costing six millions of lives—that it was not absolutely necessary to call up an earthquake to do the business of the ploughshare. No, Napoleon's mission was one of chastisement upon the nations, beginning with France. However prodigious his natural capacity as an administrative and creative genius, his work puts him in the order of the Attilas and the Timours rather than in that of men who found institutions

for the future. His despotic sway was hailed with delight at first by those who were disgusted and terrified by the excesses of the Revolution, just as the Romans under the Cæsars, after generations of civil conflict and proscriptions, were never weary of inscribing *beata tranquillitas, felicitas temporum* upon medals and monuments of all sorts; but the Cæsars were destined to give some kind of cohesion to the old classical world, to prolong its existence for centuries, while Napoleon proved to be but the thunderbolt of heaven—the lightning that blasted and rebuked a false millennium. He accomplished nothing that survived him except that impression upon the popular imagination throughout Christendom, which, after an interval of thirty years, occasioned the revival of the greatness of his family. In this respect he has indirectly brought about more durable results through his nephew than he himself personally effected; but the dynasty also is shaken to its foundation, and probably destined ere long to fall. M. Quinet conclusively proves that in all its essential features the civil code was the work of the Convention; the emperor got the credit of it because the nation was in a mood to cast the claims as well as the rights of all men at his feet.

Napoleon restored as much of the old regimen as he possibly could; a military *noblesse*, centralisation, absolute power, repression of the liberty of speaking and writing, restoration of the old provincial intendants under the new name of prefects. His despotism only differed from the preceding by the additional perfection and omnipresence given to the police system, and at the same time by the fact that the intervening conquests temporarily realised by the spirit of freedom could not be forgotten. Thus, while the imperial power was better armed than before, its subjects were more restless; a state of unstable equilibrium this, that could not but be short-lived. M. Quinet habitually terms the empire, as it was founded at the beginning of the century, and restored by the present emperor—the Byzantine system. It is characterised by servitude under false names, an overgrown capital, excessive centralisation, an oppressive bureaucracy, highly developed civil jurisprudence, political rights absent or only apparent. The evils of Constantinople in its decrepitude reappear after so many centuries in the first of the Latin nations. "Roman Catholicism," says M. Quinet, "was a necessary part of the system of authority as Bonaparte conceived it; a descendant of the old Italian Ghibellines, his ideal was that of a pope, the master of all minds, disciplining them to subjection, and

of an emperor the master of the pope. Hence the Concordat ; but he found it impossible to make the Papacy his tool as he had supposed.

While we dissent from the precipitate optimism that would make a benefactor of Napoleon I., we uphold all the more the legitimate optimism which, from the greatness of the abortive revolution, and from the tremendous severity with which its mistakes were visited, confirms its faith in the comparatively boundless emancipation and the inconceivable bliss of the future that God is preparing for the world, when men shall have learned that the highest liberty consists in willing obedience to the Supreme Master, and that the secret of happiness is to be sought in themselves rather than in the state of society, and in conditions outside of them. The reigns of Robespierre and Napoleon were but frowns of heaven checking the impatient crowd that was pressing forward in a wrong direction, and obstructing the highway that is being prepared for the truly royal progress of piety, peace, and liberty.

The most striking symptom of M. Quinet's inability to meet the wants which he can so well point out, and the gravest of his inconsistencies, is his evident regret that Catholicism should have been tolerated by the men of the Revolution. We go with him when he says that the Republic, by salarizing the Romish clergy, and by affecting to maintain Catholicism with all outward respect as the religion of the State, nursed the counter-revolution, but he would have actually suspended for a time liberty of conscience in order to allow whatever form of deism or Unitarianism should crop up time to take root in the popular mind. He repeatedly reverts to the measures taken by the civil power in Protestant countries during the sixteenth century, to prove that it is in the power of a resolute government to bring an entire people to abandon its ancient religious institutions. "Henry VIII., of England," he says, "had to struggle with all the unimpaired strength of the past, and yet, within a few years, he succeeded in transporting his people from one shore to the other." It is strange that the same mind which goes so thoroughly to the bottom of things in analysing French history should remain upon the surface where other nations are concerned. Such a man as M. Quinet ought to know that Henry VIII. was as much the adversary as the ally of the Reformation ; and that even the iron wills of the Tudors would have effected no religious change in England if there had not been a real faith knocking at the doors, and already received into a multitude of hearts. How can the same writer in one

place celebrate the courage of the Reformers acting alone and unprotected, and in another attribute the Reformation to a few potentates?

The example of Italy and Spain in the sixteenth century shows that the wish for religious change can be extirpated from a country where it has gained but few adherents, and where these are perseveringly and remorselessly exterminated; but no religion possessed of any vitality, which has already gained ground in a country, will die at the bidding of the State, unless one answering better to the needs of men's minds at the time is prepared to replace it. The Christian Church of the fifth century, and many of the national Protestant churches which had the weakness and inconsistency to accept, for a time, the equivocal support of penal laws, had themselves attained the opportunity of doing so by making their way to supremacy in spite of the State. M. Quinet quotes the example of modern Belgium to prove that toleration alone is not enough to enable Protestantism to gain ground upon Catholicism; but the present is not a period of great religious crisis; the nations have made their election for some time to come between the rival faiths, and religious liberty has only existed in Belgium for some thirty years. It is one-sided to appeal to this case when we have had so many of successful resistance to the religious dictation of the State by all forms of Christianity. The English Government was unable to extirpate Romanism in Ireland, and the republican leaders of 1793 would have found it harder still to uproot in France.

Monsieur Quinet reckons religious liberty among the rights of man.* He naïvely intimates that, in the end, after having successfully proscribed Catholicism, the Revolution might have established universal toleration. What is this but the very spirit with which he perpetually reproaches his countrymen—the sophistical pretension to found liberty upon despotism? Under the influence of this besetting sin of the French mind, he would temporarily suspend an acknowledged right—the most sacred of all—thus doing evil that good may come, and becoming a Jesuit in a red cap in order to emancipate his country from the Jesuits in black. He requests not to be misunderstood, and then explains himself in a short chapter,† which, taken alone, would leave the impression that he only believed the Terrorists were inconsistent with themselves in not proscribing a religion essentially hostile to the republic. But

* Vol. i. 195.

† Vol. ii. 178—180.

we see elsewhere that he would have approved of its temporary interdiction.* Like so many other men, destitute of positive religious convictions, he underrates their strength in others. Catholicism would not have allowed itself to be interdicted. Penal laws would either have proved an idle menace, or else led to bloody persecution, and that ineffectual. If La Vendée alone proved so strong, and, by his own account, victorious, what is to be thought of a policy that would have awakened a dozen Vendées at once? It is probably true that intelligent Ultramontanes hated the Revolution as intensely as if it had persecuted their religion; but such a policy would have made the masses become Ultramontane; and there is a vast difference between the being hated wrongfully, and the being hated with good reason. Quinet says religious persecution is that which is easiest forgiven. It is that crime which claims the most respectable of motives, and which men, when conscious of their own sincerity, most easily forgive themselves; but, contemplated objectively, and measured by the right which it outrages, it is more heinous than any cruelties perpetrated through mere political selfishness.

This is not a mere personal inconsistency of our author's. It is very serious that a man so noble-minded, such a veteran champion of liberty, should show himself ready to suspend the most precious of all liberties in his hatred to a superannuated form of Christianity, which he is utterly unable to replace. The conferences on social science at Berne, last year, showed that there is a whole school prepared to carry out this theory, if ever it gets the opportunity, and to throw itself, with precipitation and giddy self-confidence, upon a road leading to a worse reign of terror than the first, the inevitable reaction from which would give a new lease of life and dominion to the persecuted but triumphant Church of Rome. We hope that this school may never be placed in such circumstances as to undeceive themselves at the expense of Christendom, after inflicting much useless suffering. The weakest form of Christianity is stronger than they are; if, as M. Quinet bitterly says, the Revolution did not displace a village saint, his scheme would triple their number.

The French Revolution was the trial of Deism. It was found incapable of filling the heart of a people; and it does not better its cause by persuading itself that it might have

succeeded by opening a new vein in the limbs of bleeding humanity.

The Revolution was the trial of Roman Catholic civilisation. We fear it has proved that Romanism is incompatible with self-government; whether the experiences of Belgium and of Italy will reverse this judgment remains to be seen. We speak of self-government on a large scale, for the primitive cantons of Switzerland must not be forgotten.

We cannot take leave of this remarkable work without recommending to the reader's attention the chapters on the effect of national debts.* It is obvious to everybody that the system of drawing upon the future which has been in operation for the last century and a half may be abused to a frightful extent. It is exactly the converse of the dictate of nature that the fathers should lay up for the children; and it can only be justified in cases where the debt has been incurred to protect interests or to accomplish works in which future generations are as much concerned as the present. Had the system been practised for the last two thousand years, we should now either be driven to bankruptcy, or hopelessly crushed to the earth, as M. Quinet justly observes. What if we had to pay to-day the interest for the public works of the Romans, the war budgets of the barbarians, the loans contracted for the crusades, the cathedrals of the middle ages, the religious wars of the sixteenth century!

But the moral effect of these prodigious national burdens is not so immediately obvious, and we think with our author that it is more to be deplored than the material pressure. The collective, like the individual debtor loses heart, and all generous feelings are swamped in pecuniary difficulties. The debtor is no longer himself; he is no longer free to follow his best aspirations, but must measure all events by their influence on the funds. He cannot help the distressed; he cannot rebuke the unjust; he dare not resist the bully. It is his wisdom to be on the best terms with the strongest, not to say the guiltiest. "The birth of Christ would have made the funds under Tiberius fall ninety per cent.!" England, according to M. Quinet, "has been perceptibly growing harder, more insensible to the rights of others, more alien to all sympathy for matters not involving her exclusive interests," ever since her debt has become so enormous. We trust this accusation does wrong to our real feelings as a people; it is a common impression on the Continent wherever the *Times* is

read ; and it would be just if the selfish principles of international policy habitually advocated by that paper were really those of the British nation. In what strong contrast with them appear the noble words of Gustavus Adolphus to the citizens of Nuremberg:—"For your defence and that of the Gospel, I have left my peaceful country and am come to this troubled land. I have sacrificed the resources of my poor subjects—their blood, my own life and domestic happiness ; I shall do for you whatever will be given me by the grace of God !" Is Sweden now any poorer for the sacrifice ? Would she wish to tear out of her annals this their most heroic page ?

- ART. V.—1. *The Works of Charles Lamb. (Including the Life and Final Memorials.)* By SIR T. N. TALFOURD. Edward Moxon & Co. London. 1859.
2. *Charles Lamb; a Memoir.* By BARRY CORNWALL. Edward Moxon & Co. London. 1866.
3. *Tales from Shakespeare.* By MR. and MISS LAMB. Charles Knight & Co. London. 1845.
4. *Mrs. Leicester's School. The Histories of several Young Ladies, related by Themselves.* By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Griffith and Farran. London.

It is now thirty-two years since Charles Lamb was carried to his last resting-place in Edmonton churchyard, and the number of those who can speak of him from personal recollection has grown very small. His friends and contemporaries have nearly all either preceded or followed him to the land of shadows. Coleridges, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Southey, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Godwin—the giants of those days, among whom he lived beloved and admired—are to us but names of the past. Most even of the younger men who gathered round him in his latter years, as Tom Hood, and the author of *Ion*, are gone too. And thus, when we saw the announcement of Barry Cornwall's volume, knowing him to have been intimate with the departed humourist, to have been his constant guest, and a friend of the brilliant circle of friends by whom he was surrounded, knowing him moreover as the author of graceful songs and beautiful dramatic fragments, we anticipated considerable pleasure from his recollections. These anticipations have not been altogether realised. We say it with regret, for the writer, whose real name is scarcely hidden by the now transparent pseudonym of Barry Cornwall, is too old, and too justly respected a citizen of the republic of letters for anything but reverent criticism. We should not judge a man by the sere productions of his old age; and therefore we shall not stay to inquire how much or how little this volume contains which had been already told in the *Memorials* and *Final Memorials* of Sir T. N. Talfourd, or to make one or two other comments that have suggested themselves. Suffice it that the publication of the present memoir has furnished us with an oppor-

tunity of speaking a few words about one of the kindest and most original of English humourists.

An excellent French critic, M. Sainte-Beuve, explaining the method he pursues in his literary sketches, has given it as his opinion that in order thoroughly to appreciate a writer's works it is necessary to know all about the writer, "for as the tree is such will be its fruit."* Whether universally true or not, there can be no doubt that this principle applies in all its force to those authors who, like Charles Lamb, have made the circumstances and surroundings of their own lives their chief theme. To him, indeed, it is pre-eminently applicable. We can scarcely open any of his essays without stumbling at once on some one or other of his relations and friends, some institution with which he was connected, or some little event that had broken the monotony of his daily existence. The essayist, it is true, sheds the glow of his own genial humour on all these things; his fancy clothes them in all sorts of fantastic shapes. But he invents little. He is content to take what he has actually seen or experienced as the ground-work of his compositions. And, therefore, it becomes necessary in estimating his genius, and the value of his productions, to dwell somewhat upon his career.

He was born in the Inner Temple, on the 18th of February, 1775, his father being a kind of half-clerk, half-servant, to a barrister of the name of Samuel Salt. When seven years of age he went to Christ's Hospital, more commonly known by a more graphic name—the Blue Coat School. Here he formed the acquaintance, destined afterwards to ripen into strong and lasting friendship, of Coleridge. Christ's Hospital he left on the 23rd of November, 1789, and for a time was employed in the South Sea House, where his elder and only brother John had preceded him by some years. But shortly afterwards, in the month of April, 1792, he obtained a permanent appointment in the East India House, and remained a clerk, the object of his own whimsical sympathy, for thirty-three years. Many are the laments scattered throughout his correspondence over the uncongenial hours spent daily at the desk. The laments were uttered only half in earnest, it is true. He knew the value of a settled income too well ever to think seriously of trusting altogether to the fickle favours of literature. When his Quaker friend, Bernard Barton, expressed some intention of abandoning the desk, he could find words of soberest wisdom to dissuade him from that step. Still he

* Art. on Chateaubriand, *Nouveaux Lundis*, vol. iii.

liked to dally with the thought of independence, and when, in the month of April, 1828, the East India Directors thanked him for his services, and set him free with a pension of £450 a-year, he was as joyful as an escaped school-boy. Alas! the holiday soon lost its zest. The bird had been caged too long to take naturally to the open air. "It may be doubted," says Sir Thomas N. Talfourd, who knew him well in these latter years of his life, "whether, when the first enjoyment of freedom was over, Lamb was happier for the change. He lost a grievance on which he could lavish all the fantastical exaggeration of a sufferer without wounding the feelings of any individual, and perhaps the loss was scarcely compensated by the listless leisure which it brought him."

It was in the autumn of the year 1796 that a dark and terrible calamity overtook the household of the Lambs, casting a shadow over the rest of Charles' life. Of the simple fortitude and self-forgetfulness with which it was borne, it beseems us all to speak with feelings not unmoved. On the 22nd of September in that year, his only sister Mary, in a sudden burst of madness, stabbed her bed-ridden mother to the heart. For some little time previously the father had been almost imbecile. John Lamb, who from all accounts seems to have been through life capable of little more than "keeping the elder brother up in state,"* was to be relied on for nothing. And thus the whole care of the stricken family devolved upon the young shoulders of Charles, who had himself at the beginning of that same year been under restraint for a few weeks. Nevertheless, he "bated not a jot of heart or hope." With an income that to any one else would have seemed barely adequate to his own wants, he determined that his sister should never be consigned to any public madhouse. The better to devote his whole life to her, he abandoned all thoughts of marriage, though a woman whom he might have loved seems already to have crossed his path. Henceforth the brother and sister were never separated except when the recurrence of her fearful malady made the kindly seclusion of a private asylum necessary. For though within one short month of her mother's death the storm in her mind subsided, and she again became the loving-hearted, clever, sensible woman that God had made her, yet she was ever afterwards liable to similar attacks. These happened so commonly on their return from the short fortnight's holiday allowed by

* Charles Lamb's Sonnet to his brother.

the rules of the India House, that they were compelled to abandon their yearly trip. Still the disease was not to be baffled. It came again and again; and when what, through long and bitter experience, Miss Lamb knew to be premonitory symptoms came upon her, he would "ask leave of absence from the office, as if for a day's pleasure"—a bitter mockery—in order to take her to the place of confinement. It was on one of these occasions that an old friend "met them slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton Fields, both weeping bitterly, and found on joining them that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum."*

Nor was the feeling that prompted Lamb thus to devote his life to the care of his sister a sudden and transient one. It was no rash determination taken in a moment of youthful enthusiasm, to be repented of at leisure. There is not a word throughout his correspondence to imply that he ever regretted the step; nay, there is not a word hinting at a consciousness that he had done anything unusual. Even in the constant anxiety of expected relapses, no querulous or impatient expression escape him. He lavishes no sympathy upon himself. The greater sufferer monopolises it all. Whenever he speaks of her, it is with the tender respect of a brother for an elder sister. The pleasant humourist laughs at her occasionally, but loves her always; and she, as we might expect, returned that love without stint or measure. It would be quite a mistake to suppose that the sacrifice which Lamb had made, and in some sort made daily, had no adequate compensation. No sacrifices are unblest, except those that we make in obedience to our own whims, and this case formed no exception to that rule. As far as it is in a sister's power, Miss Lamb was all to him that a wife could have been. There is a portrait of her in Barry Cornwall's volume; it is a pleasant, kindly, intelligent face—a face which we are at once happy to identify with Charles Lamb's sister, and the authoress of the pretty children's stories in *Mrs. Leicester's School*, and the simply and beautifully told *Tales from Shakespeare*.

We have said that Lamb's life and works cast much light upon each other, and there is one of his essays especially, which, exquisite as it is in itself, borrows a deeper pathos from what we know of the writer. It was no imaginary bachelor who sitting in a home ungladdened by children's voices, fancied that "his little ones had crept about him one evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,

* Talfourd's *Final Memorials*.

who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with in the ballad of the Children in the Wood.”

And then he told them about their uncle John L—— and—

“Here the children fell a crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representation that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: ‘we are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bertram father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name.’ And immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side; but John L—— was gone for ever.”

It was, we have said, no imaginary bachelor, no mere creature of the fancy, to whom this “Reverie” of the “Dream Children” came; and there is so much of a sad experience in this, the gem of Elia’s Essays, that we may without rashness conjecture that not a few of Mary Lamb’s tears have silently fallen over its pages.

It was in the year 1797 that Lamb’s first literary venture was made. His *début* was but a modest one. He merely contributed a few poems to a volume of which his friends Charles Lloyd and Coleridge wrote by far the most important part. As he gracefully says in a subsequent dedication of his works to the latter, “Lloyd and myself came into our first battle (authorship is a sort of warfare) under cover of the greater Ajax.” The greater Ajax, however, was not yet recognised as one of the leaders in a new era of poetry and

thought; and the volume of poems, published at Bristol, met with what is more painful for writers to bear than opposition and abuse—namely, neglect. It was apparently not reviewed at all, and very little read. And so far as Lamb's verses are concerned, we must candidly confess that in not making any particular fuss about them, the discerning public was not so far wrong as it might have been. In our humble opinion he had neither shown himself then, nor did he ever afterwards prove himself to be a poet. He had no ear, he tells us. Music possessed no power over him—unless indeed of a soporific and “lulling” character; and though the instance of Hood may be adduced to prove that it is possible for a man to be thus deficient, and yet capable of writing true poetry, still that instance is not conclusive, for harmony is not the chief or most prominent excellence of Hood's verse. De Quincey indeed goes so far as to affirm that Lamb “had no sense of the rhythmical in *prose* composition. Rhythmus, or pomp of cadence, or sonorous ascent of clauses, in the structure of sentences, were effects of art as much thrown away upon *him* as the voice of the charmer upon the deaf adder.”* Without going so far as this, we may fairly regard the want of ear which forms the subject of one of his essays, as the cause of his want of success as a poet. Like himself, his lines have “no music in their soul.” How else shall we account for such doggrel—it is really little better—as the “David in the Cave of Adullam”? The two or three pieces which we have from his sister's pen—the “Lines suggested by a picture of Leonardo da Vinci,” and “On the same picture being removed to make place for a portrait of a lady by Titian”—seem to us the best of the collection. And yet we will not abstain from quoting the following pretty “Album Verses”—a light and fanciful kind of poetry, in which his muse was better qualified to shine than in more ambitious styles. It was written for the daughter of Bernard Barton.

“IN THE ALBUM OF LUCY BARTON.

“Little book, surnamed of *white*,
Clean as yet, and fair to sight,
Keep thy attribution right.

“Never disproportion'd scrawl;
Ugly blot, that's worse than all;
On thy maiden clearness fall!

* See art. on Charles Lamb, in vol. viii. of De Quincey's Works.

- " In each letter here design'd,
Let the reader emblem'd find
Neatness of the owner's mind.
- " Gilded margins count a sin,
Let thy leaves attraction win
By the golden rules within ;
- " Sayings fetched from sages old ;
Laws which Holy Writ unfold,
Worthy to be graved in gold :
- " Lighter fancies not excluding ;
Blameless wit, with nothing rude in,
Sometimes mildly interluding
- " Amid strains of graver measure :
Virtue's self hath oft her pleasure
In sweet Muses' groves of leisure.
- " Riddles dark, perplexing sense ;
Darker meanings of offence ;
What but *shades* be banished hence.
- " Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress."

There is one feature, however, in Lamb's early poems that is very worthy of notice. It is, that notwithstanding the company in which they appeared, and their author's intense love and admiration for Coleridge, they show so little traces of the latter's influence. This is somewhat remarkable. Coleridge in the fervour of his early years, the first blossoming of his powers, must have been a dangerous friend for any writer whose own originality was not very vital. Moreover, his seniority to Lamb, and the superior position which as a *Grecian* he had occupied at the Blue Coat School, might naturally be supposed to increase this danger. But Lamb's originality *was* quite strong enough to stand this test. And if his poems, somewhat to their disadvantage, are unlike those of the author of *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner*, his first prose work, published in 1798, shows even greater diversity of genius. Nothing, indeed, can well be more dissimilar than the short, jerky sentences, the naïve simplicity of the style in *Rosamund Gray*, and the oftentimes nebulous grandeur of Coleridge's deep-thoughted prose. *Rosamund Gray* is perhaps one of the most strangely-told tales in the English language. It has no plot, no unity, scarcely any of the natural movement which we are in the habit of regarding as indispensable to a story. And yet, such is the grace with which it is told, such the

delicacy of the hand that touches on the incidents of sin and undeserved ruin, that its few pages possess an abiding charm when many much better constructed narratives are forgotten. Old blind Margaret, and the gentle loves, so soon to be turned to mourning, of her grand-daughter and Allan Clare, form a picture of that quiet silvery tone on which the eye likes to rest and linger.

Lamb cannot be said to have early discovered the field in which his genius was destined to achieve its greatest triumphs. It was not till some twelve years after the publication of this little volume that he began his essays. The first series of these, which include the disquisition "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare considered with reference to their fitness for Stage Representation," and the critique of Hogarth, appeared, together with several letters of a humorous character, in the *Reflector*, a quarterly magazine edited by Leigh Hunt. But the *Essays of Elia* were not written till after another interval of upwards of ten years, and came out in the *London Magazine*.

We have already said that in his works Lamb drew constantly upon his own reminiscences; and if we look at the subjects of these essays we shall soon find enough to justify our observation. Scarce a stage in his career but has its memento. In the "Old Benchers of the Inner Temple," we have the long past memories of the place where he had spent his earliest years, and the old-world characters that had been the companions of his childhood. There, too, the son's loving hand has drawn us, under the name of Lovel, a portrait of his father, "the man of an incorrigible and losing honesty," who was the "liveliest little fellow breathing" moreover, and "had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble." And then he speaks of seeing him—as indeed he had both seen and ministered to him,

"In his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—'a remnant most forlorn of what he was' ". . . "when at intervals he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was 'her own bairn.' And then the excitement subsiding he would weep, till I have wished that sad second childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers."

Of his school-boy days at Christ's Hospital, Lamb has given two accounts characteristically dissimilar. Indeed, the one is written to confute the other, and begins quite gravely—it was published, be it remembered, under the pseudonym of *Elia*—"In Mr. Lamb's 'works,' published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school," which he then proceeds to pick to pieces. Not a syllable betrays that attack and defence proceed from the same pen. In another essay he takes us back to the South Sea House, where he had spent a short apprenticeship before entering on the more active service of the India Company. This was a theme peculiarly congenial to him. How fondly does he apostrophise this feeble ghost of what, in the great Bubble days, was the most intensely, feverishly alive of business centres.

"Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India-House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour* out of business—to the idle and merely contemplative, to such as me—old house! there is a charm in thy quiet; a cessation, a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past: the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring; but thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of ciphers, with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or a bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy, odd-shaped, ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from *Herculeum*. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde."

Yes, this haunt of memory, and in some sort of decay, was his element. It was a theme which would enlist all his sympathies; while of the India House, though so many of the best hours of his life were spent within its dingy offices, he had nothing to write. There was no picturesqueness, no halo of feeling, about a place which could return so excellent

a dividend. Prout would not have been more ill at ease if obliged to apply his crumbling touch to the drawing of a bran new Belgravian mansion, than Lamb in descanting on the success of a prosperous concern. He had no taste for the bustling and noisy either in life or literature. He was a Londoner, a real Londoner, by birth, education, and we may say, conviction. The country was nothing to him except as affording scope for walking exercise. Even Wordsworth was only able to rouse him to a very transient enthusiasm for the lake scenery. But it was not for the vastness of its enterprise, and its power of work, that he loved the great city. As the centre of a nation's life and politics he cared for it not one tittle. He loved it for its nooks and corners, for the variety of character it contains, for the food for fanciful moralising which it supplies. He loved it for all those myriad sights which he who saunters through the crowded streets with his eyes open can see for nothing. Especially did his heart go out towards any outwardly peculiar class suffering from the neglect of its fellow-men. Why should the great institution of beggars be suffered to decay? Why should you not occasionally be imposed upon? You had your sight for your money. In opposition to that Prelate, who in the pride of political economy is reported to have thanked Providence at the end of a long life that he had never bestowed anything on a mendicant, Lamb urged his readers to "give, and ask no questions," and not to go "raking into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny." So, too, he

"Likes to meet a sweep, understand him, not a grown sweep—old chimney sweeps are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should he pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sun rise?"

Pleading on behalf of his little sable favourites, he exclaims:—

"Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny; it is better to give him twopence."

In literary matters his taste was similar. He had a great dislike for anything garish, or *ad captandum*. It was with

great difficulty that he could be brought to take any interest in modern works. For a long time he resisted all entreaties to read the *Waverley Novels*, though when he did he was forced to yield to the spell of the Wizard. For Byron, at the time when all the world was Byron-mad, he expressed no admiration whatever. He called his productions "sicken-ing," and "rhodomontade." With all his admiration for Wordsworth, and one or two favoured contemporaries, it was not on them that his heart's affections were centred. He loved the authors of elder time whose works have acquired the rich smack and mellowness of age; would listen fondly to

"Those mysterious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still;"

would linger over the beauties, and even the crabbed fancies, of those who wrote under James I. and Charles I. To his partial eyes their conceits were rather beauty spots than blemishes. Nay, he had even a defence, ingenious and subtle like all his criticisms, for the dramatists of the Restoration. Nor did he forget to pay due homage to the humourists of the eighteenth century. But what pleased him most of all was to rescue some of his favourites from unmerited oblivion or neglect—a kind office which he performed in turn for old Fuller, George Wither, Sir William Temple, and Sir Philip Sydney. It was in the same spirit that he published his selections from the dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare, for though he loved and revered "The Swan of Avon" with all his heart, yet he felt strongly that his greater glory had thrown such men as Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, and Ben Jonson into undeserved shade.

All this while we have scarcely touched upon the distinctive feature of Lamb's works—their humour. Now humour is a complex thing, inclining alternately to laughter and tears; and Lamb was a master both of wit and pathos. But his mirth is never boisterous, and he never makes any attempt to harrow the feelings of his reader. Never did man walk more consistently in the golden mean—the mean, be it said, not of mediocrity, but of power. There is a genial kindliness of feeling about him—it is the ground-work of his character—and the smile that flickers about his mouth is fine and pleasant. No harsh or biting word escapes him. In satire he never indulges. He engenders no feeling of bitterness or misanthropy. So far negatively; but what positively?

And here comes our difficulty ; for how shall we catch and confine anything so light and evanescent as Lamb's wit ? It lurks in all sorts of hiding-places, and peeps out upon you most unexpectedly. Sentiments of undeniable, almost common-place correctness, lead by unexpected and sudden turns to something absurd and grotesque. You are reading a sober dissertation "on the genius and character of Hogarth," when you are asked, quite gravely, to join with Dean Swift, the most acrid and miserable of human beings, "in making believe that everybody is good and happy," and "writing panegyrics upon the world." The man's gravity perplexes you for a moment. We have seen how the modest demand of a penny for a poor sweep is unblushingly doubled. Who would have resisted the imposition ? There is no time to muster up an excuse. He dissertates on school-masters, and tells you that "one of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes." Here the image evoked is too ludicrous. Is such a pedant a possibility ? Again, he gravely tells you that in the matter of giving, "a stop must be put somewhere." One would not, like Lear, "give everything." "I make my stand," says he, "upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good favours to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightly (under pretext of friendship or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate—it argues an insensibility." Does any one expect to be told—and told, too, without a grin—by a respectable middle-aged clerk in the India House, "I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue ; an abstraction I never greatly cared about" ? Writing to his friend Manning, who had gone out as a missionary to China, and telling of the doings of their common acquaintance, he says, "There's your friend Tuthill has got away from France. You remember France ? and Tuthill ?" We can almost fancy Manning pausing to think whether he remembered France or not.

It is not, however, merely in such unexpected and sudden irradiations that Lamb's wit showed itself. The conception of many of his essays and letters is comical throughout. It is so for instance in the inimitable dissertation upon roast pig—almost too well-known for quotation ; in his general greet-

ing to mankind on "All Fools' Day;" in his "Rejoicings upon the New Year coming of age," "where nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion to which all the days of the year were invited," and where they all, from Christmas Day to Ash Wednesday, behaved according to their humours. Even in the manner of their arrival there was something appropriate, for "pay day came late as he always does." The unfortunate twenty-ninth of February "was provided with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard," all by himself, and remote from the three hundred and sixty-five regular guests. Equally farcical are the letters to the *Reflector* on the "Melancholy of Tailors," and the paper upon the recovery of his friend George Dyer from the New River, into which he had deliberately walked in a fit of absence of mind. But not inferior to any of these is his eulogy of sickness, and lament over the humiliation of getting better:—

"For," says he, "if there be a regal solitude, it is a sick bed. How the patient lords it there: what caprices he acts without control! How kinglike he sways his pillow, tumbling, and tossing, and shifting, and lowering, and thumping, and flatting, and moulding it to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes sides oftener than a politician. . . .

"How convalescence shrinks a man back to his pristine stature! Where is now the space which he occupied so lately, in his own, in the family's eye?

"The scene of his regalities, his sick room, which was his presence chamber, where he lay and acted his despotic fancies—how is it reduced to a common bedroom! The trimness of the very bed has something petty and unmeaning about it. It is *made* every day. How unlike to that wavy, many-furrowed, oceanic surface, which it presented so short a time since, when to *make* it was a service not to be thought of at oftener than three or four day revolutions, when the patient was with pain and grief to be lifted for a little while out of it, to submit to the encroachments of unwelcome neatness, and decencies which his shaken frame deprecated; then to be lifted into it again, for another three or four days' respite, to flounder it out of shape again, while every fresh furrow was an historical record of some shifting posture, some uneasy turning, some seeking for a little ease; and the shrunken skin scarce told a truer story than the crumpled coverlid. . . . Perhaps some relic of the sick man's dream of greatness survives in the still lingering visitation of the medical attendant. But how is he, too, changed with everything else! Can this be he—this man of news, of chat, of anecdote, of everything but physic—can this be he, who so lately came between the patient and his cruel

enemy, as on some solemn embassy from nature, erecting herself into a high mediating party? Pshaw! 'tis some old woman.

"Farewell with him all that made sickness pompous—the spell that hushed the household, the desert-like stillness, felt throughout its inmost chambers, the mute attendance, the inquiry by looks, the still softer delicacies of self-attention, the sole and single eye of distemper alone fixed upon itself, world thoughts excluded—the man a world unto himself—his own theatre.

"*What a speck is he dwindled into!* In this flat swamp of convalescence, left by the ebb of sickness, yet far enough from the *terra firma* of established health, your note, dear editor, reached me."

What a mixture of truth and absurdity this is! Never had the "right divine" of sickness a more ingenious advocate. In an analogous vein of pleasantry is the letter to Manning, purporting to be written at some indefinite future date, and detailing with the soberest circumstantiality the fates of their friends—nearly all gone, and most of them buried. London itself in that lapse of time has changed its old familiar features. "Come back," he cries; "come back, and I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you, and we shall shake withered hands together, and talk of old things." Who is to know, unless initiated, that this poor old man, feebly tottering to his grave, is in the prime of life, fulness of health, almost in the act of writing some of the most beautiful essays in the English language, and that his friends one and all are flourishing unharmed around him?

Of Lamb in his more serious moods we have already given one or two samples, and the number might be multiplied indefinitely. But after all, it is only sorry work endeavouring to separate the wit and pathos so inextricably blended in his works. The one springs naturally, almost organically, from the other, and borrows more than half its beauty from the connection. Not only what he wrote expressly for publication, but his private letters, abound in passages of graceful tender beauty, that simply and without effort effloresce into a jest. "His jests scald like tears," said Hazlitt in his brilliant way; and in truth they are not mere drolleries calculated to raise a laugh and no more, but rather the flickering of fancy round some deep thought. The copy of his works that lies before us is marked here and there on almost every page at some passage that we leave unquoted with regret.

And now how shall we sum up his literary characteristics? Wit of the rarest kind, tempered by a genial and kindly nature; unruffled good sense, and a strong dislike for all bombast and affectation; an imagination rich in graceful

fancies; an eye swift to discern the picturesque in daily life; and a style so easy and unforced that the abounding grace and felicities of expression seem rather the result of happy inspiration than efforts of art. Truly it was no small loss to the world of English literature when Charles Lamb died on the 27th of December, 1834.

He is gone and has taken his place among the humourists of England. His name is entered on that muster-roll that begins with Geoffrey Chaucer, and ends—but no, it is not yet ended while Dickens is still among us. He stands there among his peers: Chaucer, who has given to after times a right pleasant and vivid glimpse of the rich life of the Middle Ages, and a spectacle of manly contempt for superstition; Shakespeare, with his “tears and laughter for all time;” Burton, quaint as learned, and witty as pedantic; Swift, savage and scornful, jibing at humanity itself; Addison, most serene and elegant of them all; honest Dick Steele, the trooper, kindly of feeling and lax of conduct; Pope, who polished couplets keen and cutting as tempered steel; Goldsmith, whose worthy vicar has not grown old, though the years are many that have passed since his introduction to the world; Sterne, wandering oftentimes onto the maudlin side of sentimentality, but with a rich gift of true pathos; Sydney Smith, the brilliant parson, most nimble-witted of the moderns; Hood, *facile princeps* among punsters, monarch without the possibility of a rival—of *his* puns there can be no question, whether they are real wit; and Thackeray, most classical among the humourists of our time, and classical not by imitation but originality. We have called these men Lamb’s peers, though of course there are one or two before whose names his own pales. But he is their peer, inasmuch as he occupies a place which in his default none of them could supply. He is pre-eminently an original writer. His thoughts are his own, and his style his own. And in his own peculiar excellences not one even of the great humourists we have mentioned can compare with him.

ART. VI.—*The Gay Science.* By E. S. DALLAS. Two Vols.
London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

HERE is a work on art and the criticism of art. Mr. Dallas writes no degree or diploma after his name, nor is he known to the public as the writer of any former work. He steps forth into the arena, however, with as free and confident a movement as any author at the Olympic competition of old who had been thrice crowned by the judges. And with good right, if we are to accept as law the loudest tastes and most importunate fashions of the day. Mr. Dallas was, some years ago, among the chief, if not himself the chief, of the literary critics employed on the *Times*. And if he has of late written less than formerly in that capacity, as we sometimes hear, the reason must be only that he has come to be employed upon the staff of political leader-writers for that journal. Mrs. Dallas, moreover, better known as Miss Glyn, the celebrated actress and dramatic reader, is one of the few among the ladies that have graduated on the stage, who unite unblemished social reputation with eminence in their profession. On the whole, therefore, it is not wonderful that Mr. Dallas steps down from his critical throne to harangue the public on criticism, with the complete ease and confidence of an acknowledged leader of the public taste.

Nor is it surprising that Mr. Dallas's volumes have attracted immediate and general attention. Having for years been devoted to the study of literature, and having also been disciplined in a style of writing which strives to be always brilliant and must be always smart, the book of such a man on such a subject could hardly fail of itself to arrest attention; could not but contain much knowledge, much force, and many striking passages. But, besides this, it is well known that London critics and authors live very much in society with each other, and confess a certain solidarity of interests; and, moreover, that the critiques which they contribute to the different journals with which they are respectively connected, are almost as readily and as unerringly identified with the writers as if they were not anonymous. Hence it is notorious, as Mr. Coleridge indeed stated in a libel case very lately, that the great sin of literary criticism at the present day is its defect of honest impartial vigour. Critics shrink from saying

unpleasant things of each other; they like to be as civil as possible to those whom they are continually meeting in society, and who may soon, besides, take their turn to sit in judgment upon those who at present are professing to criticise them. When the writer criticised is himself a leading literary critic in such a journal as the *Times*, who, it is not too much to say, if he cannot absolutely mar, can certainly make, to the extent at least of one edition, the fortune of any work on which he publishes a criticism, it would be wonderful if many critics had not much to say in commendation of a work from his pen, and no less wonderful if many were to be found who would deal with it in strict and full literary fidelity. Here and there in a comparatively obscure journal some inferior scribe might indeed, in a style of coarse depreciation, try to revenge himself for past sufferings inflicted by the redoubtable critic; here and there, moreover, a journal of the highest character, conducted by men who can afford to be perfectly independent, may publish a true and purely critical judgment upon the fashionable critic's work; but the majority of literary writers in dealing with such a book will act as friends often consider themselves bound to act—

" Be to its faults a little blind.
Be to its virtues very kind."

Such is human nature even among critics.

The reception actually given to Mr. Dallas's volumes is in accordance with what might thus have been anticipated. The *Times* has reviewed them in sentences of glowing panegyric, and by journalists in general they have been welcomed with emphatic praise. A very few critics have demurred and "distinguished upon" Mr. Dallas's positions with some strictness of analysis and inquiry; but we have hardly met with one who has done true critical justice to his work, in its style and matter, its merits and demerits. Undoubtedly the style has merits, especially in some parts of the work; but its demerits are scarcely less marked, especially when it is regarded as a philosophical inquiry; undoubtedly, also, the matter is full of interest, and contains much valuable thought; but it also contains a large number of fallacies and errors.

Mr. Dallas has given to his work a piquant title. Its effect is to advertise the reader that the author engages to write a pleasant book. Had he entitled his volumes *An Inquiry into the Nature of Art and the First Principles of Art Criticism*, many people might have prejudged them as "metaphysical" and "dry." But the *Gay Science* promises variety and amuse-

ment. It is not so easy, however, to recognise the fitness of the title as it is to understand the utility of the artifice by which it has been made to do duty as a pledge of literary enjoyment. Mr. Dallas's ingenuity is hardly to be blamed; but after giving full weight to his reasons, we cannot but feel that, in adopting such a title, he has executed a rather bold manœuvre. His feat must be regarded as a *tour de force*. He engages to prove that the object of art is pleasure, using the word in a comprehensive and elevated sense. The science which stands in fundamental relation to art, and on which all-intelligent and steadfast criticism of art must be founded, he would accordingly regard as the science which relates to genuine mental enjoyment, to enjoyment as ministered to by art. Hence he calls his volumes by the taking title of *The Gay Science*. "I have ventured," he says, "to wrest the term a little from its old *Provençal* meaning. The Gay Science was the name given by the troubadours to their art of poetry." Mr. Dallas should have said, "their art of poetry as connected with song." He goes on to explain that by the "gay science" he means "the critical theory of the processes of poetry, and of its influence in the world." Here, however, his light pen has made a light slip. Not poetry, in particular, but art in general, is expressly, actually, and throughout, the subject of inquiry in these volumes.

As we have not space at our disposal to follow Mr. Dallas closely through all his chapters, we shall endeavour to exhibit succinctly the general scope of his argument and exposition, without at present taking any account of the repetitions and *détours* into which his popular method of treating the subject has led him. We understand his fundamental doctrine, then, to be, that the object of art is to please and fill the mind without demanding any conscious or formal intellectual effort, any balancing of evidence, any labour of reasoning, or any express decision of the judgment; to satisfy, not logically, but intuitively or emotionally. This he calls pleasure. It will be seen that the word is thus elevated to a sense far above that which is customarily assigned to it. All pleasant plays of fancy and of humour, all pathos and grandeur, all the serene satisfactions of the spirit, are included in it; all the intuitions of what Coleridge called the higher reason.

Two elements must be combined in the emotions which it is the province of art to produce, pleasure and spontaneity. The mind must intuitively appreciate the products of art, and must be well pleased as its intuitions embrace their objects. Art, as thus defined, comes into relation with the instinctive

or intuitive processes of the mind. To these it makes its appeal; from these, also, according to Mr. Dallas's view, all true art must spring. Hence it comes fairly within the scope of his inquiry to present such a glimpse as he is able into the nature of those mysterious hidden processes of the mind from the depths of which, quite behind and beneath the daylight of our explicit consciousness, our intuitive feelings and judgments take their rise, and the recognitions of memory come forth into view.

Mr. Dallas having thus identified the sphere of art with the intuitional consciousness, and with the hidden play of faculty, and the ceaseless coil of sensational and idealistic association which goes on in the depths below consciousness, proceeds yet further to give to the word *Imagination* a sense of such amplitude as to embrace the whole of this intuitional and sub-intuitional play and life of the soul. As art, therefore, stands in essential relation with mental pleasure as its object, so it stands in essential relation with the imagination, thus understood, as its fountain, or rather as the ever-moving, the ocean-like deep of feeling and suggestion, one and yet many, with currents and tides innumerable in its mysterious unity, out of which the jets and streams of art spring and issue forth.

Having set forth his views respecting these matters, Mr. Dallas proceeds to analyse pleasure into its kinds and its sources, and gives us chapters on mixed pleasure, pure pleasure, and hidden pleasure.

After this, the ethics of art come into view, including inquiries as to the pursuit of pleasure and the world of fiction, and closing with a long chapter, entitled, "*The Ethical Current.*" With this the book comes to an end.

Mr. Dallas supposes himself to have furnished by his inquiries and analysis that scientific basis which he complains has always been wanting to criticism, at least to art-criticism. He alleges that the critics of poetry, except in Germany, have confined themselves mainly to words; that from the age of the Renaissance downwards, criticism has been nothing if not grammatical; he insists that the meaning, the purpose, the objects of art, have hardly been sought for, without a knowledge of which art-criticism can be no better than trifling. He admits, indeed, that in Germany criticism has been systematic, and has proceeded on ideas supposed to be profound and exhaustive of what is proper to art as such. But against the transcendentalist critics of Germany his complaint is that their criticism is "all idea." "*The German,*" Mr. Dallas avers, "constructs art as he constructs the camel out of the

depths of his moral consciousness. Out of Germany it is impossible and useless to argue with these systems. We can only dismiss them with the assurance that if this be science, then

"Thinking is but a waste of thought,
And nought is everything, and everything is nought."

Intermediate between the criticism of Germany and that of the Renaissance he thinks there may be found "a method of criticism that may fairly be called scientific, and that will weigh with even balance both the idea out of which art springs and the forms in which it grows."^a

In what he has so largely said on this part of his subject, we apprehend that, whilst the general truth of his representation is undeniable, Mr. Dallas has done some injustice to two art-critics of opposite schools, Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Ruskin. The former has at least assumed, if he has not thought it necessary to establish by elaborate argumentation, that the object of the fine arts is pleasure, understood in much the same sense as that in which Mr. Dallas employs the word; and Mr. Ruskin, whilst maintaining that an ethical meaning and purpose should underlie all art, has laid down principles of interpretation and criticism which, from his point of view, must be regarded as scientific. In one place, indeed, Mr. Dallas recognises Mr. Ruskin as a distinct antagonist of his own view, as holding a contrary principle, and proceeds to reply to what the great art-critic urges against the position that pleasure is the end of art. But he nowhere exhibits Mr. Ruskin's own view, or criticises it in detail. He was not, indeed, bound to do this. He no doubt felt that the exhibition and the positive establishment of his own theory was quite enough for him to undertake in the present work. Only we think it should have been noted that Mr. Ruskin's criticisms, whether founded on a true theory or not, are at least far from superficial, that they do continually keep in view the genuine objects of art, that they are conceived in a philosophical and scientific spirit. Mr. Ruskin, however, is specifically a critic of the fine arts. Whereas, although his theory is to cover all art, Mr. Dallas's detailed criticisms and illustrations are almost exclusively drawn from poetry and the drama.

No doubt the question between Mr. Dallas and Mr. Ruskin as to the object of art must be ultimately settled by an appeal to ethical or metaphysical science, if it is to be settled at all.

What is wanted above all, Mr. Dallas insists, is a true psychology. "The comparison required is three-fold; the first, which most persons would regard as in a peculiar sense critical, a comparison of all the arts one with another, as they appear together and in succession; the next, psychological, a comparison of these in their different phases with the nature of the mind, its intellectual bias and its ethical needs as revealed in the latest analysis; the third, historical, a comparison of the results thus obtained with the facts of history, the influence of race, of religion, of climate; in one word, with the story of human development. There is not one of these lines of comparison which criticism can afford to neglect." "Nevertheless it would seem that at the stage which criticism has now reached there is nothing so much wanting to it as a correct psychology. Accordingly that is the main course of inquiry which, in the present instalment of this work, an attempt will be made to follow."*

Mr. Dallas thus himself teaches us to define his work as fundamentally a psychological inquiry. In fact all that is not of the nature of a history of opinions, may be said to be either psychological or ethical. Mr. Dallas gives what seems to us to be a somewhat superfluous chapter, entitled, "The Despair of a Science," to show that, although nearly all thinkers have fallen into despair on the subject of mental science, there is no reason to despair of the inquiry which he has undertaken. Assuredly not, and no thinker with whom we have contracted any acquaintance, would imagine that there was any desperate impenetrability in respect to the mere matter of psychology, conceived as a branch of inductive science, and especially if treated in the very popular way in which Mr. Dallas deals with what he dignifies as the psychological science proper to his theory of art. We apprehended that when Mr. J. G. Phillimore describes the despair of metaphysical science which has taken hold of modern thinkers, and when Mr. Lewes, throughout his *History of Philosophy*, continually draws or suggests the inference that philosophy is impossible, the former does not understand by metaphysics, nor the latter include in his idea of philosophy, such a psychological inquiry as Mr. Dallas undertakes in his *Gay Science*. Mr. Phillimore, on the one hand, like the late Mr. Ferrier, thinks psychology utterly unworthy of taking rank as a branch of philosophy. Mr. Lewes, on the other, is himself an eminent psychologist, and belongs to that

* Vol. i. pp. 41, 42.

school of psychologists, *par excellence*, of which Mr. Bain and Mr. Mill are among the leaders. By the metaphysics, over the neglect of which Mr. Phillimore mourns, and by the philosophy, which Mr. Lewes looks upon with the eyes of an intelligent and admiring sceptic, as demonstrably beyond the compass of human faculties, each of these gentlemen means something as distinctly aloof from Mr. Dallas's psychology as from any other branch of physiological science; they mean ontological science, such as would deal with real causes and ultimate essences. Mr. Dallas is in no danger of approaching such regions as these. His "inquiry," indeed, avoids all really profound questions. His views might be adopted, for aught that we can see, without any inconsistency, equally by Mr. Mill or Mr. Ruskin. They will assort either with an enlightened utilitarianism, or with a Platonising idealism. This, indeed, may be taken as an argument in favour of Mr. Dallas's views. But at the same time it is sufficient evidence that his is not the sort of science of which any have been tempted to despair. Nowhere does Mr. Dallas bring his readers within view of the foundations of philosophy. He attempts to sound no "perilous depths." He opens out an interesting and curious chapter of popular psychology, so far as is necessary to explain certain portions of his own theory. All this is cleverly done. From the whole investigation, some light is thrown upon the special points which we have indicated in our sketch of the scope of his inquiry; but the vexed questions of metaphysical perplexity are never brought into view.

Before Mr. Dallas proceeds to the "psychology" of his subject he very properly gives an historical *résumé*, in which the different opinions which have prevailed respecting the objects of art are passed in review. "The critical schools of Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and England," are glanced at in succession. They all are shown to teach the same thing. "If criticism has never yet been recognised as the science of pleasure, poetry and art," says Mr. Dallas, "have always been accepted as arts of pleasure."* Homer, Plato, and Aristotle, are cited as "the leaders of Greek thought," to prove that pleasure was regarded as the end of poetry and art. One of Mr. Dallas's illustrations here is by no means happy. "When the strain of the bard," he says, "makes Ulysses weep, it is hushed, because its object is defeated, and it is desired that all should rejoice together."

As if there were no luxury in tears ; as if, in making the hero weep, the bard had failed of his object. A reminiscence of Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" might have prevented Mr. Dallas from making this slip. His remarks on Greek art, continued through a dozen pages, are very vague, and but little instructive. They leave scarcely any other impression but that Greek art was realistic, through its being expressly imitative. He does not connect this fact, as he might have done, with Aristotle's definition of poetry, as an imitative art. He does not attempt to illustrate his rendering of Greek criticism by any reference to the masterpieces of the Greek drama. He tries to show that the confession of the Greek thinkers, that art was for pleasure, was connected with a question how far art, and the pleasures of art, were compatible with truth. But we are left in uncertainty whether the realism of Greek art—painting especially—is to be regarded as truth or falsehood. On the whole, Mr. Dallas seems to write as if the stricter the realism, the more perfect the falsehood. "Not a few of their painters," he says, "undertook to cheat with the utmost frankness. Apelles had the glory of painting a horse so that another horse neighed to the picture."* It is obvious that what is here spoken of as a cheat, many would describe as the strictest truth of painting. The most solid result of this discussion would seem to be summed up in the following sentences:—"The Greeks were the first to raise this subject of the truth of art into an important critical question." "In the writings of Aristotle"—who refutes Plato on this question—"we have the final conclusion and the abiding belief of the Greek mind upon this subject of the truth of art. The view which he took was concentrated in the saying that poetry is more philosophical than history, because it looks more to general, and less to particular facts. We should now express the same thing in the statement that, whereas history is fact, poetry is truth."† The upshot of the whole is, that the Greeks regarded pleasure as the end of art, and that their philosophy finally determined that art is but one mode of expressing truth.

The Romans are represented—being a practical nation—as holding that art must not only please, but profit. Horace is very appositely quoted—

"Ant prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ,
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea ducere vitæ."

* Vol. i. p. 101.

† *Ibid.* pp. 106, 108.

And again—

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.”

On this point Mr. Dallas justly says—“There is a core of truth in the Horatian maxim that art should be profitable as well as pleasing, since it always holds that wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness ; that enduring pleasure comes only out of healthful action, and that amusement, as mere amusement, is in its own place good, if it be but innocent.”* Mr. Dallas, however, will not go as far as Mr. Ruskin, who says, “This is the great enigma of art history : you must not follow art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure ;” who declares that “all the arts of life end only in death, and all the gifts of man issue only in dishonour, when they are pursued or possessed in the sense of pleasure only.” And yet Mr. Dallas does not explain how far short of this he would stop, or show wherein lies the fault or the fallacy of Mr. Ruskin’s sentences. For our parts, we believe that there is no more true or wholesome doctrine than this of Mr. Ruskin, and that there never was an age in which it was more important to preach it than the present. This is said to be an earnest age. So it is, moreover. But it is withal a pre-eminently flippant and shallow age. Both statements are true : and the flippancy, the shallowness, the selfishness, on the part of a large multitude, are all the greater because of the real earnestness of those with whom they stand equally in contact and in contrast. From the honest and manly energy of these, all they learn is a sort of energy in frivolity, a loud affectation of languor, indolence, and folly, which puts the worse face even on their luxurious unmanliness. We hold that pleasure is not to be sought for mere pleasure’s sake. Truth may be shaped into pleasing forms for the sake of uniting in memorable and delightful loveliness truth and beauty. Pleasure in such forms may be evermore sought and loved. Amusement, too, and pleasure, so they be innocent, may be sought for, without any special reference to truth or beauty, when the wearied system, the jaded spirits, demand perfect relaxation and relief, as far as possible apart from all tax of thought or strain of feeling. But in this case the end should be, not mere unintellectual and unemotional enjoyment, but the reparation of our energies for the earnest work of life. And beyond the proportion needed for such repara-

tion and refitting of our vital and mental powers, we have no right to indulge in mere amusement or pleasure, merely for the sake of amusement or pleasure. The clergyman spending his afternoons with the squire's or patron's daughters in the slow and ignoble indolence of the croquet-party has passed into a proverb of contempt, and become the property of the caricaturist, to be pilloried in *Punch* or *Fun*. But this is but an extreme case in illustration of a general principle. All men are bound to live to purpose as much as clergymen; and though few occupations can be emptier than the croquet game, many are as empty, and more contemptible. A duke devoted to "Aunt Sally" is almost in as lamentable a position of degradation as a clergyman who is noted as an adept at croquet. One law applies to all. Pleasure is not to be made, of and by itself, an end. Those who "live in pleasure are dead while they live." We need hardly add that such devotees of mere pleasure never find the pleasure which they seek. In this, as in other and higher matters, those that "seek their life lose it," while those who, for the sake of Christ and His kingdom, are content to lose what are counted as the main ends and enjoyments of this life, in their losing, find enjoyment and life, both in this world and to "life eternal." Truly, says Mr. Ruskin, that "if you hunt after pleasure, you will fail of joy." "Art," again Mr. Dallas reminds us, has been defined by Mr. Ruskin as "the expression of man's delight in the works of God." Such a definition has profound truth in it, whether it be the whole truth or not. It helps us to see how, at the same time, art may be both delightful and divine. We observe with satisfaction that Mr. Dallas says nothing contrary to the views we have now indicated, although he intimates that his own definition of the purpose of art would fall short of that which Mr. Ruskin has given. We agree with Mr. Dallas that, "with what may be called an underconsciousness, the man of art intends pleasure," however his soul may be filled with high thoughts and delights apart from and above any such intention. But this does not affect the position on which we take our stand.

According to Mr. Dallas's representation, which seems to us a little fanciful, the contribution made by the Spanish school of art—including, of course, poetry as chief—to the common stock of ideas respecting art and its objects, was, that art must of necessity be popular, that its office is to minister pleasure to the multitude. This view Mr. Dallas seems to vindicate. "Never," he says, "have words of such

innocent meaning had such baneful effects upon literature as those in which Milton expressed his hope that he would fit audience find though few."* "There are, no doubt, questions of criticism which only few can answer; but the enjoyment of art is for all; and just as in eloquence the great orator is he who commands the people, so in poetry, so in art, the great poet, the great artist, will command high and low alike."† This dictum, we apprehend, can only be accepted with material qualifications or explanations. Surely the multitude in all ages have not been the best judges of poetry, or of art, in any kind. The appeal of the poet, as of the statesman, the patriot, the philosopher, must often be from his contemporaries to posterity. As for "high" and "low," and "high and low alike," we find no true contrast here. Those who would not admit the "low" to be fit judges of art, if they were wise in maintaining their opinion, would equally deny that the "high," however "few," could of necessity, or as a class, be "fit." The "high" and the "low," beneath the marked superficial contrasts which distinguish them from each other, are often very like each other indeed, and like each other in those qualities which render them too commonly unfit judges of the highest principles and in the noblest spheres. The appeal of the poet among his contemporaries must often be to the "fit audience though few," to men who unite adequate culture with pure and generous tempers. But as the frivolous and the false, when once launched on to the stream of time, sinks sooner or later to the bottom, lacking the buoyancy of truth and life, and that only floats which lives in virtue of its truth, and its goodness, or its truth, its goodness, and its beauty, all in one, it must follow that, in the end, the works of true, high art, will be those which command the admiration of all after ages, and of an increasing multitude of men from age to age. We cannot but note it as remarkable that in his section on the Spanish school of art and art-criticism, Mr. Dallas has nothing to say respecting Spanish painting. He speaks of Cervantes, and Lope de Vega, but not a word of Murillo or Velasquez. His omission of all reference to Calderon, also, is somewhat strange. It may be doubted whether Calderon would have agreed with Lope de Vega, that the one end of art is to please the multitude. At all events, one point should be noted which has escaped Mr. Dallas. "Cervantes," we are told, "says, please the multitude, but you must please

* Vol. i. p. 126.

† *Ib. id.* p. 127.

them by rule. Lope de Vega says, please the multitude, even if you defy the rules." What, then, has been the judgment of posterity as respects Cervantes and Lope de Vega respectively? In his lifetime Cervantes was neglected, even to starving, while Lope de Vega was full of wealth, and lived in splendour. Whereas now, for two long centuries, Cervantes has been the delight of Europe, and Lope de Vega neglected even by his countrymen.

The theory of the French school of criticism was precisely the opposite of that which Mr. Dallas represents as the Spanish theory. The French critics, revolting from the utter grossness of popular language and feeling in France in the latter part of the seventeenth century, were established, as their head-quarters, "in the blue chamber and the lodge of Zyrphée, in the Hôtel Rambouillet," and there maintained and illustrated "the theory of the fit and few."* It is to "a state of savage revolt against the ancient priggishness of French criticism" that Mr. Dallas attributes, no doubt with some truth, the present "naked and not ashamed" license of French literature. Other causes, indeed, of which he takes no account, have concurred to generate the modern license. Where civil and political life furnishes no field for intellect and independent energy, where there is no liberty of the press, and, if there were, such liberty would straightway be drowned in unbridled political license and universal corruption, where, in a word, there is no scope for man's manliest attributes and noblest ambitions; where, at the same time, wealth has rapidly increased, and is still increasing; where luxury is the one universal competition of life; where advancing education has broken down the fences of literary exclusiveness, as the great Revolution long ago obliterated the barriers of aristocratic exclusiveness; who can wonder that the people of France, or at least those of them who have at their command leisure and wealth, know no medium between the fanaticism of religious devotion and the orgies of a maddened sensualism? And who can wonder that the genius and art of France, oscillating between the despair of good and the infectious fashion and tyranny of evil, should prostitute the rarest powers to the most evil uses? These things have much to do with the present condition of French literature. It is not only, not mainly, we think, because of a reaction from the exclusiveness of the *ancien régime* that French genius now grovels in the mire. Notwithstanding

the corruption which, in Louis Philippe's time, debauched and enslaved liberty, things were not by any means so bad then as they have become since. The age of Victor Cousin, Guizot, and Lamartine, was not fallen like that age whose best representative, perhaps, is found in Victor Hugo, whose properly Parisian literature is represented most truly by names which we do not desire to quote. Mr. Dallas, moreover, should have taken note that the fault of the French classical school was not that it took for its standard of taste "the fit and few," but that it selected the wrong few, those who, though vastly better, as he himself admits by implication, than the many of their day, were not such as might claim to speak on behalf of humanity and of posterity. The qualification for the dignity of a place among the *précieuses* and their friends, was merely superiority of intellect and refinement of manners. At the court of Catherine de Medici, and in the reigns following that of the Italian queen, there could be no possibility of enthroning in society the highest genius, which must always be akin to the grand, the noble, and the universal.

In touching upon French opinions respecting art and its objects, our English critic could hardly avoid an argument with the distinguished philosopher who has lately passed away from the city his fame had so long honoured. Cousin would not admit that pleasure is the end of art. We cannot, however, spare even a sentence in which to review the manner in which, very ingeniously and not unsatisfactorily, Mr. Dallas replies to the philosopher's objections.

Mr. Dallas's short section on German ideas of art contains but little that is questionable. He sums up in the conclusion that, "according to the Germans, art is the play or pleasure of the mind, embodied for the sake of pleasure."*

The English school of critics, he informs us, recognise more fully that "art is the creature of the imagination than that it is created for pleasure."† He finds, however, that the one formula of opinion is really equivalent to the other. "In accepting imagination as the fountain of art, we accept art also as essentially a joy, for imagination is the great faculty of human joyance."‡ "This, then, may be described as the English gift to the definition of art, that it comes of imagination, and that it creates a pleasure coloured by the same faculty. All pleasure, obviously, is not poetical; it becomes poetical when the imagination touches it with fire."||

* Vol. i. p. 160.

† *Ibid.* p. 168.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 171.

|| *Ibid.* p. 173.

"All the schools describe art as the minister of pleasure, while the more advanced schools describe it also as the offspring of pleasure. The Greek dwells on the truth of it; the Italian on its profit. The Spaniard says it is pleasure of the many; the Frenchman says it is of the few. The German says it comes of play; the Englishman that it comes of imagination. But all with one voice declare for pleasure as the end of art. The inference is obvious, that criticism, if it is ever to be a science, must be the science of pleasure. What wonder that it shows no sign of science, when the object of the science is not yet acknowledged?"—Vol. i. p. 176.

We have already stated that the pleasure in relation to which art is to be defined is by Mr. Dallas viewed as strictly correlative with imagination. Imagination is that function or working of the mind out of which pleasure flows, and from which also flow those suggestions which inspire art, and by which the forms and expressions of art in all its varieties are moulded. We shall best exhibit Mr. Dallas's views on this subject by presenting a succession of selected extracts, in anticipation of a few remarks of our own.

"Imagination is the Proteus of the mind, and the despair of metaphysics. When the philosopher seizes it, he finds something quite unexpected in his grasp, a faculty that takes many shapes, and eludes him in all. First it appears as mere memory, and perhaps the inquirer lets it escape in that disguise as an old friend that need not be interrogated. If, however, he retain his hold of it, ere long it becomes other than memory; suddenly it is the mind's eye; sudden again, a second sight; anon it is known as intuition; then it is apprehension; quickly it passes into a dream; as quickly it resolves itself into sympathy and imitation; in one moment it turns to invention and begins to create; in the next moment it adopts reason, and begins to generalise; at length it flies in a passion, and is lost in love. It takes the likeness, or apes the style by turns of every faculty, every mood, every motion of thought. What is this Proteus of the mind that so defies our search? and has it, like him of the sea, a form and character of its own, which after all the changes of running water and volant flame, rock, flower, and strange beast have been outdone, we may be able to fix and define? Is there such a thing as imagination different from the other faculties of the mind? and if so, what is it?"—Vol. i. pp. 179, 180.

"I propose this theory, that the imagination or fantasy is not a special faculty, but that it is a special function. It is a name given to the automatic action of the mind or any of its faculties—to what may not unfitly be called the Hidden Soul."—*Ibid.* pp. 193, 194.

"It is but recently that the existence of hidden or unconscious thought has been accepted as a fact in any system of philosophy

which is not mystical. It used to be a commonplace of philosophy, that we *are* only in so far as we know that we are. In the Cartesian system, the essence of mind is thought; the mind is nothing unless it thinks, and to think is to be conscious. To Descartes and his vast school of followers, a thought which transcends consciousness is a nullity. The Cartesian system is perfectly ruthless in its assertion of the rights of consciousness, and the tendency of the Cartesians has been to maintain not only that without consciousness there can be no mind, but also that without consciousness there can be no matter. Nothing exists, they inclined to say, except it exists as thought (in technical phrase, *esse* is *percipi*), and nothing is thought except we are conscious of it. In our own times, the most thorough-going statement of the Cartesian doctrine has come from Professor Ferrier, in one of the most gracefully written works on metaphysics that has ever appeared. 'We are,' says Ferrier, 'only in so far as we know; and we know only in so far as we know that we know.' Being and knowledge are thus not only relative, but also identical.

"To Leibnitz is due the first suggestion of thought possibly existing out of consciousness. He stated the doctrine clumsily and vaguely, but yet with decision enough to make it take root in the German system of thought. . . . It is recognised by Sir William Hamilton; it is recognised by his opponent, Mr. Mill; it is recognised by another great authority, Mr. Herbert Spencer."—*Ibid.* pp. 201—203.

"Outside consciousness there rolls a vast tide of life, which is, perhaps, even more important to us than the little isle of our thoughts which lies within our ken. Comparisons, however, between the two are vain, because each is necessary to the other. The thing to be firmly seized is, that we live in two concentric worlds of thought,—an inner ring, of which we are conscious, and which may be described as illuminated; an outer one, of which we are unconscious, and which may be described as in the dark. Between the outer and the inner ring, between our unconscious and our conscious existence, there is a free and a constant but unobserved traffic for ever carried on. Trains of thought are continually passing to and fro, from the light into the dark, and back from the dark into the light. When the current of thought flows from within our ken to beyond our ken, it is gone, we forget it, we know not what has become of it. After a time it comes back to us changed and grown, as if it were a new thought, and we know not whence it comes. So the fish, that leaves our rivers a smolt, goes forth into the sea to recruit its energy, and in due season returns a salmon, so unlike its former self that anglers and naturalists long refused to believe in its identity. What passes in the outside world of thought, without will and for the most part beyond ken, is just that which we commonly understand as the inscrutable work of imagination; is just that which we should understand as the action

of the hidden soul, and which, after these generalities, it is necessary to follow in some detail.

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"Imagination is memory; imagination is reason; imagination is passion. But the argument goes further, and will have it that the fourth set of thinkers are right, and that imagination has a speciality. It is memory—but it is memory automatic and unconscious. It is reason—but it is reason of the hidden soul. It is passion and all that we connect with passion, of instinct, feeling, and sympathy—but it is passion that works out of sight. It is, in a word, the whole power or any power of the mind—but it is that power energising in secret and of its own free will."—*Ibid.* pp. 207—209.

This view is illustrated by the following among other examples; the Countess of Laval, who always in her sleep spoke the Breton language, which she had learnt in her infancy, but had never spoken since, and had not the least knowledge of when awake; the young woman in Germany, mentioned by Coleridge, who could neither read nor write, but in the paroxysms of a fever talked Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—having caught the sounds unconsciously years before from an old Protestant pastor, a great Hebrew scholar, in whose house she had long lived; the patient of whom Abercrombie writes, who when in health and consciousness had no ear for music, and knew no songs, but sang Gaelic songs in his delirium; and especially that most remarkable case fully related by the same writer, of a dull awkward country girl, with no sensibility to music, a feeble mind, and a deficient memory, who yet, having fallen ill, in her sleep-waking states spoke French, conjugated Latin words, exhibited much curious mimicry, talked fluently and with some cleverness on all kinds of subjects, imitated the notes of an old piano which had stood in a house where she had lived, and the sweetest notes and strains of a small violin, tuning, preluding, and dashing off into elaborate performances,—all these acquisitions having been appropriated by her unconsciously, laid up on the night-side of her nature, made a possession of her sleep-waking self, while the ordinary waking-girl remained as she had been.

"The gist of these anecdotes," says Mr. Dallas, "is clear. By a flood of examples I am trying to make manifest the reality of certain mental ongoings of which, from their very nature, scarcely anything is known. Out of them all emerges the fact that the mind keeps watch and ward for us when we slumber; that it spins long threads, weaves whole webs of thought for us when we reckon not. In its inner

chamber, whither no eye can pierce, it will remember, brood, search, poise, calculate, invent, digest, do any kind of stiff work for us unbidden, and always do the very thing we want.—Vol. i. p. 227.

“Like those heavenly bodies which are seen only in the darkness of night, the realities of our hidden life are best seen in the darkness of slumber. We have observed that in the gloaming of the mind, memory displays a richness which it is fain to conceal in the full glare of consciousness. It has languages, it has music at command, of which when wide awake it has no knowledge. Time would fail us to recount the instances in which through dreams it helps us to facts—as where a stray will is to be found, or how the payment of a certain sum of money can be proved—which in broad day we have given up for lost. Nor is there any end to the cases which might be cited of actions begun in consciousness and continued in sleep—soldiers thus marching, coachmen driving, pianists playing, weavers throwing the shuttle, saddlers making harness, seamstresses plying the needle, swimmers floating, sailors mounting the shrouds or heaving the log.

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“In sleep, Father Maignan used to pursue his mathematical studies, and when he worked out a theorem in his dreams, he would awake in the flush and pleasure of his discovery. In sleep, Condillac would mentally finish chapters of his work which, going to bed, he had left unfinished. Abercrombie tells of an advocate who had to pronounce a legal opinion in a very complicated case which gave him much concern. His wife saw him rise in the night, write at his desk, and return to bed. In the morning he informed her that he had a most interesting dream, in which he had unravelled the difficulties of the case and had been able to pronounce a most luminous judgment, but unfortunately it had escaped his memory, and he would give anything to recover it. She had but to refer him to his desk, and there the judgment was found clear as light.”—*Ibid.* pp. 229, 230, 233.

“The sleep-walker seldom makes a false step, or sings a wrong note. She rivals the tones of the Swedish nightingale, warbling in her presence; and high on some giddy edge she foots it with the skill of a rope-dancer. Especially is it curious to see how the waking states are severed from each other as by a wall. Just as the Irish porter, already mentioned, had no remembrance in his sober state of what he had done in his fits of intoxication, and had to get drunk in order to discover it, the sleep-waker leads in vision a life which has no discernible point of contact with his daily life. His day life is a connected whole in keeping with itself; his night life is the same; but the two are as distinct as parallel lines that have no chance of meeting. By day the man has not the faintest recollection of what goes on at night; and by night he has in his memory no trace of what passes in the day.”—*Ibid.* p. 235.

“Whether we speak of our unconscious activities and our stores

of memory, as belonging to inner life, as it were an ark within the veil, or to an outlying territory beyond the stretch of observation, the meaning is still the same. The meaning is that a part of the mind, and sometimes the best part of it, is covered with darkness and hidden from sight. When one is most struck with the grandeur of the tides and currents of thought that belong to each of us, and yet roll beyond our consciousness, only on occasions breaking into view, one is apt to conceive of it as a vast outer sea or space that belts our conscious existence something like the *Oceanos* of Homer. When like Wordsworth one is most struck with the preciousness of what passes in our mind unconsciously, when one feels that we are most conscious of the mere surface of the mind, and that we are little conscious of what passes in its depths, then one turns to other metaphors and speaks of the inner shrine and secrets of the deep.

“ ‘Thou liest in Abraham’s bosom all the year,
And worship’st at the Temple’s inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.’

“ I have now at some length, though after all we have but skimmed along the ground, gone over all the heads of evidence that betoken the existence of a large mental activity—a vast world of thought, out of consciousness. I have tried to show with all clearness the fact of its existence, the magnitude of its area, and the potency of its effects. In the dark recesses of memory, in unbidden suggestions, in trains of thought unwittingly pursued, in multiplied waves and currents all at once flashing and rushing, in dreams that cannot be laid, in the nightly rising of the somnambulist, in the clairvoyance of passion, in the force of instinct, in the obscure, but certain, intuitions of the spiritual life, we have glimpses of a great tide of life ebbing and flowing, rippling and rolling and beating about where we cannot see it; and we come to a view of humanity not very different from that which Prospero, though in melancholy mood, propounded when he said:—

‘ We are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.’ ”—*Ibid.* pp. 249, 250.

“ It is only by supposing that imagination, although so called, must embrace the action (that is, of course, the spontaneous action) of the whole mind, that we can account for many of the opinions which have been held in regard to it. . . . There is the curious opinion of two such men as D’Alembert and Sir William Hamilton to be accounted for. Who in all antiquity, after Homer, had the greatest force of imagination? Most of us would be inclined to name, perhaps, *Æschylus*, or *Phidias*, or at any rate some artist. D’Alembert names *Archimedes*—a mathematician; Sir William Hamilton selects *Aristotle*—a philosopher. Those who treat of

imagination as but a special form of reason, will have no difficulty in understanding that the greatest reasoners should have the greatest force of imagination. But on the other hand, the poetical mind of Homer seems to be quite unlike the philosophical mind of Aristotle, or the mathematical mind of Archimedes: and it is easy to see that they are not in any respect comparable, according to any known theory of imaginative activity. Once admit, however, that the speciality of imagination lies not in any speciality of structure, but only in speciality of function—a speciality which belongs to any and every faculty of the mind—the speciality of hidden automatic working, and there need be no difficulty in saying, that Aristotle possessed as much imagination as Homer. There must have been a prodigious automatic action in his mind to enable him to accomplish what he did. The difference between the mind of Homer and the mind of Aristotle—the mind of art, and the mind of science—is not the difference between less and more in the amount of hidden action (though that, no doubt, may make some part of the distinction), but it is the difference between possessing, and being possessed by it—the difference in proportion of energy between the known and the unknown halves of the mind.”—*Ibid.* pp. 262—264.

Our extracts contain the pith of what Mr. Dallas in his loose and lively way of writing spreads over a hundred pages, in three chapters, entitled respectively, “On Imagination,” “The Hidden Soul,” “The Play of Thought.”

Mr. Dallas justly says that the facts relating to those “pre-conscious” or sub-conscious operations of the human mind, which he indicates under the phrase “Hidden Soul,” have been too much neglected in psychology and philosophy. They stand in relation with the phenomena of the mesmeric consciousness, so far as these are genuine and honest, and also, as Dr. Morell has shown, with those of mediumship, spirit-writing, and the whole chapter of manifestations to which these belong. “I have traced,” says Dr. Morell, “the process of spirit-writing and drawing, from the very first nervous twitches in which it commences, up to its more developed form, and venture to affirm that the whole thing is, to the psychologist, as palpably a development of the unconscious form of mental operation, as writing a letter is the result of our conscious mental activity.” On this subject we may recommend to students a little volume, entitled, *Contributions to Mental Philosophy*, by Immanuel Hermann Fichte, translated and edited by Dr. Morell. This is the younger Fichte, whose philosophy is very different indeed from that of Fichte, the elder, and may be fairly characterised as inductive, practical, and anti-pantheistic. From this volume and Dr. Morell’s

Introduction to Mental Philosophy, taken together, may be gained the most sober and comprehensive view of modern discoveries and speculations respecting the "Hidden Soul," as Mr. Dallas calls it, our "pre-conscious" life, as Fichte and Morell speak, our sub-conscious life, as it might perhaps be most correct to say.

What Mr. Dallas, however, has written respecting the "Hidden Soul" has no pretensions whatever to any originality as either speculation or theory. Indeed, the only originality which we have thus far met with is in his views respecting the imagination. And here, we think, the old saying is fulfilled—"that which is true is not new, and that which is new is not true." Mr. Dallas's imagination is bound to be a faculty or function standing in special relation to art. Art, as we have heard him say, is accepted by him as "the creature of imagination." It turns out, however, according to the last quotation we have given, that imagination was remarkably and characteristically powerful in Aristotle. Nay, "there need be no difficulty in saying that Aristotle possessed as much imagination as Homer." If this be so, Aristotle's compositions must be regarded as great works of art, and imagination as only another name for mental power. It is evident, indeed, that as imagination means the "automatic action of the mind," the "free play of thought," the movement of the "Hidden Soul," it must include within the range of its domain all the instinctive activities and all the intuitive determinations of the mind, as well in sense-perception, in the prompt decisions of what we call our "common sense," in the intuitive judgments by which we reject fallacies or resent immoralities, as in the sympathies and sensibilities which constitute what we designate, *par excellence*, as genius, and by which the products of art are inspired and moulded. If this be not Mr. Dallas's position, he should have indicated what department of the automatic and unconscious activity of the mind belongs to the imagination, as distinctly viewed, and how this department is functionally separated from such automatic and unconscious activity as is in relation, not with art, but with knowledge or science, from the instinctive underplay of thought and mental association, and the intuitive judgments which are presupposed in all the logical and scientific operations of the mind. For it is a fact, although Mr. Dallas seems never to have looked at it, that the unconscious activity of the "Hidden Soul" lies behind all reasoning, argument, science, and scientific or historical research, as truly as behind all the scintillations and illuminations of genius; that it is as

necessary to the one as to the other; and, moreover, that patient thought, the steadfast contemplation of his ideas, deliberate comparison and judgment, are as necessary in the production of the highest works of the artist as of the lasting monuments of science. The artist is his own critic. Unconsciously his creations are thrown up into view, but they are often dim and unformed when first they rise upon his eye. It is before his patient full-orbed contemplation, whilst his soul becomes continually more purely possessed of his own thought and feeling, that the dimness passes, and the image of his own meaning comes forth in clear picturing and complete proportions to his vision.

Mr. Dallas's imagination is, in fact, precisely what Coleridge intended by reason, the "intuitive reason," as distinguished from the "logical consequential understanding." And notwithstanding the contempt with which our clever, dashing critic refers in various places to Coleridge, we apprehend that the philosopher of Highgate, with all his obscurity and in spite of the almost insane jargon of mysticism which mars his writings, had a truer insight into the nature of imagination than his light-flying critic. In a characteristic passage Coleridge describes the imagination as "that reconciling and mediatory power which, incorporating the reason in images of sense, and organising, as it were, the flux of the senses by the permanent and self-circling energies of the reason, gives birth to a system of symbols, harmonious in themselves and substantial with the truths of which they are the conductors. These are the *wheels* which Ezekiel beheld," &c.* And again he says,—“The completing power which unites clearness with depth, the plenitude of the sense with the comprehensibility of the understanding, is the imagination, impregnated with which the understanding itself becomes intuitive and a living power.”†

Extricate from these sentences the mysticism which obscures them, and interpret them with a reference to the Platonic idealism with which Coleridge was so deeply imbued, and their meaning is worthy of respect. All nature was regarded by Coleridge as instinct with divine ideas. Their analogies invest as with a garment of divine light and life the whole universe, and all that belongs to pure and true humanity. Everywhere on the things of earth what Coleridge, according to his wont, appropriates Scriptural language to describe as "the example and shadow of heavenly things," may be dis-

* *Statesman's Manual in Church and State*, &c., p. 229.

† *Ibid*, p. 266.

cerned by the illuminated soul, at least in glimpses, as through the body the glory of the soul shines forth. Imagination, according to Coleridge's philosophy, is the power of the mind, the act, the quickening, the illumination, wherewith reason recognises in the outward and sensible the analogies of that which is spiritual, and thereby enables the understanding to gain a glimpse of their meaning. There can be no doubt that Wordsworth agreed substantially with Coleridge in this view of imagination. Hence, as Mr. Dallas says, he taught that "imagination is but reason in her most exalted mood." Hence he writes of

"The light which never was on sea or shore,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Here we have the key to his meaning when he speaks of

"The vision and the faculty divine."

It is evident that very much of his poetry is steeped in such ideas. Witness these lines, taken from the poem on Tintern Abbey:—

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

We do not undertake to pronounce that the view thus indicated by Coleridge and Wordsworth is absolutely right, or that, if it be true in some sort or sense, it contains the whole truth. But, at all events, it manifests some definite idea respecting the problem to be solved. If we separate from imagination the power of dramatic realisation and conception, so far as such a separation can be made, we ought to have the faculty which is proper to poetry and the arts, as distinguished from the powers which go to the production of a play or a prose fiction. Imagination, as distinguished from the dramatic faculty, is the pure poetic faculty, understanding the painter and musician as included here under the general sense of the word poet. Now, with this strict and proper

definition of imagination in our minds, we shall perhaps find that Coleridge and Wordsworth have come nearer to the true idea appertaining to the word than any other authorities.* Mr. Dallas, at any rate, with all his knowledge, and all his cleverness, and all his practice as a critic and fine writer, has evidently quite lost his way.

Having defined imagination to his own satisfaction, Mr. Dallas proceeds to investigate the relation of imagination to imagery. Here, as elsewhere, when we look for quiet and succinct philosophical analysis, we find a vast expanse of fine writing. Indeed, as imagination, according to Mr. Dallas's view of it, has no *special* relation to imagery any more than to philosophical speculation, we could hardly expect the investigation to be very fruitful or instructive. We learn that "the tendency of the mind to similitude takes three leading forms : 1. I am that or like that. 2. That is I or like me. 3. That is that or like that ;"† and also that the "imagination discovers or invents for itself three sorts of wholes—the whole of intension, the whole of protension, and the whole of extension ;"‡ and these statements are profusely illustrated by examples and quotations. Meantime, why or how these functions belong specifically to the imagination, regarded as that automatic play of the soul, which is popularly called genius, and which stands in relation to poetry and art, we at least are quite unable to discover amid all the pages of illustration which Mr. Dallas has spread abroad. "The grand distinction," we are indeed told, "between logical and poetical comparisons is this, that in the former we compare nearly always wholes with parts, or parts with parts ; but in the latter, almost always wholes with wholes."|| But let us hear what Dr. Morell, a somewhat higher authority on mental and verbal analysis than Mr. Dallas, has to say on this very point :

"Who are the persons," he asks, "that we shall classify as men of imagination? Such a classification would include *poets, artists, littérateurs*—men devoted in any way to the culture of what is beautiful—men of sensibility, who have an eye for all that is most captivating in scenery, in architecture, in antiquity, in everything which human art can represent and portray. And what is the mental tendency discernible in all these different types of character? It is the tendency to separate and distinguish—to allow the mind to run over the details whether of a picture or a landscape, or a scene in human life and character,—it is the tendency, in a word, to clothe

* See note on page 166, at the end of the article.

† Vol. I. p. 273.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 291.

|| *Ibid.* p. 269.

the bare skeleton of human thought with all the embellishments of external dress and minute expression."—*Outlines of Mental Philosophy*, pp. 220, 221.

To speak the plain truth, we stand in doubt of both these characterisations. But it is certain that they contradict each other, and equally certain that Mr. Dallas's principle is as unavailable for any purpose of criticism as it is doubtful in philosophy.

Because the mental processes which lie behind the intuitions of the imagination operate secretly and unconsciously, our critic infers that the "Secrecy of Art" is one of its great characteristics, that the "field of art is the unknown and the unknowable."* We cannot tell what it is we admire in nature or in art; a pleasure fills us, as we gaze on certain objects, which we cannot analyse or define. A mystery is admitted as surrounding nature and life, and as constituting a large element in their impressiveness. For such reasons as these we are to rest in the conclusion which has been already stated. As if our mental intuitions, those to which art appeals, were not as much known to us as the conclusions of our understanding. As if people in general could any more distinctly analyse and define the reasons on which their common sense decides than those on which they pronounce the verdict of their taste respecting works of art. As if the one, as much as the other, were not usually the result of secret and unconscious mental operations. Why has not Mr. Dallas long before this stage of his book come away from the haze of generalities, and defined with something like precision what the sphere of art includes? To say that it is the sphere of pleasure is but flourishing an unknown quantity before our eyes. What have poetry and the arts in common? Why may they be classed together? What are their common objects? What is the region which they occupy in common?

"I have classed poetry and art together," says an essayist, "for their object, speaking generally, may be said to be the same. Painting and sculpture represent to the eye such scenes as poetry would describe in words. Music is the natural accompaniment of verse; its tones and harmonies of 'linked sweetness long drawn out' are intended to excite feelings of the same class with those which are produced by lyric verse. Poetry, in all its kinds; art, in all its varieties; deals with the emotional susceptibilities of our nature, with

our sense of the beautiful, the noble, the sublime, the terrible, the pitiful." Elsewhere the same writer says of music, that "it is the artistic expression, by means of the sympathies which are suggested by modulated sounds, of all the emotions of our nature."^{*} Here, we apprehend, are plain statements which nobody will dispute. But is this, then, the region of the "unknown and unknowable"? Do we not know the noble from the vile? Can we give no reason why we esteem Milton's depiction of Satan as sublime, or his description of Paradise beautiful? why we admire the naked and statuesque grandeur of his *Agonistes*? and the beauty, the purity, the moral elevation of his *Comus*?

By a similar verbal illusion of the shallowest kind, Mr. Dallas has been bewildered in his chapter on "Hidden Pleasure," in the second volume. Because the play and life of the soul are going on in its secret laboratory, below consciousness, *therefore*, he gives us to understand, the highest and most exquisite feeling overflows and dissolves into insensibility, or rather finds in the change from ecstatic consciousness to unconsciousness its absolute bliss, its perfect fulfilment. This Nirwana of desire and delight is represented as not the accidental, but the necessary end and fulfilment of the soul's highest joy. This "hidden pleasure" is also a necessary correlative of the life of the hidden soul. For ourselves, we see in the "numbness" and "dreamy insensibility" which intense pleasure produces in the human frame, an evidence either of the specially and unduly intoxicating nature of the pleasure, or of the present imperfection of our state and nature as men. Mr. Dallas has quoted much poetry; but there is one very apposite passage which he has not quoted. We commend it to his attention. It gives Milton's view of the distinction between earthly and passionate delight, and the highest spiritual rapture:—

" I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Who, as they sang, would take the prisoned soul,
And lap it in Elysium.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never felt till now."

Nor do the critic's confusions end here. After talking of hidden pleasure as that exquisite insensibility into which the

^{*} Dr. Rigg's *Essays for the Times*, pp. 363, 700.

highest pleasure—so he will have it—resolves itself, and in which, as he also insists, it is the perfect bliss of the soul to remain, as if in the happiest of heaven-blest sleeps, he passes on, in the next sentence, to speak of “the element of mystery, that sense of the unseen, that profession of the far-away, that glimmer of infinity, that incommunicable secret, that I-know-not-what,” a part of the unknown and unknowable realm of art and art-pleasure, “of which,” he says, “I tried to give some account in the first volume.” As if, now, there were any alliance between a conscious sense of mystery and of the unseen, and unconscious ecstasy. Yet these are treated as if they were both parts of the same—shall we call it sense or insensibility, faculty or blissful impotence? Both have pleasure connected with them, both stand in some kind of relation with what is hidden, although in one case it is the object which is hidden, and in the other the state of the subject; for such a reason as this both are to form parts of a chapter on “Hidden Pleasure,” in what professes to be a scientific inquiry, and a philosophic basis for criticism.

We can say no more in the space at our disposal. We have fairly analysed the first volume, which undertakes to expound the fundamental principles of Mr. Dallas's science of criticism; we have only attempted to criticise one chapter in the second volume. All that the author has said on pleasure, mixed pleasure, pure pleasure, the ethics of art, the pursuit of pleasure, the world of fiction, the ethical current, we must leave untouched. Undoubtedly the volumes contain much interesting writing, many picturesque passages, some that are really brilliant. But on the whole, we have been greatly disappointed. There is much shrewdness; the writer sometimes reminds us of Rochefoucauld. Occasionally, as in his observations on Milton, towards the close of the second volume, there is fine criticism, showing a combination of acuteness with high appreciation of pure and noble genius; but there is very little philosophic depth, and the trained subtlety of the true metaphysician is altogether wanting. The style, moreover, lacks repose and true refinement. You feel as if you were listening to a restless, ostentatious, over-emphatic speaker; to which we must add that egregious specimens of bad taste, and even profanity, are not wanting.*

* See, for example, pages 150, 197, 275 of vol. ii., but especially page 221 of the same volume, where occurs the passage we shall now quote. “The poets saw before them but two types of theology—the cold-blooded school of Paley, the more ardent school of the Wesleys and the Whitfields, reduced to a system in which there was less of love and mercy than of hell and damnation. If thus in the

And besides all this, the volumes abound with digressions and irrelevancies, which consist apparently, especially in the last chapter, of bits and ends of critical "screeds," which Mr. Dallas has before published in the *Times*, or elsewhere.

Mr. Dallas insists much on the distinction between art and science, and between pleasure and knowledge. What he has now sent forth is neither a work of art nor a contribution to science; it will not, from the preciousness of its material and the perfection of its form, take rank as a lasting source of pleasure to the readers of his nation, nor, from the depth and truth of its analysis and criticism, will it form an integral addition to the treasures of the world's knowledge. Clever as it is, and although it is certain to have a rapid run for a season, the *Gay Science* is not destined to live even through one generation of readers.*

earliest half of the century, there flourished among us a misshapen theology—a clock-making theory of the universe—which represented the Almighty as a sempiternal Sam Slick, hard of heart, but of infinite acuteness and softness of sawder," &c.

We suppose that this is what Mr. Dallas considers smart writing. Meantime it is evident that this universal critic has not even read Southey's *Life of Wesley*, and confounds the theology of Wesley with that of the school in which he himself studied before he turned from the threshold of the Manse into the ways of literature. We should decline, however, to take his representation even of Calvinistic theology.

* As these pages were passing through the press we lighted upon a brilliant critique of Lord Jeffrey's on Mrs. Hemans' poetry (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 99), which has probably, as read long ago, helped to determine our views respecting the imagination, although we had quite forgotten all about it. It shows that Lord Jeffrey had come to the same conclusion as Coleridge, only that he wrote in beautifully clear and elegant English what Coleridge expressed transcendently. One sentence is so apposite, that we cannot deny either ourselves or our readers the pleasure and benefit of quoting part of it. "It has always been our opinion that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expressions of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outward things and qualities the natural type of inward gifts and emotions," &c.

ART. VII.—1. *Report on the State of Sabbath-schools.* By the REV. JOHN CLULOW. 1865.

2. *Report on the State of Sabbath-schools.* By the REV. JOHN CLULOW. 1866.

IN the minutes of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference for 1864, the Rev. John Clulow is appointed to “act under the direction of the Education Committee, with a view to promote the greater efficiency of Sunday-schools.” We propose to place before our readers some facts and figures gathered from two reports which Mr. Clulow has presented on the schools ; and at the same time to give the result of certain independent researches which we have been able to make within the sphere of Mr. Clulow’s operations.

In March, 1866, there were in Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-schools in Great Britain, 548,067 scholars, being an increase in ten years of 127,297. The number of church members was 331,183, being an increase in ten years of 67,348. In this decade, therefore, the increase of Sunday-school scholars was 30 per cent., and of church members 25 per cent. The present number of schools is 5,057, and of officers and teachers, 98,147. When we use the term school we must be understood to mean an institution, and not, of necessity, a building. In Cornwall, for example, the scholars are generally taught in the chapels. In one of the Cornish circuits there are fourteen schools, only one of them having a proper school-house ; and in another circuit all the Sunday-schools—twenty-five in number—are taught in chapels. For statistical purposes Mr. Clulow divides the scholars in Methodist Sunday schools into three classes. All under seven years of age are styled infants ; all over fifteen years, elder scholars ; and the remainder, between seven and five, are grouped together by themselves. The number in each class is : infants, 117,570 ; intermediate, 399,157 ; elder, 86,340. In round numbers, out of every thirteen scholars, eight are between seven and fifteen years of age, three are under seven, and two are above fifteen.

Here, then, are more than five thousand schools and more than five hundred thousand scholars. How are they governed ?

In some schools, usage and tradition supply the only

authority that is recognised. The reason for doing anything is, We always have done so ; and when it is asked, " Why follow this or that method ? " the reply is not, " The rules require it," nor is any defence set up on grounds of reason or results, but it is thought enough to say, " It is our way." Now we do not affirm that in no case is the usage worthy of being reduced to written law, or that, in the absence of printed rules, a school is sure to be ill-governed ; but we would suggest that a practice should be capable of being proved good, if not in theory, at least in results. Those customs which are only customs—of which the best that can be said is, " that it has always been so at our school "—rest upon a precarious foundation, and are poor things and ignoble. In other instances, schools are governed by rules and resolutions scattered up and down the pages of the secretary's minute book. To those concerned, such regulations are, for the most part, a dead letter. The governed have not access to them ; and to the teachers and scholars who enter subsequently, the resolutions are unknown, and might as well have been enacted for the government of a school a hundred miles distant. If there are written and recognised rules, duly sanctioned, the proper place for them is the hand of the teacher ; while rules relating to scholars should be read publicly once a quarter.

Of printed Sunday-school rules there is a rich variety. Some conform in the letter to the Conference regulations of 1827 ; some conform in spirit, though not in letter ; and others again in neither letter nor spirit. In rules of the class last named, there is sometimes no small measure of audacious originality. It is well known that in all rules for Sunday-schools the crucial question is introduced by the familiar formula, " The school shall be under the government of a committee constituted thus." Up to this point all is clear. As to the object of the institution, there is no difference of opinion ; it is when we come to consider how the committee governing the school shall be constituted that there is seen an apt illustration of the proverb, " Many men, many minds."

There is a constitution for a Sunday-school committee recommended by the Conference of 1827. Its main features are three. All the officers, with the exceptions of treasurer and auditors, must be members of the society ; all the officers must be proposed in and approved by the leader's meeting of the society with which the school is connected ; further, the proportion of those members of the committee, not being

ministers or officers, is defined thus—one-fourth to be teachers, members of society, elected into the committee by their own body; one-half to be subscribers, members of society; the remaining fourth may be chosen from those subscribers who are not members. This yields a committee, of which three-fourths are members of society, and one-half directly connected with the school—for the officers and representative teachers will prove about equal in number to the other section of the committee who may be subscribers merely, and not actual workers in the school. The constitution of 1827 gives a safe committee. The Methodist and religious character of the institution are secured, whilst, at the same time, the officers and teachers have a numerical position in the committee, such as befits their responsibility in relation to the efficient working of the school. Mr. Clulow says, that a committee thus constituted exerts a real influence on the internal management of the school; and that in most of the circuit town schools which he has visited, rules based on this principle are in operation.

There is a second constitution of committee common in many metropolitan schools, which differs considerably from the preceding. In addition to ministers and officers, the committee is composed of gentlemen, members of society, who are nominated partly by the retiring committee and partly by the teachers' meeting, and are formally elected at a public meeting of subscribers and friends. This is said to work well, though as matter of theory it seems desirable that the teachers should be represented in the committee. A Sunday-school committee in the discharge of its legitimate functions has to deal with numerous questions on which it is expedient to know the views and consult the judgment and feelings of the teachers; and this is best secured when there is present a limited number of teachers, who have been elected in a teachers' meeting to serve on the committee, and who are there to represent the opinions and convictions of their order. As a rule, no members of a committee are more regular in their attendance than representative teachers.

In a third class of cases, the rules have nothing in common with the Conference recommendations of 1827, and as little in common with each other. In this school the committee is chosen by ballot at the annual meeting of the committee and teachers, and in that it is chosen at the annual meeting of subscribers and friends. In one school, out of the thirteen—of whom, in addition to ministers and officers, the committee consists—eight are chosen at a public meeting, and five by

the teachers at their own meeting; another in this order is reversed, eight members of the committee being selected from amongst the teachers, and five from the list of subscribers. In one school there is no teachers' meeting. Once a year the teachers assemble and elect five of their number, not only to serve on the committee, but also in conjunction with the superintendents and secretaries, to form a "sub-committee for the direction of the internal affairs of the school." In this case the teachers delegate to a few picked men the labour and responsibility which generally devolve upon the whole body of teachers in their regular meetings for business. On the other hand, there is many a school which has no committee. For a generation or more, the teachers have had the entire control of the institution. Funds are raised, money is expended, anniversary services arranged for, laws are made, rules are printed—in fact, everything financial and legislative, as well as administrative, is settled by the teachers without any committee, and irrespective of either circuit ministers or leaders' meeting.

Equal diversity prevails in the mode of election of officers. In one school all the officers are absolutely chosen by the teachers, the election being final and subject to no veto; in a second, the teachers elect all save the superintendent, who is chosen by the committee; and in a third, the teachers elect none save the school secretary, all the others being chosen by the committee. The teachers themselves, in their turn, share in these "differences of administration." If, in various parts of the country, ten young people were seeking admission into Methodist Sunday-schools as teachers, the probability is that they would be received and dealt with in ten different ways. One is straightway appointed to a class by the sole authority of the superintendent; a second is nominated by the superintendent, and accepted, or rejected, by a vote of the teachers' meeting; a third is moved and seconded by the teachers, the superintendent not taking the initiative; a fourth is received by the committee; a fifth is placed on trial three months; a sixth is recognised as a full teacher without so much as a single day's probation; a seventh is asked if he is a member of society; an eighth is not asked any such question; a ninth is placed in charge of a class without one word of inquiry as to his competency for the work; and a tenth has to pass an examination in religious experience and scriptural knowledge before a sub-committee or a teachers' meeting. In the case of a teacher being found notoriously unfit for his office, Sunday school legislation seeks to render the indignity of exclu-

sion less offensive by the variety of modes in which an incompetent teacher may be deposed. In one place he may be dismissed by the will of the superintendent; in another, by a vote of the teachers' meeting; in a third, by the committee; and in a fourth he is relieved of his functions by the leaders' meeting.

Whilst leaving ample scope for the adaptation of details to local circumstances, there can be no question but that, in respect of general principles, it is most desirable that there should be something like uniformity in the constitution of the Sunday-schools of Methodism. For Methodist chapels the "model deed" has been of great advantage, and we should anticipate much real gain to the schools from the adoption of sound and well-considered model rules. Nor is the difficulty of devising such a code anything like so great as might appear at first sight to those who have been bewildered by existing anomalies. The practice, in preparing rules, of mixing up vital principles and minor details, has made confusion worse confounded. A notable instance of this we have in a copy of rules now before us, published so recently as 1863, and intended not for one small school, but for several large ones, constituting a circuit Sunday-school union. This confusion of principles with details not only makes codes in general needlessly diffuse and bulky, but also seems to render hopeless any attempt at brevity, simplicity, and uniformity. We have ourselves studied all the rules which have come in our way; rules for large schools and small, rules for metropolitan schools and for schools in the provinces, rules for individual schools and for circuit Sunday-school unions; and there is scarcely a code which has come under our notice from which we have not learned something. The most crude and imperfect has yielded some valuable suggestion. It is not, however, too much to say that for excellence and adaptation we have not found any to equal the "Rules of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school in connection with Wesley Chapel, Bolton." Mr. Clulow observes, "What is absolutely best is not always practicable; but these rules take hold of as much of what is theoretically best as is really practicable, and have been adopted by nearly all the schools in the Bolton Wesley circuit."

In this code a huge difficulty is got rid of in advance by a division of the whole into rules and suggestions: the former are binding where the code is accepted; the latter, of course, are not. As a specimen of the suggestions, of which there are fifteen, we quote the second. "It is desirable that the

opening exercises, singing and prayer, should not occupy more than fifteen minutes, and that the scholars respond audibly to the Lord's Prayer." If, now, in a given school the powers that be do not approve of this or any other suggestion, such objection would not prevent their adoption of the rules. Whilst the suggestions embrace many matters of detail as to which there will always be difference of opinion, the rules relate to grave principles upon which a general agreement is possible and most desirable. It is within our knowledge that this separation of rules and suggestions has prepared the way for the adoption of the above-named code in certain schools where, if the suggestions had been proposed as regulations, the code would not have been received.

The principles necessary to be secured are few and simple, and spring out of a correct apprehension of this one idea—the true relation of the school to the church. The two cannot be worked as separate, much less as rival, institutions. They cannot exist by amalgamation, on the principle that the school is the church; neither can they prosper as equals, having co-ordinate authority. The school is the child of the church. It is the offspring of the charity, zeal, and enterprise of those who, at the time, were members of the church. We never even heard of a Sunday-school established by "the world," nor yet by those members of a Methodist congregation who were not members of society. It is naturally, and in fact, an outgrowth of the love of Christ in the church; and as it springs out of the church, it is chiefly sustained by the church. This being the relation between the two, the school cannot stand alone. The church must have some control over the school in so far as its religious character is concerned; and, with Methodist schools, experience shows that this control is most conveniently exercised by means of the leaders' meetings of the society with which the school is connected.

In the Conference recommendations of 1827, this is secured. With the exceptions of the treasurer and auditor, every officer must be a member of society; and between the nomination by the committee and the appointment at the annual meeting, each name must be submitted to, and approved by, the leaders' meeting; and if approval be withheld, another nomination must be made. As a consequence of this arrangement, superintendents, general and local secretaries, and visitors enter upon the duties of their several offices with the seal of the church upon them. As to the teachers, whilst they are appointed by the constituted authorities of the school, it

is provided that they are answerable to the leaders' meeting for soundness of faith and morals, "and no person shall be continued in office as a teacher who shall at any time be declared by the committee, or by the leaders' meeting, ineligible in point of general character, or of religious opinions, to take a part in the Christian education of the children placed under our care." In this way, the leaders' meeting exercises a two-fold supervision over the working staff of the school; it prevents ineligible persons from coming in as officers, and it prevents ineligible persons from remaining as teachers. Facts might be quoted which would illustrate the need and value of such a power lodged in the leaders' meeting.

In the town and neighbourhood of Bolton there are no annual meetings of the subscribers and friends, as such meetings are understood in the Metropolis, and in the South generally. The funds are not raised by private subscription or by a collection at a public meeting, but solely by public collections made on the Sunday when the anniversary sermons are preached, and in this way more than enough is obtained for the maintenance of the school. In one of the Bolton circuits there is an annual meeting of the Circuit Sunday-school Union. It is a great gathering of officers and teachers, with a few adult scholars, from all parts of the circuit, but nothing is further from the promoters of this meeting than the idea of making money by it. Elaborate statistics concerning each school in the Union are read, the two general inspectors make their report, and Sunday-school topics are discussed; but there is no collection, and no appointment of school officers. It is rather a Sunday-school conference, and has little in common with the annual meeting contemplated in the minutes of 1827.

The constitution of the Bolton code ignores, therefore, the annual meeting, and provides other means of authenticating a committee. A committee framed under this code includes the circuit ministers, the officers, four teachers, and four persons chosen by the leaders' meeting. In the case of the "Wesley" school at Bolton this gives eighteen persons; of these, eight are in the school, two superintendents, school secretary, librarian, and four teachers; and six, as a rule, are not in the school—namely, the treasurer, the general secretary, and the four persons chosen by the leaders' meeting. Add to these the circuit ministers, and there is a fairly constituted and evenly balanced working committee. With respect to membership in the society; the superintendents, both secre-

taries, and the four teachers must be members ; the treasurer, the librarian, and the four chosen by the leaders' meeting need not be, but must be at the least members of the congregation ; a majority of church members is thus secured. As to the mode of election ; the existing committee nominates the treasurer, the general secretary, the superintendents, and the librarian—five ; the teachers' meeting nominates the school secretary, and four teachers—five ; these ten names are submitted, one by one, to the leaders' meeting, and, if approved, their appointment is complete ; to these ten the leaders' meeting adds four others of its own choosing, and the committee is constituted. Further, the "general principles" upon which the school is to be conducted are laid down in the code, and no alteration can be made without the consent of the leaders' meeting and of the trustees of the chapel with which the school is connected. Brief and lucid explanations are given, too, of the duties and powers of the committee, the treasurer, the general secretary, the superintendents, the school secretary, and the teachers. In the last section there is prescribed, in a series of seven questions, the proper business of a teachers' meeting, and Question 1 is thus worded : "Is there any objection to the religious opinions or moral character of any teacher ? Any case of importance which may arise out of this inquiry shall be referred to the committee and, if needs be, to the leaders' meeting, whose decision shall be final." The leaders' meeting is recognised as the supreme and final court of appeal, so constituting the church the judge of what opinions may be taught in the Sunday-school, and also what sort of persons may teach even wholesome doctrine. Rules for the scholars and for the librarian complete this admirable code. As compared with some that we have read, it is brief ; as compared with most, it is simple and logical ; things that differ are kept apart, and a natural order is observed. The Bolton code may not be strictly adapted to those schools which are supported chiefly by private subscriptions, in which the four persons chosen by the leaders' meeting might appropriately be limited to subscribers. It may not be absolutely perfect as a code designed for schools supported wholly by public collections, but if the suggestion of Mr. Clulow be acted upon, and a connexional code be compiled, the rules now in use in the Bolton circuit already referred to will be found worthy of the careful study of those to whom so necessary and important a work shall be committed.

A good working constitution being secured for a Sunday-

school, the next point is a wise classification of scholars ; while this again depends very much upon the building in which the school is conducted. In the erection of Sunday-school premises, the leading idea seems often to have been to make sure of one large room. Convenient vestries in which the senior classes may be taught, and suitable rooms for infants, have been too frequently left out of the plans. In reference to Methodist schools, it has been said, "The idea, readily enough admitted in the case of factories and warehouses, that a building should be adapted to the purposes it is afterwards to subserve, has not found prompt, or even general, acceptance in the case of either day or Sunday schools." We have ourselves known the furniture and general arrangements of school-rooms designedly adapted for the tea-meeting which came twice a year, rather than for the teaching and learning which was carried on twice every Sunday. What is most wanted, in order to an improvement in Methodist school-buildings, is not so much the means as the mind. It is not an uncommon thing to see money so laid out that the same amount judiciously expended would have secured fifty per cent. more of real convenience. A single large room can no more serve the purpose of a Sunday-school, than can a beautiful and commodious structure serve the purpose of a Methodist chapel apart from accessible vestries where classes may meet, and a spacious room where prayer-meetings may be held. It is impossible to conduct a Sunday-school efficiently if all the teaching is done in one room. In connection with every school, provision is needed for all under seven years of age and above fifteen, independent of the large room where the intermediate grade may be taught. There should be smaller rooms, fitted with galleries, for the infants, and vestries for the senior classes. Mr. Clulow remarks :—

"For want of this, many of our schools are made up of undisciplined masses of children, collected into one room, in which order is simply an impossibility. Until this evil be corrected, there can be no efficient instruction ; and if no efficient instruction, no spiritual or saving results of the best intended labour. In its material structure and adaptation, the Sabbath-school of the future must be in advance of the Sabbath-school of the past ; and there must be a reform in school buildings before there can be any great improvement in school management. Of buildings exclusively devoted to Sabbath instruction, the Centenary schools in the city of York may be referred to as a model, whether for general plan, or consideration of the physical comfort of the teachers and the taught, or wise adaptation to the

religious purpose of the institution. In addition to an infant department, there is a juvenile school for those who need instruction in elementary knowledge, and a large room where the Scripture classes are taught. There are also six commodious class-rooms; two of these are permanently occupied by senior classes, and the other four are used as 'retiring rooms,' into which all the classes are taken in rotation for more direct dealing and personal appeal and prayer."

The arguments in favour of separate rooms for infants are, in one word, economical. First, there is economy of space. In a suitable class-room, with a well-arranged gallery, sixty little ones from five to seven years of age will occupy not quite two-thirds of the area which they require when divided into six or eight companies, and taught in the school-room as separate classes. If the class-room be properly ventilated, a closely-packed gallery of infants will take no harm; it is when the room is low, and the heads of the children on the uppermost seat touch the ceiling, and the foul air is shut in, and the fresh shut out, that the atmosphere of the infant's room becomes stifling and poisonous. Then, there is economy of teaching power. A competent teacher, with a monitor as assistant, will govern and instruct as many infants as would occupy the attention of half a dozen teachers on the ordinary principle. The one in the room can do what the six in the school could not do. He can speak above a whisper. He has to make threescore children hear, and he is not fettered by the fear of disturbing others; they have to make one little child hear, and must not speak so as to be overheard by the teacher a few feet distant. He has apparatus, too, which the six have not—the moveable letter-box, for instance. This could not be used in the school; but the one teacher in the separate room finds in the letter-box one of the most valuable inventions of modern times—an invention which has gone far to convert into fact a phrase which to many children has seemed a bitter mockery, "reading made easy." Last of all, there is economy of time. Many schools are in continual flux; and it is of the utmost moment that every Sunday should be turned to the best account to enable the children to read for themselves the Holy Scriptures. Other things being equal, that system is best which, in the shortest time, fits the scholars for the Scripture classes. If a child must leave at a given age, it is undoubtedly better that he take with him the power to read and the love of reading than not; and threescore children taught simultaneously in a separate room will learn to read more quickly and more easily than if taught individually in the school.

Instead of learning only through their eyes, they learn also through their ears; the collective answer given by all at the same moment serves to stamp upon the mind and memory what is evoked by the teacher's question. And then, instead of the infants being taught one at a time, all are always learning. In the school, the general practice is, that the little ones are taught in rotation; one learning, half-a-dozen looking on, waiting for their turn; but in the class-room every child is under the eye of the teacher from the beginning to the end. Whether we regard the space occupied, the teachers required, or the progress made, the advantage of separate rooms for infants is so manifest as not to admit of question. Let this, however, be a settled principle also. The teacher for such a class must be the very best the school can furnish. If there is a teacher below the mark, irregular, unpunctual, with little brain and less soul, send him to any other class, but spare the infants. Older children may survive such an infliction, but it is death to an infant-class to have a dull, slow, poor teacher.

Whilst during school hours it is undoubtedly desirable that the infants should be taught separately, it is a question whether, during the hours of divine service in the morning, a separate service for the *younger* children is not expedient.

For the present we leave out of account both the feelings of the congregation assembling in the chapel and the convenience of the minister. Probably, if the question of such service were to be decided by other than the school authorities, it would be speedily and very generally established. But we weigh this question purely in the interests of the younger children and their teachers; premising further, that it is those children only who, if taken to chapel in the forenoon, would remain in the charge of the officers of the Sunday-school, that this inquiry touches; in other words, those scholars whose parents neglect public worship. As to other children who sit with their friends, we have nothing to do, because their connection with the school ceases when the duties of the school close. On entering the chapel they take their place as children of members of the congregation, and the Sunday-school teacher is no longer responsible for them. But the children now under consideration are those whose friends leave them on the forenoon of the Lord's-day entirely in charge of the superintendent of the Sunday-school. These little ones are thrown absolutely on our hands; we have them under our care. What shall we do with them?

Two weighty reasons plead for a separate service. The

public service is too long. The school assembles, on the average, an hour and a quarter before the chapel is opened, and then follows a full morning service of perhaps an hour and three-quarters. This is too much for children of seven years old. Long before the end of this time their minds are full; they have done receiving, and all that is poured in afterwards runs over. The public service is not suitable. In proportion as the song and sermon are of a nature to interest and edify godly and thoughtful adults, it is out of the reach of infants. We venture to think that if the younger children were detained for an hour in the school-room after the others, for a separate religious service, the balance of advantage would be on the side of such an arrangement. The morning attendance of the little ones would be improved; and whilst a larger number would listen to Christian teaching, each child would be likely to receive and retain more of what he heard.

The question of a supply of fit men for this work need not trouble those who are responsible for finding them. In a good degree, the demand would create the supply. As elsewhere, the work to be done would find or make the men to do it. The discipline of preparing suitable addresses for a congregation of young children is one of the most serviceable through which any man can pass who aspires to teach others. We do not know what we *do* know about anything until we have tried to put it in the fewest and simplest words possible. Many a high-flown and big-sounding sentence collapses into nothing at the first touch of the question, What does it mean? Translate the long words of an address into short ones, cut out confusing and useless synonyms, cancel every word that carries with it no idea, state plainly the point in hand. This is a process eminently fitted to confound and abase the lover of lofty phraseology, and to train and perfect the man who longs to be an able teacher and preacher of the Gospel to the young.

In the Methodist Sunday-schools, and in those of other churches, the intermediate classes have been upon the whole better cared for, in proportion to their need and claims, than either the infant or the senior classes. This has arisen in part from the fact that teachers of a capacity suited for classes of medium age are more easily obtained than those who are competent to the higher work of teaching infants or seniors. But in many schools, other principles than fitness and aptness to teach, govern the allocation of teachers to classes, and the result is, that whilst those who are in charge of the intermediate classes are equal to their work, the teachers of the

infant and select classes are notoriously below theirs; because, although these are absolutely the equals of their fellows, yet, relatively to their work, they appear to disadvantage, their work being more difficult, and demanding teachers not merely equal to the average, but the very best on whom the superintendent can lay his hands. Then again, the further fact that separate rooms are needed for dealing efficiently with the infants and the seniors has proved a barrier to success. Infants have been refused through lack of suitable class-rooms, and the senior scholars, for the same reason, have not been retained. At both ends the period of school life has been shortened, and the influence of the Sunday-school upon the individual child has been grievously diminished.

The importance of retaining the elder scholars is now pressing upon the conscience of Methodism, and the late Rev. Samuel Jackson, who saw further than most men of his time, was unwearied in calling the attention of both ministers and laymen to this question. In the intelligent and wide-spread endeavours which are now making to render the Sunday-school attractive to young people far on in their teens, we recognise the first-fruits of that good seed which that sagacious friend of children scattered with so bountiful a hand.

In the schools at York, Mr. Clulow found 125 youths in what are called "apprentice classes," consisting of lads and young men who have entered into situations, and who, but for this provision, would have left the schools. About half of these are members of the Methodist Society. Similar classes may be found in the King-street School, Exeter; in North-street, Bristol; in Queen-street, Huddersfield; in Radnor-street and Gravel-lane, Manchester; and in the Kingston School, Hull.

There are three circumstances which determine the percentage of senior scholars in Methodist Sunday-schools. *The employment of young people in their teens.* In agricultural districts, where the sons and daughters of the working classes go to service at fourteen, and where servants have for several months in the year a good deal of necessary work on Sundays, the proportion of scholars in their teens is and must always be small. Taking the schools throughout England and Scotland, the per-centage of scholars above fifteen years of age varies from three per cent. in the Lincoln, Hull, Kent, and York districts, to thirty-three per cent. in the Manchester and Bolton district. In taking note of elder scholars we leave Wales out of the account, because, from the beginning, Sunday-schools in the Principality have been distinguished by the attendance of adults. As a rule, those who have entered

the school as children continue in it as scholars till old age. The superintendent minister of the Llanidloes circuit writes, "We have in our Sunday-schools some who have seen four-score years, and we have many who cannot see to read, yet attend to hear the Word of God read, explained, and applied." In the two Welsh districts the number of scholars is 22,955; and of these 10,726, or nearly one-half, are above fifteen years of age, and 8,076 are members of society. It will be seen, that as the Welsh Sunday-schools are largely attended by adults, their position is exceptional; and, judged by their success in retaining senior scholars, they surpass by about fifteen per cent. even the Manchester and Bolton district.

The provision of separate rooms for senior classes. Young people are men and women in notions sooner than in years. They do not like to be placed on the same footing as boys and girls, and count it an indignity to be even referred to as children. If youths of sixteen are to remain as scholars, there must be some difference made between them and the juvenile classes. Let them be dealt with as mere children, taught in the midst of younger scholars, and their ambition is hurt, and they leave the school. Sometimes this drain of the elder scholars is set down to the want of religious life, while, in fact, the blame rests with the school committee. It is premature to complain of an acknowledged evil before we have done our utmost to remove it, and it is ungenerous, in the mean time, to place the fault elsewhere. We cannot bring ourselves to regard it as a serious crime for youths from fifteen to seventeen to desire to be treated more like adults than children. In all cases where there is nothing in the circumstances of the elder scholars to render their further connection with the school impracticable, it is wise to cast about and see if there is anything in the mode of treating them likely to result in their premature withdrawal. A few classrooms, where the senior scholars could be taught separately, would not only conduce to a more appropriate, and therefore more perfect, method of teaching, but would in thousands of instances decide favourably the question as to whether our elder scholars shall turn adrift when they most need what the Sunday-school can so well furnish, or remain as scholars until they pass into the church as faithful members and willing workers in some fit sphere of usefulness.

Competent teachers. It is the merest trifling to commit the instruction and discipline of a dozen tolerably intelligent lads of fifteen to a dull, slow, and uninformed man, be he ever so pious and well meaning. He must be in advance of his

class, or his office will fall into contempt. He should know well what he professes to teach. He ought to be not only thoroughly versed in the doctrines of the Bible, but also familiar with Scripture history, chronology, and topography, as familiar, that is to say, as a careful study of some good biblical and theological dictionary and biblical handbook will make him. Manuals of this class are in the hands of our senior scholars. Recently, more than forty copies of the Rev. John Farrar's excellent *Biblical Dictionary* were purchased by the young men in the Darcy Lever Sunday-school, near Bolton; and, of course, if the scholars possess and study such books, no teacher can afford to be ignorant of their contents. Any question which Angus or Farrar will assist in solving, he ought to be prepared to answer. Other helps will be embraced by a conscientious teacher; and we merely give this as the smallest measure of Scriptural information which any one conducting a class of senior scholars ought to be content with.

We have now indicated the three chief circumstances which affect the continuance in Methodist Sunday-schools of the elder scholars. So far as the first is concerned, we have no power; and in farming districts, there is no alternative but to lose a large proportion of the scholars as they reach the age of fifteen. But in commercial and manufacturing districts, and in the larger towns everywhere, suitable class-rooms and competent teachers will go far to retain them until they marry. Their Sundays are their own; the Saturday half-holiday, now so general, is a rest; and on Sunday morning the factory youth, unlike the farm-servant of his own age, is fresh for school work. In manufacturing towns, moreover, young people are eminently gregarious in their instincts and habits. For six days they are accustomed to society; they live and work in company; and when Sunday comes, the stir and crowd of a Lancashire Sunday-school are quite to their taste. They enjoy the singing and the excitement of the opening and closing exercises; and, as experience shows, only give them separate rooms and sensible teachers during lesson time, and they will remain as long as one can reasonably wish to keep them. From the statistical report of the Wesley School, Bolton, for 1866, we find that out of 520 scholars on the books, 307 are above fifteen years of age; and of these, probably quite one-half are eighteen and upwards.

The absolute necessity of competent persons to conduct classes of young men and young women, opens the question of the qualifications of teachers generally, and the best means of

securing a higher standard of teaching. What is needed now is, not more teachers, but better. In some schools there are too many already. Mr. Clulow says, "It is no unusual thing to meet with 45 teachers to 104 scholars, or 90 to 201 scholars, or 108 to 204 scholars, or 118 to 237 scholars. Of 122 teachers in one school, 70 attend monthly, 48 fortnightly, and 4 weekly." The aggregate number of teachers and officers in Methodist Sunday-schools is 98,401. Taking the connexion as a whole, this yields 2 officers and 16 teachers for every 100 scholars! The average attendance of teachers is 45,947, the number of teachers actually present being just half the number on the books; so that, taking one with another, the Methodist system is one of half-time teaching, and, as a body, Methodist teachers are on duty only on alternate Sundays, or half the day every Sunday. Further, looking at the relative number of teachers present, and of scholars on the books, and bearing in mind that infant classes, when taught in separate rooms, are generally large, we find that the average number of children on the class list is 11; and of these, the actual attendance will be 4 in the morning, and 8 in the afternoon. This estimate of attendance in proportion to numbers on the books is liberal, and is based upon a careful collation of statistics, especially those given in the Report of the Sunday-school Union for 1866. As a rule, the morning and afternoon attendances added together about equal the number of scholars on the register. The Islington Auxiliary, for instance, which represents a neighbourhood rather above the average in point of respectability, returns as the numbers on the books 12,054; morning attendance 3,614, afternoon 8,056 = 11,670, or 384 fewer than on the books. The Sunday-school Union includes many Methodist schools. In point of statistics, these are well up to the average, and in this particular are neither better nor worse than the schools connected with other churches. From the Wesleyan schools in the Islington Auxiliary, we select the Liverpool-road School. It is very true to the standard proportion. On the books, 659; present in the morning, 169; in the afternoon, 486 = 655, or 4 fewer than the number on the register. Indeed, so near to this is the attendance at many of the schools in the metropolis and elsewhere, that we might suspect there was an agreement entered into amongst the scholars to the effect that every boy and girl should put in an appearance once in the day, but by no means be present more than once on the same Sunday.

Seeing that the actual number of scholars taught by one teacher is so small—four in the morning and eight in the

afternoon—it seems to us that the number of teachers might with advantage be diminished ; and we would do this, not by disbanding any now on the books, but as teachers from any cause leave the school, instead of introducing new ones, we would fill up the vacancies and let the feebler classes be strengthened. If the present proportion of absentees is inevitable, let the normal strength of an ordinary class be fifteen instead of eleven, as now. According to the established per-centage of attendance, a teacher would then have five or six present in the morning, and ten or eleven in the afternoon, which certainly would not be too many. By this means we should remove out of the way of teachers one temptation to irregularity. It is not an uncommon thing to connect the absence of a teacher from his post—especially in the morning—with the exceeding fewness of his scholars. If he come, there will be only two or three present, and he depends upon the superintendent being able to annex them to another class, and he stays at home. Of course, so long as he is in office as a teacher, he is morally bound to go always, and to be early, health permitting ; though there seems no reason in appointing fifteen persons to do work which ten or twelve would do better. Another result would be this : the staple of teachers would become more experienced. With no juniors admitted for a while, those now in the work would grow older every year, and it is presumed the teaching power in a school would be considerably improved.

In view of this, it may be asked, What shall be done in the meantime with those candidates for the work and office of teacher who would, in the regular course of things, have been appointed to take charge of classes ? We say, Train them for the work to which they aspire. Unquestionably, the cardinal weakness of the Sunday-school system is the loose and careless manner in which, generally speaking, the teachers are nominated and received. It is the exception when any questions are put to the candidate, either as to his Christian experience or his religious opinions ; much less is he examined as to his reasons for desiring to become a teacher, his knowledge of those Scriptures which it will be his duty to open and apply, or even his acquaintance with the rules of the school, and his purpose to keep them. Young people half-way through their teens wish to be teachers, or are recommended by their pious friends to that office. A youth fancies that he has been a scholar long enough, becomes uneasy, and, to retain him in some connection with the school, his amiable teacher nominates him at the next teachers' meeting,

and he is placed on trial. A godly father thinks it will keep his son out of mischief if he is engaged as a teacher at the Sunday-school, and in deference to the parent's suggestion, the youth is accepted as a probationer for the office. Once received on trial, such candidates are pretty sure to drift into the full work. If the fitness of young people who are thus brought before a teachers' meeting is ever thought of, their competency is taken for granted, not inquired into. It is the exception when any one asks the proposer what he knows of the youth he is proposing; and when some teacher of a prudent or sceptical turn of mind demands, for his guidance in voting, what are the ascertained qualifications of the candidate before the meeting, he is thought needlessly conscientious or incurably impertinent. Of course, there are schools where a higher tone prevails, but as to a multitude this is no caricature, but a faithful picture. It is not meant that under so vicious a system no good teachers are received, but only that unfit persons are not kept out. In the case of great numbers of teachers a severe scrutiny of character would bring out their eminent fitness for the work; but when everything is assumed, when no questions are asked, many are received whom a very superficial examination would prove to be utterly unqualified. This is the fault we deplore, the system we condemn; in the appointment of persons to a work requiring considerable grace and gifts, their possession of the necessary qualifications is not ascertained, but taken for granted; and, as a natural consequence, young persons find their way into the ranks of Sunday-school teachers who have need that some one "teach them which be the first principles of the oracles of God."

It were infinitely better that such young people should remain, for a year or two, as scholars under the care of a godly and intelligent teacher. In every school of any magnitude there ought at least to be two classes, one for young men, and one for young women, in which the style and method of teaching should have reference to the probable official destiny of the taught. It is chiefly from the select classes that the superintendents expect to recruit the staff of teachers, and it were worthy of the importance of the subject to make these classes serve specifically as training classes. In other words, we would have these young men and women regarded as pupil teachers. Let them take in, but let them also be trained to give out what they have gathered—readily, effectively, attractively; and, under the management of a discreet teacher, this element might be introduced

without rendering the class in any appreciable degree less edifying to the young people considered simply as scholars. After a while, let these pupil teachers be employed, as occasion serves, to fill up vacancies which occur through the absence—by reason of sickness or distance—of regular teachers; and, whenever possible, they ought to know beforehand, so that they may not be taken unawares and called out to teach without even the ordinary opportunity for preparation. In the Darcy Lever School, the *Exercises on the Scripture Lessons* are used; and in the select classes the exercise for the Sunday following is taken; so that if on any given Lord's-day, two or three young persons are called out of these classes to supply vacancies, they are prepared to explain and illustrate the lesson appointed for that day because, as scholars, they had it expounded to them on the preceding Sunday.

When these pupil teachers are in charge of a class, it is most desirable that the superintendent should keep a kindly watch over them. The work of teaching with them is more or less an experiment. It would be a calamity to allow a sensitive, timid, young man to break down. The sense of humiliation in the eyes of the children might be so keen and crushing as to deter him from making further attempts; and, as a rule, the young persons who would best repay judicious oversight. Let the superintendents watch the first Sunday of every teacher, encouraging the fearful, directing those who seem perplexed, noting the individual capabilities and aptitude of the various candidates, and deciding which are the fittest for employment as regular teachers. Let such as betray gross incompetency be talked with in private—tenderly, but faithfully; let their faults of manner, temper, or ignorance, be honestly pointed out; and especially let them clearly understand that, in the estimation of its officers, the interests of the school take precedence of all personal considerations. Superintendents must be willing to give offence—or, rather, willing that others should take offence; they must be prepared to accept the risk there will be that the unpromising aspirant shall leave the school and take with him his valuable influence and capacity for labour. If some such method as this were adapted, Sunday-schools would be saved from the discredit and damage which do now so frequently result from the appointment to classes of untried and incompetent teachers.

There are now, we will suppose, in a school about a score

of young persons who are, in fact, pupil teachers, employed occasionally, and working under the immediate oversight of the superintendents. After practising for a while in this way, let the superintendents converse at large with such as seem likely to make good teachers; and having thus certified themselves as to the qualifications of the most promising, let them be received as teachers on trial. After a probation of six months, let them be formally examined in the presence of a teachers' meeting, both as to their personal religious life and their knowledge of the Scriptures. We are glad to learn from Mr. Clulow's report, that in some Methodist schools such an examination is insisted upon; and whilst there is no good reason why it should not be adopted everywhere, as the condition of introduction to the office of teacher, there are many and grave reasons why it should.

In no other department of Methodism are persons permitted officially to teach religion to others merely because they wish to do so. Regard is had, even in the case of prayer-leaders, to moral and religious character; and in some circuits—York, for instance—a pretty severe theological examination is the strait gate through which men must pass before they win a name and a place on the exhorter's plan. But take the case of a local preacher. A young man thinks that he has a call to preach; he is not straightway employed, much less is his name put on the plan. The superintendent converses with him closely, as to his conversion, his present religious state and habits, and his reasons for desiring the office. If this proves satisfactory, he is further examined as to his knowledge of that which he proposes to teach. If this ordeal be passed creditably, he is directed to accompany various seniors to their country appointments, and in their presence to exhort or preach. At the ensuing local preachers' meeting, those who have heard the young man give in their report. If this is favourable, his note of leave to preach is renewed, and for another quarter he exercises his gifts in the like manner—always in the presence of an experienced and judicious local preacher. Then, at the next quarterly meeting, if reports are still favourable, he is received on trial. If the candidate continues to be well reported of, he remains on trial, two, three, and four quarters; and then, still assuming that his life and preaching are satisfactory, he is examined by the superintendent, in the presence of the local preachers' meeting, as to his experience, his call to this work, and his acquaintance with the evidences, doctrines, morals, and institutions of Christianity. If he pass this examination satis-

factorily, he is received as a local preacher. In our judgment, this is not going too far. The Church is not responsible for providing men to teach all nations—that is the work of God; but the Church is responsible for seeing that those who go forth in her name to teach shall be duly qualified.

But if, in testing local preachers, Methodism does not go too far, it is certain that, in the admission of the Sunday-school teachers, it does not go far enough; though, if great caution be necessary in the former case, it is equally so in the latter. To teach a Scripture class in a Sunday-school requires in twelve months more thought and preparation than to take preaching appointments on an ordinary circuit plan. The teacher is before the same scholars every week, and must have things new as well as old every Sunday; the preacher is not before the same congregation, on the average, more than one whole Sunday in a quarter, and the need for new things is not so urgent. The teacher has it all his own way; he is perhaps in sole charge of the class, and from week to week the children hear at school only his view of things. The preacher is one of many, and where he gives one sermon, there are a dozen delivered by several different persons; and this circumstance itself renders it very difficult for anyone to introduce into the Methodist pulpit an unevangelical doctrine. Whether we regard the mental vigour required, or that guarantee of soundness in the faith which is necessary, it will be seen that the reasons which render testing and examination in the case of the local preacher not only desirable but indispensable, apply with, at least, equal force and fitness to the Sunday-school teacher.

The conclusion to which we have deliberately come is, that Sunday-schools cannot fill the place, and do the work, and command the confidence which they ought until the Church has some guarantee for the religious character, and intellectual fitness and soundness in the faith of those who teach her children, and who do this withal in her name. Methodist Sunday-schools, at least, are built and supported by the Methodist societies and congregations; they are called "Wesleyan-Methodist Sunday-schools;" their avowed object is to train up children in the doctrines, privileges, and duties of the Christian religion; and the people called Methodists have, as it seems to us, a right to expect that those who are employed as teachers shall be persons whose own new life is a pledge that they will keep in view the high purpose for which these schools exist—persons, also, whose intelligent acquaintance with the Scriptures and belief of Methodist

doctrines shall be, not taken for granted, but proved on examination.

We anticipate two objections. It may be thought by some that an ordeal of this kind would deter young people from offering themselves, and that the ranks of the teachers would not be replenished by recruits, and so, as a consequence, schools would languish for lack of persons to teach. But the "examination" does not deter young men from offering themselves as local preachers, or for the full work of the ministry. It is found, moreover, that in circuits where the standard is placed the highest, not only is the staff of local preachers kept up in respect of numbers, but a better class of men are secured. It is in the few nameless circuits where the tone is low, and the examinations are a form, that thoughtful men, and men of taste and reading, keep aloof from the work and office of a local preacher, and use their talent in some more congenial sphere. If we would have anything desired, it must first be made desirable; and whether it be an order or an ordinance that is in question, it will be coveted and sought out in proportion as it is judiciously fenced and preserved from unworthy intruders. We venture to predict, that some reasonable guard thrown around the admission of young people to the office of Sunday-school teacher would, in a year or two, not only not diminish the number of teachers, but would attract to the work some who now decline to enter upon it. It may be thought by others that great difficulty would be experienced in finding men possessed of the requisite authority and information to conduct an examination embracing Christian experience and theological soundness. Perhaps in a few cases there may be found a man fully competent to superintend a Sunday-school who would not feel himself equal to the task just indicated. This, however, would be the exception; and, as a rule, the superintendent would be able to examine candidates for an office whose duties are to be discharged under his own supervision.

But this would, nevertheless, not be our ideal. In our judgment, it is not the superintendent, but the minister who ought to examine candidates for the office of Sunday-school teacher; and not only so, but, as we think, the minister of the church with which the school is connected is the fit person to preside at teachers' meetings on all occasions. For gaining an insight into the working of a school, and for winning an influence over those who work in the school, a place in the teachers' meeting is worth far more to a minister than is a seat in the Sunday-school committee; and yet, as a

rule, the committee is more easy of access to the minister than is the teachers' meeting. We are familiar with leading and loyal circuits, where the ministers, whilst duly invited to the committee, are excluded from the teachers' meeting; and this, not by accident, but on principle. Take one case which fairly represents hundreds. The minister attends the committee, and the financial interests of the school are discussed in his presence; and if, at the anniversary of the institution, he can promote its success or add to the attraction of the services, he is free to do so. When he visits the school on the Lord's-day, he is met by a cordial welcome, and is generally requested to address the scholars. It is preferred that he should, from the desk, talk to the children rather than ask questions of the managers; in other words, a visit is thought better than a visitation. The minister may work round the school and influence it from the outside, but access to the inner circle is not vouchsafed. In a word, he may look on, but not look in. For it is in the teachers' meeting—from which he is shut out—that the pulse of a Sunday-school is to be felt, and it is there that the health or debility of the institution may be most surely learned. The comparative interest displayed in the higher or lower class of questions which come before such a meeting, from the monthly gathering for prayer to the annual excursion of pleasure; the faithfulness and gravity with which irregularities are censured; the response that greets the report of the spiritual state of the school; the relative prominence given to questions which touch the inner life of the institution; from these and other circumstances, it is not difficult to learn in a teachers' meeting on what principles and in what spirit the duties of the school are gone through on the Lord's day. We need not pause to remark how important and valuable to a minister is such knowledge as this. He cannot, for instance, pray for his Sunday-school with any degree of intelligence and appropriateness so long as its inner working is withdrawn from under his observation; neither can he have any just idea of the church and congregation as a whole, when one large department is to him "a land that is very far off."

Let us not be misunderstood. We state facts as they are; how they came to be so is quite another question. The exclusion of the minister from the teachers' meetings is a usage which has grown with time. Probably, if we were now beginning to be, and this matter had to be decided irrespective of antecedents, there are many bodies of teachers who would cheer-

fully offer to the minister the presidency over their meetings, yet who, as things are, do not care to make a change and overturn a custom which dates from ancient days. In the beginning of Sunday-schools, ministers had not time to give attendance at teachers' meetings; they were preaching nearly every evening in the week; the teachers met whenever necessary, and at length no one ever thought even of notifying to the chief pastor that a meeting was arranged; and, as a thing of course, the chair at such meetings was taken by the superintendent of the school. Then, it is possible that some ministers, having the opportunity, have not taken their rightful place at the teachers' meeting. This is unwise, and fruitful of difficulty to those who come after. We must, however, acknowledge that a teachers' meeting does not always present the most attractive sphere for a minister, especially when, as the result of long years of turbulent irregularity, there is not, on the part of the majority, any strong desire to conform to constitutional principle and usage. But whatever may have been the cause in the first instance, the fact remains that the minister is too generally excluded from the teachers' meeting. In itself this is an anomaly, and the fruit is evil. On the one hand, it is within our knowledge that, by a rare combination of wisdom, Christian courage, and administrative ability on the part of the officers, a teachers' meeting may be well and wisely conducted for years together; yet, on the other hand, we are bound to say that this is rather the exception than the rule. Unquestionably, Christian order would be conserved, and the high religious object of a Sunday-school would be kept more steadily in view if the pastor of the church were recognised as the pastor of the school also.

The visitation of the Sunday-school by the minister would yield greater and more permanent results if, as in the case of day-schools, a visitor's book were provided by the managers. A minister spends some time in the school on the Sunday afternoon; several things strike his mind. He has visited scores of Sunday-schools; he enters that, at the first, as a stranger; and on these accounts he is more open to receive impressions from the characteristics of the school than one whose experience is limited to that particular school, and to whom all its points are so familiar as to be unobserved. Mentally, the minister takes note of its condition; but it is not, perhaps, convenient or desirable just then to talk over the excellencies or defects of the school with the superintendent, and yet the opinions of the minister may be very valuable. If he could briefly and quietly insert in a visitor's

book his impressions and criticisms, the fruit of Sunday-school visitation would remain and ripen. The judgment is there on record. Good points are noted, and the teachers are encouraged. Some weak point may be set down in writing, and this may start the question, Can this be cured? Let the evil be faced; and no one in authority would count the minister an enemy because silently he told an unwelcome truth. In most of the town circuits of Methodism—and it is of town schools chiefly that we write—an arrangement is made by the ministers for visiting the principal schools once a quarter. This is official and stated; and, in addition to this, many ministers visit informally on two, three, or four Sunday afternoons in the quarter. If all this visitation is to produce the good of which it is naturally capable, the visitor must report results. Let him at the time reduce to writing his impressions of the school, and then at the quarterly meetings of the committee and of the teachers, let the visitors' book be produced, and its critiques and suggestions carefully considered. In this way many valuable lessons in Sunday-school administration might doubtless be gathered.

One drawback to the efficiency of the Methodist Sunday-schools remains to be noticed. From many quarters Mr. Clulow receives complaints as to the constant change going on in the composition of the schools in large towns. It is not that little ones are always being admitted and big ones always leaving, but there is a current of fresh children ever flowing through the schools. Children from ten to fourteen years of age come, remain a few weeks or months, and then leave; so that in the intermediate classes there is always a large number of "strange children," who have not passed through the lower, and do not remain to enter the higher classes. In one metropolitan school, with 659 on the books, 421 were admitted in one year, and 380 had left. In another school in the Metropolis, the number leaving every twelve months is as high as 60 per cent. of the scholars on the books. It may be observed that these schools are not in low neighbourhoods, where the population is ever changing, but both are situated in districts quite up to the average as to respectability. In one school in Manchester, with about 700 on the books, 285 had been admitted in one year, and 368 had left; and in some other schools in Lancashire the admissions and removals vary from 40 to 50 per cent. of the aggregate number on the books; and this is in a county where staid scholars remain in the Sunday-school five, six, or seven years. In most town schools there are two distinct sets of children: some who begin

in the infant classes, and rise until they reach the select class, and never think of changing that school for another ; others are always changing, and whilst they are generally in some school, they are never long in the same school. The almost incredible aggregate of scholars entering and leaving in one year is made up chiefly of these renegades. We remember an analysis made of removals from a school in the Manchester and Bolton district. With about 560 on the books, more than seventy had left in a single quarter, and the secretary reported that fifty removals, at the least, were of this sort—scholars who had been received from other schools, tarried a few months, and then left for pastures fresh. In our own Sunday-schools it is probable that, of the gross number received, two-thirds are children given to change.

In its effect upon a school, this custom is fatal to order, subversive of discipline, and a barrier to spiritual success. In an ordinary school there are from one to two hundred vagrant children, who are changing schools two or three times a year ; they have no personal interest in their teacher, and little sympathy with the other scholars in the class ; they do not fall in with the usage and the order of the school ; as a rule, they are restless and insubordinate ; they have no good name to lose, and no high place to win ; they were never long in any school, and do not intend to remain where they are. This is a just description of the wandering children who swell so fearfully the number of admissions and removals ; and it is quite clear that such scholars are not a credit, or a source of strength and hope to any school ; but they are a burden, a shame, and also a reproach. Some go from school to school from sheer love of change ; some are enticed by companions ; some find it expedient to leave, in order to escape expulsion ; some chafe and fret beneath the hand of just authority ; and some are ever on the move with a view of being in the way of as many treats in twelve months as possible. These are the chief reasons ; and the vagrancy itself is a gigantic and unmitigated evil.

Happily, there is no need that this disadvantage be accepted. The remedy lies in an honourable understanding between the managers of schools in the same town, that children coming from another school in the immediate neighbourhood shall not be admitted. Let a check be imposed upon capricious change. Let children know—and let their parents understand—that the superintendents of Sunday-schools do not encourage vagrancy. Let it not be possible for children, not changing their home, to change their school. It is simply

intolerable that a boy should be able to find his way into half a dozen schools in rotation—all within half a mile of his own home. Where children begin to go, there let them remain. It is rare indeed that any sufficient cause for removing a child occurs; and, as a rule, the children are not removed: they take the matter into their own hands, and go hither or thither, their parents not caring, and sometimes even not knowing; to them it is all the same provided the children go somewhere. We are aware that, in many schools, the "rules" declare that children coming from other schools in the neighbourhood shall not be received, except by the request of their parents or guardians; and we know, too, that this is not the practice even where it is the rule. The parents are not asked; the guardians are not questioned as to their wishes. A lad of twelve comes on a Sunday afternoon, and asks to be admitted. It is ascertained that he has been in attendance at a school in the next street; he is asked if his "parents wish him to come here;" of course, he says, "Yes;" and he is straightway sent to a class. The case is not gone into, and, by the facility of admission, a premium is offered to change.

But, whether or not the managers of neighbouring schools will enter into an arrangement to refuse renegades, it is clearly the interest of the superintendents of Methodist schools to close the doors against children of this class. In twelve months the schools would be much improved. Stop the influx of these children, and there will be no more yearly reporting of removals equal to from forty to sixty per cent. of the number on the books. Let the 600 on the register become 500, or even 400; in this way, get rid of all who are incorrigibly itinerant; come down in numbers, until there remain those only who mean to stay to the end of their school life, and then canvass. From the ranks of neglected children who were never inside a Sunday-school, and of young persons who have not been for years, replenish the register and fill up the school. This is clear gain, and, in working upon such materials, there is hope; but, in receiving scholars from other schools, there is no real gain to the cause of religion; and the children who are always changing are invariably the least hopeful subjects of religious instruction. So far as Methodist schools are concerned, the principal hindrance in the way of dealing vigorously with this evil is the worship of numbers. Unfortunately, many managers have come to think, that a great school is, of course, a good school. In their judgment, bulk is excellence, and increasing numbers are a sure indication of prosperity. Mr. Clulow remarks, "Too many school

managers mistake size for quality, and numbers for success. If asked, 'How are you getting on?' they answer, 'We were never doing better, for we never had more scholars;' when, frequently, their number is their weakness." This notion is very common, and superintendents are indisposed to risk even a temporary decline in numbers, lest the reputation of the school should suffer. It is more than time this amiable prejudice should be challenged and overcome. Let those who rule in the Sunday-schools dare to be just, and to do right. Numbers will not permanently suffer; and in the meantime there will be more chance of doing real good with 400 scholars, trained in the school and attached to it, than with 600, when 200 of these are strangers, ever coming and going. Our one relief in reflecting upon this wide-spread evil is, that, in order to its speedy and entire removal, the only thing needed is firmness.

The connection of scholars in the intermediate and senior classes of Methodist Sunday-schools with the chapel is not satisfactory. In 556 schools the children are avowedly not taken to chapel at all; and, in other schools, the morning attendance being thin, only a small proportion of the scholars are taken. The principal ground of regret, however, is that the absentees in the morning are, for the most part, elder scholars. Many of these do not attend in the evening; and, when at school in the morning, they show great unwillingness to go into the chapel. Looking at these facts, we cannot but infer that the connection of public worship with morning school has to do with their absence from school in the morning. And further, we see that, even whilst scholars, and under the care of the Sunday-school teachers, these young persons are forming the habit of neglecting the house of God. No wonder that, when they cease from attendance at school, they settle down into utter disregard of the Lord's-day and His service. The fact that multitudes of senior scholars never attend Divine worship, is a key to the startling and alarming statement that, in some towns in the manufacturing districts—Ashton, Blackburn, Halifax, and Oldham, for example—the number of scholars on the books of the Sunday-schools exceeds the gross number of hearers in all churches and chapels in the morning, the Sunday scholars included. In other words, there are more scholars absent from school and chapel on Sunday morning than there are present at public worship of all other classes of hearers, not scholars, put together.

To Methodists the question is of vital importance, Why this

dislike of public worship on the part of so large a proportion of the senior scholars? Passing by other reasons, it is undeniable that in many instances the sort of accommodation provided in the chapels is calculated to repel young men and women. They will not sit with the little children, and they do not choose to occupy the ordinary free seats. There needs a special provision, such as shall at once meet their means and their susceptibilities; and for lack of this, the elder scholars, by thousands every year, are alienated from the house of God. In several places a wiser economy prevails. At New North-road Chapel, London, and at Wesley, Bolton, for example, the scholars are offered comfortable sittings at reduced rates. At Darcy Lever, too, out of 814 scholars on the books, 160 are seat-holders, whilst, on the average, 194 are present at chapel on Sunday evening. In Gravel-lane, Manchester, the scholars receive "tokens" to admit the bearer to a commodious seat at the evening service; and these "tokens" are held only on condition of regular attendance and good behaviour. Those scholars who are present eleven evenings out of thirteen receive, at the end of the year, a small reward. This plan answers; and at this day the majority of the seat-holders in the gallery of the Gravel-lane Chapel were once scholars in the Sunday-school.

There are other points on which we might touch, especially the results of Sunday-schools in creating a race of godly parents, or rather their failing to do this. These schools have now educated at least three generations of scholars. In many instances, the grandfathers of children now in Sunday-schools were themselves scholars; in some towns, where Sunday schools have long been numerous and popular, as in Bolton, it is difficult to find adult natives who were not once scholars; and yet, as a rule, these middle-aged and elderly people are living in deplorable disregard of the Lord's-day and Divine service. They think their duty done when they have sent their children to a Sunday-school, as *their* parents sent them. On visiting from house to house amongst working people, it is no unusual thing on asking, Do you attend a place of worship? to receive the reply, "Oh, yes, we send our children to such a Sunday-school." So thoroughly has the idea taken possession of them that this is the whole duty of man. We knew a case in which a mother, who had been a Sunday-scholar, had not set foot in a place of worship for fifteen years, yet she made conscience of sending her children to a Sunday-school. Looking at the per-centage of attendance on public worship in the districts where Sunday-

schools most flourish, and at the melancholy disproportion between the number of Sunday-scholars and adult hearers drawn from the same class of people, it is clear that, taken as a whole, the Sunday-school system has not wrought even that preliminary change in the social condition and moral habits of the millions upon whom it has operated, which is indicated by attendance at public worship. Judged by this standard, the seed of an homer has yielded an ephah. And, moreover, on the part of those who were once Sunday-scholars, and are now fathers and mothers, there is not, as a rule, any attempt made to discharge parental obligations; but when the children are old enough, they are despatched to the nearest Sunday-school. This is held to be the right thing to do; it is the style in which they themselves were brought up, and they seem to have no idea of a more excellent way. And so the work of the evangelist is always where it was. We train the children of ungodly parents, who themselves have been Sunday-scholars, and we do this from one generation to another. This is precisely what we were doing thirty years ago; and if there be no change in the principle of conducting Sunday-schools, it is what we shall be doing thirty years hence. Meantime, the overwhelming majority of the working classes will be living in practical contempt of God's Word and commandments.

When Sunday-schools were first established, the British churches found "the water naught and the ground barren." In the providence of God, there was given them, in the idea of a Sunday-school, "a new cruse with salt therein." Elisha "went forth to the spring of the waters and cast the salt in there, and the waters were healed." It would have been well if we had done the same. We have tried to purify the water by casting salt into the stream. If Sunday-schools are to work a permanent improvement in the morals and religion of the country, the parents must be cared for at the same time that we teach their children—such parents, of course, as are living in the open neglect of public worship. In a word, we must count these fathers and mothers equally under the charge of the church with their children; and in admitting a child, it must be understood that we accept the responsibility of seeking to evangelise its parents. In some cases, perhaps, the church will not furnish a sufficient number of agents to work the Sunday-school on its present scale on this principle; if so, then, as the scholars leave, instead of admitting fresh scholars from new families, let the school be reduced in numbers, and let a few teachers, thus set at liberty, devote themselves to caring for the parents of children already in

the school. If this reduction must be, let it be; for it will be better to have fewer scholars and to try at the same time to evangelise the parents, than, as in some places within our knowledge, to absorb for half a century nearly all the working power of a church in teaching successive generations of children, and after all to have only half as many persons of all ages in the church or chapel on Sunday evening as there are scholars on the school books. In the case of most Methodist schools there may be found in the society with which the school is connected, godly men and women who would not be unwilling to visit and seek to evangelise such parents of the scholars as are living in the neglect of religious ordinances. A vast amount of time and influence, of energy and talent, might thus be utilised; many a respectable, middle-aged member of the church, now doing little or nothing, would render good service in caring for half a dozen of the fathers and mothers of the Sunday scholars. Homes need regenerating, parental obligations need explaining and enforcing, a family conscience needs creating. We want to form for every child in the Sunday-school a home-influence under which he may safely grow up, a home-example which he may in after life profitably follow. No doubt for some years this will be a work that will tax the resources of the churches to the uttermost; but if we are not to go on as we now are, seeing nine-tenths of our Sunday scholars develop into men and women neglecting public worship and desecrating the Lord's-day, it must be done either by the Sunday-school or by some agency working in concert with it. Had this been seriously taken in hand a generation ago, the domestic and moral condition of the working people of this country would not have been so frightfully corrupt as, unhappily, it now is. Some approach to this practice has been made of late in Methodist Sunday-schools by the establishment of classes for adults. In connection with schools at Hill Top, in the Wednesbury Wesley circuit, not; for instance, there are adult classes for men. None are received under eighteen years of age; the average attendance is 120; and since the commencement of the classes not fewer than 80 of these adult scholars have been added to the church. At Cardiff and at Oxford-road, Manchester, the same idea is being quietly and successfully wrought out. But perhaps the most notable instance is that of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Here, in a town of not quite six thousand inhabitants, and where denominational competition is unusually keen, the Methodist Sunday-school numbers 450 scholars; and of these, 150 are

over twenty years of age. In these classes for adults are found working men of thirty, forty, and even fifty years of age; and of these adults, gathered into the Sunday-school, not fewer than sixty-three are enrolled as members of the society. It would be well if the example of Sherborne were generally followed. The congregation would be improved, the church would be strengthened, and the school would be a "tree yielding fruit, whose seed is in itself, after his kind."

In our Sunday-schools we must, though late, learn to place quality before magnitude. When this becomes a governing principle with superintendents, the schools will answer on a much wider scale than heretofore their high purpose. The doctrine must be, a large school if we can, but at any rate a good one. Three things are necessary, efficient teachers, staid and regular scholars, and systematic visitation of parents. Let us have these at any cost, and extend our borders only as we can take with us intact this three-fold idea.

It is well to retain the senior scholars in Methodist Sunday-schools until they are of age. But this is not enough. Unless, before they leave the school, they connect themselves with the society, the chance of retaining them even as hearers in the congregation is very slender. In order to this, however, the teachers must themselves be devout and godly persons, and on this point, the Report shows that Methodism is not strong. There are nearly 27,000 young persons employed as teachers who are not even members of society. Out of every ten teachers in the schools there are three non-members. This fact needs pondering, for it bears most directly upon the religious efficiency of the schools, and so upon the supreme aim of all Sunday-schools—the conversion of the children.

Perhaps the present condition of Methodist Sunday-schools, together with the best leading suggestions which can be offered for increasing their practical serviceableness, can hardly be exhibited with greater succinctness and judgment than in the concluding passages of Mr. Clulow's Report for 1866, which we venture to quote at large.

"The inquiry of the last two years has abundantly proved:—

"1. That while many of our Sunday-schools are regularly organised and well conducted, many are almost without definite plan and fixed principles of action; and yet others, though they possess written or printed rules, do not yield the measure of spiritual fruit that might be expected, considering the number of officers and teachers engaged in them, and this for want of more directly religious aim and more earnest and devout efforts.

"2. That, in some districts, the schools are still taught in buildings

which serve the double purpose of school-room and sanctuary, to the inconvenience of regular attendants on public worship, the detriment of school classification suited to the age, capacity, and wants of the scholars, and the lessening of the love and reverence for that house of God, which is so essential to their profit under the ministry of the Word.

"3. That, notwithstanding it is a cause of gratitude to God that thousands of our Sabbath scholars are regularly met in catechumen and society classes, and are thus being prepared to take their place in the church of Christ; and that the great majority of the schools are present at public worship at least once every Lord's-day; yet multitudes who have been brought up in these schools are lost both to the school and the church when rising into mature life, and some entire schools are not even systematically taken to chapel, and this, in some cases, for want of adequate chapel accommodation for them.

"4. That, not infrequently, very young persons are received as teachers before they have given evidence of that personal piety which is the most essential qualification for the office, and also without any preliminary training for the work; and when the teachers are men and women of unquestionable piety and of the best intentions, they do not always use regular lessons, or labour to qualify themselves to give those lessons to their classes in an intelligent and effective manner.

"5. That the greater number of the schools have no libraries for either teachers or scholars; and in schools, possessing these valuable auxiliaries, the books are not sufficient in number, excellence, and variety to meet the growing taste of the children for pure and Christian literature.

"6. That, during the last few years, unions of all the officers and teachers of the schools in a circuit, for mutual intercourse, counsel, and encouragement have been formed in various parts of the Connection; and, according to general testimony, have been beneficial in increasing the intelligence, quickening the zeal, and promoting the usefulness of all associated with them.

"In view of these facts, it would seem that the chief things wanting to improve the organisation of our Sabbath-schools are—

"1. A draft of model rules, based on the principles for the regulations of Sunday-schools issued by the Conference of 1827, with such modifications as experience has shown to be necessary, and that might be recommended to those who seek advice in the formation or revisal of rules.

"2. The provision of proper school-rooms for such schools as are now taught in places of worship; the adaptation of existing buildings, as well as all new erections, to the purpose for which they are designed, so as to allow a classification of scholars best fitted to attain the highest ends of Sabbath instruction; and the supply of children's seats in chapels in sufficient number to admit of all the children in our Sunday-schools being in the congregation during public worship.

"3. An attempt to lead the children of our schools to early religious decision by direct personal appeal to their consciences on the part of the teachers; and, as a connecting link between the school and the society classes, and to keep them in the one until they intelligently become members of the other, the increase of Bible classes for elder scholars, under the care of teachers of piety and intelligence, taught in separate rooms, and, whenever practicable, met on some convenient night in the week.

"4. Greater care in the selection and probation of candidates for the office of teacher, to secure reasonable proof that they possess requisite graces as well as gifts for the work, and some arrangement to assist teachers in preparation for their important duties.

"5. Increased facilities for the formation of Sunday-school libraries and the issue of an eclectic catalogue of such books as we can recommend, not only from our own Book-room, but also from the lists of other publishers, as being in harmony with our own views of moral and religious truth.

"6. The expression of the opinion of the Conference on the desirability of establishing Circuit Sunday-school Unions to augment the efficiency of schools within their own boundaries; and, if they be deemed useful, the suggestion of the best mode of constituting them on sound connexional principles.

"But, important as it is to strive after a more perfect development of Methodist Sunday-schools, it is still more essential to their usefulness, as part of the mechanism of the Christian church, that all who are concerned in their prosperity—ministers, officers, and teachers—should keep steadily in mind the great end of Sabbath instruction, and seek in a more prayerful spirit the conversion of the children to God, and their union with the church of Christ."

These words of Mr. Clulow are well considered and timely; and while they have a value extending much beyond the ecclesiastical circle to which they were first directed, we commend them especially to all Methodists as worthy of a most serious, immediate, and practical attention.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine, from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council.* By JAMES DONALDSON, M.A., LL.D. Vol. I. *The Apostolical Fathers.* Macmillan & Co. 1864.
2. *Ante-Nicene Christian Library. Translation of the Writings of the Fathers down to A.D. 325.* Edited by the Rev. ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D. and JAMES DONALDSON, LL.D. Vol. I. *The Apostolical Fathers.* Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1867.

THESE two series of volumes bid fair to form a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of Ante-Nicene theology. They are entirely independent of each other, save in the fact that the author of the *Critical History* is one of the editors of the Translations. Dr. Donaldson has undertaken an important but very formidable task; he brings all the writings of that period to the bar of a close criticism, passes judgment on their genuineness, their authenticity, the theological opinions represented by each, and the manifold influences which determined their character. His aim is to furnish an exhaustive introduction to the study of the whole body of those documents which the library of Ante-Nicene theology purposes to translate. Should the two enterprises be encouraged as they deserve, the Christian theology of the age between the apostles and the Nicene Council will be placed before the English reader with advantages for its study never before enjoyed.

We shall at present limit our review to the first volume of the two series containing the "Apostolical Fathers;" and at the outset we find that the two volumes do not cover the same ground. Dr. Donaldson's principles are severe; he reckons only five names in this earliest class of uninspired writers, and one or two even of them barely maintain their position. Barnabas and Hermas he does not regard as proved to be the persons mentioned in the New Testament, though he admits that their writings are of very early date, and fairly belong to the time immediately following the Apostles. Hence he limits the venerable name of "Apostolical Fathers" to Clement, Polycarp, and Papias. Ignatius he summarily excludes, on the ground that his letters "contain opinions and exhibit modes of thought entirely unknown to any of the ep-apostolic writings." The Epistle to Diognetus

is not alluded to. In the translation, however, we have the complete Seven, as they are generally accepted. The version is faithful and readable; much pains has been taken with the text; and, with a praiseworthy anxiety to leave the reader's judgment unfettered, all the disputed writings of the several authors are inserted, with such prefatory matter as was necessary in order to set the question of their genuineness in a fair light. The principles on which the translation is based, and the style in which it is presented to the public, are unexceptionable. We greatly admire this specimen, and may with great confidence recommend the series which it commences so nobly.

Taking this volume as our guide, we are introduced to a series of writers occupying a definite place of their own in Christian literature, and whose productions have on many grounds a surpassing importance. They mark the epoch of transition from the reign of inspiration to the ordinary action of thought and language. They show what was the impression produced upon their own contemporaries by the conversion and the writings of the Apostles. They are the first reflection of the New Testament in the uninspired literature of the Church. These documents are about the same in quantity as the New Testament, and are written by about the same number of writers, on the same topics generally; some of them being letters sent to the same churches. Had such a collection of writings been concealed during the intervening centuries, as some of them were till a comparatively recent period, with what intense curiosity would they be appealed to and studied by all classes of Christians! Before estimating their general value, let us glance at the series individually.

The Epistle of CLEMENS ROMANUS is a document of peculiar interest, being the first specimen extant of uninspired Christian literature. If we accept the period of the Domitian persecution, about A.D. 97, as the date of its composition—a date which both external and internal evidence mutually confirm—it was written immediately after the Spirit of inspiration had dictated the last book of Holy Scripture to St. John in Patmos. Again, as we may assume, according to the unanimous testimonies of antiquity, that its author was the Clement mentioned by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Philippians, it is the only production that has an indisputable claim to be regarded as proceeding from a companion of the Apostles. Further, as from the date of the earliest uninspired document that followed it, cannot, as we shall see, be placed earlier than the middle of the second century, this letter of

Clement stands alone for a space of fifty years as representing the earliest thoughts of Christian literature. Lastly, it was written from the Church at Rome to that of Corinth, from one great centre of St. Paul's influence to another—the only instance of the kind—and this also bespeaks its importance. Thus, by a variety of concurrent notes, both the writer and the [writing are stamped with a peculiar dignity; the letter is invested with a special sacredness as the primitive document of the Christian archives outside the New Testament, and the name of Clement has another memorial second only to that of being “written in the Book of Life.”

It may be supposed, therefore, that the letter was highly esteemed in the early church. The testimony of Eusebius—“There is one acknowledged epistle of this Clement, great and admirable, which he wrote in the name of the church of Rome to the church of Corinth, sedition having arisen in the latter. We are aware that this epistle has been publicly read in very many churches both in old times and also in our own day,”—indicates that it held during the first two centuries a place almost on a level with the canonical writings. To this high estimate we owe its preservation; the only copy extant being that found in the *Codex Alexandrinus*, presented in 1628 by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, to Charles I. and now preserved in the British Museum.

Since its restoration to the light of Western criticism, this letter has been studied by all parties of theologians with deep interest. The modern Rationalist school have manifested a keen anxiety to discover its points of divergence from apostolical doctrine; but any reader who takes up the faithful translation now lying before us will be able to judge for himself how futile are their attempts. He will see that there is nothing in the epistle inconsistent with the writer's character as a hearer of the Apostles; always allowing for the infirmities of an uninspired and perhaps somewhat credulous man. His object being a friendly admonition to the Corinthians on account of their dissensions—a suggestive fact in the first document of the Church's common literature—that object is kept in view throughout. The history and evil effects of jealousy are traced in the Old Testament, and in the persecutions of the early Christian age. The opposite graces of humility and meekness are descanted upon at length, and the duty of preserving the unity of the Church enforced; the Corinthians are referred to the Apostle's letter, and urged to repent and renew their concord. The whole ends with a hope that the deputation sent by the Roman

church to visit them, will return with the glad tidings of the restoration of harmony—followed by the customary benediction of St. Paul.

When examined in detail this primitive document will be found to be a faithful reflection of apostolical doctrine; but, on the other hand, it will mark very emphatically the tremendous descent from the style of inspiration to that of men's ordinary thought and composition.

The former assertion has been much disputed, and many who do not contradict it on the whole yet seem to be solicitous to prove that this earliest exponent of the Church's interpretation of apostolical doctrine is not in harmony with what is called modern orthodoxy. Something of this spirit appears in Dr. Donaldson's volume. While he admits, for instance, that Clement regarded Christ as more than human, "for he describes Him as the reflection or radiance of God's greatness, and as being so much greater than the angels, as He has inherited a more excellent name than they," he nevertheless strives to invalidate Clement's testimonies to the Divinity of our Lord, by the application of a kind of criticism which, if applied to the New Testament, would go far to rob it also of that doctrine. In the second chapter of the epistle occurs the following sentence:—"Content with the provision which God had made for you, and carefully attending to His words, ye were inwardly filled with His doctrine, and His sufferings were before your eyes." These words are quite in harmony with the spirit and style of the New Testament, and do not involve, as Dr. Donaldson thinks, an imputation of Patripassianism. Following Junius, he would change the first letter of the word, and substitute "instructions" for "sufferings:" a change which would make the sentence tautological, and take away the striking connection between the contemplation of Christ's sufferings and the grace of humble self-renunciation, which Clement is referring to as having formerly characterised the Corinthians. We, therefore, hold to the text, with all its weight of doctrine, as it is faithfully rendered in the translation of Clark's series. We must deny also that Clement's frequent references to the Holy Word "contain no express declaration of the Logos idea." To us they seem to be a remarkable application of language which had already been made current by the apostles, and which St. John had recently set forth in all its fulness of meaning. And when Dr. Donaldson endeavours to invalidate the force of the argument derived from the doxologies, he seems to forget that, even if they were merely ascriptions of praise

to God through Christ, the invocation of the grace of Christ is itself an acknowledgment of His Divinity. The phraseology used by Clement with regard to Christ is precisely the same as that of St. Paul. It is language which recognises Him as the Mediator between God and men, who does not merely impart a grace which He receives for us, but sends us down His own grace. There is the same tone of reverence in every allusion to Christ; and we confess that we are among the number of those moderns, "more prejudiced than Photius," who think Clement's epistles perfectly loyal to the supreme Divinity of the Redeemer. Dr. Donaldson says: "Indeed, the way in which Christ is spoken of is one of the most striking peculiarities of the letter," an idle assertion, which he goes on to establish by quoting a series of expressions that read exactly like extracts from the epistles of St. Paul. Peculiarities there are in the document, as we shall see, but it does not vary by a shade from the New Testament in the style in which it speaks of the Redeemer's majesty.

The first uninspired statements concerning the virtue of Christ's death are, in our judgment, entirely faithful to the doctrine of an atonement offered by a vicarious sacrifice. Were it otherwise, the fact would be a very solemn and important one. The tone of Dr. Donaldson's remarks tends to a denial of this. He admits that Clement attached a "mysterious efficacy" to Christ's death; but pleads that he did not "attempt to explain the mystery." This may be readily admitted. The apostle Paul does not explain the mystery; but, like Clement after him, he sets forth under every possible aspect the vital importance of the death of Christ to the salvation of man. When we remember that the epistle was written for a specific purpose, and that allusions to the atonement enter only incidentally, such sentences as the following will be thought a very true reflection of the scriptural and orthodox doctrine:—"Let us look stedfastly to the blood of Christ, and see how precious that blood is to God (the Father), which, having been shed for our salvation, has set the grace of repentance before the whole world. Let us turn to every age that has passed, and learn that, from generation to generation, the Lord has granted a place of repentance to all such as would be converted to Him." Again, speaking of Rahab's virtue, he says, "Moreover, they gave her a sign to this effect, that she should hang forth from her house a scarlet thread; and thus they made it manifest that redemption should flow through the blood of the Lord to all them that believe and hope in God. Ye see,

beloved, that there was not only faith, but prophecy in this woman." The unprejudiced reader, remembering that this is not a dogmatic treatise, will find such constant references to the death of Christ on behalf of man as to warrant a different opinion from that of our critic, who coldly remarks, "Little is said of the death of Christ."

As to Clement's way of exhibiting the method of salvation, the fundamental passage is as follows:—"All those, therefore, were highly honoured and made great, not for their own sakes, or for their own works, or for the righteousness which they wrought, but through the operation of His will. And we, too, being called by His will in Christ Jesus, are not justified by ourselves, nor by our own wisdom, or understanding, or godliness, or works which we have wrought in holiness of heart; but by that faith through which, from the beginning, Almighty God has justified all men; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Interpreted by this passage, all those sentences which are referred to as indicating divergences, more or less important, from apostolical teaching, may very fairly be regarded as containing variations only in the method of expression. Certainly, his view of faith is really, though not so precisely expressed more than once, faith in Christ; his salvation by works is that of St. Paul and St. James; and his doctrine of election is almost verbally that of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The morality taught by this epistle is as faithful to the New Testament as its doctrine is; and yet there is a very wide interval between Clement and the Apostles. It is not that, when we look upon his page, we find something different from the more familiar page of Scripture; the entire cast of the composition betrays that man's own mind is governing its own movements. There is the human element in the following beautiful passage which Professor Donaldson quotes, as containing a more enlarged reference to the operations of God in nature. It is the first specimen of Christian oratory; as such forming a distinct paragraph, in which the writer deliberately sets himself the task of a rhetorical glorification of the Creator:—

"Let us look steadfastly to the Father and Creator of the universe, and cleave to His mighty and surpassingly great gifts and benefactions of peace. Let us contemplate Him with our understanding, and look with the eyes of our soul to His long-suffering will. Let us reflect how free from wrath He is towards all His creation. The heavens, revolving under His government, are subject to Him in peace. Day and night run the course appointed by Him, in no wise

hindering each other. The sun and moon, with the companies of the stars, roll on in harmony according to His command, within their prescribed limits, and without any deviation. The fruitful earth, according to His will, brings forth food in abundance at the proper seasons for man and beast and all the living beings upon it, never hesitating, nor changing any of the ordinances which He has fixed. The unsearchable places of abysses and the indescribable arrangements of the lower world are restrained by the same laws. The vast immeasurable sea, gathered together by His working into various basins, never passes beyond the bounds placed around it, but does as He has commanded. For He said, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and thy waves shall be broken within thee.' The ocean, impassable to man, and the worlds beyond it, are regulated by the same enactments of the Lord. The seasons of spring, summer, autumn, and winter peacefully give place to one another. The winds in their several quarters fulfil, at the proper time, their service without hindrance. The ever-flowing fountains, formed both for enjoyment and health, furnish without fail their breasts for the life of men. The very smallest of living beings meet together in peace and concord. All these the great Creator and Lord of all has appointed to exist in peace and harmony ; while He does good to all, but most abundantly to us who have fled for refuge to His compassions through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory and majesty for ever and ever. Amen."

The translation of this passage does not force the original ; it simply does it justice. The passage itself strikingly illustrates the transition from the style of the Holy Ghost to the ordinary reflection of the pious mind. But it is chiefly remarkable as exhibiting that tranquil reconciliation of Providence and redemption which reigns throughout the earliest Christian writings. In them Christ is the harmony of all things most seemingly diverse ; a new Providence, and yet the same that was from the beginning ; restoring to His people even in this life the blessedness which was the design of man's existence ; and pronouncing once more upon the disordered elements of creation the original benediction of "very good."

While Clement perfectly agrees with the Apostles in the reverence with which he acknowledges the inspiration and authority of the Old Testament writers—expressly declaring that the Holy Ghost wrote and spoke in them—he takes more liberty with the letter of the Scripture than the Apostles ; and, in fact, betrays much confusion in his mosaic style of quotation. Thus this primitive Christian document gave earnest of the licence which men would allow themselves in their treatment of the Bible. But in the case of Clement there is scarcely

an instance in which the misquotation affects any important element of truth. Let the following example be witness ; God is spoken of as crying :—" Say to the sons of My people, If your sins reach from the earth to the heaven, and if they be redder than scarlet, and blacker than sackcloth, and ye turn to Me with the whole of your heart, and say, O Father, I will hear you as a holy people," where there is nothing but the truth, although the words can be represented as God's only by combining three or four passages in the Prophets.

There are some fanciful analogies in the latter which are indicative of the tendency of Clement's mind. Not content with the one grand argument for the resurrection which he gives from St. Paul, he goes on in a feeble but pleasant style to speak of day and night, bud and flower, as figuring the future change ; and winds up with the myth of the phoenix, without any note that he is introducing a fable. But the declension from the style of inspiration is not exhibited in detached passages so much as in the diffuse tone of the whole. The effects of strife in the persecution and martyrdom of the saints, ancient and modern, are dwelt upon almost wearisomely ; while we miss the sublime views that really dignify persecution and death by making them sufferings endured with Christ. And the graces of faith, obedience, and hospitality, with the benediction God has granted to them from the beginning, are depicted in a style very different from that in which the same things are dwelt upon in the Epistle to the Hebrews and elsewhere in the New Testament. We feel at once that with Clement a new order of things has come in sacred literature.

We have dwelt rather disproportionately upon Clement, in deference to his claim as the first of the fathers. The next name—that of IGNATIUS—is of far greater importance, not so much on account of the superior intrinsic value of his writings, as on account of the disputes of which they have been the centre, and their great weight in certain points of controversy. Whatever is known concerning his personal history is gathered from an account of his martyrdom, professing to be written by some of his companions—an account that has been held in suspicion because no mention was made of it during the first six centuries. Notwithstanding this fact, the simplicity of the narrative—allowing for a few of those accretions which such records were liable to gather in course of time—pleads strongly in its favour ; and we agree with the translator of the *Apostolical Fathers* in accepting it. We learn that Ignatius was a disciple of St. John, and at the

time of his death, chief presbyter or bishop of Antioch. In the persecution that raged under Trajan, about A.D. 117, he was brought, or voluntarily presented himself, before the Emperor, then on an expedition against the Parthians, and was condemned to the wild beasts at Rome. It is remarkable that before Trajan he explained his name Theophilus to mean "One that beareth God in his heart;" the narrative making no reference to the legend which identified him with the child borne in Christ's arms (Matt. xviii. 2), a distinction that certainly would not have been passed by in a later forgery. During the series of voyages by which he made his slow pilgrimage to death, he wrote the epistles which have made his name memorable.

These letters have been the occasion of more controversy than any other remains of Christian antiquity. There are fifteen assigned to him; eight, however, are now almost universally regarded as spurious, betraying by their very addresses their absolute inconsistency with the known principles of the second century. The remaining seven were acknowledged by Eusebius, and are now generally regarded as the productions of Ignatius. But they are found in two recensions, a longer and a shorter. In the seventeenth century there was a high discussion as to which of the two forms was the original, and whether both were not much interpolated in the editions transmitted. Bishop Pearson's *Vindiciæ* established on an immovable foundation the genuineness of the shorter recension, that is, as compared with the longer; but it did not suffice to preclude controversy as to the question whether the letters generally are rightly attributed to Ignatius. During the present century a Syriac version of the three most important epistles has been found in an Egyptian monastery; the epistles to Polycarp, to the Romans, and to the Ephesians. This Syriac version is still shorter than the shorter of the Greek. The late Dr. Cureton laboured hard to prove that it is the only trustworthy representative of Ignatius, "the only true and genuine letters of the venerable Bishop of Antioch, that have either come down to our times, or were ever known in the earliest ages of the Christian Church." Learned men are far from unanimous in accepting this verdict; the controversy still goes on, and is likely to continue. Meanwhile, it may be observed that the three epistles contain the substance of the Ignatian theology, and it is wise to confine ourselves to them in illustrating the character of that theology.

We shall select a few passages from the Epistle to the Ephesians in the shorter Greek recension (Clarke's transla-

tion), as exhibiting at one view the salient points in the Christian teaching of Ignatius.

"I have become acquainted with your name, much-beloved in God, which ye have acquired by the habit of righteousness, according to the faith and love in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Being the followers of God, and stirring up yourselves by the blood of God, ye have perfectly accomplished the work which was befitting to you. For, on hearing that I came bound from Syria for the common name and hope, trusting through your prayers to be permitted to fight with beasts at Rome, that so by martyrdom I may indeed become the disciple of Him 'who gave Himself for us, an offering and sacrifice to God'—I received, therefore, your whole multitude in the name of God, through Onesimus, a man of inexpressible love, and your bishop in the flesh. It is therefore befitting that you should in every way glorify Jesus Christ, who hath glorified you, that by a unanimous obedience 'ye may be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment, and may all speak the same thing concerning the same thing,' and that, being subject to the bishop and the presbytery, ye may in all respects be sanctified. For even Jesus Christ, our inseparable life, is the manifested will of the Father: as also bishops, settled everywhere to the utmost bounds, are so by the will of Jesus Christ. Wherefore it is fitting that ye should run together in accordance with the will of your bishop, which thing also ye do. For your justly-renowned presbytery, worthy of God, is fitted as exactly to the bishop as the strings are to the harp. Therefore in your concord and harmonious love, Jesus Christ is sung. And do ye, man by man, become a choir that, being harmonious in love, and taking up the song of God in unison, ye may with one voice sing to the Father through Jesus Christ, so that He may both hear you and perceive by your works that ye are indeed members of His Son. It is profitable, therefore, that ye should live in an unblameable unity, that thus ye may always enjoy communion with God. Let no man deceive himself: if any one be not within the altar he is deprived of the bread of God. He therefore that does not assemble with the Church has even by this manifested his pride. It is manifest, therefore, that we should look upon the Bishop even as we would upon the Lord Himself. There is one Physician who is possessed both of flesh and spirit; both made and not made; God existing in flesh; true life in death; both of Mary and of God; first passible and then impassible, even Jesus Christ our Lord. Being stones of the temple of the Father, prepared for the building of God the Father, and drawn up on high by the instrument of Jesus Christ, which is the Cross, making use of the Holy Spirit as a rope, while your faith was the means by which you ascended, and your love the way which led up to God. Faith and love towards Christ Jesus which are the beginning and the end of life; for the beginning is faith, and the end is love. Now the virginity of Mary was hidden from the prince of

this world, as was also her offspring, and the death of the Lord : three mysteries of renown which were wrought in silence by God. Hence every kind of magic was destroyed—God Himself being manifested in human form for the renewal of eternal life. That ye come together, man by man, in common through grace, individually, in one faith, and in Jesus Christ, who was of the seed of David according to the flesh, being both the Son of Man and the Son of God, so that ye obey the bishop and the presbytery with an undivided mind, breaking one and the same bread, which is the medicine of immortality, and the antidote to prevent us from dying, but that we should live for ever in Jesus Christ. Farewell in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ, our common hope."

Constrained as we are to believe that, however much in the *Corpus Ignatianum* belongs to a pseudo-Ignatius, the genuine Ignatius writes in the epistle from which these extracts are taken, we are bound to accept them as striking the key-note of his theology. It is certainly very strongly marked; and the difference between this strain and that of Clement is so obvious that we do not wonder at the conclusion to which many thoughtful critics have come—that the whole series of the Ignatian epistles must be transposed into a later period. But to us it seems that there is nothing in the above passage that may not be explained on the principles of the apostolical epistles, and on the assumption of some special design actuating the writer throughout. Divisions and heresies were distracting the Church at that period; and hence the urgency with which Ignatius proclaims the note of Catholicity as a rallying round the chief presbyter or bishop, in the midst of his presbytery. Of any episcopal succession to the prerogatives of the apostles, Ignatius never speaks; on the contrary, while making the bishop a representative of Christ in the Church, he always places the presbytery in the place of the apostles. There can be no doubt that both representations were to be understood rather figuratively than literally. The same may be said of the language used concerning the Eucharist as the food of immortality. A spirit of exaggeration pervades all his views; but the principles he exaggerates are sound and apostolic. There is a unity of every section of the visible Church which cannot otherwise be secured than by the assembling of that Church around the appointed ministry, which ministry, by whatever name known, must have one recognised head in every community. But in his statements on this subject, and in his overstrained eagerness for martyrdom as the perfection of disciples, Ignatius only translates inspired doctrine into uninspired and unauthoritative, and,

perhaps, indefensible language of his own. So far as he diverges from the style of the New Testament, he only bears witness to a tendency that began very early, and that steadily went on in the current and course that his exaggeration indicates.

On the other hand, if by discarding Ignatius from the company of the Apostolical Fathers we rid the sub-apostolic age of some elements of difficulty, we lose some most noble confirmations of its fidelity to the truth. Throughout these epistles the fundamental doctrines of the faith, the Divinity of Christ, the relations of the Holy Trinity, the redemption effected on the cross, and all the obligations of the purest morality, are set forth in the most perfect exhibition; and the personal character of Ignatius—whose “love was crucified,” and who sealed his devotion by so glorious a death—renders him worthy of an eminent place among the *Isapostoloi*.

Of POLYCARP, one of the most venerable names in Christian antiquity, the records are very limited. We know him only through a few enthusiastic notices of Irenæus, his disciple, the account of his martyrdom (professedly written by the Church of Smyrna), and his own undoubtedly genuine epistle to the Philippians. “I can tell,” says Irenæus, in his letter to Florinus, “the spot in which the blessed Polycarp sat and conversed, and his outgoings and incomings, and the character of his life, and the form of his body, and the conversations which he held with the multitude; and how he related his familiar intercourse with John and the rest who had seen the Lord; and how he rehearsed their sayings, and what things they were which he had heard from them with regard to the Lord and His miracles and teaching.” According to the *Martyrium*—originally a plain and pious statement, which afterwards was embellished with many touches of fiction—Polycarp, constrained by his friends, withdrew in the heat of persecution from the city. In his concealment he prayed day and night, but with little thought of final escape. In one of his broken slumbers, he dreamed that his pillow was on fire, and said to those who were around him, “It behoves me to be burnt alive.” Betrayed by a servant, he was brought before the pro-consul, and commanded to revile Christ. “Eighty and six years,” he replied, “have I served Him, and He has done me no ill, and how can I blaspheme my King who has saved me?” He died heroically at the stake, and the constancy of his spirit to the end left him a memorial that needed none of the fanciful miraculous interpositions that were invented as accompaniments to his death.

Polycarp wrote other letters, but this alone has come down to posterity. It is a very artless effusion, adding nothing of any value to the theology of the second century, but deeply interesting on many accounts. The Philippians had requested him to write, and he wrote precisely such a letter as might have been expected to proceed from a very aged companion of apostles. His doctrine contains the fulness of the gospel of grace. His invocations of mercy and grace from Christ and the Father; his inculcations of faith in the Redeemer, the denial of whose real incarnation he terms the doctrine of Antichrist; his declarations that Christ died for us, "carrying our sins in His own body to the tree," and "enduring all things that we might live through Him;" his assertion that they knew that "they were saved by grace, not from works, but by the will of God through Jesus Christ;" and indeed the entire tenor of his doctrine, is in strict harmony with what we regard as the evangelical doctrine of the apostles. But the striking peculiarity of this epistle is that of being little more than a mosaic of quotations from the epistles of St. Paul and St. Peter, not without, as might be supposed, some reminiscences of St. John. The following passage is remarkable as an echo of St. John's first epistle, and as vividly realising the Docetæ of the second century:—

"For whoever does not confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is Antichrist; and whosoever does not confess the testimony of the Cross is of the devil; and whosoever perverts the oracles of the Lord to his own lusts, and says there is neither resurrection nor judgment, is the first-born of Satan. Wherefore, forsaking the vanity of many and their false doctrines, let us return to the Word which has been handed down from the beginning; watching unto prayer and persevering unto fasting; beseeching in our supplications the all-seeing God not to lead us into temptation, as the Lord has said, 'The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.'"

Here we have a striking specimen of the familiar use which was made of the writings of the New Testament during the period when the canon was not yet complete. There is not a sentence which is not derived from the Scripture, and every sentence so appropriated is assumed to be absolutely authoritative. Moreover, we cannot help seeing how strong is the appeal to the word handed down, which could be no other than the body of truth preached in the Church, and confirmed in written documents. The heretics here alluded to, but not named, were the Docetæ whom St. John had denounced, but whom his words had not rooted out. Regarding

matter as the root of evil, they would never allow that Christ's body was a reality. This obstinate error, the hold of which upon the Oriental mind it is hard for us to appreciate, Polycarp meets with the simple Word of God, as it had been handed down from the apostles. At the same time, this passage—as a specimen of the loose though reverent manner in which the language of the New-Testament documents was interwoven into the texture of the early Fathers' writings—illustrates the importance of a speedy determination of the authoritative canon. The free and affectionate manner in which the thoughts and words of Holy Writ were blended with their own thoughts and words, while it paid a noble tribute to the supremacy of the language of inspiration, at the same time involved an element of great danger to its uncorruptness.

The Epistle of Polycarp, like that of Clement, was held in high esteem in the early churches. Many testimonies to this might be collected, but the best proof is found in the fact that it is one of the few documents appended to the Scriptures, and scarcely distinguished from them, in the *Codex Sinaiticus*. In many churches, and for several generations, it served the purpose of public edification; and, although destined, like many other writings blended for a time with the Scriptures, to be sifted out by the determination of the canon, it was not unworthy to be used by the Holy Ghost in the encouragement of Christian people to a life of simple trust in Christ, of firm reliance on truth, and of devotion unto death.

The Epistle of BARNABAS may fairly be classed among the writings of the Apostolical Fathers, although a faithful criticism will strip it of its highest honour as the production of a companion of the apostles. Nothing is more firmly established than that the early Church regarded it with deep respect because they held it to be the work of Barnabas the Levite, the colleague of St. Paul in his first missionary journey. Hence it was reckoned by Origen to be a portion of Scripture; and it is found appended to the new codex of Tischendorf, without, however—and that is a significant fact—being attributed directly to the *Apostle* Barnabas. Dr. Donaldson has very ably summed up the evidence on both sides; weighing against the strong internal testimonies in favour of the Barnabas of the Acts being the writer the still stronger internal testimonies against that theory. With his result we entirely concur—that no companion of St. Paul could have written such an epistle. In such a case as this, internal evidence must be an almost certain guide. The writings of the three

other companions of apostles exhibit no absolute contradiction between their sentiments and those of their inspired teachers, although evidences of occasional weakness and exaggeration of their teaching may be found. But this letter is a studied attack on Judaism—not on corrupt and obsolete Judaism, but on the ancient Divine economy—conducted in a spirit entirely alien from that of St. Paul; and displaying so much ignorance of the meaning of Jewish enactments, so much trifling combined with lofty pretensions to knowledge, that it is almost impossible to believe that one who had been taught by St. Paul, or had even read his writings, could have written it. The writer was probably named Barnabas, and he must have composed it during the post-apostolical age; before the time of Clement Alexandrinus, who quotes it, and yet late enough to secure acceptance and general popularity for views which, at an early period would have been distasteful to all Christians, both Jews and Gentiles.

On the other hand, the Epistle of Barnabas was the production of a true Christian, and one who, ignorantly but sincerely, endeavoured to save his fellow Christians from lapsing into Judaism. Its positive Christian doctrine is sound, and its morality of the highest order. We shall quote a passage which combines in itself all the good and all the evil of this unknown father: his confusion of apocryphal books with Old Testament Scripture; his loose and inaccurate style of quotation; that tendency to find mystical meanings which no doubt commended him to Clement and Origen, his best supporters; and at the same time his fidelity to the cross and sacrifice of Christ:

“In like manner He points to the cross of Christ in another prophet, who saith, ‘And when shall these things be accomplished? And the Lord saith, When a tree shall be bent down, and again rise, and when blood shall flow out of wood!’ Yet again He speaks of this in Moses, when Israel was attacked by strangers. And that He might remind them, when assailed, that it was on account of their sins they were delivered to death, the Spirit speaks to the heart of Moses that he should make a figure of the cross, and of Him about to suffer thereon. Moses therefore placed one weapon above another in the midst of the hill, and, standing upon it so as to be higher than all the people, he stretched forth his hands, and thus again Israel acquired the mastery. But when again he let down his hands, they were again destroyed. And in another prophet He declares, ‘All day long have I stretched forth mine hands to an unbelieving people, and one that gainsays my righteous way.’ And again Moses made a

type of Jesus, that it was necessary for Him to suffer, and that He would be the author of life. For since transgression was committed by Eve through means of the serpent, the Lord brought it to pass that every kind of serpents bit them, and they died. Moses then makes a brazen serpent and places it upon a beam, and by proclamation assembles the people. When therefore they were come together they besought Moses that he would offer sacrifice and pray for their recovery. And Moses said to them, 'When any of you is bitten, let him come to the serpent placed on the pole; and let him hope and believe that even though dead it is able to give him life, and immediately he shall be restored.' And they did so. Behold, again: Jesus who was manifested, both by type and in the flesh, is not the son of man, but the Son of God."

The following passage is remarkable as showing what was the sentiment of that time concerning the institution of the Sabbath, and that the Christian Lord's-day was kept as a festival with a special religious joy:—

"Further, also, it is written concerning the Sabbath in the decalogue which the Lord spoke face to face to Moses on Mount Sinai, 'And sanctify ye the Sabbath of the Lord with clean hands and a pure heart.' Attend, my children, to the meaning of this expression, 'He finished in six days.' This implieth that the Lord will finish all things in six thousand years. Therefore, my children, in six days, that is, in six thousand years, all things will be finished. 'And He rested on the seventh day.' This meaneth: when His Son, coming again, shall destroy the time, and judge the ungodly, and change the sun, and the moon, and the stars, then shall He truly rest on the seventh day. Then shall we be able to sanctify it when we are sanctified ourselves. Further, He says to them, 'Your new moons and your Sabbaths I cannot endure.' Ye perceive how He speaks: your present Sabbaths are not acceptable to me; but that is which I have made, when, giving rest to all things, I shall make a beginning of the eighth day, that is, a beginning of another world. Wherefore also we keep the eighth day with joyfulness, the day on which Jesus rose again from the dead. And when He had manifested Himself, He ascended into the heavens."

This writer forcibly illustrates the difference between the New-Testament Scriptures and the writings that followed them. Scarcely have we reached the second generation from the Apostles, and the fourth extant writer in uninspired literature, when we find the light of man's fallible interpretation growing very dim, and the beginnings of theological corruption very distinct. And this letter of Barnabas was widely diffused, and read, and admired; otherwise it would not have descended to our times. An argument for its great

popularity may be found in the fact, that it is appended to the Scriptures in the *Codex Sinaiticus*, which indeed has given the epistle in the only form of the original. This indicates that in early times the minds of men wavered as to its inspiration. But, as the suffrages of the churches, under the direction of the Divine Spirit, gradually sifted the mass of writings that laid claim to be authoritative, the defects and errors of this document became evident, and it was silently dropped. Even the general opinion that it was written by an apostolic man could not save it from rejection.

PAPIAS, the fifth among the Apostolical Fathers, stands now in literature as little more than a name; his history being nearly forgotten, and his works preserved only in a few fragments embedded in the writings of others. He was probably, almost certainly, a hearer of the Apostle John in early life. In later life he was bishop of the Church of Hierapolis in Phrygia, and suffered martyrdom, according to the testimony of some, with Polycarp—certainly at some time. Three things, therefore, concurred to give him a prominent place in early tradition; his having been taught by the last Apostle, his presiding over the presbytery of an important church, and his confession sealed by martyrdom.

Papias conceived and executed a sublime project—that of writing an “Exposition of the Words of Jesus.” The work is lost, with the exception of a few historical notices derived from it; but when we consider the testimony of Eusebius, that it was based mainly on unwritten tradition, and contained a great mass of mythical saying and parables, we may infer that the loss to theology is not great, however profoundly interesting it would have been as a curiosity of early Christian tradition. The authority of Papias is frequently adduced to prove the early acceptance of millennarian doctrine; but, as Dr. Donaldson has shown, it is very doubtful whether he believed in a personal reign of Christ after the Resurrection, or only in the general inhabitation of the renewed earth by the saints. At any rate, a glance at the fragment preserved concerning the wonderful grape-bearing vines, will satisfy anyone that his opinion, whatever it might have been, had but little value. His testimony, however, to the composition of the Gospels, and the genuineness and authenticity of the Book of Revelation, is of considerable importance. But, on the whole, Papias is a name that signifies little in Christian theology. He must be classed among the Apostolical Fathers; but it is remarkable that, enjoying, as he did, every advantage in dignity during life

and sanctity in death for the safe transmission of his works, none of them have come down. Neither the Church, nor the Holy Spirit watching over the literature of the Church, would have suffered the first professed exposition of the sayings of Christ to have passed into oblivion had the task been worthily done.

The sixth name is that of HERMAS, author of the remarkable work called *The Pastor*. In very early times he was very generally supposed to be the Hermas mentioned in Rom. xvi. Hence his book was highly esteemed, and indeed long supposed to be an inspired writing. It was publicly read for three centuries in many churches, and is found in the same roll with the New Testament in the *Codex Sinaiticus*. There are some traces to be met with of another opinion as to the author, viz. that it was written by a later Hermas, in the city of Rome. Many have supposed that the name was merely assumed by an anonymous writer of the fiction. The matter is not of much importance. The apostolic Hermas might have written it; there is nothing in the work absolutely inconsistent with such a supposition, and it is certain that the book was well known and highly esteemed before the middle of the second century, the age of the Apostolical Fathers.

The *Pastor* is the first specimen of a Christian allegory, and was to our forefathers of the ante-Nicene church what the *Pilgrim's Progress* is to us. This of itself gives it peculiar interest; but no one can read it, making every proper allowance, without being deeply impressed with its intense piety, and acknowledging that it is really a manual which might have been useful in helping many souls on their way to repentance, to the mystical church of Christ, and to God. It consists of three parts—at least in its modern form: a series of visions, in which the Church and the cardinal virtues are fancifully but reverently exhibited; followed by a number of commandments given to Hermas by an angel under the guise of a shepherd; and ending with certain similitudes which illustrate both. The work is loose and defective in its theology, betraying particular confusion in its views of the relations of the Trinity. Still, the Three Persons are undoubtedly recognised, and the Son of God is exalted to the uttermost. The doctrine of repentance is not consistently set forth; and the exhibition of the atonement is capable of opposite interpretations. It is remarkable also—especially in an author who knew St Paul—that the word “Christ” never occurs; as also that not a single passage of Scripture is quoted from beginning to end. Hence, the *Pastor*, while very interesting in itself,

must not be taken as presenting a true picture of the theology of the Apostolical Fathers ; and Eusebius must have been wrong in assigning as a reason for its having been publicly read in the churches, that it formed an admirable introduction to the Christian faith. It must be taken for what it professes to be, a powerful exhortation to religion, written without any restraint of dogmatic theology, in which the fancy plays a part that often misled the writer, but need not mislead the modern reader. We will illustrate and close these remarks by quoting Commandment XII. from the version before us, a passage which gives a noble view of the power of religion to release the spirit from sin, and to diffuse through the soul a joyous confidence in God. It is this tranquil assurance of the possibility of a full salvation that gives the book its refreshing influence and glow. And for the sake of this, much else in it may be pardoned or condoned :

“ ‘ Remove from you,’ says he, ‘ grief ; for she is the sister of doubt and anger.’ ‘ Those who have never searched for the truth, nor investigated the nature of the Divinity, but have simply believed, when they devote themselves to, and become mixed up with business, and wealth, and heathen friendships, and many other actions of this world, do not perceive the parables of Divinity : for their minds are darkened by these actions, and they are corrupted and become dried up. Even as beautiful vines, when they are neglected, are withered up by thorns and divers plants, so men who have believed, and have afterwards fallen away into many of those actions above mentioned, go astray in their minds, and lose all understanding in regard to righteousness ; for if they hear of righteousness, their minds are occupied with their business, and they give no heed at all. Those, on the other hand, who have the fear of God, and search after Godhead and truth, and have their hearts turned to the Lord, quickly perceive and understand what is said to them, because they have the fear of the Lord in them. For, where the Lord dwells, there is much understanding. Cleave, then, to the Lord, and you will understand and perceive all things.

“ Both these are grievous to the Holy Spirit—doubt and anger. Wherefore remove grief from you, and crush not the Holy Spirit which dwells in you, lest He entreat God against you, and He withdraw from you. For, the Spirit of God which has been granted to us to dwell in this body does not endure grief nor straitness. Wherefore put on cheerfulness, which always is agreeable and acceptable to God, and rejoice in it. For every cheerful man does what is good, and minds what is good, and despises grief ; but the sorrowful man always acts wickedly. First, because he grieves the Holy Spirit, which was given to be a cheerful spirit to man ; secondly, grieving the Holy Spirit he works iniquity, neither entreating the Lord nor confessing to Him. For the entreaty of the sorrowful man has no power to ascend to the altar of God.

"Put you on the desire of righteousness; and, arming yourself with the fear of God, resist all evil desires. If evil desire see you armed with the fear of God and resisting it, it will flee far from you, for it fears your armour. Go, then, garlanded with the crown which you have gained for victory over it, to the desire of righteousness; and, delivering up to it the prize which you have received, serve its will.

"The man who has the Lord in his heart can also be lord of all, and of every one of these commandments. But to those who have the Lord only on their lips, but their hearts hardened, the commandments are hard and difficult. Put, therefore, ye who are empty and fickle, on your faith, the Lord in your heart, and ye will know that there is nothing easier, or sweeter, or more manageable, than these commandments. Return, ye who walk in the command of the devil, in hard, bitter, and wild licentiousness, and fear not the devil; for there is no power in him against you, for I will be with you, the angel of repentance, who am Lord over him. The devil has fear only, but his fear has no strength. Fear him not, therefore, and he will flee from you."

Professor Donaldson's elaborate summary of the doctrine and tendency of the *Pastor* is hardly just to its orthodoxy. "The whole style and tone of the book," he says, "are directly opposed to modern theology." This is one of those sweeping remarks which betray, if we mistake not, that the critic's own style and tone are so opposed to what he calls modern theology. In regard to the *Pastor*, if allowance be made for the allegorical wrapping, which is preserved with remarkable consistency throughout, there may be found in it a constant reference to the doctrines of the Gospel. The Son of God is "more ancient than every creature, present in counsel with His Father at the founding of the universe." The world is sustained by Him. He came into the world in the last times to purge away the sins of men, and open the way of repentance. He is the rock on which the Church is built, and the only gate of the Church and of heaven. He is preached everywhere among the nations; those who deny Him in this world will be denied by Him in the next. The personality, indwelling, and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit pervades the work. If "forgiveness of sins is granted at once on a change of mind," it is only, as the Shepherd says expressly, because God is merciful and patient, and would do honour to His Son's invitation; in other words, it is granted solely in virtue of the atonement. The critic thinks that Hermas' denunciation of sadness would find no response among many modern Christians. We think there are none worthy of the name who would not agree with the pastor.

It has been observed that this first treatise on the religious

life does not contain the name of Christ, and does not quote Scripture. But it will be found by those who read it attentively—and it is well worth an attentive reading—that the work of Christ is everywhere taken for granted in all its official relations to man, and that the language of Scripture impresses its style upon the general cast of the whole composition. Both assertions will be proved by the passages we have quoted, as well as by what follows:—

“‘This rock,’ he answered, ‘and this gate are the Son of God.’ ‘How, sir?’ I said; ‘the rock is old and the gate is new.’ ‘Listen,’ he said, ‘and understand, O ignorant man. The Son of God is older than all His creatures, so that He was a fellow-counsellor with the Father in His work of creation: for this reason He is old.’ ‘And why is the gate new, sir?’ I said. ‘Because,’ he answered, ‘He became manifest in the last days of the dispensation; for this reason the gate was made new, that they who are to be saved by it might enter into the kingdom of God. You saw,’ he said, ‘that those stones which came in through the gate were used for the building of the tower, and that those which did not come were again thrown back into their own place?’ ‘I saw, sir,’ I replied. ‘In like manner,’ he continued, ‘no one shall enter into the kingdom of God unless he receive His holy name. For, if you desire to enter into a city, and that city is surrounded by a wall, and has but one gate, can you enter into that city save through the gate that it has?’ ‘Why, how can it be otherwise, sir?’ I said. ‘If, then, you cannot enter into the city except through its gate, so, in like manner, a man cannot otherwise enter into the kingdom of God except by the name of His beloved Son.’”

The writer of this first Christian allegory, which has been both unreasonably admired and unreasonably despised, evidently wrote as an artist, with a fixed ideal and on a rigid theory. His theory was not a sound one; and hence the measureless inferiority of his dream to that of Bunyan. The allegory is everywhere too faithfully maintained; there is no interweaving of sacred facts and doctrines in their simple reality, such as might have been occasionally placed in the mouth of the interlocutors, to the great advantage of the whole. The effort to constrain everything into the region of figures is too manifest. But, with every deduction, the *Pastor* of Hermas is, as we have already pleaded, one of the most interesting, and, to a discriminating reader, one of the most profitable of the earliest remains of Christian literature.

The last document of the post-apostolic age is the epistle to Diognetus, sometimes, but erroneously, attributed to Justin Martyr, and now very generally regarded as the production of

"an apostolic man who lived not later than the beginning of the second century." This is the opinion of the translator of the volume before us ; but Professor Donaldson entirely omits it in his notices of the Apostolical Fathers. The author must have been a man of great eminence, but as humble as great. He carefully conceals himself, leaving no clue whereby he may be traced ; but there is no composition of the ante-Nicene age more compact, more eloquent, and more true to the faith and discipline of Christianity. The Diognetus to whom it was addressed was evidently an earnest inquirer after the truth—one of multitudes who, in those days of transition, felt the mystic attraction of the religion of Christ upon their hearts, and were groping their way out of the darkness that was passing away into the true light that was shining in the world. It is refreshing to turn from the dimness and uncertainty of the allegorising pastor to the clear, straightforward, and satisfying statements of this author. Instead of giving an analysis of the letter, which our readers may read in this admirable translation, we will quote a single passage (chapter xi.), dealing with a question of profound interest to that early age, and to our own, and to every age :—

"As long, then, as the former time endured, He permitted, us to be borne along by unruly impulses, being drawn away by the desire of pleasure and various lusts. This was not that He at all delighted in our sins, but that He simply endured them ; nor that He approved the time of working iniquity that then was, but that He sought to form a mind conscious of righteousness, so that being convinced in that time of our unworthiness of attaining life through our own works, it should now, through the kindness of God, be vouchsafed to us ; and, having made it manifest that in ourselves we were unable to enter into the kingdom of God, we might through the power of God be made able. But, when our wickedness had reached its height, and it had been clearly shown that its reward, punishment and death, was impending over us ; and when the time had come which God had before appointed for manifesting His own kindness and power, how the one love of God, through exceeding regard for men, did not regard us with hatred, nor thrust us away, nor remember our iniquity against us, but showed great long-suffering, and bore with us, He Himself took on Him the burden of our iniquities, He gave His own Son as a ransom for us, the Holy One for transgressors, the blameless One for the wicked, the righteous One for the unrighteous, the incorruptible for the corruptible, the immortal for them that are mortal. For what other thing was capable of covering our sins than His righteousness ? By what other one was it possible that we, the wicked and ungodly, could be justified, than by the only Son of God ?

O sweet exchange ! O unsearchable operation ! O benefits surpassing all expectation ! that the wickedness of many should be hid in a single righteous One, and that the righteousness of One should justify many transgressors ! Having therefore convinced us in the former time that our nature was unable to attain to life, and having now revealed the Saviour who is able to save even those things which it was formerly impossible to save, by both these facts He desired to lead us to trust in His kindness, to esteem Him our Nourisher, Father, Teacher, Counsellor, Healer, our Wisdom, Light, Honour, Glory, Power, and Life, so that we should not be anxious concerning clothing and food."

The simplicity of such statements as these, and their freedom from any influence of mystical speculation, effectually preclude the notion that Justin Martyr, or any later writer similarly trained in Greek philosophy, was the author. It is a document that comes straight from the heart of apostolic times ; and it is a strain in which we may fitly close our specimens of the first series of uninspired Christian authors.

On a review of the whole, we cannot but be struck with the fact that the writings of the generation that knew and succeeded the apostles are so scanty. When we think of the number of names, some of them illustrious, that occur in the New Testament as under apostolic influence, and of the desire that would be felt for permanent memorials of their experience, it seems strange that so few wrote, or that so little of what they wrote was preserved by the Church. From the destruction of Jerusalem down to almost the middle of the second century, we have but one uninspired writer—Clement of Rome. This fact seems to point to the conclusion that, while Inspiration was speaking, and when it ceased to speak, men were slow to break the silence by their own words. And this harmonises with the tone of those uninspired writers in all their allusions to their inspired predecessors. They are conscious of their own infirmity, and glory in it. They take pains in every variety of way to impress it upon the minds of their readers that they do not speak with the authority of the apostles ; in fact, they were not anxious to leave any permanent memorials of their own teaching. Hence their writings are incidental, produced by the pressure of strong need—all, with the exception of *Hermas*, extorted from them rather than spontaneous. Doctrine, as such, scarcely enters into their plan. Enforcement of practical duty and exhortations to a perfect Christian life are all that they aspire to. There is no apology or defence of the faith ; there is scarcely an allusion to doctrinal error in all their

pages ; and, when they refer to it, the reference is not in the way of controversy, but simply as a matter of practical exhortation. The time of Apologetics—which, when it came, came not to cease again—had not yet arrived. The Apostolical Fathers write only, as it were, postscripts to the New Testament, with the consciousness of infallible truth behind them.

There is another aspect of these writings. They serve to show how important it was for the well-being of the Church of Christ, and its spread in the world as a depositary of sound doctrine, that the time of dogmatic decisions should come, at least for the decision and definition of the few fundamental doctrines on which the edifice of Christianity is built. It is the habit of many to decry the ancient Councils, and to sneer at the dogmatic canons of later times. They write as if they think it would have been better for the truth of religion had no creed ever been written, and no controversy ever been held over the mysteries of the faith ; if, in short, the Church had left the Bible alone to leaven its literature as its morals. But we cannot read the writings of the Apostolical Fathers without feeling that this notion, however fascinating, is a delusive one. They had, as we have, the apostolic writings ; they had the echoes of the apostolic teaching in their ears ; they were not without some learning and much reverence. But we cannot trust them as a whole for the statement of any refinement of doctrine. The aggregate of their teaching as to the Trinity and the Incarnation of the Son of God, and the aspects of the Atonement towards God and towards man, is, to say the least, somewhat confusing. And we cannot but think that the very best of them would have written much better and more satisfactorily had they had the Nicene, and Ephesian, and Constantinopolitan Creeds well digested in their faith. So that while, on the one hand, they show retrospectively the supremacy of Holy Scripture, they show on the other, by anticipation, the necessity of those universally accepted definitions which the Church struggled for in the beginning and now maintains.

At the same time, it is only right to assert that the Christianity they teach is essentially that of Scripture, and that which we hold as orthodox. It is another prevalent habit of our freer theologians to point with a certain exultation to the Apostolical Fathers as teaching a Christianity more unfettered than that of modern evangelical teaching. It is asserted that they did not dream of our distinctions in the Trinity, of our doctrine of propitiation in heaven as well as upon earth, of our rigid notions upon repentance and

faith. The assertion is not true. Notwithstanding their aggregate confusion, we may extract from them individually, by careful elimination, all we could desire. It is simply an appeal to fact. The passages that have been quoted—which could be largely multiplied—are pitched in the key of modern evangelical theology. And their defects are vital only to those who do them the injustice of regarding them as authoritative exponents of Christian truth.

Sufficient reference has scarcely been made as yet to their value as witnesses to the Canon. That cannot be exaggerated; yet great as it is, it would have been much greater but for their habit of referring to the apostolic writers rather as living men than as writers of books. As it is, Clemens, Ignatius, and Polycarp, refer distinctly to the Epistles of St. Paul written to the churches to which they themselves wrote, quoting, too, their very words. And, with the exception of a few of the last writings of the New Testament, all the books are either directly or indirectly alluded to, in a way to defy dispute, as written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Exactness of quotation they never aimed at, either as to the Old Testament or the New; and this was the parent of many an error; but it may be safely averred that nearly the entire canon of the New Testament might be established on their authority alone. As it regards the Four Gospels, it must be remembered that they were very slowly diffused throughout the Church. A body of living tradition, of which we can have now but a faint conception, engrossed the minds of men, and the Apostolical Fathers referred perhaps oftener to that than to the documents. Still there are not wanting direct references: the following passage, (borrowed from Westcott's *History of the Canon*) is a *catena* of their remarks on the life of Christ which shows that they must have been familiar with the Gospels that we now hold:—

"Christ," we read, "our God, the Eternal Word, the Lord and Creator of the world, who was with the Father before the world began, humbled Himself and came down from heaven, and was manifested in the flesh, and was born of the Virgin Mary, of the race of David according to the flesh; and a star of exceeding brightness appeared at His birth. Afterwards He was baptised by John, to fulfil all righteousness; and then, speaking the Father's message, He invited not the righteous, but sinners to come to Him. At length, under Herod and Pontius Pilate, He was crucified, and vinegar and gall were offered to Him to drink. But on the first day of the week He rose again from the dead, the first-fruits of the grave; and many prophets were raised by Him for whom they had

waited. After His resurrection He ate with His disciples, and showed them that He was not an incorporeal spirit. And He ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of the Father, and thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

The Old Testament remained for a long time the Scripture to which all Christians appealed; but the New Testament was, from the beginning, instinctively anticipated as its supplement, complement, and perfection. "I have heard some say," Ignatius writes, "unless I find in the ancients (Old Testament), I believe not in the Gospel; and when I said to them, ['It is written in the Prophets that Christ should suffer and rise again,'] they replied, ['That must be proved.'] The question lies before us. But to me," he adds, "Jesus Christ is the substance of all records. My inviolable records are His cross, and death, and resurrection, and the faith given through Him." The Apostolical Fathers could not know what was the final intention of the Holy Spirit as to the writings of the Evangelists and the Apostles; nor do we hear them expressing any sentiments or anticipations on the subject. But they unconsciously prepared the way for the completion of the Bible by giving their testimony to the individual books.

These Fathers bear very important testimony to one point of great significance in these times—the establishment and spread of Christianity as an organised system, sustained according to a decent and uniform order. Their representations of the nature of the Church are faithful both to the spiritual and to the visible idea of it. They assert the heavenly dignity of the Christian commonwealth as a mystical community or living temple, every portion of which derives its sanctity from the invisible presence of the Redeemer. This, indeed, is a favourite theme with them, as it was with their master, St. Paul. But they also tacitly assume, and, when necessary, insist upon, the unity of the Church in every place as governed by a bishop or overseer surrounded by presbyters—a body of presbyters, of which one was the head, and, therefore, the representative of the Church's unity. This point we have seen dwelt upon with such strenuousness, and with such iteration, by Ignatius as to bring suspicion upon the genuineness of the epistles that bear his name. But, in a less obtrusive manner, they all maintain their protest against both schism and heresy. And theirs are the only principles on which any individual Church can prosper: the proof being that there is not a single allusion to the question

in this volume which might not be read out appropriately as an exhortation from any pulpit. As to the modern view of external unity that would bind the whole aggregate of churches into one vast confederation under episcopal regimen, there is simply no reference to it; the same may be said as to most of the errors that affect the ritual and ordinances of the Church. The enormous perversions that subsequently darkened the faith and encumbered the worship of the Church are negatively pleaded against by these earliest teachers. Here and there a suspicious germ may seem to be detected; but, on the whole, the great corruptions of Christendom must seek their origin lower than the times of the Apostolical Fathers.

We are persuaded that a candid study of their writings will vindicate them at least from the impeachment which in the following unguarded passage of Dr. Donaldson's volume, is indirectly aimed at the entire body of Christian writers from the Apostles to the end of the ante-Nicene period:—

“Yet surely this subject ought to engross the attention of Evangelical Christians. If the early writers were heterodox on the Trinity; if they knew nothing of a satisfaction of Divine justice, but spoke only in a vague way of their smaller; if they wavered in regard to original sin, some denying it entirely, and others expressing themselves with great uncertainty; if their testimony to the inspiration of the New Testament is unsatisfactory and inconclusive—where was Christianity in those days? Did it really sleep for three long centuries? Are we to suppose that there were Christians in those days, but that they never wrote books? Or how is the chasm to be bridged? Or may not the Evangelical school be wrong in asserting that it is necessary for a man to believe in original sin, the Trinity, the Atonement, and similar dogmas before he can be a Christian?”—P. 64.

We cannot conclude without pointing to the sublime Christianity which these Fathers taught. As to its experience and practice, nothing can be loftier than their views of the religion of Christ. Deep and glowing piety is their pre-eminent characteristic; they are men who have entered into an eternal fellowship with Christ; the vanities, follies, and sins of the world are remembered only with horror. In this respect, at least, whatever may be the case in others, there is no long interval, no sudden fall from the pages of the Apostles to their pages. It is most refreshing to turn from the fierce polemics of later times, with their interminable philosophical and metaphysical subtleties, to the child-like simplicity of these patriarchs of Christian literature. These men lead the long

array of ecclesiastical writers with a dignity and sanctity worthy of that eminent position.

Their writings are now presented in a faithful and readable translation, and we have no doubt that they will have a larger circle of readers in England than they have ever yet had. This volume, and the series of translations which it introduces, we most earnestly recommend to our readers; and we can also recommend, though with the deductions that we have been obliged to make in the previous pages, Dr. Donaldson's companion series of learned and exhaustive critical volumes. The two combined will form a good introduction to the history of the Church, the formation of Christian doctrine, and the treasures of patristic divinity.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

A Preface Written for the English Edition of Fuerst's Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament. By Samuel Davidson, D.D. London, 1867.

Messrs. WILLIAMS and NORGATE have recently advertised the publication in a separate form of Dr. Davidson's Preface to his valuable translation of Fuerst's Hebrew Lexicon. The advertisement surprised us. Did the Preface contain an elaborate comparative estimate of the value of Fuerst? Did the translator avail himself of his opportunity, and sweep the field of Hebrew lexicography, Jewish and Gentile, ancient and modern, in a critical discussion of its history and progress? Why should Dr. Davidson send forth this part of his volume as a distinct and independent work?

In the course of the last few weeks the Preface has reached us; and now the mystery is out. More than a third of the pamphlet—for pamphlet it is—is devoted to a series of sarcastic and contemptuous attacks upon scholars who hold what are commonly considered to be orthodox views of Old Testament Scripture, and with whom Dr. Davidson, therefore, is at issue as an interpreter. Dr. Kay, in his *Crisis Hupfeldiana*, is one of the victims. Dr. McCaul, in his *Examination of Colenso's Difficulties*, is another. The third, and by far the most roughly handled of all, is Dr. Pusey. We think we are guilty of no injustice to Dr. Davidson in assuming that he has published this Preface mainly for the sake of the wider circulation which he hopes to give to his abuse of Dr. Pusey. A more bitter and insulting attack upon a scholarly reputation we never met with. We are no apologists for Dr. Pusey. We greatly lament, in the interest of religion, that so devout and gifted a man should be eaten up, as he is, with the miserable mysticism of the dark ages. And it has always been matter of regret with us, that Dr. Pusey should have disfigured his noble *Lectures on Daniel* by attempting to impeach the well-earned credit of Dr. Davidson as a Hebraist and Biblical scholar. It was not generous or just of Dr. Pusey to say in his work, as he did, that Dr. Davidson wrote "in a way which implies ignorance of the elements of Hebrew." But Dr. Davidson is avenged. He remembers Matthew vi. 44, and

his enemies are blessed with the blessing of Job's wife. Dr. Pusey's "critical ignorance of Hebrew is in an inverse ratio to the tenacity of his traditionalism." In fact, Dr. Pusey is a literary incapable, a sheer and unmitigated dunce. These are not Dr. Davidson's words; but he means all this, and something besides. Why has not his friend Ewald "*favoured*" him "with an opinion of Dr. Pusey's scholarship?" Let the universe listen to Ewald, and hold its peace. "Dr. Pusey," writes the German, "betrays so complete, and, I must say, so gross ignorance of all and every kind of philosophy, as well as of historical knowledge, that one is ready to suppose he could never have been appointed Regius Professor at Oxford." And after this Dr. Davidson proceeds to read Dr. Pusey a lecture on the evils of "unscrupulous animosity" and "theological hatred!"

No doubt the translator of Fuerst is very much satisfied with his polemic. Dr. Pusey hit him hard, and he has hit Dr. Pusey harder in return. We wish him joy of his triumph. Does Dr. Davidson really believe he has triumphed? We do not know how such writing as we have quoted may affect readers of the school which Dr. Davidson is understood to represent, but out of that school we can answer for its influence. It will simply assist to promote the cause which Dr. Davidson is anxious to demolish, and will infinitely weaken his personal character as a scholar, a theologian, and a professor of Christianity. For ourselves, we feel humbled at the spectacle of a man of Dr. Davidson's acknowledged power and attainments descending to a warfare, which, to say the least, is utterly unchristian, ignoble, and mischievous.

Dr. Davidson's Preface, apart from its personalities, is worth reading for the comparison which it institutes between the Lexicons of Fuerst and of Gesenius, as well as for the views which it expresses on the general subject of Hebrew lexicography. Even here, however, the dogmatism, which seems to enter into the very warp and woof of Dr. Davidson's literary nature, walks abroad in limitless self-satisfaction. Fuerst is right—Gesenius is wrong; Gesenius is right—Fuerst is wrong. This is the tone, frequently the very phrase, of Dr. Davidson's criticism; precisely as though he were the elect umpire of the cosmos of literature, and as if all questions belonging to it must stand or fall by his decision. Dear Dr. Davidson, pray do believe that there are some stray atoms of intellect and knowledge beyond the sphere of your individuality!

The Apostolical Churches in the Holy Land; their Character and Conduct Recommended to the Practical Attention of the Methodist Societies and Congregations. By Thomas Jackson. 1866.

In the present religious state of England, we can imagine no question which will impress devout and broad-minded men much more strongly than whether Methodism will prove equal to the juncture.

Her history, her creed, her organisation, her middle position as a non-conforming, though not a dissenting community, combine to draw the eyes of the country upon her; and the anxiety will be, whether she has the intelligence, the learning, the practical wisdom, the pulpit mastery, and, above all, the real and energetic Christian life, for which she has credit, and without which she must belie herself, and be worse than useless when the strain of the conflict comes. Methodism, it is generally felt, ought to form a defence of the faith, against which rationalism, ritualism, and every other species of false Christianity will expend their forces in vain; and whether this shall be so, must depend upon her being in fact what her principles and her relations to other churches require her to be. How far Methodism is alive to the public expectation, and whether she is conscious or otherwise of being fully prepared to meet it, it is not for us to say. We are glad to see, however, that one venerable name among her ministers is here calling her attention, through the Press, to the desirableness of a quick and rigid self-inspection, and to the necessity of an all-penetrating Christian godliness as the first condition of her serviceableness in the warfare of the age. The striking and truthful picture of primitive Christianity drawn in Mr. Jackson's timely pages, will suggest the remedy for any weakness of which the Methodist body may be sensible; and it cannot but produce a most salutary religious impression upon all who take the pains to study it. Questions of ritual, church architecture, and the like—*id genus omne*—will be easily settled in presence of the great fact and verities to which Mr. Jackson's volume points.

Ireland and the Centenary of American Methodism. By the Rev. William Crook, Author of "Memorials of the late Rev. William Crook." Second Thousand. London: Hamilton; Elliot Stock; and Wesleyan Conference Office. 1866.

THE materials for the history of Methodism continually accumulate, and the events of the past stand out with increasing distinctness and fulness, in their living colours, their due perspective, and their clear succession. Each fresh edition of the histories of Methodism is likely to require revision of at least some portions of the earlier chapters. Dr. Smith and Dr. Stevens will each need in the next edition of their respective works to modify the chapters which relate to the Wesley family at Epworth, as has been shown combinedly by Mr. Kirk, Mr. Tyerman, and ourselves. And now, with this interesting volume in their hands, their sketches of the earliest history of Methodism on the American continent must receive some modification.

Mr. Crook has done his work *con amore*, and he has done it well. Here is no bolstering; the facts are succinctly related, and the interest never flags. It is no dream nor in any respect an exaggeration, but the sober truth, that the chief instruments in planting Methodism on the American continent, alike in New York, in Maryland, in Canada, and

in Newfoundland, were Irishmen; it is not less true that Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen have, from the beginning hitherto, constituted a most potent and vital element in the American Methodist itinerancy; the most striking and popular preachers in America having been Irish Methodists, it is also notorious that the best part of the Irish Methodist "Connexion" has been continually emigrating to the States, so that tens of thousands of Irish Methodists have become incorporated with the churches of the great Episcopal Methodist Church of the States. If Ireland has, to a lamentable extent, leavened the States with Popery, it has happily contributed most extensively to the diffusion throughout the American continent of that church system which has proved itself to be the most effective antagonist of Popery. Methodism has far more hold on the population of North America—especially the States—than any other form of Protestantism; numbering not fewer than two millions of communicants in the States alone, and probably, at least, as many as eight or ten millions of hearers; and presenting altogether an organisation and an aggregate such as to cast quite into the shade any other Protestant church in the world, however ancient or exclusive. Of this vast and potent church the humble Methodism of Ireland may be said to have furnished the first springs and constant feeders.

All this is most attractively set forth by Mr. Crook. Here we may read about the peculiarly interesting race, the Palatines, German settlers near Limerick, with their descendants, among whom Methodism took early and vigorous root, and from whom came those first Methodist emigrants, Philip Embury, Barbara Heck, and the rest, who founded Methodism in New York; here the "origines" of Methodism in all the provinces we have indicated are clearly traced, and not a few mistakes corrected, or omissions supplied, in the accounts which have been furnished by others. Mr. Crook seems to know Ireland from end to end, and to be almost as familiar with the States as with Ireland.

It was a hundred years ago, last October, since Philip Embury preached his first sermon in New York; this is accordingly the centenary year of American Methodism. Hence the publication of this volume. Methodism in America has not shown itself insensible of its obligations to Ireland. It has devised and done in the past, it is now devising and doing for Ireland and Irish Methodism, very "liberal things." Mr. Crook's volume shows that its relations to Irish Methodism are such as may well warrant all in this way that it can accomplish.

There is one thing, however, if Mr. Crook will excuse our saying so, which we could wish he would modify in his writings; we refer to the strong—we must even say the bitter—tone in which he refers now and then to Calvinism. Irishmen do not feel this to be singular, because the Calvinism of the "black north" of Ireland has remained severe and polemic almost, if not quite, to the present period. But Christians

out of Ireland cannot read without a sensation of surprise such a passage, for example, as the note on page 109. We must also remind Mr. Crook that the prosperity of the Palatines in Ireland, a hundred years ago, *before the Methodists preached to them*, on his own showing of the facts, depended not so much on their nominally Protestant religion—drunken, profane, and irreligious as they were—as on the fact that their farms were let to them for a long term of years, and on a merely nominal rent. Under tantamount conditions it has been proved, by abundant demonstration, colonial and transatlantic, by a demonstration continental in its range, that even Romanist Irishmen are capable of becoming, and do ordinarily become, industrious, thrifty, and prosperous farmers.

We cannot conclude without heartily thanking Mr. Crook for his volume, and commending it to all students of history, whether national or ecclesiastical, as an indispensable book. It is, in fact, a wonderful record; and cannot fail to commend itself to every reader of manly intelligence.

Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., &c. Strahan. 1866.

THIS is one of the few reproductions from the pages of our periodicals which thoroughly deserve separate existence. The distinguished and now venerable author has long stood among the highest representatives of English science; when he therefore condescends, or rather undertakes, to make science familiar, we have every reason to place absolute reliance on his teaching. Sir John Herschel is a graceful writer as well as a profound physical philosopher, and these lectures combine deep science and pleasant illustration in a manner of which there are few examples, often as the effort is made to combine them. Take an example:—

“Now, to make this clear, I must go a little out of my way and say something about the first principles of geology. Geology does not pretend to go back to the creation of the world, or concern itself about its primitive state, but it does concern itself with the changes it sees going on in it now, and with the evidence of a long series of such changes it can produce in the most unmistakeable features of the structure of our rocks and soil, and the way in which they lie one on the other. *As to what we see going on now.* We see everywhere, and along every coastline, the sea warring against the land, and everywhere overcoming it; wearing and eating it down, and battering it to pieces; grinding those pieces to powder; carrying that powder away, and spreading it out over its own bottom, by the continued effect of the tides and currents. Look at our chalk cliffs, which once, no doubt, extended across the Channel to the similar cliffs on the French coast. What do we see? Precipices cut down to the sea beach, constantly hammered by the waves and constantly crumbling: the beach itself made of the flints outstanding after the softer chalk has been ground down and

washed away; themselves grinding one another under the same ceaseless discipline; first rounded into pebbles, then worn into sand, and then carried further and further down the slope, to be replaced by fresh ones from the same source.

"Well, the same thing is going on *everywhere round every coast* of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Foot by foot, or inch by inch, month by month, or century by century, *down everything must go*. Time is as nothing in geology. And what the sea is doing, the rivers are helping it to do. Look at the sand-banks at the mouth of the Thames. What are they but the materials of our island carried out to sea by the stream? The Ganges carries away from the soil of India, and delivers into the sea, twice as much solid substance *weekly* as is contained in the great pyramid of Egypt. The Irawaddy sweeps off from Burmah sixty-two cubic feet of earth in every second of time on an average, and there are 86,400 seconds in every day, and 365 days in every year; and so on for the other rivers. What has become of all that great bed of chalk which once covered all the weald of Kent, and formed a continuous mass from Ramsgate and Dover to Beechy Head, running inland to Madams-court Hill and Sevenoaks? All clean gone, and swept out into the bosom of the Atlantic, and there forming other chalk-beds. Now, geology assures us, on the most conclusive and undeniable evidence, that *all* our present land, all our continents and islands, have been formed in this way out of the ruins of former ones. The old ones which existed at the beginning of things have all perished, and what we now stand upon has most assuredly been, at one time or other, perhaps many times, the bottom of the sea.

"Well, then, there is power enough at work, and it has been at work long enough, utterly to have cleared away and spread over the bed of the sea all our present existing continents and islands, had they been placed where they are at the creation of the world; and from this it follows, as clear as demonstration can make it, that without *some* process of renovation or restoration to act in antagonism to this destructive work of old Neptune, there would not now be a foot of dry land for living thing to stand upon.

"Now what is this process of restoration? Let the volcano and the earthquake tell their tale. Let the earthquake tell how, within the memory of man, the whole coastline of Chili, for 100 miles above Valparaiso, with the mighty chain of the Andes—mountains to which the Alps sink into insignificance—was hoisted at one blow (in a single night, Nov. 19, A.D. 1822) from two to seven feet above its former level, leaving the beach *below* the old water-mark high and dry; leaving the shell-fish sticking on the rocks out of reach of water; leaving the seaweed rotting in the air, or rather drying up to dust under the burning sun of a coast where rain never falls. The ancients had a fable of Titan hurled from heaven and buried under Etna, and by his struggles causing the earthquakes that desolated Sicily. But here we have an exhibition of Titanic forces on a far mightier scale. One of the Andes upheaved on this occasion was the gigantic mass of Acon-

cagua, which overlooks Valparaiso. To bring home to the mind the conception of such an effort, we must form a clear idea of what sort of mountain this is. It is nearly 24,000 feet in height. Chimborazo, loftiest of the volcanic cones of the Andes, is lower by 2,500 feet; and yet Etna, with Vesuvius at the top of it, and another Vesuvius piled on that, *would little more than surpass the midway height of the snow-covered portion of that cone*, which is one of the many chimneys by which the hidden fires of the Andes find vent. On the occasion I am speaking of, at least 10,000 square miles of country were estimated as having been upheaved, and the upheaval was not confined to the land, but extended far away to sea, which was proved by the soundings off Valparaiso, and along the coast, having been found considerably shallower than they were before the shock.

"Again, in the year 1819, in an earthquake in India, in the district of Cutch, bordering on the Indus, a tract of country more than fifty miles long and sixteen broad was suddenly raised ten feet above its former level. The raised portion still stands up above the unraised, like a long perpendicular wall, which is known by the name of the 'Ullah Bund,' or 'God's Wall.' And again, in 1538, in that convulsion which threw up the Monte Nuovo (New Mountain), a cone of ashes 450 feet high, in a single night; the whole coast of Pozzuoli, near Naples, was raised twenty feet above its former level, and remains so permanently upheaved to this day."

The book is throughout written in this style, and we have nothing but satisfaction in recommending it to our readers.

Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft; a Handbook for Visitors and Residents, with Chapters on Archæology, Natural History, &c., of the District; a History, with Statistics of the East Coast Herring Fishery; and an Etymological and Comparative Glossary of the Dialect of East Anglia. By John Greaves Nall. London: Longmans. 1866.

YARMOUTH and Lowestoft may be forgiven, if they are proud of this volume. They are, no doubt, worthy to be written of; and Mr. Nall writes of them worthily. We have seldom met with a more elaborate, exhaustive, beautiful, and ably-written guide-book and local history. The author has learning and literary taste; and he writes with grace and quiet power. The account of the herring fishery is very complete and interesting; and the laborious and admirable glossary of the East-Anglian dialect, which occupies three hundred out of the seven hundred closely-printed pages contained in the volume, while it is full of facts and phenomena, which will chain the philologist, cannot fail to furnish the general reader with instruction and pleasure. Mr. Nall's is not a common book, and, especially among philologists, it merits a wide circulation.

Calls to the Cross ; being Practical Discourses preached to a City Congregation. By Arthur Mursell. London : E. Stock. 1865.

THESE discourses do not belong to the best school of pulpit oratory ; and they are far from belonging to the worst. They teem with offences against Christian taste—offences of sentiment, as well as language ; but they are earnest in spirit ; they are evangelical in doctrine ; they abound in plain truths, plainly and forcibly expressed ; and every part of them bears witness to the preacher's fertility of mind, and to his power of painting strongly and effectively in words. Indeed, the colouring of Mr. Mursell's word-pictures is one of the vices of his preaching. The glare and dash, in which he delights, contrast strangely with what the Christian Church has always accounted her highest models of pulpit eloquence. At the same time there is much to admire in the discourses ; and we find in them ground of confidence, that Mr. Mursell will yet outlive the satisfaction, which he still feels, in certain well-meant, but, as we hold, very mistaken efforts to do good, which marked his early ministry.

The Righteousness of God, as Taught by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans. By the Author of " The Destiny of the Human Race." London : Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1865.

THE writer of this work appears to be candid and earnest. He certainly is ingenious, not to say acute ; and he usually takes great pains with his argument. He contends, however, against the doctrine of eternal punishment ; and here his halting is conspicuous. What may be supposed to be the condition of the logic which can gravely look its opponents in the face and say : " Properly speaking, nothing can be eternal which has had a beginning " ?

God's Love to Man, and Man's Love to God. By Hon. Somerset R. Maxwell, London : W. Yapp. 1866.

WHAT the special function of this elegant little volume may be, we do not understand. It is loyal to the great evangelical verities ; and it is written as a devout and educated gentleman might be expected to write. When this has been said, there remains little to add respecting it.

Days of Yore. By Sarah Tytler, Author of " Citoyenne Jacqueline." Two Vols. London : Strahan. 1866.

MANY of the tales contained in these volumes have already appeared in the pages of *Good Words*. We commend them to our readers as

forming a grateful exception to the ordinary style of the literature to which they belong. Their moral tone is healthy; and they have charm and vigour without the overstrain and glare which mark so many contemporary works of fiction. Young persons of both sexes are safe under the pleasant spell of Sarah Tytler.

Elijah and the Monarchy of Israel; or, National Idolatry.
A Poem. By a Layman. London: Longmans. 1864.

We will abdicate for once our critical responsibilities in favour of our readers. The poem opens:—

“It was mid-noon. From their meridian source
The fervid beams lashed on the thirsty soil,
Not satiate—scarcely cooled by that rich flood
Which heaven, relenting, from His reservoirs
And skyey fountains, had so late dispersed
Upon the drought-land.”

As near the middle of the poem as possible, we read:—

“There was a trusty band, mature of age,
In state-craft versed, in deep experience sage,
Which the departed king had gathered round,
And ever to his service faithful found:
To them, with seeming deference, was brought
The mighty question, and their counsel sought.”

The poem ends thus:—

“His mantle,
Charged doubly with th’ informing spirit, falls
To his successor; and, on whirlwind’s wings,
He springs to the eternal realms of joy!”

There are nearly a hundred and fifty pages of the same quality.

The Massoreth Ha-Massoreth of Elias Levita in Hebrew,
with an English Translation and Explanatory Notes.
By Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D. London: Longmans.
1867.

DR. GINSBURG is a scholar whom we never meet too often; and he certainly never brought with him a more welcome fruit of his erudition and industry than that which he here offers to the world of letters. The name of Elias Levita, that great master of Hebrew learning, who shed so bright a light on Italy in the former half of the sixteenth century, is familiar to all students of the Old Testament languages. In England at least it is not so generally known that Levita was the author of the most elaborate and important work that has ever been written on the subject of the Hebrew vowel-points—the work named at the head of this notice. This work, remarkable alike for genius and

literary merit, although it anticipated the judgments of the highest modern criticism on the questions of which it treats, and although it was, in fact, the father of the great Buxtorf and Cappel controversy, which raged round the Hebrew Scriptures for more than a hundred years after Levita's death, has never hitherto been translated either into Latin or any modern language. It is true, Nagel translated into Latin the three introductions to the *Massoreth Ha-Massoreth* (Altdorf, 1758—1771); and there is a so-called German translation of Levita's book, published at Halle, in 1772, and commonly known as Semler's. As Dr. Ginsburg shows, however, Semler was not really, as indeed he did not profess to be, the translator of Levita. The translation, such as it was, was executed by a young Jewish convert to Christianity of the name of Meyer, and all that Semler did was to supervise and annotate the German rendering. After all, the work was full of errors, and many valuable passages of the original are altogether omitted. Dr. Ginsburg has now done what three hundred years of the literary life of Christendom have strangely left unaccomplished. He has published a critical edition of the whole of Elias Levita's Hebrew, accompanied by a complete and very carefully executed translation into English. Moreover, he has prefaced his work with a learned and interesting account of the chequered life of Levita—a life to make Christians blush for their Christianity—and has added original notes and a number of indexes, which greatly increase the value of the translation throughout. All this is contained in a single octavo volume of no great thickness, the typography of which does infinite credit to Mr. Marples, of Liverpool, by whom the work was printed. The Hebrew type is singularly clear and neat; and the fewness of the misprints of all kinds is wonderful. English students of Hebrew must now add to their *Van der Hooght*, their *Fuerst* or *Gesenius*, and their *Kalisch*, this very precious key to the Massoretic mysteries of the Hebrew Bibles in ordinary use among us. Equipped and accoutred thus, it will surely be fault of brain or pains if they do not soon lift the Hebrew scholarship and Biblical learning of England to a much higher level than that at which they stand at present. None but true Hebraists can have more than a glimmer of the difficulties with which Dr. Ginsburg has coped so successfully in effecting this translation. It is an excellent nut which he has given us; few only can understand at what cost of time and labour the shell and fibre that coated it were stripped away. Dr. Ginsburg may very well say, "the Massoretic language requires special study." This is the mildest possible putting of a fact which he might have stated in terms abundantly more to the glory of his personal attainments and diligence. Such scholarship as Dr. Ginsburg's will always be rare: it requires historical and other conditions which are not often to be found together. All the more highly let it be set store by when it does present itself. For ourselves, we are grateful to Dr. Ginsburg both for his studies and for the fruit of them; and we receive his English *Levita* as one of the best contributions which recent years have made to the cause of Hebrew learning and of Old Testament criticism, whether in this or any other country.

The Progress of England: a Poem. Edinburgh: Nimmo. 1866.

THE author of this work says, it was his "intention to have thoroughly revised it before publication, but a want of leisure and a desire to issue as soon as possible his protest against ideas which the nation seems to be thoughtlessly beginning to accept, have induced him to publish it at once. Defective as it is, it may have some effect," he hopes, "in opposition to the ruinous colonial policy now too frequently advocated." Such is the overture to a book of third-rate poetry, supplemented by wild "notes" on things in general, and ending with a flourish in honour of the energy which executed "traitor" Gordon. We are at a loss whether to admire more the modesty or the soundmindedness of the writer. On one point he has shown a touch of good sense. He is anonymous. We strongly advise him to remain so.

The Making of the American Nation, or the Rise and Decline of Oligarchy in the West. By J. Arthur Partridge. London: Edward Stanford.

A LARGE and handsome octavo, carrying the stars and stripes upon its cover, and apparently destined for the American market. One-third of it purports to have been written during the heat of the great struggle of the Secession, with the view of vindicating the unity of the American nation, and of proving that that unity must eventually be maintained. The style of the work is peculiar. Such sentences as the following are not uncommon:—"The great fighting South was the intensest concentration of power for evil, since Satan sat upon his burning throne, and his legions were still for war." Flowers like these might seem to require the climate of the Western States of the Great Republic, and the thermal influences of the 4th of July for their growth: and we are somewhat surprised to find them springing from English soil. Taking them together with the passage in which Mr. Partridge calls King George III. "*the clodhopper maniac* who ruled England," we would suggest to the author, that the perusal of a certain Lecture on George III. by William Makepeace Thackeray, might possibly do something towards improving at once his taste, his temper, and his heart.

We must further protest against the assumption, so commonly and perhaps unconsciously made by writers of Mr. Partridge's class, that Democracy has rendered America great. A people of English blood and lineage, carrying the Christian religion and the common law of England into a country of unbounded natural wealth, remote from the perilous complications of European politics, with all natural advantages, and with no national burdens, could hardly fail to become a great and powerful nation under any form of government which they were likely to adopt. America now occupies a position second to none among the nations; and if her statesmen can rise to the emergencies of the

present crisis, and if while crushing out the last vestiges of the plague of slavery, they can at the same time conciliate a proud and brave, though conquered people, and can make the nation one in heart, a still more glorious career is before her. Her institutions have borne a stern test, and have proved the hold they have on a vast majority of her people. But America has prospered, not by virtue of her political institutions, so much as by the energy of a section of the foremost race of the human family, working in a position of unrivalled material advantage. And if the great objects of government are the liberty of the individual, the supremacy of the law, and the safety of the nation, England may even now challenge the world to produce a better government than that wonderful result of developments and of compromises, the agents of God's Providence, the British Constitution.

Unspoken Sermons, by George Macdonald. London : Strahan. 1867.

WE cannot read this work without respect for the writer, nor without sorrow that he has written it. There is a tone of religious earnestness in the work which impresses us. There is a mistiness of expression, and, as we suspect, of conception also, which perplexes us. But there is also a distinct and deliberate omission of fundamental truth, and an assertion of mischievous error, which saddens us. We are taught, for example, that Holy Scripture is for a true Christian an entirely useless book, a superseded revelation. "The Spirit has a revelation for every man individually; a revelation as different from the revelation of the Bible, as the food in the moment of passing into the living brain and nerve differs from the bread and meat. If we were once filled with the mind of Christ, we should know that the Bible had done its work, was fulfilled, and had for us passed away, that thereby the Word of our God might abide for ever." In a sermon on the Unpardonable Sin we have the author's views on forgiveness. Setting aside some puzzling sentences about "forgiveness taking the form of that kind of punishment fittest for restraining, in the hope of finally rooting out the wickedness," the way of reconciliation with God is thus described: "God is forgiving us every day—sending from between Him and us our sins and their fogs and darkness. . . . When some sin that we have committed has clouded all our horizon, and hidden Him from our eyes, He forgiving us, ere we are, and that we may be, forgiven, sweeps away a path for this His forgiveness, to reach our hearts, that it may by causing our repentance destroy the wrong, and make us able even to forgive ourselves. . . . When a man's evil is thus fading out of him, and he is growing better and better, that is the forgiveness coming unto him more and more. Perfect in God's will, it is having its perfect work in the mind of man. When the man hath with his whole nature cast away his sin, there is no room for forgiveness any more, for God dwells in him, and he in God." We do not know what all this means. If it be "Modern Anglican Theology," it is assuredly not old Christianity.

We must give one extract more from the sermon on the "Consuming Fire":—

"But at length, O God, wilt Thou not cast death and hell into the lake of fire, even into Thine own consuming self? Death shall then die everlastingly, and hell itself will pass away, and leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. Then, indeed, wilt Thou be all in all. For then our poor brothers and sisters, every one—O God, we trust in Thee, the consuming fire—shall have been burnt clean and brought home."

Our readers will gather from these extracts what kind of teaching Mr. Macdonald's book contains, and to what school of theology its author belongs. We believe they will also join with us in the fervent hope that, before he writes again on these great subjects, he may learn to think otherwise of the authority of the Word of God, and of the person and work of the Redeemer of the World.

Manual of English History Simplified; or, Our Country's Story, Told by a Lady. Edited by James Stewart Lawrie, formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools. London: T. Murby. 1866.

A HEALTHY-TONED, impartial, trustworthy, and very interesting Children's History of England. The interest of the volume has been tested under our eyes with the most satisfactory results; and the higher qualities of the authoress's work are such as all intelligent, broad-minded, and Christian teachers will rejoice in. We have met with no book of its class more worthy at once of its great topics and of the important educational purpose which it is intended to subserve.

The Year of Prayer. Being Family Prayers for the Christian Year, suited to the Services and Commemorations of the Church. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Strahan. 1866.

We are sure Dean Alford means no disrespect to British Nonconformists, when in the title of this book he speaks of the Established Church of England and Ireland, as though it were a synonym for "the Church" of Christ in these realms. We mark the fact, however, as a curious example of the unconscious self-absorption, which, in the present day, even among liberal Anglicans, so often holds the place of the absolute exclusiveness, theoretical no less than practical, of times gone by. The idea of *The Year of Prayer* is a good one, and Dean Alford has carried it out in a Christian and sensible manner. The first part of the work contains fourteen prayers—they might be called services—for use in the family, morning and evening, for a week. The second and longer part contains, "Special Prayers for the Sundays and Weeks, and for the Festivals throughout the Year." An "Appendix" is made up of "Special Prayers for Occasions of Family or other Interest."

The tone and sentiment of the prayers are evangelical ; the style of thought is simple ; and the language is designedly framed so as to meet the necessities of the least cultivated mind. It is lamentable enough, that the Christian families of England, whether in or out of the Established Church, should need any such assistance as is here offered to their devotions ; and we trust the time is not distant when, if not less milk, at least more meat will be needed among them, than Dean Alford seems to think it desirable to provide for their use. Meanwhile such a volume as the one before us cannot fail to be serviceable ; and we wish it all the success which its devout and learned author hopes for it.

The Tripartite Nature of Man—Body, Soul, and Spirit—applied to Illustrate and Explain the Doctrines of Original Sin, the New Birth, the Disembodied State, and the Spiritual Body. By the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. Edinburgh : Clark. 1866.

AN elaborate, ingenious, and very able book, designed to establish a theory of human nature in which we have no manner of faith. Whatever difficulties may cumber the view of man's constitution which makes it organically bipartite, we cannot surrender it to an hypothesis which, as it seems to us, after all that has been urged by Mr. Heard, flies distinctly in the face of consciousness, philosophy, and the general current of Scripture language and doctrine. That man has in him a "*pneuma* or organ of God-consciousness," objectively separable from his *psyche* or *self* (comp. Matthew xvi. 24ff. and Luke ix. 23ff.), is what no man, we believe, will ever make out to be part of the Divine revelation of the Bible.

The Religion of Redemption : a Contribution to the Preliminaries of Christian Apology. By R. W. Monsell, B.A., late Pastor of the Congregational Church of Neufchatel, Switzerland. London : William Hunt & Co. 1867.

MR. MONSELL is a practised writer, but this is, we suppose, the first volume which he has published. During many years past, this journal has, from time to time, been enriched by contributions from his pen, relating, in part, to the state of theology on the Continent—we may instance an article on Thiersch, of which the masterly ability and intelligence was generally recognised at the time it appeared (now some years ago)—but, more frequently, to the position and prospects of the leading nationalities of the Continent. The volume now published will establish the character of the writer as a theologian of the widest range of reading and thought, and of a singularly clear, impartial, conciliatory intellect. Already, we have reason to know, that the view of the "Religion of Redemption" here presented by Mr. Monsell has gained the attention and the admiration of some of the leading Protestant divines of France, and of its most distinguished critics.

We trust the fact that Mr. Monsell is a resident in Switzerland, aloof from most of the literary connections and alliances of this country, will not prevent his volume from commanding from English critics and students the attention which it so well deserves. Mr. Monsell's position at Neufchatel has, in many respects, been exceedingly favourable to comprehensiveness of information and intelligence, and to impartiality of view. There he has been seated at the centre. France, Germany, and Italy have been open to him, as from a neighbouring and commanding height. It is not too much to say that an intelligent, widely-reading man, who mixes sufficiently with the various and shifting society ever circulating through and round Neufchatel, is in a much better position for understanding the theological and political movements and tendencies, the race-peculiarities, and the national history, development, and destiny of the German, the French, and the Italian people, than any German, Frenchman, or Italian, dwelling amid his own people, could well be. And, as an Englishman, Mr. Monsell would have the less difficulty in judging impartially as to the opinions and characteristics of all around him. Happily, Mr. Monsell is not the mere insular Englishman, incapable of seeing any error or defect in the opinions or character of the typical Englishman—incapable of appreciating the national excellences of other people. He has wide and fine sympathies; he is penetrated with cosmopolitan enlightenment and Christian culture.

Such a preliminary schooling of sympathy and intelligence as our last paragraph indicates is a good *propædæusis* for the work which Mr. Monsell has undertaken in the present volume. It is as necessary, now-a-days, that the Christian apologist should be a man of Catholic feeling, of wide culture, of many-sided sympathy, of subtle, trained, and candid intelligence, as that he should be orthodox in his creed, and earnest and spiritual in his faith and devotion. Mr. Monsell has been prepared for his work by his familiarity with so many nationalities and so many different types of mind and character, by the training into correspondence with others and with opposites which his own intelligence and sympathies have received, and especially by that position which he, an Englishman, has held at the point of junction between the German and the French schools of philosophy and theology, which has enabled him, without difficulty and with complete intelligence, to combine and compare the dogmatic and apologetic science of the whole past with the whole present, and especially of Britain, France, and Germany, with each other.

A glance at the *Index of Writers and Authorities* will illustrate what we have just written. The great ancients of Gentile philosophy—Plato and Aristotle; Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Arnobius, Clement, Origen, Chrysostom, and the rest of the great Christian apologists and fathers; Anselm and Aquinas; the Reformers, Continental and English, with all the Confessions; the high masters of English theology, both Anglican and Puritan; such grand thinkers for all time as Pascal and Leibnitz; masters of sceptical philosophy, such as Spinoza

and Hume; the British apologists of the last century; all these are quoted or referred to, as might be expected from almost any learned Englishman writing as a Christian apologist. But, besides, Mr. Monsell has studied the chief leaders of the modern English and American schools of thought and styles of exposition, orthodox and heterodox. Here are the names of Angus, Arnold, W. Arthur, Bushnell, Archer Butler, Caird, Cairns, J. M. Campbell, Carlyle, Chalmers, Coleridge, Emerson, J. H. Godwin, Hardwick, Hare, Dr. Harris, Hinton, Dr. Hodge, Holyoake, Irving, Jowett, Litton, Mansel, Maurice, McCosh, Miall, Mill, Milman, the Newmans, Dr. O'Brien, Theodore Parker, Baden Powell, Robertson, Rogers, Schaff, A. J. Scott, Sewell, Jos. Denham Smith, Herbert Spencer, Dean Stanley, W. H. Stowell, Isaac Taylor, Dr. Temple, Archbishop Thomson, Archbishop Trench, Wardlaw, Whately, Bishop Wilberforce, R. J. Wilberforce. Then of Germans, there are Braem, Bunsen, Dörner, Hermann Fichte, J. G. Fichte, Goethe, Hagenbach, Hegel, Kahnis, Kant, Kurtz, Lange, Lessing, Lichtenberg, Moll, the Müllers, Neander, Nietzsche, Novalis, Olshausen, Ritter, Schelling, Schleiermacher, the Schlegels, Schubert, Stauffer, Ullmann, De Wette, Weissaecker. And of French, a host indeed:—Astié, Bois, Casalis, Chavannes, Colani, Débrit, De Felice, Du Plessis Mornay, the De Gasparins, Godet, Gratry, Guizot, Laboulaye, Malan, Matter, Monod, De Musset, Naville, Pictet, Pressensé, Quatrefages, Quesnel, Rémusat, Renan, Reuss, Rougemont, Secrétan, Souvestre, Trottet, Vernet, Vigniet, Vincent, Vinet, and a number of others. The author most cited or referred to is Vinet, for whom, both as a theologian and philosopher, Mr. Monsell has a profound admiration. Professor Secrétan, also, a very distinguished thinker, is often cited, Ernest Naville and Frederick Godet are evidently also high authorities with Mr. Monsell. Dean Stanley, F. D. Maurice, and J. H. Godwin, are more frequently cited than any English authorities, except Archer Butler, who is honoured by more numerous references than any writer, except Vinet.

It must not be supposed, however, from these names of authors referred to, that the volume bristles with quotations; still less that Mr. Monsell quotes so frequently from Maurice either for the purpose of adopting or of expressly controverting his sentiments. Everything here is thoroughly digested. The author controverts, commonly, without express quotation, and, besides, he often applies, in his own way of orthodox exposition, principles which are misapplied in the writings of those to whom he refers. "The best confession of faith," he says, "would be the one in which the greatest possible number of earnest Christians would concur. I have therefore borrowed the thoughts or used the very words of writers of many different ages and schools, so far as my acquaintance with them admitted of it. I have even acted on Justin Martyr's principle, that Christians have the right to appropriate the elements of truth floating in all minds and systems, and to connect them in their true place with the centre of all truth, *ὅσα οὖν παρὰ πᾶσι καλῶς ἱσθῆναι, ἡμῶν τῶν χριστιανῶν ἐστὶ*. In order not

to incumber the text, the names of authorities are put in the margin. One among them occurs much oftener than any other, but for this I owe the reader no apology, since it is the name of that great Christian critic, apologist, and moralist, Alexander Vinet."

It is evident, indeed, that Mr. Monsell, although too able and comprehensive a thinker, and too truly original, to be a disciple of any one master or any special school, has been very largely and profoundly influenced by the theology and the spirit of Vinet, whom we agree with him in regarding as one of the greatest names in modern theology, and whom we delight to think of as the intimate and cherished friend of the late admirable Charles Cook, the pioneer and for many years the chief of French Methodism. Mr. Monsell's temper and intellect are closely akin to those of Vinet, while his learning is more various and more comprehensive. He unites three realms of thought, three national schools. Vinet, though not untouched by German thought, was influenced by it rather indirectly than directly; while to English theology he was quite a stranger, except as through the medium of Dr. Cook. Indeed, Vinet was one of those vigorous, fertile, fresh thinkers, who always write much more than in ordinary proportion to their reading. One of the most suggestive and truly philosophic of writers, he appears to have been by no means one of the most learned.

A Christian apologist, who aims at doing his work with any approach to comprehensiveness and completeness, must be both a Christian philosopher and a theological historian. Never was well-digested and wide learning so necessary for such a work as at the present day. Mr. Monsell's wide and various reading is accordingly one of the essential qualifications for the work which he has undertaken. His aim is not merely to suggest thought or to teach truth; it is to define, to expound, indirectly to defend, the religion of redemption, as taking its sole and supreme place of authority and power among the religions of the world and in the view of mankind.

A glance at the "Contents" will show the scope of the work. The first three sections treat briefly "Religion in general," "Christianity" as "properly the Religion of Redemption," and "the order in which its facts are to be stated." Then opens "Book the First," on "Human Guilt and Misery;" "Book the Second" on "Redemption" follows; "Book the Third" relates to the "Appropriation of Redemption;" "Book the Fourth" treats of the "Individual Christian Life;" "Collective Christian Life and History" is the subject of the "Fifth Book;" with which the volume closes. The whole is composed in the closest texture compatible with perfect clearness of meaning and sequence. The author, indeed, thinks it necessary to apologise for the extreme condensation of his writing. "The necessity of condensation," he says, "has made the treatment of many sections deplorably inadequate, and it has given to the whole work a disagreeably sententious and oracular tone, which I have been myself the first to perceive and regret." He adds, besides, an apology for his want of acquaintance with many works which he would have

been glad to consult, on the ground of his "residence in a small continental town" which has put him beyond reaching them. No doubt, if he had been in England, he might have read, not without advantage, some important works which are not included in his list, numerous as that is; but, at the same time, it is all but certain that, in that case, he would have lost much more than an equivalent advantage, in his want of familiarity with the continental thinkers and schools of thought. His English list includes all considerable sections and schools of English thinking, and is much more impartial and comprehensive than that of most English writers, who, Episcopalians especially, too commonly confine their reading, with a kind of supercilious self-contentment, to the authors talked of at their own Fellows' table, or at least among their own acquaintance or connections.

Mr. Monsell ventures to think that the present is *not* "an unpropitious time for fresh attempts to present doctrinal formulas and supernatural facts with a clear and sharp outline;" notwithstanding that "our generation certainly takes a dreamy sentimental delight in the vague and undefined." "I believe this," he says, "to be a mere momentary disease—a reaction against the over-judicial element in the theology of the seventeenth century. We are made for faith, rather, as we are made for action; we are made to believe, as we were made to love and will. . . . He who has felt the Gospel to be such, may boldly set it forth" (*Preface*).

We have spoken of this volume as the writing of a "Christian Apologist." It is hardly, in its own nature, however, a Christian apology, or even a chapter in such an apology. Rather it is an attempt to give, without controversy, a clear summary of Christian doctrines in their mutual relations and their total harmony; such a summary as may show what in truth that Christianity is, which we are called upon to defend, and as, in showing this, may prevent, *in limine*, many objections which have been taken, not against what Christianity really is, but against what it has been misconceived, and not seldom even by its own professors misrepresented, as being. "No justification of Christian doctrines is attempted, except an occasional indication of the direction in which it is to be taught, or that indirect and preliminary kind of justification which is involved in their very explanation." The volume, in short, is one of definition, as preparatory to demonstration; it involves the "statement of the case" on the part of the Christian believer. As such, it is "a contribution," of the most important class, "to the preliminaries of Christian apology." Mr. Monsell hopes that it may be of advantage to some "sincere doubters," whose difficulties, he thinks, may be lessened, "without setting before them a Christianity in any the least degree abated or explained away." Such a work is either worth very little or very much. In no department of Christian theology is there so much need as in this of a calm, comprehensive, judicial, intelligence, clear, subtle, candid, equitable, and thoroughly informed. Such are the characteristics, as we have already intimated, of Mr. Monsell as a theologian.

Mr. Monsell's theological position may perhaps be fairly defined as that of an evangelical Arminian. He justly indicates the idea of the irresistibility of Divine grace as the "weak point of Protestantism." His views of faith agree with those of Vinet and Bishop O'Brien, being, however, more clearly and fully developed than those of the Irish bishop. His definition of the true view of atonement, as distinguished from the inadequate or erroneous views held by some distinguished divines at the present day, is excellently done. Not only Dean Stanley and Mr. Robertson, but De Pressensé, are exhibited as falling short of the truth, while Jowett's positions are ably turned. All such work as this is done by Mr. Monsell with admirable judgment and with perfect charity. On one point, alone, of any importance, have we any doubt respecting Mr. Monsell's position. He will not allow the argument generally insisted on by evangelical theologians, that, even although man could and would have truly and perfectly repented, God could not have shown him mercy. But he maintains that, apart from the expiation and atonement of the Saviour, there could have been, on man's part, no true repentance whatever; repentance, he insists, could only spring from evangelical motive and the spiritual influence which flows from the cross of Christ. He regards a true and thorough, an "adequate," repentance, as a compensating homage to the law which has been broken, and as bringing the penitent into a position and condition from which he may begin a new, fresh life. But he maintains that no merely human repentance could have been adequate, as before God and His law, and, moreover, as we have just stated, that anterior to and apart from the atonement of Christ, any true repentance at all would have been impossible. We are disposed to think that Mr. Monsell's fine subtlety of thought has here overreached itself and misled him; that his own position is exposed to the very objection which he alleges against the commonly received view; and that that view is capable of such a presentation as to place it in secure harmony with equity, with philanthropy, and with the whole system of Christian theology. Let us be permitted to refer Mr. Monsell to *Bledsoe's Theodicy* on this special point.

Nowhere does Mr. Monsell appear to greater advantage than in the sketch of ecclesiastical principles, and of the early development of ecclesiastical polity, contained in the last chapter. Perhaps the influence of Neander has been too strong upon him at a point or two. But such is our general impression of the excellence of that chapter, that we would urge him to expand his views into a work on ecclesiastical history in the first two centuries.

Simple Truth Spoken to Working People. By Norman Macleod, D.D. Alexander Strahan. 1867.

THESE are excellent sermons, perfectly adapted for those to whom they were addressed, and therefore, also, adapted to "all sorts and conditions of men." There is not one of them which does not make

its appeal to all men. The peculiarity of the sermons is, in fact, that they refer to subjects of common interest to all; and that they are level to the understanding of the plainest man of an earnest spirit. The "Wonder of Indifference," "Publicans and Sinners Hearing Christ," the "Prodigal Son," the "Gadarene Demoniac," the "Home Mission Work of Christians," and "Prayer," are among the "contents" of the volume. On the "Gadarene" and on "Prayer" there are two sermons for each. We can heartily recommend this volume. We could wish many "eloquent" or "intellectual" preachers would try to preach like these sermons.

Scriptural Studies: Our Church and our Times. By the Author of "Thoughtful Moments." London: Saunders, Otley & Co. 1867.

THIS little volume is not valuable because of the "studies" in themselves which it contains, for there is nothing new to the well-informed student of Scripture, even although he may not claim to be a divine. But it is interesting as revealing the reflections and the perplexities of an intelligent Bible-reading and liberal-minded Anglican layman in the present day of doubt and controversy. As a rule, Anglican churchmen are extremely and lamentably ignorant of biblical knowledge and of theology. The author of this volume is much better informed than the vast majority of them. Still it is evident that his information is not in proportion to his claims as an essayist and his aims as a critic; while as respects such subjects as baptism, his thinking is altogether on the surface. If he were a little acquainted with the biblical and theological writings of the most distinguished Nonconformists, his views on several subjects would become clearer and manlier than they are.

The Fatherhood of God, &c. By Thomas J. Crawford, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with a Reply to the Strictures of Dr. Candlish. Blackwood and Sons. 1867.

WE commended this volume, on the publication of the first edition, as "candid and orthodox, judicious and seasonable." We are glad to find that it has so soon passed to a second edition. Dr. Crawford has, in this edition, greatly enlarged that portion of the work which has reference to the Atonement, and has otherwise, by careful revision and some additions, endeavoured to render the volume more "worthy of the favourable reception it has already met with." Dr. Candlish having felt it necessary to reply to Dr. Crawford's strictures at length and with something more, here and there, than mere emphasis, Dr. Crawford has temperately rejoined to Dr. Candlish, taking up his strictures *seriatim*, and adding in this way forty-four pages to his Appendix.

The History of India, from the Earliest Period to the Close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. By John Clark Marshman. Longmans. 1867.

THIS is the history of India, written by the man fitted in every way for the work, and who knows more of Indian affairs than any other man living. We observe that, in an appendix to the first volume, Mr. Marshman does justice to the memory, too long maligned, of Sir Thomas Bumbold, and abandons the charges which have been so long current against Sir Thomas' administration of the Madras Presidency.

Lectures on Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains of James Frederick Ferrier, B.A. Oxon., LL.D. late Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews. Edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D., Director of Public Instruction in Bombay, and E. L. Lushington, M.A. In Two Vols. Blackwoods. 1866.

IN Scotland the school of Reid seems to have died out. While Mr. Bain has been working out his system of physiological psychology, Professor Ferrier has taught a philosophy which poured contempt on all physiological or even psychological approaches to metaphysical science. These two teachers represented the most antipodally opposed schools of scientific thought to be found in Great Britain. And yet, as Mill finds his way through sensationalism to pure idealism, an idealism which can hardly be said to know either subject or object; so a student who has accompanied Professor Ferrier right through his system of idealism, will find himself joining hands with Mr. Bain and Mr. Mill, in opposition to the dualism or the "natural realism" which lays down an essential distinction between mind and matter.

Professor Ferrier's philosophy adopted as one of its elements the principles of Bishop Berkeley. "Anticipations" of his own doctrine, he tells us, "are to be found in the writings of every great metaphysician, of every man that ever speculated. It is announced in the speculations of Malebranche, still more explicitly in those of Berkeley; but though it forms the substance of their systems, from foundation stone to pinnacle, it is not proclaimed with sufficient unequivocal distinctness by either of these two great philosophers. Malebranche made the perception of matter totally objective, and vested the perception in the Divine mind, as we do. But he erred in this respect: having made the perception of matter altogether objective, he analysed it in its objectivity into perception (*idée*) and matter *per se*. We should rather say that he attempted to do this; and of course he failed, for the thing, as we have shown, is absolutely impossible. Berkeley made no such attempt. He regarded the perception of matter as not only totally objective, but as absolutely indivisible; and therefore we

are disposed to regard him as the greatest metaphysician of his own country (we do not mean Ireland; but England, Scotland, and Ireland) at the very least." "The perception of matter dwells apart, a mighty and independent system, a city fitted up and upheld by the everlasting God. Who told us that we were placed in a world composed of matter, which gives rise to our subsequent internal perceptions of it, and not that we were let down at once into a universe composed of external perceptions of matter, that were there beforehand and from all eternity, and in which we, the creatures of a day, are merely allowed to participate by the gracious Power to whom they really appertain?"

What Professor Ferrier insisted on was not the distinction between *mind* and *matter*; he held that no essential distinction can be predicated as between these two conceptions, and, in fact, that the whole controversy, which has been made to turn on this point, is futile and non-intelligent, "non-sensical," as he says. He insisted on the distinction between the *ego* and the *non-ego*, the "I" and the "not-I," mind itself, viewed as in its passive state, being, together with what common people sum up and distinguish as matter, regarded as included in the *not-I*. Before the awakening of consciousness he teaches that there is no human being, no man, no *I*. "*Man in act*," he says, that is, man starting into consciousness, "*precedes man in being*, that is in true and proper existence. In this act he has taken himself out of nature's hands into his own; he has made himself his own master." "In the realisation of the '*I*' we find a counter-law established to the law of causality." "Man might continue to undergo sensations until doomsday without ever becoming '*I*,' and without ever perceiving an external universe." "The three great moments of humanity may be thus expressed. 1. The natural or given man is man in passion, in enlaved being. 2. The conscious man, the man working into freedom against passion, is man in action. 3. The '*I*' is man in free, that is, in real personal being." Man "ought to commence with the contemplation of himself *as an act* (the act of consciousness)." "The *fact* of consciousness belongs to the man himself, to that being which calls itself '*I*;' and this, truly speaking, is all that belongs to him. The *objects* of consciousness, viz. men's passions, sensations, &c., are not, properly speaking, his at all. They may be referred to '*mind*,' or to what you please."

Mr. Ferrier being at this point of his system a strict disciple of Descartes, repeats and adopts as his own what he gives as Descartes' answer to a very obvious question, viz., whether when we cease to be conscious we therefore cease to be. "As an existing being, says he, fulfilling many purposes of creation, I certainly do not cease to exist when I cease to be conscious; but as an '*I*,' I certainly am no more the moment consciousness leaves me. The being heretofore called '*I*' still exists, but not as '*I*.' It lives only for others, not for itself; not as a self at all, either in thought or in deed."

A most unsatisfactory and indeed an evasive answer. For in truth the "*I*," in Ferrier's theory, is never one with the mind; the mind

never ought to be merged in the "I," not even during our most active consciousness. The "I" is the voluntary man, above and apart from the object mind which he uses, occupies, and controls, and Professor Ferrier's doctrine must therefore be that man does not live by a continuous existence, but at intervals only. He resents the inference that his system destroys personal identity; if it does not destroy, it certainly disintegrates, it breaks up a man's identity and existence into separate parcels. It is not everybody who can distinguish this from a dissolution of one's identity.

Professor Ferrier's philosophy, furthermore, "regards knowledge or ideas as the essence of the mind." "Knowledge is not the accident and appendage, it is the essence and existence of the mind." "Knowledge is the basis of our mental existence, the maker, under God, of our mental constitution."

Mr. Ferrier has been called the British Hegel. He himself, however, disclaimed any relation to Hegel, whose doctrines, after much study, he declared himself unable to understand, except at a point here and there. What little he could make out he confessed that he greatly admired. We have no doubt that, as he claims, his whole system was wrought out by himself. Its form of demonstration, as set forth in his *Institutes of Metaphysics*, was as mathematical as that of Spinoza. We cannot accept it, but no one can doubt that Professor Ferrier was a very gifted man, possessing a fine speculative mind, and a style which, for the combination of clearness, grace, and force, is unmatched among philosophical critics and expositors.

Mr. Dallas, in his *Gay Science*, elsewhere reviewed in our present Number, refers specifically to Professor Ferrier and his characteristics both as a thinker and writer. He does not seem to be aware, however, that the pith of all in his own volumes which has any pretension to speculative originality or value, is given by Professor Ferrier, in his introduction to the *Philosophy of Consciousness*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1838 and 1839; and given with a closeness and fulness of identity which are very remarkable, and seem to prove that Mr. Dallas must have derived his views on the points in question, perhaps unconsciously, from Mr. Ferrier. The coincidence is so striking, that we must be allowed to quote the most pertinent passages, which will also serve as a sample of Mr. Ferrier's style.

"We are not supposing man deprived of any of those states of being, but only of the consciousness of them; a partial curtailment perfectly conceivable, and which sometimes actually takes place; for instance, in that abnormal condition of humanity denominated somnambulism. Man's reason or intelligence would still be left to him. He would still be a mathematician like the bee, and like the beaver a builder of cities. He might still, too, have a language and a literature of a certain kind, though destitute of all allusions and expressions of a conscious or personal character. But the 'goddess' or the 'muse' might and would still infuse into his heart the gift of song. . . For poetry represents the derivative and unconscious, just as philosophy represents the free and

conscious elements of humanity; and is itself, according to every notion of it entertained and expressed from the earliest times down to the present, an inspired or fatalistic development. . . . What is there in the workings of human passion that consciousness should necessarily accompany it, any more than it does the tossing of the stormy sea? What is there in the radiant emotions which issue forth in song, that consciousness should naturally and necessarily accompany them, any more than it does the warblings and the dazling verdure of the sun-lit words?" &c.

The following outburst against "physiological and pathological metaphysics" bears upon the same subject, and is very characteristic of the man and his manner of thinking. "Oh! ye admirers of somnambulism and other depraved and anomalous conditions of humanity! ye worshippers at the shrine of a morbid and deluded wonder! ye seers of marvels where there are none, and ye blind men to the miracles which really are! tell us no more of powers put forth, and processes *unconsciously* carried on within the dreaming soul, as if these were one-millionth part so extraordinary and inexplicable as even the simplest conscious ongoings of our waking life."

Mr. Ferrier hoped to have succeeded Sir William Hamilton as Professor at Edinburgh, but the adherents of Hamilton's philosophy mustered strong against one who was held to have departed very far from the true Scottish faith, and he was distanced by his competitor. The opposition called forth a trenchant pamphlet from his pen on *Scottish Philosophy*, of which, under another title, some portions are reprinted in these volumes. Although he was one of Sir William Hamilton's most intimate friends, and admired him with a high and genuine admiration, Mr. Ferrier maintained that Sir William had missed his way in devoting himself to the exposition, defence, and completion of Reid's *Philosophy of Common Sense*. On the other hand, he frankly admits that Sir William "thought very little" of *his* speculations. In truth, while his works are very valuable for the expositions and criticisms which they contain of many points in philosophy, illuminated as they are by wit, and eloquence, and rich illustration; so far as they are merely occupied with the statement and proof of his own distinctive metaphysical principles, we apprehend that they will make few converts and gain few followers.

The most valuable among the contents of these two volumes are the author's contributions to *Blackwood* on the "Philosophy of Consciousness," "Berkeley's Idealism," and "Sir William Hamilton's Reid," and also his "Lectures on the Greek Philosophers." These latter may take their place by the side of the chapters of Lewes and Archer Butler on the same subject. To those of the latter, indeed, they are superior in value, because much more lucid and exact. His discussion of Aristotle, however, is very inadequate. These *Remains* will be highly prized by all true students of philosophy.

We might have expected the editing to be very accurate. On the whole, indeed, it is careful. But besides the Errata which the editors

have noted in their list, we have marked two which are rather awkward, and on our rectification of which we are disposed to plume ourselves. On p. 34, vol. i., *agency* occurs where a consideration of the context will show that the right word would be *inquiry* while on the last page of the first volume there is a misprint which deserves to be signalled—"I cannot think that Mr. G.'s position is *not blasted*, or that mine is shaken;" here for *not blasted* we imagine *demonstrated* should have been printed.

The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula. By Carl Ritter. Translated and adapted to the use of Biblical Students. By William L. Gage. Four Volumes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1866.

RITTER's enormous and masterly work on the Geography of Asia—his *Erdkunde von Asien*—is known as a fact to the whole world of literature, though few scholars have made more than a very slight acquaintance with its contents. It is also within the knowledge of most students of Scripture, that the portion of Ritter's work, which treats of what may be called in strictness *The Bible Lands*, namely Palestine and the Peninsula of Sinai, contains the completest and most scientific digest which we yet possess of the numberless ancient and modern books, describing the physical features and characteristics of these consecrated regions of the globe.

The author of the volumes before us—himself a pupil of Ritter's—only gave voice to the need of a large body of thoughtful and studious persons both in England and America, when he came to believe that a condensed translation of the Bible Lands' Section of Ritter's *Erdkunde*, with additions drawn from the writings of Stanley, Tristram, and other very recent travellers and explorers, would be a timely and valuable contribution to the biblical apparatus of our times. And this belief of Mr. Gage's, we are thankful to say, has now wrought in the production of the laborious but most interesting and ably-executed book to which this notice refers. It was a bold undertaking, the condensation of Ritter; and Mr. Gage did not venture upon it without taking counsel from the leading geographers of Germany. It was even bolder to attempt to modify and to supplement what Ritter had written. Mr. Gage, however, has shown himself equal to the demands of his project. Both as a translator and as a composer he evinces a literary competence and soundness of judgment which are equally rare and admirable. How far his success is due to the fact, that *a lady*, to whom he dedicates his work, "has borne no inconsiderable share of the long and wearisome labour connected with the preparation" of it, we do not presume to conjecture. The ease and finish which mark the translation may be very well attributed to the circumstance, that Mr. Gage's learning and good taste have been fortified throughout by the aid which he acknowledges with so much feeling and grace.

Mr. Gage's book is in four volumes octavo. The corresponding parts

of Ritter, printed in the same manner, would require twice this number of volumes. The first volume of the English edition is occupied with the Sinai Peninsula, and, as the translator explains, is equivalent to about a third of Ritter's German. "The other three" volumes, says Mr. Gage, "contain more than one-half of the two volumes in the original, which relate to the district between Dan and Beersheba, or, in geographical language, between the Desert and Lebanon."

Speaking of the principles which guided the translation, and of the practical application of these principles in the shaping of his work, Mr. Gage writes as follows:—

"Ritter, though one of the most truly Christian men of his time, aimed to make the *Erdkunde* a scientific work, and not a commentary on the Bible. It has been my task to take out from it, in such a way as to do as little violence as possible to what remains, that portion which shall most interest biblical students, and best illustrate the sacred Scriptures. Some portions have not been changed at all. The masterly introduction of the second volume remains as it came from Ritter's hand; and so, too, does the careful enumeration of authorities, excepting so far as it is supplemented by the list of works (pp. 86—103) on Palestine which have appeared since Ritter wrote. The exhaustive monographs on Manna, Philistia, the Canaanite Tribes, Jerusalem, and the situation of Ophir, are also unchanged, excepting in the case of one omission, indicated by a foot note. The discussions on Hebron, Tabor, the Sea of Galilee, the Sinai and Serbal group, the line of march supposed to be taken by the Israelites through the Peninsula, and the chief biblical sites in Palestine proper, have not been materially abridged: indeed, it is believed, that most readers will think that too much minute detail has been retained, and that the work bears in its diffuseness too distinct traces, even yet, of its German origin."

Without caring to endorse the hypothetical judgment which Mr. Gage passes upon himself in the last sentence of this extract, we will only now add, that the general result of his labours is in the highest degree satisfactory both as to substance and form, and that English students of Scripture all over the world are deeply indebted alike to Mr. Gage and to the Messrs. Clark for bringing within their reach so important an auxiliary to the right appreciation of the Word of God.

At no great distance of time we hope to discuss the contents of Mr. Gage's volumes, and particularly those parts of them which relate to the Sinaitic Peninsula, in a more prominent place in this *Review*.

Ecce Deus. Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. With Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo." Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

WE saw this book with many misgivings; we opened it with more. In form it was "Ecce Homo" over again even to the lettering and colour of the wrapper; and we feared we might find

in it a weak, though well-meaning, attempt to impugn the positions of that amiable, clever, and mischievous reproduction of the humanitarianism of Socinus and his school. Our apprehensions have been both relieved and justified. "*Ecce Deus*" is anything but a weak book. It has weak points enough. It rings the changes provokingly upon the clap-traps of the modern sentimental school of theology. In some instances it goes off into unspeakable absurdity—for example, in its explanation of the doctrine of the New Birth as taught by Christ. But as a whole, it is a brilliant and masterly argument for the proper divinity of our Lord; and, for our own part, we are prepared to let this one fact cover a multitude of sins. Neither "*Ecce Homo*" nor any other representative of its class can hold its ground for a moment under pressure of such a polemic as that of "*Ecce Deus*." Whatever the faults of "*Ecce Deus*" may be—and they are many and grave—a discriminating reader will find in it more to admire than to condemn; and we are greatly mistaken, if, in many quarters, its pith and substance will not prove a valuable foil upon that popular scepticism of the day, which, while it accepts the man *Jesus*, has no eyes to see the *Christ of God*.

Nest: a Tale of the Early British Christians. By the Rev. J. Boxer. London: E. Stock. 1866.

MR. BOXER must try again. We admire the tone of his book, and we agree with him in the main in the principles which it is intended to illustrate and further. Artistically considered, however, the purpose of the writer is made too prominent in the work. He preaches and theologises too much. The talk swallows up the story. We want action and movement. The reader feels a constant temptation to "skip" and be onward; yet we have seen many worse tales than this of Mr. Boxer's, and we wish well to his volume and its successors.

Glossary of Mineralogy. By Henry William Bristow, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. London: Longmans. 1861.

Messrs. LONGMAN have just reprinted this very full and useful work. It contains scientific descriptions and analyses of hundreds of minerals, together with drawings of their forms of crystallisation, and most serviceable notices of the localities in which they are found, and of the origin of the names—often uncouth and unphilological enough—by which they are commonly distinguished. Mineralogists and geologists alike will find a world of trustworthy and important information in Mr. Bristow's volume. With the *Glossary of Mineralogy* on one side of the desk, and Page's *Handbook of Geological Terms* on the other, students of the twin rock-sciences will rarely complain of darkness or want of signposts.

Shakespeare's Shrine : An Indian Story, Essays, and Poems.
 By John Harris, Cornish Poet. London : Hamilton,
 Adams & Co.

THIS is the fifth volume of poems and essays published by Mr. Harris. With its predecessors many of our readers are doubtless acquainted. They have been received most favourably by the public, and have won for the author the reputation he desires, that of "originality and simplicity." Some portions of the volume now before us appear to surpass anything which Mr. Harris has hitherto produced, both in power of thought and in finish of style. The gem of the book is perhaps the "Ode on the Anniversary of the Birthday of William Shakespeare," which received the first prize at the Tercentenary Commemoration at Coventry. The opening stanzas may serve as a specimen of the correct and facile versification, and of the descriptive power of the Cornish Poet :—

" Over the earth a glow,
 Peak, point, and plain below,
 The red round sun sinks in the purple West;
 Lambs press their daisy bed,
 The lark drops overhead,
 And sings the labourer, hastening home to rest.

" Bathed in the ruddy light
 Flooding his native height,
 A youthful bard is stretched upon the moss ;
 He heedeth not the eve
 Whose locks the elfins weave,
 Entranced with Shakespeare near a Cornish cross.

" Men pass him and repass,
 The hare is in the grass,
 The full moon stealeth o'er the hill of pines ;
 Twilight is lingering dim,
 The village vesper hymn
 Murmurs its music through the trembling vines."

We heartily commend to our readers both this book and all the other productions of Mr. Harris. He is a poet of no common gifts, and there is a ring of truth and genuineness in his works which convince us that he is an honest and worthy man. We trust he is happy in his good work as a Scripture-reader at Falmouth. Men less richly endowed by nature have been placed by the patronage of the wealthy in a more conspicuous position. But poets, like other men, are happiest and most respected when they earn their own bread and dwell among their own people.

The Treasure Book of Devotional Reading. Edited by Benjamin Orme, M.A. London : Alexander Strahan.

A BEAUTIFUL volume, embodying some of the sweetest and holiest thoughts of uninspired men. The idea of such a compilation is perhaps not altogether new, but it has never before been carried out with equal

breadth of reading and refinement of taste. Glancing at the Index, we observe the names of more than one hundred authors of all denominations and all ages of the Church, whose works have been laid under contribution by Mr. Orme. The result is a volume which never fails to offer something pleasant and profitable to the reader, wherever it is opened.

A Biblical and Theological Dictionary; designed as an Illustrative Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures. Sixteenth Thousand. By Samuel Green. London: Elliot Stock.

For young students to whom the larger and more costly dictionaries of the Bible are inaccessible, this little work will be found exceedingly useful. The author has kept steadily in view the wants of the Sunday school teacher, and has succeeded in embodying in a small compass a great mass of Scripture illustration. The sale of fifteen editions of the work, and the continued demand for it, prove that Mr. Green has not laboured in vain.

Arne, a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life. By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugeley-Powers. London: Strahan. 1866.

For those who wish to look into a new world, and to see it through the glass of genius, this pretty Scandinavian story of M. Björnson's will have great charm. It is not exactly a book to put into the hands of little children; and children of a larger growth will do well not to accept all its principles, nor catch the inspiration of all its spirit. There are touches of heathenishness about it—heathenishness of tone, and sentiment, and language—which is not to be admired. But it has a fine northern vigour and freshness, and is worth a wise man's reading. So far as we can judge, the translators have executed their task admirably.

The Witness of the Holy Spirit. By the Rev. Charles Prest. Wesleyan Conference Office. 1867.

BELIEVING as we do that a right apprehension of the doctrine vindicated in this little volume is the best antidote to many of the current errors of the day, we hail its publication with pleasure. The substance of it is already familiar to the readers of the *Methodist Magazine*, where it produced considerable effect as a series of monthly articles. In its collected form, the work exhibits its completeness to better advantage; and we cordially recommend it as a valuable elucidation and defence of a vital article in the Christian faith. Mr. Prest's compact little volume is the best on the subject, and we hope it will be extensively read.

The Miner of Perranzabuloe; or, Simple Records of a Good Man's Life. By W. Davis Tyack. London: Hamilton & Co. 1866.

THE contents of this pleasant and useful book are very well characterised in its title. Mr. Tyack has made a serviceable contribution to the religious biography of the churches in thus recording the history of William Murriah.

The Book of Praises; being The Book of Psalms, according to the Authorised Version; with Notes, Original and Selected. By William Henry Alexander. Edited by his Family. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

THESE notes were written on the margin of a copy of *Bagster's Comprehensive Bible* by a learned, devout, and humble-minded Friend. His family have thought fit to publish these results of many years' reading, and we think they have done well. "Consisting, as many of the notes do, of extracts from the works of eminent critics—and these frequently quoted in a condensed form—it is believed that a large amount of valuable information will be found in a small compass, affording to the thoughtful Christian mind matter for profitable reflection, as well as a stimulus to further researches among the treasures of this portion of the Sacred Volume." This sentence from the Preface we can honestly echo; it is the simple truth. We have looked into many parts of this unpretending selection of notes, and have never been disappointed.

Our Hymns: their Authors and Origin. A Companion to the New Congregational Hymn Book. By Josiah Miller, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS is a valuable contribution to the literature of hymnology. The excellent compilation known as *The New Congregational Hymn Book* embodies one thousand psalms and hymns, the work of nearly two hundred writers. This volume purports to give a biographical sketch of every writer, and a particular account of every hymn in reference to which there is anything of interest to record.

The breadth of the outline thus indicated will appear more clearly when it is understood that the numerous hymns translated from the German and French, and even from the Greek and Latin, are in all cases referred to the original writers. Hence the list of authors ranges from Thomas Aquinas, and an apocryphal Telesphorus, to the familiar names of Doddridge and Cowper, Watts and Wesley, and includes some of the brightest ornaments of the universal Church.

It is only just to say that the work has been executed with great diligence, and with at least general accuracy. Some of the biographies

—those, for instance, of Luther and Watts—are especially excellent, and all exhibit the same historic fidelity, and the same kindly and catholic spirit.

Perhaps no compositions are more difficult to criticise and to compare with one another than hymns with which we have been familiar from childhood, and which are associated, in many instances, with our own religious history. We hardly know on what other principle to explain the uncertainty in which Mr. Miller finds himself in attempting to compare the hymns of Watts and those of Charles Wesley. Surely the elegance and simplicity of Watts will not carry the palm against the masculine vigour, the depth of religious feeling, and the passionate energy, chastened by perfect taste, which distinguish the Wesley hymns.

A great and comprehensive book on the hymns of the Christian Church yet remains to be written. The man endowed with the various learning and with the poetic taste essential to the performance of such a work, has it in his power to confer a great benefit on the Christian world. In the meantime, we gladly hail this careful and scholarly production; and we doubt not thousands of readers will welcome it as a very acceptable "Companion to the New Congregational Hymn Book."

How to Study the New Testament, the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. By Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

THESE chapters, we believe, originally appeared in the *Sunday Magazine*; but they are well worthy of being placed before the public again in their present form. The preface states that "the intention of this little volume is to put into the hands of the ordinary English reader, in a popular form, some of those results of thought and criticism which are commonly deposited out of his reach in bulky commentaries." It is only just to say that this intention is fulfilled in a degree which, within the compass of scarcely three hundred and sixty beautifully printed duodecimo pages, might have been imagined impracticable.

One very valuable feature of the book is a list of corrigenda appended to each chapter. Every student knows that our venerable English version is not absolutely perfect, and that the Greek text on which it was founded is not wholly unexceptionable. Whether the gain resulting from such a revision of the version as Dr. Alford desires would balance the inconveniences may perhaps be questioned. But if any of our readers, who may not possess a critical knowledge of the Greek language, will take an English copy of the New Testament, and write the corrections given in this little work in the margin, opposite the verses to which they refer, they will be in possession of as accurate a representation of the Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles as can be given in the English language, and in the present state of biblical criticism.

We heartily thank Dean Alford for this most successful attempt to help the English reader to understand the New Testament Scriptures. We trust he will be induced speedily to issue a second series, completing the work.

Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Cromwell. By John Stoughton. 2 Vols. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder. 1867.

MR. STOUGHTON has addicted himself to the studies proper to an historian of English Protestantism, and has especially prepared himself for the work which he has undertaken in these two goodly volumes. In an early note in the first volume he says himself, that "the history of the Commonwealth requires a previous study of the history of the Reformation, and that again of the history of the Middle Ages." And he has, in fact, given himself to the study of all this needful preliminary history, as is attested, in part, by his volume on *The Ages of Christendom before the Reformation*, which is a guide and companion for the labyrinth of Church history before the Reformation. Besides which, his *Church and State Two Hundred Years Ago*, of which volume we have more than once had occasion to speak in this journal, as by far the most impartial and valuable of the publications on the epoch of 1662, called forth by the late Bicentenary Celebration, was in itself an admirable preparation for the studies and researches embodied in these volumes. No doubt, indeed, these may be considered as the result of the Bicentenary volume.

The first volume relates to "the Church of the Civil Wars;" the second to "the Church of the Commonwealth." The whole progress of events is here unfolded, so far as the history of religious movements and parties demands; and, during this period, religious convictions were inextricably combined both with the cause of popular liberty, and with the loyalties which bound together the monarchy, the priesthood, and the Cavalier party, in their opposition to the rising power of the people and the Puritans. Hence the history contained in these volumes covers a large breadth of the history of the nation during the period reviewed. From Guizot's *History of the English Revolution of 1645*, and from these volumes, taken together, the general reader may gain an excellent view of the distinctive features of this period of English history, of the real character of persons and parties, and of the connection and sequence of events.

Mr. Stoughton does not write as a denominational or partisan historian, but as a candid and liberal Englishman, sympathising, indeed, altogether with such men as Eliot, Pym, and Hampden, and prepared to do justice to the great qualities of Cromwell; but, at the same time, ready to place the fairest possible construction on the motives and the character of the Royalists. He says no more than is unavoidable of the habitual duplicity of Charles, and does not attempt to deny or cloak the occasional political duplicity of Cromwell. If he

had not been himself a Nonconformist, it is probable that he would have spoken less tenderly of Charles, or, at least, that he would have censured more emphatically that incurable and systematic disregard of truth, and of his plighted word, which never meant to keep faith with, or to do anything but deceive, "rebels," which compelled even John Wesley to mark this blot in the character of the "Martyr," and which was the one and only shadow of apology for that execution of Charles which gave new life to the Royalist party, and which served for nearly two centuries as an argument of passionate devotion to the memory of the king, and of passionate execration for that of Cromwell, with both the aristocracy and the common people of England—with all, in short, but a few political philosophers, and a few extreme "sectaries."

As a Catholic and highly cultivated Christian, and as a generous Nonconformist, who makes it a point of honour to be tenderly equitable to Christians of that Church and school which was so long and, on the whole, so bitterly opposed to his own, Mr. Stoughton has exhibited in the fairest light the style of Christian sentiment and life which distinguished the best church-people of the "Anglican" school. He has also shown remarkable moderation in all that he has to say concerning the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the character and doings of Laud himself. Secular historians and essayists, such as Macaulay, Coleridge, or even Hallam—not to speak of Carlyle—have had to speak, and will be bound to speak again, in much stronger language of condemnation; and some distinguished modern writers among the clergy of the Church of England, such, for instance, as Archdeacon Hare, have dealt with the assumptions and oppressions of the Royalist tyranny in a style of indignant severity. It is best, however, that Mr. Stoughton, if he err at all, should err on the side of moderation.

It is no wonder that Nonconformists, such as Dr. Vaughan and Mr. Stoughton, with whom also may be fairly joined Mr. Henry Rogers, especially as the biographer of John Howe, should now be undertaking to investigate and describe the history of the period between the Reformation and the Revolution of 1688. Within this space of our annals, in truth, are contained the springs of Nonconformist life and organisation, and, accordingly, besides its noble impartiality—for which it shines pre-eminent above the writing of any other Dissenters and, much more, of any Churchman, with the exception of Julius Hare—the special feature of Mr. Stoughton's history is the loving exactness with which he traces the rise and follows out the varieties of free denominational, or as, at the first, it might be more justly called, sectarian, life amidst the fresh and bursting exuberance of religious earnestness in the England of the first half of the seventeenth century. Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Congregationalists, Fifth Monarchy-men, all are shown fairly upon the scene. The rise and formation of the three, which may be regarded as characteristically English sects, and which still survive, is carefully set forth. Justice is done to the Baptists, as the first teachers, with thorough intelligence and complete impartiality, of the doctrine of

religious liberty ; at the same time, it is shown how the ecclesiastical polity and the actual circumstances, of the Baptists and Congregationalists tended directly to force upon them a doctrine which it was very much harder for sects in a dominant position to learn, such as the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians, these latter being established in Scotland, and expecting to be so in England, as the grand and finished type of pure European Protestantism.

Altogether, we hail the publication of these volumes as a valuable contribution to the history of a grand period of our English annals. The matter is thoroughly digested and clearly unfolded. Presented in a clear and well-wrought style by one who is master of his subject, it holds the reader with unfailing interest. One fault, and only one, we have to find with Mr. Stoughton as a writer—it may seem trifling, but we do not regard it so—he continually uses the word *individual*, which is properly a word of philosophy, and should never be used except in a special and distinctive sense, instead of *man* or *person* ; or, it may be, instead of *member* or some class-name. We commend to his attention some admirable remarks on this peculiarity contained in the *Guesses at Truth*. Not long ago, we ourselves heard a phrase used in reference to the Saviour, which Archdeacon Hare speaks of as a monstrous extremity of bad taste : He was styled that *illustrious* or *most illustrious Individual*. Mr. Stoughton countenances a usage which culminates in such terrible bad taste as this, when he speaks of the great Oliver as “another individual there,” and uses similar expressions again and again.

WHOSE ARE THE FATHERS ? or, The Teaching of certain Anglo-Catholics on the Church and its Ministry contrary alike to the Holy Scriptures, to the Fathers of the First Six Centuries, and to those of the Reformed Church of England. With a *Catena Patrum* of the First Six Centuries, and of the English Church of the Latter Half of the Sixteenth Century. By John Harrison, Curate of Pitsmoor, Sheffield. London : Longmans. 1867.

THIS work has reached us too late for anything more than a fair statement of its design, contents, and general character. Its aim may be briefly stated in the author's emphatic words : “ In these days of change and innovation in the Church, zealous partisans have made the best use they could of the daily press to promote Ritualism and priestly power. It was in connection with an effort of this kind that the author contributed a series of letters in a local periodical ; and a suggestion was made that the general contents of these letters should be published in a more permanent form. Since he began his work, Ritualism has been rapidly developed, and some persons might perhaps ask, ‘ Why has not a more direct attack been made on that folly ? ’ The answer is, ‘ The author has struck at the root of the tree, and not attempted to pluck off its leaves. ’ Ritualism is the

natural and legitimate fruit of this Anglican doctrine on the Christian ministry, and Dr. Pusey and others have publicly recognised it as such. If the Church of England is to make a trio with the Romish and Greek churches, then the sooner she adopts the antics, attitudes, apparel and apostasy of the Churches of Greece and of Rome the better. But surely the Protestant and Evangelical Church of England has not yet come to this? And it is devoutly to be wished that she never may. As an humble effort to avert so dreadful a catastrophe, the author commends the following work to all Bible Christians, and prays that the blessing of the Triune-Jehovah may rest upon it."

The result is a comprehensive, learned, and almost exhaustive work of more than seven hundred octavo pages; far more massy as a theological treatise, and far more likely to be permanent in its influence, than its origin might have indicated. The first chapter deals with the theories of modern Anglicans on Apostolical Succession. Chapter II. defines the nature of the apostolic office, and in what sense the work and office of the Apostles have been transmitted. It contains a very valuable series of quotations on this vital question; the result being as follows: "When the Fathers represent bishops or presbyters as successors of the Apostles, it is the Seventy and others not of the Twelve they more especially refer to. As far as we have seen, the only direct reference they make to Scripture in proof that bishops and presbyters are successors of the Apostles is the case of the Seventy. And even here they do not claim bishops or presbyters to be apostles in the same sense, for they so define the different kinds of apostles as to show that in one sense the Seventy could have no successors, inasmuch as they were sent personally by Christ. On the other hand, they generally think of the Twelve as retaining their office and ruling, or exercising their authority by their writings; making good the statement of Bishop Pearson, 'The Apostles are continued unto us only in their writings.'" Chapter III. treats of the relation of the Christian ministry to the Jewish priesthood; and the statements of the early Fathers, from the misunderstood passage of Clemens Romanus downwards, are fully investigated. "Before concluding this chapter, it will be suitable to notice what the Fathers generally have taught respecting the Christian priesthood. In our research for information on the subject of this book we have no recollection of noticing any attempt on their part to justify from Scripture their very common practice of designating the Christian priesthood, and the several ranks or orders of it, as high-priests, priests and Levites. We know that there is no foundation for this in the Holy Scriptures; and, notwithstanding the marvellous facility with which the Fathers generally can accommodate the Scriptures to suit their convenience, they do not appear to have done so in this instance. They give ample proof from Scripture for the priesthood of the Christian laity, whether men, women, or children; but none, so far as we have seen, for what they call the

priesthood of the clergy as distinct from the laity. These Anglicans of our Church are very zealous for what they consider the priesthood of the bishop or presbyter, in contradiction to the laity; that a presbyter has a sacrifice to offer, and is a sacrifice in a sense which they are not. Dean Hook maintains this in his *Church Dictionary*." Chapter IV. returns to the main question, and traces the opinions of the Fathers on the Christian ministry during the past six centuries; the results of this careful examination will be found to be on the whole opposed to the theories which this book labours to overturn. The remaining five chapters exhibit the bearing of the general question on the history of the Romish Church and the Reformation; the last being a short but very striking summary of the whole as shaping itself in Mr. Harrison's mind. He gives his theory of what a return in the Church of England to primitive practice would be; but obviously without much hope of seeing any such reformation. He would leave the bishops to occupy the place which Timothy and Titus occupied; but he would have a presbytery ruling every town with its chief presbyter according to the New Testament idea.

The three hundred pages of *Catena*, consisting of careful quotations from the Fathers, from the early English reformers, and from divines of later date, are prepared with conscientious care and astonishing industry. The volume is well worth having for their sake alone; but they are only adduced as illustration of an argument which seems, to our rapid glance at least, sound and clear. The composition of the book bears, perhaps, too many traces of its serial origin. But it is beautifully printed, arranged with great skill, and furnished with a perfectly elaborated index. Such a work, costing so much pains, and serving so good a cause, deserves extensive encouragement.

Public Worship; the Best Methods of Conducting It. By the Rev. J. Spencer Pearsall, Author of "The Constitution of Apostolic Churches," &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

A MODEST, wise, and catholic-minded book on a great and difficult subject. Mr. Pearsall has evidently revolved the manifold questions of his topic with much seriousness and patience; and the result is a volume full of good principles and of practical suggestions suited to the present circumstances of the English churches. The foundation of the volume was a paper read by Mr. Pearsall before the Congregational Union in Sheffield. This paper, expanded and enlarged, he republishes in the form before us. After a series of introductory observations, the author discusses in succession the subjects of the general conduct of religious service, of public prayer, of the reading of the Scriptures, of the teaching of the sanctuary, of the service of song, and of the Lord's Supper. In the latter part of the work certain miscellaneous and controverted points belonging to public

worship are dealt with, and a chapter is very appropriately devoted to the necessity of spiritual life in connection with such worship. Mr. Pearsall does not write with the expectation that his readers will fall in with all his opinions and judgments. Nor will they do so. In everything that is leading and principal, however, Mr. Pearsall will find few to disagree with him; and where matters of detail come into debate, even those who do not accept the author's views will agree to accord to him the merit of a caution, discretion, and liberality of feeling, such as books of the class to which Mr. Pearsall's volume belongs, more commonly profess than exemplify. Young Nonconformist ministers, in particular, will find much that will be useful to them in these unpretending but sensible pages.

Essays. By Dora Greenwell. London and New York: A. Strahan. 1866.

THESE essays are headed "Our Single Women," "Hardened in Good," "Prayer," "Popular Religious Literature," and "Christianos ad Leones." They have the special charms of woman's writing without its special weaknesses. The sentiment of the pieces is usually admirable; and the feeling, vivacity, and brightness which the writer throws into her composition, carry with them their own praise. Dora Greenwell has a warm heart, fine susceptibilities, and that instinctive penetration into character, which forms so large an element in the awe with which woman inspires man. Earthly, self-tormenting, little-souled people of both sexes should read these essays; and persons of noble character and aims will not fail to derive from the perusal of them a moral corroboration and stimulus, such as, in this naughty world, even they cannot afford to despise or neglect.

The Life and Work of St. Paul Practically Considered and Applied. By Alexander Roberts, D.D., Author of "Discussions on the Gospels," &c. London: J. Blackwood & Co. 1867.

DR. ROBERTS'S ingenious and able *Discussions on the Gospels* have secured for him a well-earned reputation as a Christian scholar and thinker. In the present volume he reproduces through the press a series of sermons, originally preached to his own church and congregation, on the history and labours of the great founder of European Christianity—St. Paul, the persecutor, convert, preacher, missionary, writer, friend, sufferer, hero, saint, theologian, apologist, prisoner, and martyr, forming the series of phases under which the marvellous story is made to present its lessons to the reader. Nothing subtle, recondite, or dazzling is attempted by Dr. Roberts, while he thus seeks to evoke the religious and moral meaning of the Apostle's character and doings. He is too sensible to be stilted, and too earnest to be flashy. Sober practical truth, stated in plain but not

weak words, and warmed with the life of the preacher's sympathy and concern to do good, is the staple of the sermons. The notes at the end of the volume, among other excellent points, call attention to the much forgotten fact, that, while Christianity claims to be supernatural in its origin, it professes to bring all who accept it into sensible and blessed relations to the invisible world and its great realities. This profession is a fatal weakness in Christianity if it cannot sustain itself. The religious system, which says to every man, "I offer you on such-and-such terms a conscious revelation of the Divine Spirit to your spirit—a revelation that shall gladden, and hallow, and ennoble you for ever," places itself at the bar of the reason and experience of every human being; and if it be an imposture, it is, of all impostures which the world has ever seen, at once the most impudent and the most self-stultifying. At the same time, when this extraordinary assumption comes to be coupled with the fact that millions of men of all ages, countries, grades, and social conditions have experimented upon it with an absolutely unvarying result, we stand face to face with an absolute moral demonstration of the truth of Christianity, and with a Divine test and law of religious life, which are as peremptory as they are universal. We agree with Dr. Roberts, that, on all grounds, the privilege and obligation of a personal supernatural experience of the historically supernatural Christianity cannot be too strongly insisted on. The concluding note of Dr. Roberts's book, though a little aside from his main topic, has so much interest in connection with a recent notorious attack upon the Divinity of Christ, that we venture to quote a considerable portion of it in full. The passage which we quote is reprinted from an article on M. Rénan's *Les Apôtres*, contributed last October to our admirable contemporary, the *British Quarterly Review*.

"When we are told," says Dr. Roberts, "that the excited fancy of Mary Magdalene gave to the world a resuscitated God, we cannot but pause at such a declaration, and look with careful scrutiny at the attendant circumstances. And no sooner do we begin to do so than doubts press in upon us which threaten grievously to lower the value of M. Rénan's discovery. 'She supposed him to be the gardener.' . . . This one clause is of itself sufficient to subvert that theory which would resolve the resurrection of Christ into a delusion of one fanatical woman. For let it be observed that, if Mary had been wrought up to such a pitch of enthusiasm as to believe in a vision and a voice which were simply the product of her own imagination, she could never for a moment have supposed the person who stood beside her to be 'the gardener.' It must have been *Jesus* at once that she beheld, if the whole scene existed simply in her own heated fancy; and the prosaic, but most truthful, and in our point of view, most precious, statement that she supposed the person standing beside her to be 'the gardener,' dissipates at once into thin air the hypothesis of M. Rénan that she was at the time in a state of the wildest excitement, and was determined to create a living Christ who should satisfy the yearnings of

her heart. It is perfectly evident that up to the moment when Jesus uttered her name, Mary had no conception of His being risen from the dead ; and so far from her enthusiasm giving birth to the resurrection, it was the resurrection, suggested and implied by the recognised presence of the living Redeemer, that excited the only evidences of strong emotion which she displayed, when, as was most natural in the circumstances, she first sought to embrace the Saviour, and then hurried-off to proclaim the fact of His resurrection to the disciples."

When we add that Dr. Roberts's volume is inflexibly loyal to the cardinal Christian verities, and that it is animated throughout by the liberal spirit which belongs to all genuine orthodoxy, we shall have commended to our readers a work with which it will be a benefit to them to make fuller acquaintance with.

London Poems. By Robert Buchanan, Author of "Idylls and Legends of Inverburn," "Undertones," etc. London and New York: A. Strahan. 1866.

MR. BUCHANAN is a poet. He can sing from the soul to the soul. You read him, and you lose yourself, and you wake up to find that your heart has been pausing. For intensity of feeling, for exquisiteness of pathos, and for moral grasp together, we scarcely know where to mark his equal among the contemporary names that have not already won their immortality. Some of his poems, indeed, look in a direction towards which it is possible for pity to turn with a passion that shall be neither just nor merciful. We have no sympathy with unsympathetic rectitude ; and Christianity falsifies itself when it frowns remorselessly upon evil, however gross, that is put away and lamented. But as misfortune is not vice, so neither is vice misfortune ; and things which differ in their essence should not, if possible, be brought into the way of being confounded through identity of name. It is quite enough to have referred to a feature of Mr. Buchanan's poetry, which has struck us in several parts of this volume. As to the prevalent tone of the poems, it is all that the most rigid purist could desire ; and Mr. Buchanan must be numbered among the increasingly numerous company of gifted men, whose genius is linked to all noble qualities and uses. The piece entitled "Nell"—which means the *quasi*-wife of a man who committed murder when he was drunk, and was hanged for it—while it illustrates by its general drift and bearing the observations we have just made on the *morale* of Mr. Buchanan's writings, is one of the most thrilling and pathetic poems in the English language, and would of itself justify large expectations as to its author's future labours and successes.

Here is the conclusion of the poem. Nell describes to Nan, the only one of her neighbours who had been kind to her after Ned's ignominious death, how she had done and felt on the morning of the execution. The crisis is at hand. She had crept into a lane off

Ludgate Hill, and sitting on a doorstep in the rain, with her shawl thrown off, was vaguely listening for she knew not what. And she says,—

"I heard the murmur of a crowd of men,
 And next, a hammering sound I knew full well,
 For something gripp'd me round the heart!—and then
 There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
 O Lord! O Lord! how could I sit close by
 And neither scream nor cry?
 As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
 But listening, listening, listening, still and dumb,
 While the folk murmur'd, and the death-bell toll'd,
 And the day brightened, and his time had come.
 Till—Nan!—all else was silent, but the knell
 Of the slow bell!
 And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
 And what I waited for I couldn't tell,—
 At last there came a groaning deep and great—
 Saint Paul's struck 'eight,—
 I scream'd, and seem'd to turn to fire, and fell!

"God bless him, live or dead!
 He never meant no wrong, was kind and true—
 They've wrought their fill of spite upon his head—
 Why didn't they be kind and take me too?
 And there's the dear old things he used to wear,
 And here's a lock o' hair!
 And they're more precious far than gold galore,
 Than all the wealth and gold in London town!
 He'll never wear the hat and clothes no more,
 And I shall never wear the muslin gown!
 And Ned! my Ned!
 Is fast asleep, and cannot hear me call;—
 God bless you, Nan, for all you've done and said,
 But don't mind me! My heart is broke—that's all!"

There are parts of the poem which exhibit Mr. Buchanan's powers to greater advantage than the section we have quoted. We simply give the end as matter of convenience. If Mr. Buchanan continues to ripen in power and quality, retaining his purity of tone, we shall hope to meet him often again in print through many years to come.