THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1857.

ART. I.—1. *De l'Art Chrétien.* Par A. F. RIO. Tome Deuxième. Paris: Ambroise Bray. 1855.

2. *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also, Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By JOHN S. HARFORD, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Member of the Academy of Painting of S. Luke at Rome, and of the Roman Archæological Society. In Two Volumes. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

3. *The Early Flemish Painters: Notices of their Lives and Works.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE. London: John Murray. 1857.

4. *Sir Joshua Reynolds and his Works: Gleanings from his Diary, unpublished Manuscripts, and from other Sources.* By WILLIAM COTTON, M.A., of the University of Oxford. Edited by JOHN BURNET, F.R.S. London: Longmans. 1856.

5. *Pre-Raffaellitism; or a Popular Enquiry into some newly asserted Principles connected with the Philosophy, Poetry, Religion, and Revolution of Art.* By the Rev. EDWARD YOUNG, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

6. *The Elements of Drawing; in Three Letters to Beginners.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., with Illustrations drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857.

EVEN superficial observers of the literature of the age must be struck with the number and importanee of the works issuing almost daily from the press, which bear upon the philosophy, history, or practical study of art. So abundant a supply is a convincing proof of the existence of a steady demand in this department of letters; and we welcome it as one sign among

many of the growing interest taken by our educated classes in that revival of art which has been so marked a feature of our social progress during the last few years. As it is now some time since we devoted any space to the consideration of the state and progress of that revival, it may be expedient, before we proceed to any closer examination of the works enumerated in the heading of this article, to prepare the way for our remarks by a rapid survey of the present condition and future prospects of some of the more important of the fine arts in this country.

No one can appreciate the change which a quarter of a century has wrought in the public mind, with respect to this subject, who has not been at the pains to fathom the depth of debasement which had been reached by the general taste in the 'Georgian Era.' Mr. Thackeray, in his newest lectures, (so long kept back from the impatient curiosity of the reading public,) seems to think he has said quite enough in disparagement of the artistic discernment of George III., when he has recorded that Benjamin West was his favourite painter. That monarch's subjects probably divided their artistic allegiance between the President of the Academy and Angelica Kauffman. The next generation will find it hard to believe that two conspicuous works of these most feeble and insipid painters, now degraded to some out of the way corner, occupied a position of honour in the National Gallery, as that collection was arranged in the time of their fathers. So low had painting fallen; but the plastic art had reached a still lower level. The sculpture of the early part of this nineteenth century culminated in that atrocious caricature of George IV. in plaster of Paris, in compliment to which the old historic name of Battle Bridge was changed to the modern King's Cross. That figure, however, was too bad to remain. *Descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur.* The royal effigy was deposed by a peaceful revolution; and Mr. Thwaites's parliament may, perhaps, restore the old name to the no longer desecrated site. But it is almost to be lamented that the demolition occurred before the introduction of photography; for posterity will never do justice to the improvement of sculpture without knowing what was the starting-point of the revival. In architecture, again, the Gothic style had actually expired under the hands of Horace Walpole and Batty Langley; and, in the Anglo-classic, Wren, Hawksmoor, and Chambers had left no worthy successors. Music indeed then, as always, was an exception to the laws which have governed the progress of her sister arts. Palestrina did not flourish till architecture and painting had passed their zenith; and Mozart and Beethoven anticipated in point of time that revival which is at length inaugurated, as we hope, for the whole compass of art. The

national appreciation of Handel is a redeeming trait in the æsthetic estimate of the England of the last century; and it must be owned that musical taste, though greatly deteriorated, had never become extinct. Finally, in the apparatus of daily life, all pure taste for form or colour had nearly disappeared. The 'willow pattern' reigned without opposition in ceramic manufactures; and 'Furniture' Hope—in this, as in some other matters, a pioneer of better things to come—instead of followers obtained a nickname.

The change from those days to the present time is perfectly marvellous. Let us take these several branches of æsthetics in reverse order. Compound words, such as 'art-manufactures,' 'art-culture,' 'art-treasures,' are already used so commonly, perhaps so unavoidably, that they have become the property of penny-a-liners, and the butt of 'Punch.' We have a 'Department of Art,' and museums and exhibitions of Art, and 'Schools of Art' in our principal seats of manufacture. Many people, indeed, profess to think that the opposite extreme has been reached already, and that these things and these phrases savour of cant. We do not go so far as this, though we may ourselves fear that the reaction from former indifference will be sometimes in excess. Let us rather hope that these are unmistakeable signs of a growing change in English opinion, and that the old reproach of our not being an artistic nation is likely to be wiped off. Why should this charge be true? No one has ever yet shown a sufficient reason why Englishmen should be inferior to the natives of other Cisalpine countries in the love or practice of the fine arts. It was not so, as a matter of fact, in former times. Mediæval England was not behind France or Germany or the Low Countries in architecture and its subsidiary handmaids. Italy indeed then, as now, was signally favoured. Besides its prerogative in the original genius of its people, it was the first land to receive the torch of art from the expiring civilization of the lower empire, at the fall of Constantinople. Again, what other country could be so rich in remains of that still earlier art of ancient heathendom which had in like manner travelled, ages before, westward from Greece, and one fragment of which, according to the fascinating story, was destined to strike a spark of rekindled fire in the mind of Nicolas of Pisa? And still more as the centre of intellectual life, and energy, and religion to western Christendom, Italy was of necessity the head-quarters of art at a time when all its inspirations were drawn from the Church's teaching. But, granting this undisputed precedence to the Italian peninsula, our own land may fairly claim a high place among its more equal rivals. That a native school of painting of average merit existed is proved by

lamentably few indeed, but sufficient, examples and authorities. Flaxman and Professor Cockerell may be cited as unprejudiced witnesses to the high perfection of ancient English sculpture, and the remains of the glorious architecture of our forefathers speak for themselves, while, in the later musical development, the composers from Byrd to Purcell will bear comparison with the ablest of their contemporaries. To what causes the decay of English art in the two last centuries is to be attributed, must continue to be a very difficult subject of speculation. The lamentable divorce of æsthetics from the service of the Church is doubtless one considerable reason for this change, but not a sufficient one; for the prostration of art, and the decay of its true spirit, have been quite as decided in other countries where no such change of ritual or of dogma was accomplished. And, conversely, the present revival of distinctively religious painting has found nothing uncongenial in Protestant Germany; while we have lived to see the Church of England, (*pace* Mr. Westerton,) become the home of the highest aspirations, the most ardent endeavours, and the happiest successes of a large and growing brotherhood, pursuing in a religious spirit the study and practice of art in all its ramifications. Nor, again, is a sufficient explanation of this fact to be found in the supposed materialistic tendencies of our extraordinary development of manufacturing industry. Lancashire and Yorkshire, at any rate, are doing their best to throw off the reproach. Manchester is rebuilding her warehouses, if not her mills, with palatial magnificence; and Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds and Birmingham can boast of halls, devoted to the fine arts, which the metropolis does not parallel. The musical culture of the manufacturing districts is proverbial. Marylebone, indeed, finds itself unable to support a free library, and the City of London declines to rate itself for one; but Liverpool and Manchester can scarcely keep pace with the literary demands of their self-taught working classes. In the latter city the artisan may read his newspaper, and consult books of reference, in an apartments carcely inferior to the drawing-room of a London club; and in availing himself of these privileges, he is seen to show a self-respect and a propriety of demeanour which would shame many persons of higher pretensions and advantages. It is to be hoped that many of the visitors who have flocked to Manchester in the course of the present summer, to examine the Exhibition of Art Treasures, have devoted part of their time to the inspection of the permanent intellectual and educational resources of the place. It is certain that a large proportion of cultivated Englishmen are wholly ignorant of the extent of literary activity in the chief centres of our manufacturing population.

Whatever, then, may have been the causes of our late national shortcomings in respect of the cultivation of the fine arts, there is reason to think that those causes are no longer in active operation. And the improved feeling of the present day may justify a hope that the energies of our countrymen, directed in a new channel, may achieve new triumphs in new fields. As the home of freedom and the seat of commercial activity, our island possesses at least some of the conditions under which art has often most signally flourished: and the glories of Athens, Venice, and Bruges, if renewable anywhere, ought to find their parallel in the capital of England. Should there be any hope of this consummation, we may well be lenient with the extravagances which must necessarily attend so thorough a revolution of public opinion. Much indeed remains to be done, but still, unless we are mistaken, the tide has turned. Many circumstances have contributed to bring about this result, and the change has been long preparing. We are told by philosophers that a sort of cyclic law may be observed in all human things; and it is evident that a certain re-action from a merely utilitarian and materialistic temper is discernible in the literature as well as the art of modern Europe. In one of the books noticed in the heading of this article, Mr. Young derives what he calls 'Pre-Raffaellitism' from the Lake school of poetry. But that school itself was probably not more a cause of future changes than one consequence among many of a deep stirring of the human mind. The thoughtful observer is prepared to expect epidemic influences in psychology as well as in medical science. It is probable that opinion was ripe among us for the further progress of this movement when the Great Exhibition of 1851 produced, as one of its results, a general conviction that art culture had been strangely neglected in England, and that, with all our mechanical superiority, we were distanced, as to design and taste, by our continental neighbours. To this we owe the institution of a public Department of Art, with its central museum at South Kensington, and its local organization in the chief seats of industry. That there is such a thing as purity and correctness, fitness and truth, of form and colour, —that there is in short a morality of art, independent of fashion or whim or opinion, is now widely acknowledged, in spite of the inert opposition of obstinate habit, the hostility of interested advocates, and the burlesque of would-be humourists. And the result is seen in a marked general improvement in design. The Paris Exhibition of 1855, in which the first signs of progress might be expected to be seen, was instructively criticized at the time in its practical bearing on this question in the pages of the 'Ecclesiologist;' and the lately-published Report

of the government officials, who were deputed to study the Exposition, follows elaborately in almost identical conclusions. In one great department of manufactures, the ceramic products of the Staffordshire Potteries, the regeneration of the art of design seems to have quite kept pace with—if not to have outstripped—the surprising improvement of the mechanical processes employed. The fine majolica of the Bernal and Soulages collections (the latter of which, saved from premature dispersion by the public spirit of some Manchester magnates, may still be secured for the nation in its entirety at a most inconsiderable price,) will ere long, we believe, be rivalled at Stoke and Burslem. The local schools of art, which must in the first instance depend for their chief success on the intelligent support of the employers of labour, promise to supply the crying want of skilled designers; bnt a story current, and uncontradicted, to the effect that at a late public display of the students' works in the last-named town, the prize drawing of the most hopeful pupil was turned with its face to the wall, lest the nude human form should offend puritanized susceptibilities, does not say much for the enlightened patronage of some of the authorities. We feel strongly tbat it is the bounden duty of all to co-operate as best they may for the dissemination of a taste and love for art. And there is one way in which much may be done with little trouble, but to great profit: we mean the encouragement of drawing, as a part of the instruction in our elementary schools. There are now, as many of our readers are aware, special facilities for the introduction of this study; and no one knows, save by experience, how popular as well as useful is the drawing lesson. It is something to relieve the somewhat monotonous routine of a parish-school; but it is more to implant or cultivate the facnlty of appreciating, not art merely, but nature herself. People do not realize that the ignorance or indifference of uneducated minds to the scenic charms of the beautiful world that surrounds us are due, as much as to anything, to the want of elementary teaching as to form and colour. We cannot but take this opportunity of saying how much we honour the disinterested exertions of Mr. Ruskin, in organizing, under his own tuition, a drawing-class at the Working Men's College; and bis last published, and very suggestive work, 'The Elements of Drawing,' must be mentioned as another proof of the earnestness of his convictions as to the importance of spreading more widely a practical knowledge of the art of design.

In another department of humanizing aud purifying art tbe battle has been won already. There are few schools now of any pretensions where music is not regularly taught. One hears in all quarters that we are fast becoming a musical people. Patrons

of music, indeed, have always been plentiful in England; but that general practical culture of the art which has provided nearly all our towns and many villages with their choral societies has never been exceeded since those old days when, as we are told, every educated Englishman could take his part in a madrigal. Mr. Hullah did admirable and well-timed service by introducing Wilhem's comparatively easy method of teaching singing. And we owe it probably to the spread of musical education that all attempts to repress choral service, by those who would strip the service of the Author of all good of all appliances of loveliness and beauty, have been foiled signally. Such attempts indeed were manifestly and perversely insensate, in an age when nonconformists themselves have become reconciled to religious æsthetics, and the organ is insinuating itself into the cold conventicles of the Scotch Establishment.

To pass to another art, the 'Pointed' architects of modern England, victorious in the European competitions of Hamburg and Lille, form a school of whom we have just reason to be proud. The revival of the national styles of Gothic, for domestic as well as ecclesiastical uses, fostered by the early labours of Carter and Britton, took root as it were in the choice of Sir Charles Barry's design for the Houses of Parliament, and has already reached a maturity of excellence. The architectural movement has been carried on with rare vigour and ability by a host of writers and critics, as well as by the actual professors of the art. The bolder spirits of this school venture now to look forward to perfecting the style by the introduction and assimilation of new elements of use and beauty, and to a further development of its resources. And that this is no vain boast was proved in the masterly designs sent in for the late competition for Government Offices by Messrs. Scott, Street, Woodward, and Seddon. It is true that the highest prizes were adjudicated on that occasion to designs of a pseudo-classical or Renaissance character; but the decision of a Commission so selected as to satisfy no party has not been endorsed by the verdict of intelligent public opinion. Mr. Beresford Hope has elicited in Parliament the avowal that it is most improbable that any of the chief prize designs will be carried into execution. Meanwhile the general mediocrity and unfitness of the selected designs are becoming more widely acknowledged; and, without entering further upon the many unsatisfactory circumstances attending this most important trial, we believe that we are expressing the opinion of the most competent judges, when we say that the greatest vigour and mastery of art were undeniably manifested among the competitors in the Pointed style.

Sculpture alone seems to be halting in the onward progress;

more, we believe, for want of encouragement, than for want of genius among its professors. The patrons of this art must, from the nature of things, be comparatively few in number, and endowed with pecuniary means beyond the average. And this class, it must be remembered, needs education as much as any. A better taste for the plastic art had not been so widely spread, but that there was reason to fear lest the Crimean war should have entailed upon us a crowd of cenotaphic memorials of that familiar debased type, which, by its fatal facility and bastard symbolism, has degraded art and artist alike, and made the revival of sculpture seem more hopeless than that of any other branch of art. But, happily, not much harm has been done. The 'Illustrated London News' has delineated some monstrous monumental compositions that have found their way into country churches, and the metropolitan cathedral has not escaped a very miserable specimen, in which the unsuitableness of the design is not compensated for by the terseness of the inscription.

The infliction of a portentous monument to the Duke of Wellington, by one from whose undisputed genius and power better things might have been expected, seemed to have been happily averted from that English Walhalla by a crushing criticism of its incongruous character in the pages of the 'Saturday Review;' but the scheme has quite lately been resuscitated. A specimen of Baron Marochetti's monumental design was vouchsafed to us, in a full-sized model, in the Sydenham Palace; where, however, a sufficient antidote to its platitudes was near at hand in those marvellous courts of sculpture where the untravelled lover of art can study and compare the choicest treasures of all the glyptotheks of Europe. Upon the whole, the future of English sculpture is less hopeful than it might be, and the results of the late competition for the Wellington Memorial are undeniably discouraging. That great occasion failed to produce a single worthy design from the sculptors not of England merely but of all Europe. It is true that the conditions of that competition were held to be unsatisfactory among sculptors themselves, and that no confidence was felt in the competency of the authority that was to select the judges. Still, no one was prepared for so very contemptible a result; and the one hopeful circumstance connected with the recent exhibition in Westminster Hall is that the general taste of the public seemed to be in advance of that of the sculptors themselves. If so, the artists will soon rise to the higher level, and there may yet be a bright future for English sculpture. Gloomy as the general prospect may be, we need not shut our eyes to such signs of improvement as there are. There are indubitable evidences of a better taste in respect of the effigial monu-

ments of the departed; a school of able carvers is growing up in connexion with many of the more important ecclesiastical buildings, in which, at last, sculptured ornamentation, though timidly introduced, is becoming far from uncommon. And in the highest branch of the art, the fine effigies that adorn S. Stephen's Hall seem to show that ability will not be wanting when patronage is more liberal and intelligent, the demand greater, and the critical public better educated.

Painting has the great advantage of its sister art in being at once more universally popular, more easily comprehended, and more within reach of general encouragement. The English school, however indifferently represented in the highest region of idealism by West, or in a later generation by the unhappy Haydon, was always respectable in portraiture, admirable in landscape, and remarkable for its fine appreciation and skilful use of colour. We should be very unwilling to tarnish the laurels of Gainsborough or Reynolds; and we should not fear to assert that our own painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have been, to say the least, equal to the best of their continental contemporaries. But in all that concerns the higher aim of art—its moral purpose and informing spirit—painting had fallen as low in England as elsewhere. It was content to minister to the refined gratification of the senses, but had well-nigh forgotten its old mission of quickening faith and inspiring devotion, and stirring the emotions and sympathies of the soul. The painter had merged the poet in the manipulator; the creative faculty was postponed to imitative excellence. Art must, of necessity, be conventional; but the pharisaic conventionalism of academies had all but stifled the inspirations of genius; and the traditions of the studio had taken the place of personal converse with the living truths of nature. It were unreasonable to expect from every generation a creation such as the Madonna di San Sisto—that almost superhuman work, of which it has been not untruly said, that it is a complete commentary on the Incarnation. But let any one take the ordinary historical treatment of Scriptural scenes with which artists such as West or Mignard have made us so familiar, and let him honestly consider whether any human being can be the better for such insipid and jejune representations? Their heartless unreality deprives them of all interest and of all instructiveness; they touch no chord in the soul and embody no truth, and the Illustrated Bible is thrown aside together with 'childish things' so soon as the expanding intellect learns to attach a relative, rather than an absolute, value to the fact of pictorial delineation. Everyone knows how difficult it is, even since the praiseworthy and not unsuccessful labours of Messrs. Rose and Burgon, to find any religious prints

of decent merit for use in schools and the houses of the poor,—too many of whom are still in need of 'the layman's books.' And yet sacred art, in the hand of Angelico da Fiesole, or Fra Bartolommeo, or Overbeck or Steinle or Scheffer, is capable of becoming not merely the amusement of infancy and the aid of the unlearned, but the teacher and monitor of the highest and most trained intelligence. Our meaning would be illustrated, were any one to compare the moral influence—the effect on the higher faculties of the mind—produced by such pictures on the one hand as Del Piombo's Raising of Lazarus, or Guido's Lot's daughters in the National Gallery; and on the other hand, those two priceless works of Francesco Francia, and the late acquisition of that exquisite Perugino, which form the crowning glory of the same collection. What we speak of is in a great measure independent of merely mechanical merits of design or execution. Of course no excellence of ideal conception is worth anything without competent powers of expression: but we complain that poverty or unworthiness of thought and purpose are too often tolerated or excused on the score of the subsidiary charms of technical skill and manual dexterity.

It was high time for a revival of the higher bearing of the painter's art, and for its emancipation from the traditional bondage of a degenerate practice. And this is the true *rationale* of the late movement or revolution which, commencing in the school of Overbeck, has spread far and wide, and in our country (under the somewhat absurd name of Pre-Raffaellitism,) has been, and continues to be, the subject of an active controversy. In making a few remarks on Mr. Young's essay on this question, we have no intention of entering fully upon the merits of this controversy, either on one side or the other; not merely because we have no special sympathy either with Mr. Ruskin or his extreme opponents—nor again because the subject has been discussed almost *usque ad nauseam* in the pages of most of our critical contemporaries—but because we object to narrowing the issue to a mere debate on the works of two or three artists, or to a controversy on the somewhat inconsistent theories of art propounded by the eloquent but illogical author of 'Modern Painters.' It has been our object to show that a broader view may be taken of the whole subject. The quickening of the expiring embers of artistic life is, we hope, universal; not confined to one nationality, and far less to one isolated department of æsthetic study. Among the conspicuous signs and evidences of this mighty movement we gladly reckon the existence of the Pre-Raffaellite school and the brilliant disquisitions of Mr. Ruskin; but we can give them no higher importance.

Few will deny that the numerous publications of the last-

named author have contributed not a little to induce people to think more deeply than they had been wont to do on the philosophy of art; or that much good has been effected by his earnest, and for the most part generous, advocacy of sound principles of taste. And this may be safely conceded by those who profoundly distrust his positive theory of art, so far as he has one, and by those who differ widely from most of his dogmatic conclusions, and who repudiate his intemperate assaults on venerated and established reputations. But we believe that Mr. Ruskin has few disciples. The Turner controversy, as it is termed, is regarded by most sensible people as a 'bore' to be avoided on all occasions; and Mr. Ruskin is more read, we imagine, for the sake of his noble diction and vivid powers of description, than for guidance and teaching in the principles for which he contends. It is much to be regretted that an author so powerful in his style and so honest in his purpose should have impaired the usefulness of his writings by so much that is extravagant and self-contradictory in his speculations, and by scant justice, not only to those from whom he differs, but to those who have been fellow-labourers with him in the same cause.

Holding this opinion of Mr. Ruskin, we feel that his clever assailant, Mr. Edward Young, in his essay on 'Pre-Raffaellitism,' has rather wasted his labour in so elaborate an attack. It was doubtless a tempting game to expose Mr. Ruskin's inconsistencies out of his own mouth; and Mr. Young has accomplished the task easily to himself, and with very damaging effect to his adversary. He has also pulled to pieces a great many transcendental paradoxes, and drawn out to their extreme and contradictory conclusions many rashly-asserted premisses. But the critic is far less happy when it comes to his turn to lay down positive principles; and he is wholly unsuccessful in defending against the revivalists the traditional 'high art' or the 'ideal' of the academies. In fact, it is our conviction that the controversy, noisy as it is, is, after all, little more than a logomachy: and we honestly believe that if Mr. Millais did but paint a picture, such as, in spite of his failure in this year's exhibition, we still look for from his easel—a picture in which his undisputed artistic power of colouring and expression, and his noble moral purpose, were not marred and stultified by some strange caprice of exaggerated or unbeautiful detail—we should have Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Young combining to extol it. For we note in the volume of the latter writer several incidental testimonies to the signal ability and the laborious diligence and the healthy reality of the Pre-Raffaellite artists: and in one place the depth and poetry of Mr. Millais's 'Autumn Leaves' is very adequately and candidly acknowledged. Mr. Young, in fact, is fighting

shadows more than he would perhaps like to confess; excepting so far as he is attacking extremes and extravagances which have no necessary connexion with the truth which they deform.

It is so easy to fasten upon the weak points of some of Turner's later pictures and to expose them with good-humoured flippancy, that we do not mean to quarrel with Mr. Young for his entertaining, but hardly convincing, criticism on some of the works of that great artist. But it is important to point out his failure, as it seems to us, in comprehending the sentiment of two recent mystical pictures which he too strongly reprobates. The painter of that early Pre-Raffaellite picture, which bore the title, 'Wounded in the House of his Friends,' is not to be unhesitatingly condemned because he chose to illustrate those touching words by a possible scene in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth, amidst the almost repulsive accessories of lowly and poverty-stricken condition. There have always been two opposite theories of treating scriptural scenes—the ideal and the naturalistic—each reflected in the mirror of Christian art. And it is narrow-minded in the extreme to prohibit the one which may not commend itself to one's own sympathies. Be it remembered that this particular picture—so striking by its strange reserve and thoughtful suggestiveness—abstained from anything like the coarse and degrading or humorous concomitants of low life, such as a Fleming or Hollander would have depicted. It merely presented a possible combination of circumstances in the mysterious human life of our Lord, such as they would have seemed to the natural eye: the artist left it for the eye of faith to read the hidden meaning of the picture. We do not say that this is the highest form of Christian art; but it is one which may be defended. M. Rio, in the former volume of the work whose title we have given at the head of this article, has an able essay on the two types under which our Lord's human form was represented in ancient art, both founded on hints contained in Holy Scripture, and both supported by names and arguments of weight. For our own parts, we strongly prefer the ideal type preferred in Western art, in which the perfect beauty and majesty of the humanity imaged the shrouded glory of the Godhead. But we can tolerate the exemplification of the opposite theory, so long as it is done in a reverent and becoming spirit.

So again with respect to Mr. Hunt's 'Scapegoat' of last year's exhibition. Mr. Young criticises that picture very severely, but, to our mind, most unjustly. In fact, we should say that the artist had done just what his critic complains of his not doing, and that he has really avoided the fault which he is here charged with committing. How can it be fairly said that

in this instance 'art has converted a significant metaphor into a vulgar fact?' On the contrary, it has here, as we think, fulfilled what Mr. Young says is the very 'office of poetry:' that it has 'converted a simple fact into significant metaphor.' It takes that simple fact which was divinely chosen as a most significant type, and leaves the contemplative mind to interpret that type by the light of faith. Does Mr. Young imagine that devout meditation on the type is incompatible with belief in the antitype? or because Christians can go in contemplation to Calvary itself, are they forbidden to think of the ordained prefigurements of that awful consummation? Mr. Young seems to share the vulgar English inability to conceive a symbolical or mystical view of a sacred subject: but there is a time and a place for the pious memory of the typical adumbrations or figurative representations of the most solemn realities. The author's mental constitution has led him, if we mistake not, to serious error, or at least short-coming, with respect to the highest and most sacred of all mysteries respecting the Eucharistic Sacrament. We regret extremely to see in a clergyman's writing certain theological statements, such as are to be found especially in the chapters on the religion of art, which would not be pardonable in a lay author. We will not enlarge on this matter further than to say that we are reminded, by this style of criticism, of the effect produced on some rather prosaic minds by the famous Adoration of the Mystic Lamb at Ghent. People destitute of any imaginative power have been known to be quite shocked at that picture, as though it depicted the literal fact of an idolatrous worship of a mere animal! We may now dismiss Mr. Young's volume on the Pre-Raffaellite controversy, with the remarks that little but good can result from the free discussion of the theory and philosophy of art; and that the very existence of the controversy is a proof of the revived interest and amended taste in matter of art for the vitality of which we have been contending.

This improved tone of public feeling with respect to painting in particular has been produced, we think, more by the labours of *litterateurs* than of artists themselves. We by no means wish to undervalue the merits either of the 'Pre-Raffaellite' painters, still less of that more moderate but refined school, of which Mr. Dyce is the best example. Nor are we blind to the numerous and increasing indications in successive exhibitions—of water-colours as well as of oil-painting — that English artists, as a body, are striving to improve their method by adopting the better characteristics of the new school. Still we think that this has rather followed public opinion than directed it. And in like manner, it was the growing artistic

culture of society that brought about the extension of the National Collection, especially in its historical aspect, and has enriched us with such noble specimens of early Christian art. The National Gallery is, doubtless, now re-acting with tenfold force on the improvement of the public taste, and its influence will increase as education is diffused. We must express our great satisfaction that the Royal Commission appointed to decide upon the best site for the National Gallery has concluded, if not to keep it in its present central position, at least to hinder its removal to such a distance as would make it a toil and labour and expenditure of time for any but the richer classes to reach it. We are jealously suspicious of anything that may tend to keep the masses of our population away from the educational influences of the Collection. The Dulwich Gallery is too far off to be of much benefit; and fewer people probably visit it than the Bridgewater Gallery and Lord Ward's Collection, which are so liberally opened to the metropolitan public. It would be strange if the habit of seeing fine pictures did not exalt and inform the popular taste, and the local exhibitions that are happily becoming more common, and especially the noble example of the Manchester Exhibition of Art Treasures, may well be expected to give a new impulse to the appreciation of art in general and pictorial art in particular.

But for hundreds who have an opportunity of seeing the actual pictures, there are thousands who read of them. And therefore we repeat, that the literature of art is more potent in influencing opinion, than the actual material handiwork of the painter; and this is especially true, when the skill of the engraver aids the labour of the compositor. Here, indeed, we must recognise a special privilege of the present epoch. The multiplication of engravings, and above all the copious illustration of books treating of the history of art, such as Mrs. Jameson's beautiful volumes, or the admirable hand-books of Mr. Murray's series, enable a person to learn by his fireside what his predecessors could not attain without many a pilgrimage to distant shrines of art. Unless the eye bears the chief part in the apprehension of art, it is uphill work indeed to make progress in the study. To give even a general account of the extensive literature which has collectively produced so great an effect on the public sentiment for art, would lead us to transgress all reasonable limits. We content ourselves with selecting for notice two or three of the most recent publications; not thereby implying that they are superior either in interest or importance to works of somewhat older date—and which we are forced to pass over in silence—such as Mrs.

Jameson's graceful and instructive Treatises, or the Handbooks of Painting for the Italian, German, and Dutch Schools, published by Mr. Murray, or Dr. Waagen's admirable volumes, or Mr. Bohn's humbler but most useful translations of Lanzi and Vasari.

The volume lately put forth by M. Rio is the second instalment of a work commenced upwards of twenty years ago. That former volume, of which an English translation has appeared lately, had the merit of opening a new field, and of advocating views and principles which were at that time strange and novel. One consequence of M. Rio's former success is, that the views he advocates are no longer unfashionable, and that he now appears to be rather behind the age than before it. It is not, however, that he himself is so much altered, as the prevailing tone of public feeling. The movement has already advanced beyond the negative re-action from the tame eclecticism of the academies. We demand something more positive, and had we now a painter who rivalled the B. Angelico himself in fervour and purity of sentiment, we should still expect from him an accurate anatomy and the most perfect mastery of his brush. Twenty years ago technical skill would have been unduly postponed to motive. Hence it is, perhaps, that M. Rio's new matter seems wanting in vigour and in breadth of vision. Still, indeed, as before, he carries with him his reader's sympathies, and approves himself an agreeable as well as trustworthy guide in the track through which he leads us. But he leaves us with a longing for a more bracing atmosphere, and a sense that there was another side in the battle of artistic principles which has been veiled from us. It must be granted, however, that M. Rio had upon the whole a more inspiring set of subjects in his first volume than in his second. Then it was his task to trace the first beginnings of Christian art from the rude delineations of the Catacombs to the abandonment of Byzantine types in the reform of Cimabue and Duccio, and further on to the first rise of naturalism and to the re-introduction of a 'pagan' element. But the best parts of his book were his description of the mystical school of Umbria, and his notices of the saintly Dominican, of Benozzo Gozzoli, Francia, Perugino, and the youthful Raffaelle. Thence he passed to the reform of Savonarola, and its artistic results; so soon to be absorbed in the advancing and resistless tide of the pagan *Renaissance*. Finally, the somewhat independent history of the Venetian school, treated *con amore* by our author, offered a very charming episode. M. Rio pursues his sketch in his newly published volume. Commencing with a notice of the state and progress of the arts in Milan, before the arrival of Leonardo da Vinci, he

devotes considerable space to the history of that great artist, and his influence upon art. In him M. Rio seems to discern something like a just mean between the opposed principles of the mystic and naturalistic styles; and in tracing out the ramifications of the Lombard school as it spread, chiefly by means of Leonardo's pupils, to Pavia, Bergamo, Brescia, and Lodi, he leads us through a little trodden but delightful by-way of art. He has taken loving pains in investigating the lives and works of many of these less known artists; and there is great novelty and interest in the results, especially when their fortunes happen to be interwoven with the exciting political events of the first half of the sixteenth century in Italy. Two chapters, on the schools of Cremona and Ferrara respectively, conclude the book; and we are left to hope that M. Rio will not permit another interval of twenty years to elapse before he continues or completes his story.

Such of our readers as take an interest in the fortunes of distinctively Christian art, will, we hope, make personal acquaintance with M. Rio's pages. We do not know where else they could find so thorough an account of the Lombard school; and, remembering that the author is an earnest partisan of the mysticists,—a bias which must qualify all his dicta as to artists whom he charges with naturalism,—his guidance may be safely followed.

It will be felt indeed a great drawback to his book that it is entirely without illustrations. A sketch, however slight, of the *ordonnance* of a famous painting is worth many pages of minute description. In fact, where form and colour are concerned, no verbal description, however technical or exact, can convey an adequate image of the reality; while the roughest outline is sufficient to enable us to comprehend the broad treatment of a subject, so far, at least, as respects its composition.

The life of Leonardo da Vinci, who is, not without reason, called by M. Rio the most imposing figure (not even excepting Michael Angelo) that the history of art presents, is the most striking portrait in the present volume, and will afford us a good subject for closer examination. Born near Florence in 1452, Leonardo received his first lessons in art from Andrea Verrocchio. This master was a greater sculptor than painter, and is best known for the magnificent equestrian statue of Bartolommeo di Coleone at Venice; but his merits, as exemplified in various little known works at Florence, have not been sufficiently valued by the majority of critics. To the teaching of Verrocchio M. Rio attributes, with much probability, a certain fondness for a statuesque simplicity of arrangement in his groups and general composition that may generally be

observed in the paintings of Leonardo. He finds a complete accordance — what he calls, in a phrase borrowed from the philosophical language of Leibnitz, '*une sorte d'harmonie préétablie*,'—between the master and the pupil; in each of them, as artists, a remarkable vigour, not purchased at the cost of beauty—a marvellous fondness for minute detail—a strict attention to the science of perspective; while they were strikingly alike in their love of music, their lack of persevering industry enough to bring their various works to completion, and their predilection for the war-horse as an object of anatomical study and artistic representation. The charming gossip with which Vasari, the Plutarch of art, has enlivened his biographies, is not to be found in M. Rio's graver pages. The latter contents himself, in this portion of his biography, with briefly mentioning some of Leonardo's early works which are now lost, and noticing his intimate friendship with his fellow pupil Perugino, and the capricious indifference with which his talents were slighted by Lorenzo the Magnificent. In 1483, at the age of twenty-nine, Leonardo first went to Milan, and solicited the patronage of Ludovico Sforza. His letter on this occasion is preserved, in which, with a frankness betokening the thorough confidence he had in his own resources, he boldly asserts his ability to undertake any works either of painting or sculpture, of military or civil engineering, and especially of hydraulic science. He had opportunities of showing experimentally that this estimate of his powers was not overrated; and his physical gifts rivalled those of his intellect. It is recorded that his appearance was all that is noble and attractive, and that his manners and conversation were irresistible.* He was a most accomplished musician and improvisatore; without a rival in fence or in the dance; a daring and consummate horseman, with a muscular organisation equally fit for the most violent exertion or the most delicate handiwork; generous and open-hearted almost to extravagance, and so tender-hearted that he would purchase caged birds in order to set them free. The world has seldom seen a man so richly endowed, both corporeally and mentally, with faculties so varied and prodigious, and yet so well balanced in their relations to each other. M. Rio traces an analogy between Leonardo and Schelling; the latter having, as a philosopher, had an insight into the mysteries of art only rivalled by Leonardo's mastery, as an artist, of the arcana of science. The philosophical papers of Leonardo, preserved, some at Milan, some at Paris, and some at Lord Leicester's seat at Holkham, are said to prove that their author had anticipated theoretically many of the most important scientific discoveries of later times. Among these are reckoned

the construction of the barometer, the application of steam, especially to warlike purposes, and the use of the pendulum for measuring time. 'Sometimes,' says his present biographer, 'there are observations in geology which astonish us by their 'justice, and their coincidence with the facts so recently and so 'laboriously demonstrated; sometimes there are theories which 'seem to reveal a daring successor of Archimedes; it has even 'been thought that in certain passages could be found the germ 'of the great cosmogonic theory of Leibnitz, so ably developed 'by Buffon. He harps so constantly on the necessity of experi-'ment as the interpreter of the processes of nature, that one 'might with reason add the name of Bacon to the list of great 'intellects of which Leonardo was in some sort the precursor. '"Nature alone,"' he says somewhere, '"is the mistress of 'superior intelligences."'

Settled at Milan, Leonardo founded the first Academy of which there is any record, and M. Rio enumerates many of his literary essays in connexion with that institution. These exercises were by no means confined to his own more peculiar objects of artistic study: he read Vitruvius for architecture, Albertus Magnus for philosophy, and sought in the poetic ideal of Dante a counterpart to his own ideal in æsthetics. A sonnet of his own composition is preserved, remarkable at once for its terse concinnity of language and its psychological insight.

Ludovico il Moro, Duke of Milan, whatever may have been his faults in other respects, was a liberal patron of the arts, and he seems to have had discernment enough to value sufficiently the genius of Leonardo. Besides other works, as well of painting as of engineering, he commissioned him to execute an equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, the founder of his dynasty; a work which cost Leonardo fifteen years in merely finishing the clay model; and which, owing to his own dilatoriness, was never executed in any more enduring material, but perished in the fall of Milan in 1499. It is an irremediable loss to art; for in the opinion of contemporary judges, the work was faultlessly excellent. Meanwhile the artist had been charged with a share of responsibility as to the completion of the Duomo; but unfortunately there is no record of the part he took in the animated disputes and public competitions among rival architects, which resulted happily in the determination to finish that church in the Pointed style of the original design, rather than to add a cupola of the then fashionable *Renaissance*. But it was the famous Cena in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, (by which alone the name of Leonardo would be immortalized), that, dividing his thoughts and labour, hindered the casting of the colossal statue. Bandello the novelist relates how he had

seen Leonardo, in the fiercest heat of the dog-days, rush from the statue to the fresco in order to add a feature or modify a contour, with two or three strokes of the brush; and at other times how the artist would be so absorbed with his work as to sit from morning to night in total forgetfulness of his meals.

The discussion of this famous picture is one of the least satisfactory parts of M. Rio's volume. Committed to his own theory, that idealism preponderates over naturalism in the perfect manner of Leonardo, he finds the Cena a very serious obstacle to the establishment of his position. For, in point of fact, granting to the fullest extent the elevated purity of the conception and the dignity of its treatment, any unprejudiced observer would be inclined to agree with Goethe's assertion that the composition is eminently naturalistic; and to claim it as a mystical picture at all seems to us entirely to mistake its character. Surely the subject is treated in this design not in a symbolical, but entirely in a historical or narrative point of view, as indeed became its position on the wall of a refectory. The reason for choosing the Last Supper for that association of ideas is obvious. It was meant to consecrate the ordinary meals of the fraternity by a memento of that memorable paschal feast. The higher aspect of the same supper as the institution of the Eucharistic Sacrament is not here intended to be expressed by the painter. The proper iconological representation of that mysterious event, when the last Passover was consummated in the person of the Incarnate Lord, its great antitype, and superseded for ever by the Christian sacrifice of commemoration, is altogether different from the method here adopted by Leonardo. And this is the reason—as has been pointed out in a contemporary critique—why this fine picture is almost too highly rated by those religionists who take a somewhat low view of sacramental doctrine: and we cannot sufficiently express our surprise that M. Rio, who seems to belong to a strict school of Roman Catholicism, should have allowed his theory to drive him to the assertion that the Cena was thus handled by Leonardo, under the 'inspiration of a prophetic instinct,' to 'revive among artists the consciousness of their religious mission,' and to cause the multiplication of such representations at the moment when 'the schism was endeavouring 'to obliterate from the public faith the sacrament of the Eucha-'rist.' We believe, on the contrary, that the popularity of the picture has operated in a precisely opposite direction.

The key to the whole of M. Rio's present volume is his wish to contrast the comparatively firm front opposed by Leonardo and his followers to the encroachments of the Renaissance with the rapid decline of the Roman school of Raffaelle and the

Michelangioleschi. And undoubtedly the great master of the Lombard school impressed on his pupils and successors a character of remarkable purity of design and elevation of religious sentiment, very different from anything observable among the followers of his chief rivals and contemporaries. Borgognone, Salaino, Luini, Beltraffio, and Cesare da Sesto, form a galaxy of pnrely Christian artists; and, not to mention the names of his less famous successors, his influence extended probably to Moretto of Brescia, Lotto of Bergamo, and Piazza of Lodi, whose little known works are described by M. Rio as standing protests in a corrupt age against sensualism and naturalism in art. The truth, however, seems to be that Leonardo himself, though avoiding the extreme of Raffaelle's last manner, and eschewing the extravagant physicalism of Michael Angelo, was by no means such a purist in his artistic principles as his present biographer would make out. He kept a just mean between the two rival theories of art more successfully than any of his own disciples; and nothing shows more strongly the great superiority of his powers over those of his imitators than this independent moderation. Take, for instance, his noble portraits. It cannot be pretended that such pictures as his 'Mona Lisa,' or 'La Belle Ferronnière,' have anything of a 'Pre-Raffaellite' character. And M. Rio himself not only has to find excuses for certain other pictures on mythological subjects, as being professedly naturalistic; but again, expressing his dissatisfaction with the type adopted by Leonardo for the Blessed Virgin, as being inferior to that of our Lord, takes occasion to assume that the manner of the artist altered from the purer traditions which he followed at Florence to a less chastened style, adopted, under the patronage of Ludovico Sforza, at Milan. We greatly douht whether any such difference of manner existed; M. Rio himself admits that it cannot be established. It is surely more reasonable to conclnde that Leonardo, who was strong enough to resist the temptations of the Renaissance on the one hand, was wise enough not to cling too tenaciously to the conventionalisms of the past on the other hand. We prefer to look upon bim as the model of what the best Christian painters must always be: equal to the foremost of their contemporaries in the practical detail of their art, and not fairly chargeable with archaism of method or narrowness of intellectual grasp and sympathy.

We return to our brief sketch of the great painter's history. Twenty years' sojourn at Milan left him, it appears, as poor in worldly goods as when he first came thither from his native Tuscany; and when, in 1498, Milan was taken by the enemy, Leonardo quitted his adopted country, and returned unwillingly to Florence. Here he was well received, and executed many

works; though his stay, upon the whole, does not seem to have been a happy one, as the city was still suffering from the natural effects of the moral convulsion occasioned by the attempted reforms of Savonarola. Here, too, the youthful Raffaelle made his acquaintance, and borrowed, it is thought, some advantages from his experience. It was a great epoch of the artistic life of Leonardo, when, in 1503, during this sojourn in Florence, he entered into public competition with Michael Angelo, in a historical cartoon. The originals of both these great works have perished; but their general composition is known, and sketches of each will be found in Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of 'Kugler.' Michael Angelo's 'Bathing Soldiers' is an astonishingly powerful delineation of struggling nude men; while Leonardo's 'Battle of the Standard' is a characteristic and scarcely less forcible representation of a skirmish of cavalry. The general opinion of their contemporaries seems to have preferred the former; and this defeat was not the only mortification that Leonardo was doomed to experience in Florence. Finally, after an absence of seven years, varied by more than one visit to Rome, he returned to Milan, where he was warmly welcomed by the French viceroy of Louis XII., Charles d'Amboise, the Marshal de Chaumont, and where he was allowed to enjoy a few years of comparative tranquillity and honour. But in 1512, Milan was evacuated by the French garrison, and Leonardo was once more an exile. Florence was now closed to him; so that, attended by many of his pupils, he repaired to Rome. He received but a cold welcome from Leo X. who was then regnant; and he found the ground pre-occupied by his former rival, Michael Angelo, and by Raffaelle, then at the culminating point of his glory. His stay there was short. The death of Louis XII. was speedily followed by the victory of Marignan, won by his successor; and this recalled the wanderer to Lombardy for the last time. He was soon to quit for ever the country both of his birth and adoption. Francis I. provided him with a retreat at Clou, near Amboise, and endowed him with place and pension. Here he died in 1519; and the story that he expired in the arms of his royal patron, though not confirmed by authority, is a pleasing commentary on the honour and competency which surrounded his last days. To us, however, there is something exceedingly painful in the closing scenes of a life once so hopeful; and we cannot but believe that the sense of expatriation, of dependence, and disappointed ambition, must have saddened the lot of the illustrious exile. This feeling, however, is not shared by M. Rio, who almost seems to think the honour of French patronage and a French asylum more

than compensation for the severance of the associations of a lifetime, and for the loss of the civilization and the climate of his native Italy. He pleads hard, against the opinion of Vasari, for the unsullied orthodoxy of the faith of the dying painter—a conclusion to which we would gladly follow him; but as to which we can scarcely agree that the language in which his will is couched, is, in itself, conclusive evidence. It is impossible not to feel that the artistic life of this great and extraordinarily gifted man was, in some respects, a failure. The discursiveness of his prodigious genius, by dissipating his powers, limited his success in each particular department of art. From his procrastinating habits, and the variety of works which he undertook simultaneously, there are but few finished *chefs d'œuvre* of his in existence; and many even of these are more correctly attributed to his pupils. His great rival, Michael Angelo, reigned supreme for half a century after Leonardo quitted the scene, and stamped his impress on all succeeding art; while Raffaelle, whose short career was ended nearly simultaneously with the long life of Leonardo, bears away the undisputed palm of painting, even when Da Vinci's warmest admirers are themselves the judges.

The memoir of the founder of the School of Lombardy isthe central subject of M. Rio's present volume. It is executed with signal care and ability, and is not the less agreeable for exhibiting occasionally the warmth of a partisan. There is no way of studying the history of art more agreeable than in biographical essays of this sort. Tecbnical descriptions and systematic catalogues of works and schools are essential for reference: but for spreading a knowledge and love of the subject we must go to writers like Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson, and our present author. May we not hope soon to read the story of Raffaelle in a third volume by M. Rio? He will find his task, however, to some extent anticipated, so far as Raffaelle and Michael Angelo are concerned, by the next work which we propose to notice. But the story of Italian art bears to be told in many ways by many men.

Mr. Harford has thoroughly qualified himself to be the biographer of Michael Angelo, as well by the patient examination of all the facts and documents that are preserved, as by the most sincere admiration of the subject of his memoir, both as an artist and a man. If he has not succeeded in writing a very brilliant work, he deserves, at least, the credit of having provided us with a most satisfactory book of reference, and of having given English readers a better opportunity than they have ever before had of making acquaintance with one of the very greatest men of whom art can boast. Of the goodness as well as the greatness

of Michael Angelo no one can reasonably doubt who has ever made himself acquainted with the outline of his history; and even those who most deplore his influence on art must cherish the memory of so honourable and virtuous a career.

Michael Angelo was born near Arezzo, in Tuscany, in 1474, twenty-three years later than Leonardo. Unlike his rival, he was of noble lineage; but he resembled him in precocity of intellect, and rivalled him in the depth and variety of his acquirements. From his very earliest years he showed the strongest bent for an artist's life, and at last, after considerable opposition, succeeded in obtaining his father's consent to his becoming the pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo. Soon he acquired the warm favour of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent; and, under his intelligent patronage, devoted himself not merely to sculpture, but to the study of music, literature, and philosophy. Florence was at that time the most polished and intellectual city in Italy; and the youthful artist shared the society of such men as Politian, Pico di Mirandula, Landini, and the refugee Chalcondyles. Nor is it uninteresting to remember that among the companions of Michael Angelo's academic days were three distinguished Englishmen, Linacre, Grocyn, and Colet — the friend of Erasmus, and the founder of St. Paul's School—who were about this time at Florence, learning the Greek language, the study of which was carried back by them from the banks of the Arno to their own country. To the influence of the Platonic philosophy, which was in vogue among the *literati* of Florence at this time, Mr. Harford attributes the 'lofty idealism, love of allegory, and mystical views of nature and art,' which he traces in the works of Michael Angelo.

Mr. Harford's plan allows him to interrupt the current of his biographical narrative by any number of digressions that may seem necessary to illustrate the main subject. Such, for example, are his chapters on the Platonic Academy, the political constitution of Florence, and the connexion between the sculpture of Michael Angelo and the earlier school of Nicolas of Pisa. Such also is his sketch of the life of Savonarola, which is extremely well executed, and which should be compared with M. Rio's account of that remarkable reformer in the first volume of his treatise. It is a story that can never tire; and even those who lament the absence of any gentleness or moderation from the character of the eloquent Dominican must admire the purity of his motives and the unselfishness of his zeal, and must grieve over his tragic end and the utter failure of his reforms. But the influence of Savonarola, however shortlived in the city which was the theatre of his experiment, was by no means thrown away on the more distinguished of his contemporaries, either in art or

in politics. When Fra Bartolommeo and Lorenzo di Credi, in a fit of enthusiasm, threw all their sketches and studies from the life on the bonfire of the Prior of St. Mark's, they symbolized their resolution henceforward to consecrate their powers of heart and hand to none but the holiest of objects. The act was fanatical, and it is fortunate for their reputation as painters that it was far easier to burn the papers than to forget the knowledge which those sketches had enabled them to acquire: but such a sacrifice is the strongest possible proof of the power that the stern preacher had obtained over their minds. The wiser Buonarroti knew better where to draw the line of moderation. He made no holocaust of his anatomy, but a long life of irreproachable personal morality attests the depth of the impression made upon him by the preaching and denunciations of the uncompromising reformer. Doubtless also he owed to Savonarola his political creed as a philosophic republican; and, though he was not so imprudent as to make any needless, because fruitless, display of unfashionable opinion, it is clear that in religion, as in matters of government, he was fully alive to the abuses and corruptions of the times, and earnestly desired their reformation.

It was during the period of Savonarola's power that Michael Angelo, about 1496, made his first visit to Rome; and it was owing to the fame he there acquired that, six years later, he was selected by the citizens of Florence, in preference to Leonardo da Vinci or Contucci, to execute a statue out of a mutilated block of marble that had long lain neglected in the court-yard of the Palazzo Vecchio. To this commission the world owes the David —one of the very finest of the artist's works, and free from the exaggeration and mannerism into which he fell in later years. The next great epoch in his life was the competition with Leonardo, to which we have already referred in our sketch of that painter's biography. We pass over Michael Angelo's quarrel and reconciliation with Pope Julius II.—that able and unscrupulous pontiff, whose features have been made so familiar to us by the pencil of Raffaelle—and come to the period when, at the Pope's urgent demand, but against his own inclinations, Michael Angelo undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Mr. Harford describes the progress of this immortal work in a very interesting way, and devotes a chapter to a minute account of the composition. An outline of the design of the whole ceiling forms also one of the most valuable of the numerous illustrations with which his volumes are embellished.

The pontificate of Leo X. was not signalized by any conspicuous artistic triumph of Michael Angelo. His fame, already

established as a sculptor and a painter, was to be tested by the new Pope in the capacity of an architect. Leo commissioned him, after a limited competition with Raffaelle, Sansovino, and Giuliano San Gallo, to design a façade for Brunelleschi's great church of San Lorenzo, which was the mausoleum of the Medicean family. But, after several years of fruitless labour and anxiety, the scheme was abandoned; and in 1521, shortly after the premature death of Raffaelle in the zenith of his glory, Leo was succeeded by Adrian VI. on the Papal throne. In this place we have to thank Mr. Harford for a brief memoir of Raffaelle, and for a comparison, fairly enough argued, and finally left undecided, between the merits of these two great artists. It would be impossible, indeed, to settle satisfactorily a point so long and so warmly contested. Those who prefer the charms of grace and sweetness, expression and colour, will give the palm to Raffaelle; while the partisans of Michael Angelo will claim for him superiority over his rival in vigour of design, in anatomical knowledge, and in dramatic power. But whatever critics may say, there can be little doubt that among ordinary students of art, while the latter is respected and admired, the former wins their love and gratitude; and the gracious inspirations of Raffaelle are treasured in our hearts, while the scientific design of Michael Angelo makes its chief appeal to our intellectual sympathies.

Clement VII. taking refuge in the Castle of S. Angelo, and Rome sacked by the Duc de Bourbon, Michael Angelo retired to Florence, which had now thrown off the yoke of the Medici, and which needed the aid of all its citizens against the foreign enemy. How M. Angelo, a republican in heart, brought his engineering powers to bear in the fortification and defence of the city, is known to all who have had the good fortune to hear the story on the spot consecrated by his patriotic labours—the terrace of San Miniato. There is, perhaps, no fairer view in the world than that which is commanded from the eminence which is the 'key' to the fortifications of Florence; and we will do ourselves the pleasure of borrowing Mr. Harford's description of the scene, only expressing our surprise that the two most striking objects in the prospect—the majestic dome of Brunelleschi and the lovely campanile of Giotto—are not more prominently noticed by the writer:—

'The hill of San Miniato commands a charming view of Florence. It is best viewed towards sunset. From an eminence, studded by noble cypresses, the Arno meets the eye, reflecting in its tranquil bosom a succession of terraces and bridges, edged by imposing streets and palaces, above which are seen the stately cathedral, the church of Santa Croce, and the picturesque tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, while innumerable other towers, of lesser fame and altitude, crown the distant parts of the city, and the banks

of the river, which at length—its sinuous stream bathed in liquid gold—is lost sight of amidst the rich carpet of a vast and luxuriant plain, bounded by lofty Apennines. Directly opposite to the eye rises the classical height of Fiesole, its sides covered with intermingled rocks and woods, from amidst which sparkle innumerable villages and villas.'—Vol. ii. pp. 19, 20.

We do not say that this passage conveys a very vivid picture of that matchless landscape, but it is a good specimen of Mr. Harford's somewhat level style; and his volumes, in proportion to their merit, contain remarkably few passages adapted for quotation.

All, however, was in vain. Florence fell through the treachery of its general-in-chief, the Medici were restored, and Michael Angelo, barely escaping with his life, relinquished political action for ever. Henceforward his years are marked merely by the succession of his artistic triumphs. First came those mysterious statues of the tombs of the Medici in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, which are so well represented, in everything but the cold austerity of the solemn chamber in which the originals are placed, by the fine casts in the Sydenham Palace. Next followed the painting of the Last Judgment for Pope Paul III., and the Mausoleum of Julius II., and the forbidding 'Moses' of the church of San Pietro in Vincoli. And, last in order of his more famous artistic undertakings, came his stupendous work in the completion of S. Peter's. His energy and intellectual power, the manliness and kindheartedness of his disposition, remained with him to the last. He outlived all jealousies and rivalries; and, rich in honour and respect, favoured in friendship, and as happy as a man never married could be in the society of his near relations, he continued his artistic and literary labours till a truly Christian death released him from this world, in 1563, in the ninetieth year of his age. His earthly lot was certainly a happier one than that of the expatriated Leonardo; and the annals of art cannot show a greater or brighter name.

It is to be regretted, perhaps, that Mr. Harford has segregated into a supplemental chapter many of these well-known and piquant anecdotes which add so great a zest to the ordinary biographies of Buonarotti. But we must thank him for his very laborious and exhaustive compilation, and in particular for the careful edition and translation of the great artist's forcible but somewhat laboured poetical compositions, and for several specimens of his correspondence. We must make room for the following description of his personal appearance—

'Michael Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his

nose might have been fine but for the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheek-bones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey colour inclining to blue, and but slightly overshaded; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion.'—P. 209.

Mr. Harford's subsidiary memoirs also are of great interest, especially that of the celebrated Marchioness of Pescara, Vittoria Colonna. There can be, we think, little doubt that this accomplished lady shared, with Michael Angelo and other distinguished men whom she honoured with her friendship, if not any direct sympathy with the movement of the Reformation, yet at least a conviction of the abuses and corruption of the Papal system. Mr. Harford's remarks on this interesting and suggestive topic seem to us sensible and in good taste; and we venture to recommend his volumes, which have the advantage of some very good illustrations, especially the medallion-portraits of many of the celebrated characters mentioned in the memoir, to the best notice of our readers, as a very valuable contribution to the literature of art.

The last work which we have selected for more particular notice, *The Early Flemish Painters*, by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle—names new to us as authors—forms a great contrast to M. Rio's and Mr. Harford's volumes. Beautifully got up, possessing the great advantage of copious and generally well-chosen illustrations, and dealing with a subject of great novelty and interest, it is, nevertheless—for purposes of perusal—one of the most spiritless and fatiguing books that we have lately seen. And it is not often that in works of Mr. Murray's publishing, we have to complain of such orthography as 'dyptic,' 'tryptic,' throughout the volume; or that we read of a 'S. Hyppolitus,' among the martyrs. We welcome the work, however, as a diligent and painstaking monograph of the schools of Bruges and Louvain, made doubly useful by its minute index.

The chief painters here introduced to us are, of course, Hubert and John Van Eyck, followed by Petrus Cristus, Van der Meire, Van der Goes, Justus of Ghent, Roger Van der Weyden, Antonello da Messina—an interesting Italian graft on the Flemish stock, and the well-known Memling. We would gladly have attempted a sketch of the lives of one or other of the Van Eycks as a pendant to those of the two great Italian masters whose memoirs we have noticed. But, important as

was the place occupied in the history of art by these two distinguished brothers, their lives were singularly uneventful, and their present biographers afford us no suitable passages for quotation. Our authors' sympathies are more warm in favour of Hubert than of his younger and more famous brother. In the former they recognise the honest independence of the unpatronized painter of the commune, and in his art the most thorough mastery of colour, anatomy, and design; while John Van Eyck, who 'led the life of courts, and followed princes,' and was enrolled as a 'varlet' in the household of Philip the Good, is characterized as not merely morally inferior to his brother, but as less profound and less skilful in the exercise of his art. To the latter, however, on the authority of Vasari, the invention of oil-painting—or rather of using oil, not merely as varnish, but as a medium—has always been attributed. The present writers explain, with some ability, the process of the discovery: how the search after a siccative coloured varnish was superseded by an improved medium of mixing the colours; after which a colourless varnish became the final object of scientific research. We quote the passage:—

'In these latter sentences are evidently condensed the experiments and discoveries of years. The really great thing which was done was the mingling of the new medium with colours. But the result of doing so is curious, and has not, perhaps, been dwelt on sufficiently. The mixture of the new medium with colours rendered their tones more vigorous, so that the necessity of the *coloured* varnish must have been superseded. The object of Van Eyck, which was first to obtain a more drying coloured varnish, was at last to obtain a colourless medium; for the vigour which was given to tempera by the last coat of preservative oleo-resinous varnish was obtained without that means. From the very time, therefore, when the medium was employed mixed with colours, the old coloured varnish was superseded, and it became necessary to obtain, as a preservative, a pure and colourless medium. It was evident that the old varnish, which was laid on tempera with a sponge, or with the hand, was far too viscous to be useful in mixing colours, and must, therefore, be liquefied. By means of its use the proceedings of the old painters were changed; and from tempera pictures partially painted in oil, no doubt there was a change to oil pictures partially painted in tempera.'—Pp. 42, 43.

The credit of this great discovery is here shared between John and his elder brother; and not without reason, seeing that at the usually assigned date of the invention John was scarcely nineteen years old, while Hubert, who was confessedly his instructor, was twenty years his senior, and was at that time in the height of his fame. The comparatively early death of Hubert, leaving John Van Eyck in the possession of all the results of his experience, and without a rival in his profession, amply accounts for the attribution to the younger brother of the chief merit of this chemical discovery.

Of the special gem of the Flemish school, the Adoration of

the Mystic Lamb, we have in the present volume a very full description. It was commenced by the elder Van Eyck, as the altar-piece for the chapel founded by Judocus Vydts, in the cathedral church of S. Bavon, at Ghent; and its upper portion alone was finished at his decease, in 1426. His brother John was commissioned to complete it; a task which he seems to have accomplished at his leisure, working at it occasionally during his residence at Bruges, suspending it during his diplomatic voyage to Portugal, but finishing it in 1432. Critics have observed in some portions of this noble picture, in their general warmer colour, in the swarthy complexion of the figures, and especially in the introduction in the landscape of the palm and orange, copied faithfully from nature, evidences that they were painted after John Van Eyck's return from his Lisbon journey.

One of the illustrations of the volume before us is an outline of this great altar-piece, with the additions of its volets. The central part alone is preserved at Ghent; the wings, after many adventures, having been deposited at Berlin. The picture is too well known to make it expedient to extract a description of it, even were an account of so many various groups at all intelligible without pictorial illustration. The frontispiece of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's volume introduces to us what is far less commonly known, an altar-piece by John Van Eyck, from the Santa Trinita Museum, at Madrid, representing the mystical subject of the Triumph of the Church. And of this, being somewhat more simple in its composition, our readers may thank us for quoting the description:—

'The subject is the triumph of the Greek and Latin Church over that of the Jews; the field of victory being a mediæval court, of which the centre is a spire, in the pointed style of S. Laurent' (why is the name given in French?) 'of Nuremberg, the filmy tracery of whose numerous spindles dart into the air with wondrous elegance, in all the glory of profuse and chosen ornament. This graceful spire of open tracery forms a dais, in which is the throne from whence the Saviour contemplates the victory; whilst the Virgin Mary and S. John the Evangelist, in the attitude and vestments consecrated to them, sit upon each side. The Lamb is at the Saviour's feet, and the symbols of the four Evangelists are on the throne, from the foot of which seem to flow the crystal streams of the fountains of grace. The shallow current runs clear and limpid, and crowded with the wafers of the host down three successive steps or planes into which the picture is divided, then falls in tiny jets from a Gothic fountain in the foreground. Two light pointed spires, also of open work, in whose airy spaces are depicted angels, flank the throne, and give symmetry to the scene which they enclose. The sacred choristers sing their glorious psalms beneath the Saviour, sitting in a flowery meadow, yielding strawberries in plenty. The fountain separates the Greek and Latin Church from that of Moses. A pope with the tiara, triumphantly points to the wafers of the host, and holds the flag of hope; his followers,—a cardinal, at whose feet an emperor is kneeling, a bishop, and others in secular costume, foremost amongst whom we notice Hubert and John Van Eyck,—looking gravely on. The figure

of the former is on the left of the group, kneeling in an attitude of adoration, clothed in a red mantle turned with grey fur, a blue bonnet lined with fur on his head. An order hangs over his shoulder, and a belt keeps in the folds of his dress. The features are similar to those of Hubert, in the altar-piece of S. Bavon. The figure of the latter stands somewhat in rear on the extreme left; the dress is black, and the head is covered with a cap. Here, also, the features resemble those of John Van Eyck in the Agnus Dei, but the likeness is not so striking as that of Hubert. Opposite to them are closely huddled the despairing figures of the Jews. The high priest, with the broken staff, turns away his head from the revivifying fountain, although his blindness is depicted by a handkerchief which shrouds his eyes. Another Jewish priest is falling in consternation, whilst a third has taken to his heels, and another runs away with his hands to his ears. A fifth is observed tearing his breast, and the group expresses terror and despair, as ably depicted as is the deep and solemn, yet cheerful gravity of the princes of the Greek and Latin Church.

'For power of conception, creation, and distribution, there is no picture of the Flemish school which approaches this, except the Agnus Dei of S. Bavon. It is the labour of a single hand, and the figures are all of similar stature, but of proportions less than those of John Van Eyck, in the central panel of the Agnus Dei. The colour is too powerful for a pupil or contemporary of the painter.'—Pp. 94—96.

The two portraits, by the way, mentioned in the above extract, of the painter and his brother, are singularly fine, and are judiciously repeated on the title page of the volume under review.

The other illustrations make us acquainted with a very interesting altar-piece by Melchior Broederlein (before 1400), preserved at Dijon; another by Roger Van der Weyden (about 1450), in the Hospital at Beaune; besides two curious examples of the interpenetration—to borrow an architectural phrase—of schools very different in their nationality and antecedents. In the former of these we have a mural picture in the cloisters of the Dominican convent of Santa Maria di Castello, at Genoa, drawn in distemper by Justus d'Allemagna, date 1451, in which our authors find an instance of the importation into Italy of a manner formed partly by the Flemish school, and partly by that of Cologne. The other is an example of the converse process; the Crucifixion, in the Antwerp Museum, by Antonello da Messina. This Sicilian artist, according to Vasari, having seen accidentally at Naples a picture by John Van Eyck, 'so admired 'its liveliness of colour, and the evenness and beauty of its paint-'ing, that he put aside all other things, and went to Flanders; 'and having come to Bruges, became familiar with Giovanni.' Antonello returned to Italy after the death of Van Eyck, and in his future works exhibited so faithfully all the peculiarities of method and colouring of the Flemish master, that his paintings are often mistaken for those of Memling, who is confessedly the most distinguished inheritor of the traditions of the Bruges

school. Through him a decided Flemish influence was introduced into the Venetian succession of Gentile da Fabriano and Giovanni Bellini, and from them it was transmitted to the great colourists, Giorgione and Titian. The striking portrait by Giovanni Bellini in our National Gallery, is appealed to by our present authors as affording clear evidences of the intermediate steps of this interesting transmission.

The romantic circumstances that are told in connexion with the reception of Hans Memling in the Hospital at S. John, and which the grateful painter is said to have repaid by those masterpieces of art that have made Bruges so famous, might have led us to expect a more interesting biography than is here given us. In fact, however, little or nothing seems to be known of the life of this celebrated man. It is not even certain where he was born, or where he lived; the legend to which we have referred, is considered mythical; and it is only lately that the orthography of his name has been established. From documentary evidence it now seems to be an ascertained fact that Memling was duly commissioned and remunerated for his works for S. John's Hospital, and the date, 1486, is assigned for the completion of the shrine of S. Ursula. Mr. Crowe and his fellow-editor give 1499 as the year of his death, and argue from the number and character of his works, that the painter's life was much less stirring than has been supposed; that he neither went to Italy nor to Spain; was neither a libertine nor a soldier, but a quiet and laborious devotee to his gentle art. His works, remaining at Bruges, and in various galleries, are enumerated and duly described, but we regret that only one illustration, the panel representing S. Ursula's martyrdom, is engraved. Memling seems to us to have deserved more full pictorial illustration, especially as he was the last great ornament of the pure Flemish School. His imitators, though numerous, were very inferior to their master, and most of them eclecticized considerably, and diverged into other styles.

But meantime, Flemish art, though destined to wane and perish before the art of Italy, had not only left its traces in the Venetian school, as we have seen, but exercised an influence, more or less powerful, on the painting of Spain and Portugal, France and Germany. In Germany it supplanted the old school of Cologne in its native seat, and its individuality may be traced onwards in Holbein, Martin Schön and Albert Dürer. In Spain, the Flemish artists, who migrated thither in great numbers, rather carried their school with them, than impressed their character on the, as yet, undeveloped national style. France, and still more England, owed but little to the earlier painters of Flanders. It was not till a somewhat later period

that Mabuse painted in England, and by that time his style was a cento in which the Italian element predominated.

It is strange that the descent of the later Flemish school or of the Dutch painters of *genre* from these early artists of Belgium is not traced out in the volume before us. It is clear that, in colour, in minuteness of detail, and in general naturalism, there is much connexion between the two epochs. The present compilers have perhaps declined the task, from feeling but little sympathy with the realistic school of Holland. Indeed, their personal predilection for Italian art is so marked, that it is a wonder they have so impartially and patiently investigated the history and works of a school which, with all its merits, had undoubtedly the germs in itself of that unideal and unspiritual development that was to succeed it. Their own taste is best shown by the following paragraph, which is the last that we shall quote. Speaking of the degenerate successors of the Van Eycks, as artists who 'produced pictures marked, perhaps, by 'a certain breadth of hand, but devoid of sentiment and 'lacking nobleness of conception and composition,' they thus continue:—

'Respecting these painters, no judgment can he too severe, when we consider the degree of abasement to which they reduced the Flemish school, at a period when the arts in Italy had reached the pinnacle of their greatness. Nor can we consider the tendencies of the two countries, as exemplified by their works, more strikingly than by putting this comparison—that whilst the Flemings followed the tendency to naturalism, and the reproduction of the real by innate sense rather than by science, and gradually entered the track of simple imitation, making their art one of servile portraiture—whilst, at the same time, they perfected the technical processes of colour to such a degree, that they helped to found the Venetian school—the great masters of Tuscany and Umbria founded their art on severity and perfection of form, rising to the extreme point of grandeur in Raphael and Michael Angelo, the last of whom never painted in oil. In the same period we see the upward and the downward course. Can men of taste be blamed for preferring the former to the lowest extreme of the latter?'—P. 354.

With this extract we conclude our notice of a book which, if not all that we could wish, has most substantial merits, and cannot fail to be highly useful to the intelligent student of art. That such a literature as that of which the three works we have described are average specimens is flourishing among us, must be taken, we repeat, as a most wholesome sign and augury for the future. Time was when the study of art was a task of difficulty, and beyond the reach of most men. This is now altered. Not only is travelling, both abroad and at home, more easy and therefore more common, but, without travelling, it is possible for a considerable practical knowledge to be obtained of works of art. Exhibitions are becoming common in pro-

vincial towns. Some places, as for instance Liverpool, have local museums of some value. The galleries of our great country-houses are rendered more accessible to their neighbourhoods, now that their contents are no longer merely objects of vulgar sightseeing but of a cultivated admiration. Manchester, in its noble Art Treasures Exhibition, has had the merit of making a forward step of extraordinary importance. In the metropolis, besides its annual exhibitions—which are no longer confined to English art, but afford specimens of the French and Belgian schools—we may now reckon the Ellesmere, Vernon, Sheepshanks, Dulwich, and Kensington Palace, and even the Hampton Court galleries, with the augmentation, under happy auspices, of the National Collection. Such opportunities of practically studying art have their fruit in the encouragement of a copious and instructive art-literature; and this literature re-acts, in its turn, on the love and appreciation of art. When, in addition to this, it is remembered how pure and high-toned are the works which we have enumerated, as well as those two or three which we have noticed more fully, it may be allowed us to express once more our hope that the increased cultivation of art among us is no result of a mere intellectual, or still less of a mere sensual refinement, but an ennobling and purifying influence, an antidote to the materialism of the age—an education, too, of our higher spiritual qualities, and to some minds, perhaps, 'a schoolmaster' to bring them to still more sacred truths. Art is not religion, indeed; but there has never been a true religion which has not made a handmaid of Art.

ART. II.—1. *Sinai and Palestine in connexion with their History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, M.A. London: Murray. 1856. 8vo.

2. *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent Regions; a Journal of Travels in the year* 1852. By EDWARD ROBINSON, ELI SMITH, and Others. London: Murray. 1856. 8vo.

3. *Five Years in Damascus, &c., with Travels and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Hauran.* By REV. J. L. PORTER, A.M., F.R.S.L. London: Murray. 1855. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo.

No country in the world has exercised that attractive power over foreign nations which Palestine can boast even to the present day; for no country has equally influenced the religious mind of the diversified families of Europe, or contributed in anything like so large a measure to its sacred literature. Without precisely subscribing to the too partial statement of Mr. D'Israeli, that 'the Semetic principle,'—whatever that vague term may import—as represented by the Jews, absorbs 'all that is spiritual in our nature,' we admit, with some abatement for Oriental hyperbole, the remarkable fact that 'the Saxon, the Sclave, and the 'Celt have adopted most of the laws, and many of the customs, 'all the literature and all the religion,' not, indeed, as he either ignorantly or loosely states, of 'the Arabian tribes'—'the Bedouin race, that, under the name of Jews, is found in every country of Europe'—but of that elect family, owning a common origin with many of the Arab tribes, as being descended from the Father of the faithful, the progenitor likewise of Ishmael and Esau; but both in its origin, and in all its subsequent history, entirely distinct from the Joctanite family, the acknowledged staple of the Arab race, which absorbed those collateral branches of the Hebrew nation; while the identity of the nation itself was preserved in unbroken succession, and its separation from all external admixture jealously guarded, at first by traditionary precepts confirmed by the highest sanctions, and subsequently by a code of laws affecting the minutest details of civil and religious polity, so exclusive and so stringent as to furnish an effectual barrier to all social intercourse with aliens.

The high prerogatives of this peculiar people no Christian can have any wish to challenge; to do so would be to arraign the providential dispensation which has assigned to them the most prominent place in the annals of Revelation, and to ignore the debt of gratitude still due to them as faithful guardians

of the Divine oracles. We can even sympathise, in some measure, with Mr. D'Israeli's chivalrous feeling, which so gracefully becomes his name and race, and only regret that it should lead him, as it occasionally does, to distort historical facts, or to colour religious truths, in an attempt to found an exclusive claim to all intellectual preeminence, and all moral worth, on a purely spiritual title, of the real value of which he appears, meanwhile, wholly unconscious.

With the exception then of the Mosaic writings, including the book of Job, of the writings of the Prophets Ezekiel and Daniel, and perhaps of a few Psalms, the whole of the Old Testament was actually composed within the limits of Palestine; while of those writings which have been specified, all, with a single exception, centre in that narrow strip of land: for the Pentateuch, like its author on the summit of Pisgah, traces out the features of the country, and anticipates the occupation of it by the chosen people; Ezekiel in the land of his captivity, by the river Chebar, sings in swan-like strains the dirge of its capital, before which, portrayed upon a tile, as he watched three hundred and ninety days, he told the story of its ruin; while the prayers and prophecies of Daniel, like 'the man of loves' himself, with 'his window opened towards his darling west,' look back with fond regret upon the desolations of the city and its Holy House, and forward with firm faith and hope to its restoration. Contemplated, then, merely from its human side, the collection of records contained in the Old Testament is a marvellous phenomenon, extending back to an antiquity more remote than can be claimed for any other writings, yet covering a period longer than can be assigned to the literary history of Greece and Rome united, and, above all, embracing a range that is only to be measured by the eternal truths of which it is the depository; all its interest centred in that spot of land.

Now when it is considered that the varied events of fifteen centuries have all been enacted on this confined stage—for the area of Palestine does not much exceed that of the principality of Wales—it becomes at once apparent that every part of so small a country must abound in historical interest, and be associated with events which have obtained a world-wide celebrity. For the Scripture narrative is full of incident, shifting from one tribe to another, between the furthest limits of Dan and Beersheba, concentrated now about Hebron, now at Shechem, now at Jerusalem: encircling at one period the cities of Philistia, and then passing to Gilboa and the plain of Esdraelon; thence conducting us to the trans-Jordanic provinces; and anon passing over to the land of Cabul, and the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Further; the historical incident is so mixed up with

minute geographical and topographical detail that they cannot be divorced: and this is doubtless one secret of the life-like character of the sacred narrative. The outline is so distinct, the scene so vivid: the protraiture of places as of persons has an individuality and reality that stamps the whole with unmistakeable evidence of genuineness and truth. There are here no vague generalities, no confusion of places, no contradictions, no such difficulties as would be sure to occur in a work of fiction, however artfully and elaborately contrived. We are still taking only the human side of the sacred writings, and we maintain that no mythical history could be so true to geography as the Old Testament. We do not allude so much to that most remarkable description of the country contained in what Mr. Stanley very aptly terms the Doomsday book of the Hebrews, as to particular historical passages, such *e.g.* as those with which the books of Joshua and Judges abound. It may be sufficient to specify the minute description of the site of Ai, the course of Joshua's conquests in the south and north, the delineation of Shechem and its vicinity, in the history of Jotham, and the precision with which the position of Shiloh is marked in the last chapter of the book of Judges. The names of places once fixed, in the East, become as it were indelibly impressed on the soil. Ages of war and desolation may have swept over the land and effaced every vestige of house, and wall, and gate of the massive strongholds of the gigantic sons of Anak; but the name still cleaves to the deserted site, and the traveller, with no other guide than the narrative penned three thousand years ago, may walk up to the mouldering heap and say, Here stood Shiloh, there Ziph, there Arad, here Dan, there Beersheba; and the ancient echoes of the traditionary past will render the names distinctly from the mouths of the natives, sometimes slightly modified to suit the form of the Semetic language now prevailing in the country; occasionally in a translation of a Hebrew name by an Arabic equivalent, as *e.g.* ancient Dan has now become *Cadi*,—both signifying Judge.

If thus it is with sites of towns, much more with the unalterable natural features of the country—hills, and valleys, and plains. To give one or two examples. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho, taken by the pilgrims, and followed by all English travellers, in their stereotyped excursion to the Jordan, skirts a deep and rocky valley, through which runs a small stream, sometimes fancifully identified with the brook Cherith: this is beyond all question the river mentioned in the Doomsday-book, in the northern boundary of Judah, (Josh. xv. 7,) and this identification may be checked by the fountain, once named of the Sun, now of the Apostles, by the ascent of Adummim, and the

site of Beth-Hoglah, both still existing under their ancient names. Most of us can doubtless remember the intense interest with which we listened, as children, to the story of David and Goliath, an interest ever new, ever increasing with every repetition. Who has not pictured the stripling champion going forth with undaunted front to meet his insulting antagonist? Who has not held his breath as though the fortune of the day still hung in the balance? and who has not planned the battle-field, so admirably adapted as a theatre for the momentous combat, a valley enclosed with hills on either side, and permeated by a brook? We will venture to assert that any traveller who has visited the genuine scene of that narrative,—not the apocryphal one, transferred for the convenience of pilgrims to the direct road between Jaffa and Jerusalem,—has there seen the very dream of his childhood verified, excepting only the dry pebbly bed in place of the purling brook; while that old indelible name of *Schweikey*, though marking only a deserted village, still testifies to the Shocoh that lay within the lines of the Philistines.

We have spoken hitherto of the historical incidents of the sacred narrative. But, in truth, all the rich and varied imagery of the poetical books is borrowed from the scenery of Palestine, rendered no less faithfully by the prophets than by the historians. The verdant pastures, the fruitful corn-lands, the wide-spread plains, carpeted with wild-flowers, the rocky valleys, the vine-clad hills, the olive-yards, the palm-groves, and gardens of pomegranates, all the physical features of a 'land flowing with milk and honey,' as they are familiarised to an agricultural people; these, under the lights and shades of Nature in her various aspects, by day and night, in summer and winter, in storm and calm, are the homely scenes most familiar to the Hebrew poets, teeming with life and gladness or blasted by ruin, as the inspired strain proclaims blessings to obedience or denounces impending judgments against the impenitent.

We have said nothing as yet of the New Testament, composed in great part without the limits of Judæa, less exclusively Hebrew in all its features, as befits the catholic dispensation to which it belongs. But yet the interest attaching to the history and geography of Palestine culminates in the Gospel narrative; Bethlehem and Nazareth, the river Jordan and the sea of Tiberias, Bethany and Mount Olivet, are henceforth while the world lasts associated with the most sacred recollections of every member of the Universal Church, dearer far than the most illustrious fields of national glory, more familiar than the scenes of our childhood's home. These considerations will amply account for the passion which, originating in the earliest ages of

the Faith, has continued, with scarcely any abatement or interruption, to the present day among all nations of Christendom. Even before the conversion of Constantine had added to the attractions of Jerusalem the Martyry of the Resurrection, which has ever since been the most prominent object of Christian devotion, while the sepulchral cave was concealed beneath the artificial mound on whose summit the Emperor Hadrian had erected the shrine of Astarte—that old indigenous object of idolatrous worship,—the most renowned doctors of the Church, including Origen, considered their education in the Holy Scriptures incomplete until they had visited the land consecrated by the sacred narrative. The tide of pilgrimage set in so strongly in the fourth century of the Christian era, that two of the most distinguished fathers of that century set themselves vigorously to correct the exaggerated notions that already began to prevail, of the advantages to be derived from such a pilgrimage. Mr. Stanley has happily expressed a sentiment borrowed from Sir F. Palgrave, that 'there is a satisfaction in 'treading the soil and breathing the atmosphere of historical 'persons or events like that which results from familiarity with 'their actual language, and with their contemporary chronicles.' And it is interesting to observe the operation of this feeling in those who might be thought to be least susceptible of the influence of religious association. Even Miss H. Martineau, for example, is kindled into something like enthusiasm at the sight of Bethlehem; although the scant measure of her faith obscures to her mind the main object of its historical interest, and inclines her rather to dwell on the dry fact that there 'Ruth and her descendant David were out in the fields'!

It ought, then, to be no matter of surprise, still less for censure, that an unusually large proportion of travellers in Palestine are desirous to publish an account of their pilgrimage for the instruction of posterity. Undoubtedly, the scenery of the Holy Land fixes itself more firmly in the memory than that of other countries; the incidents of travel in the footsteps of patriarchs and prophets, of our Lord and His apostles, cannot but cleave to the recollection with a vividness that no time can obliterate; and many pilgrims have shared the feeling so modestly expressed by Mr. Stanley,—that it is something like a religious duty 'to leave on record some, at least, of 'the impressions which it seems ungrateful to allow wholly to 'pass away.'

Not that his volume required any such apology, but we have offered the above explanation in behalf of authors of inferior note who have deluged the English and American press with their lucubrations on the topography of Jerusalem, and the

geography of Palestine. The very small proportion of these books that can lay any claim to originality of idea or profundity of remark must excuse the brief list at the head-of this article, for the Reviewer is constrained, by the hopelessness of dealing with such a mass of materials, to select the most important works on the subject; and there is, happily, no difficulty in adjusting the respective merits of the numerous travels in the East which have appeared since we last recurred to the subject.

We cannot attempt in this article even to put on record the present state of Geographical Science, in its bearings on Sacred History; we must confine our notice—and that a very partial one—almost exclusively to one of the three travellers, when we have first instituted a general comparison between the merits of the writers who have of late contributed most to our knowledge of the Sinaitic Peninsula, of Palestine and Syria.

Very few English travellers have set out upon their pilgrimage with such advantages as Professor Stanley. The historical and critical works of his great master indicate the importance which he was early taught to attach to minute geographical detail as illustrating the historical records of the nations of antiquity, and the biographer of Dr. Arnold would be sure to regard as the most essential viaticum, a mind furnished with all the information requisite to turn his journey to the best account. A diligent and conscientious study of the subject, prolonged, for some years, by the accidental hindrance of his projected tour, had familiarised him with the countries through which he passed; so that he had but to confirm, or to correct, by actual observation, his previous impressions of the various scenes. An extensive acquaintance with the continent of Europe was a further valuable preparation for the study of the physical features of Eastern lands, and has rendered his essays in comparative geography the most interesting, as they are certainly not the least valuable, part of his volume. Add to these qualifications, his established reputation for the graces of style, and it is nothing strange that his 'Sinai and Palestine' should have attained a popularity which has been accorded to no book of Eastern travels since the publication of Mr. Eliot Warburton's very flimsy performance, entitled 'The Crescent and the Cross,' or the shallow but pretentious novel of 'Eothen.'

Yet, notwithstanding the acknowledged merits of Mr. Stanley's book, we must honestly express our disappointment with its contents. We felt that we were justified in expecting more decided results from his careful investigation of Scriptural Geography, and of the topography and antiquities of Palestine.

We anticipated the settlement of disputed questions, the solution of acknowledged difficulties, the addition of hitherto undiscovered facts for the elucidation of the sacred narrative. But it would seem that the very qualities to which we trusted for these important results have prevented the author from attaining them. A candid mind, an impartial judgment, combined with great patience and diligence of investigation, seemed admirably to fit Mr. Stanley to act as moderator between the conflicting theorists who have been for years contending about the sacred places in the literary arena, with almost as much zeal as the rival Churches and their respective diplomatic champions at Constantinople. But a laudable desire to do equal justice to the arguments of all parties has apparently indisposed him to pronounce a decided opinion upon any one of the disputed points; and we are not aware that he has contributed anything towards the solution of any one question of interest, or restored one name to the geography of Palestine. He has done something towards unsettling previous conclusions generally acquiesced in by all, and has successfully demolished some recent hypotheses. But the construction of any sounder, or even more plausible, theories on the ruins of those which he has overthrown appears to be a task beside his scope, if not beyond his powers. There is a more serious objection to some parts of his work, the statement and consideration of which we defer for the present.

Persuaded as we are that no living writer has deserved so well of Sacred Geography as Dr. Robinson, the publication of a new volume of 'Biblical Researches' from his pen was a subject of congratulation to all interested in Sacred Literature. Nor is its execution inferior to that of the earlier work to which the author owes his well-earned reputation. The same careful and accurate observation, the same minute attention to the chronometer and measuring-tape, the same diligent and exhaustive reference to earlier authorities, which constituted the main excellences of his earlier production, have been applied to the preparation of these pages likewise; and it is no mean commendation of this new volume to say that it is a worthy sequel to those which preceded it. It is marked, too, by the same blemishes. A strange and unaccountable prejudice against early Christian writers, which leads him to regard with actual suspicion any statement not merely resting on, but so much as supported by their authority; an overweening confidence in his own judgment, strangely contrasting with the diffidence and modesty of Professor Stanley; and what we must call an ungenerous depreciation of the labours of others, almost amounting to contemptuous insolence, which disfigured his earlier work, reappear without modification in this volume. Dr. Robinson

could actually see nothing in Palestine on his second visit which he had not seen before. Every discovery that had been made in the interval of fifteen years on the routes which he had traversed, or in the cities which he had explored, are either noticed only to be set aside as unworthy of the slightest regard, or wholly ignored by this supercilious traveller. We could adduce abundant evidence of these charges; we have noticed them in this general review of his merits, because they seriously detract from the value of his work. Wherever his *archæophobia* comes in, he really is not rational; he appears to lose his argumentative faculty and his just appreciation of truth and falsehood; and on all questions in which the credit of others is involved, we find a partial advocate instead of a discriminating and candid critic. Not satisfied with the comparatively modest claims advanced in behalf of America by all his countrymen, Dr. Robinson will appropriate to himself alone the exclusive merit of all modern progress in the geography and archæology of Palestine, and parades his supposed discoveries of indisputable and undoubted facts with a vanity quite unworthy of so eminent a scholar. Dr. Robinson may rest satisfied under the conviction that no one on this side the Atlantic has the slightest wish to detract from the credit due to him as the most able and the most successful of all modern explorers, within the range of his subject. There are, we have heard, those among his transatlantic readers who are of opinion that he has appropriated an undue proportion of the laurels which at least he should have shared with his countryman, Dr. Eli Smith, to whose thorough acquaintance with the country, its language and inhabitants, acquired by a residence of many years at Beyrout, Dr. Robinson was unquestionably indebted for some of the most valuable and original information contained in the 'Biblical Researches.' We cannot mention Dr. Eli Smith's name without an expression of regret at the recent intelligence of his death, which has deprived the Congregational Mission in Syria of one of its most estimable members, and by far its brightest ornament. We have no great faith in the object of the Mission, and still less sympathy with the means by which that object is pursued, but we can thoroughly appreciate the incidental advantages derived to Sacred Literature by the long residence of such men as Dr. Smith in the country, and may regard those advantages as compensating in no small measure for the mischief occasioned by their not over-successful aggression upon the faith and discipline of the Oriental Christians.

In turning to Mr. Porter's volumes, we are reminded of an eminent service incidentally rendered to Biblical Science by Dr. Robinson, which ought to be fully and frankly acknowledged.

He has furnished us with a model of journal-writing, which has exercised, and is exercising, a wholesome influence on Eastern travellers of very inferior ability. The trumpery and trashy journals with which we were too familiar only a few years ago, have given place to a much higher and more wholesome tone of writing; and Mr. Porter's most valuable contribution to the geography of Southern Syria must be regarded as the production of this new school of which Dr. Robinson is the founder. We are not sure that the disciple has not outstripped his master; for if he is not so well furnished with materials as Dr. Robinson—it may be only that he does not make so much display of his learning—he has shown at least equal skill and diligence in the use of those with which he is provided; with this additional advantage, that he has a more interesting and graphic style than he. Dr. Robinson is undoubtedly a heavy writer, and it requires a large amount of interest in his subject to prevent the reader from nodding over his massive volumes. Not so with Mr. Porter: his style is natural and easy, quite free from affectation; his descriptions always vigorous and life-like, sometimes even eloquent; his arguments and authorities well and forcibly stated and arranged, without parade, and with perfect fairness. Mr. Porter must rank next to Dr. Robinson as a successful explorer of sacred lands. We have been glad to learn that he has lately been investigating the geography of Philistia Proper, and other parts of Judæa, and shall anxiously look for the results.

In comparing the three writers whose travels we have selected for general notice, we may be permitted to describe their various excellences by three styles of drawing, which have been applied of late years to the illustration of the Holy Land, and with which all are familiar. The most popular of all modern illustrative works on Palestine, is unquestionably Mr. Roberts's—a very beautiful and no less elaborate work, but one which does not at all satisfy the cravings of those who desire for the eye a reproduction of the scenes imprinted on their memory. The colours are too vivid, the outline of the landscape not strictly true to nature; liberties have been taken with its details in order to add to the artistic effect; the buildings are too trim, the landscape too neat, the natives too handsome, their dresses too gay; the whole too highly polished, too artificial. The halo of antiquity is wanting; this is not the atmosphere of the East: the walls of Jerusalem, the rock-hewn sepulchres and dwellings of Petra, have been pointed and white-washed to suit the prevailing taste for modern improvements. Turn to the Photographic Gallery at the Crystal Palace, or better still on the Boulevard des Italiens at Paris,

from which, if we mistake not, the series of illustrations of Palestine has been imported. This is more to the traveller's mind: for here Nature herself has portrayed the well-remembered outline, with exact fidelity; bare and cold indeed, as a carcase without animation, but faithful memory will invest it with the colouring of the original, and supply the lights and shades as they fell on the varied landscape, when viewed under that transparent atmosphere. But forasmuch as the hard outline, and dull, monotonous tint can convey no adequate conception of the original without the aid of memory, the impression conveyed by the photographic drawing will be scarcely less delusive to the stranger than the exaggerations of artistic illustration; however, the stern fidelity of the former may compensate for the glowing unreality of the latter, and is, of course, much more valuable in an archæological and architectural view; so much so that important topographical facts, overlooked by modern antiquarian research, have actually been brought to light by the application of photography to the illustration of ancient and modern Jerusalem.

For the most accurate notion of the East that can be conveyed by the pencil of the artist, we are indebted to the modern pre-Raphaelite school; and all who, being familiar with the scenery and climate of Syria and Egypt, have had the opportunity of studying the paintings of Mr. Seddon, will acknowledge that in them was to be found a faithful portraiture of nature and art as they appear amid the hills and valleys, the rocks and caves, the domes and buildings of Egypt and Palestine. But in mentioning that young and promising artist, whose early death we have recently had cause to deplore, we would not be thought to detract from the merit due to Mr. Hunt and others, for their praiseworthy and successful labours in the same field; but we have made special mention of Mr. Seddon, because he alone appears to have had a sufficiently high appreciation of his subject to induce him to render the sacred scenes for their own sake, not as accessories to representations of historical or antiquarian interest: and we cannot but recognise something heroic in an artist sitting down before Jerusalem for months together, under the oppressive heats of summer, amid the insecurity of a lawless people, and the privations incidental to such unremitting application as his, to devote his hours from sun-rise to sun-set to the elaboration of a facsimile of the consecrated terrain of the Holy City.

We have indicated in the three styles of pictorial illustration above noticed the respective merits and defects of the three writers whose volumes we are engaged in reviewing. Mr. Stanley is the idealistic, Dr. Robinson the mechanical, Mr.

Porter the realistic renderer of the scenery which they severally describe, and through some of which we could fain desire to follow them, had we not a less agreeable duty to discharge, which will require us first to review the history of the Exodus, so far as it bears on the geography of Northern Egypt and the Sinaitic Peninsula, and then to devote ourselves to the thankless but not arduous task of demonstrating the futility of Mr. Stanley's attempt to supersede the Mosaic miracles by the intervention of natural causes.

A serious difficulty is encountered at the outset of any investigation of the commencement of the route of the Israelites, from the conflicting statements of ancient and highly respectable authorities, concerning the point from which the assembled host took their departure on that 'night much to be remembered in their generations.' The Septuagint translation of Exodus xii. 37, compared with that of Genesis xlvi. 28, plainly intimates that the Alexandrine Jews who executed that translation identified the Rameses of Moses with the Nome of Heroopolis in the Delta, south of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile. Josephus on the other hand conjectures that 'the start was made from Latopolis,' which he identifies with the Egyptian Babylon, that is, Old Cairo,—now called by the natives Fostât or Musr-el-Atîkeb, situated only a few miles south of its modern representative and substitute Musr-el-Kabira, or Cairo, and on the same side of the Nile. In favour of the latter hypothesis is a valley, which, commencing near the ruins of Old Musr, runs down to the Red Sea, upon which it debouches at a point nearly opposite to the 'Fountains of Moses,' precisely at the place to which tradition has assigned the miraculous passage of the Israelites. This valley, most fully described by Dr. Wilson, who traversed it from one end to the other, is supposed to preserve also in some of its names a tradition of the march of the host of Israel, being variously called in various parts, as, beginning at the West, *Wady-el-Teh* (the Valley of the Wandering); then *Wady Ramliyah*; and where it opens into the wider plain, *Wady-el-Tawarik*, and *Wady Badiya*, sometimes *Wâdy Mûsa*, as believed by the natives to be the path of Moses. At its eastern extremity where the plain expands, it is bounded on the south by the chain of *Abu Deraj*, which shelves down steeply, as its name implies, into the sea; and on the north by *Jebel Atakah* (the Mountain of Deliverance), so called, according to the tradition, from the signal deliverance wrought for Israel in the vicinity of this mountain. The width of the sea at the promontory called *Ras* (Cape) *Atakah*, is, according to Captain Moresby's chart, 6½ geographical miles, which Dr. Robinson, arguing against the tradition, characteristically increases to 12.

Dr. Shaw, who argues ably for this route, points out very forcibly the consistency of the geography with the circumstances detailed in the sacred narrative: explaining the words of Pharaoh, 'they are entangled in the land, the wilderness' (between the mountains, as he explains it) 'hath shut them in,' of the mountains of *Gewoubee* (so he calls Abu Deráj) on the south, *Attachah* (so he writes it) on the north, and the Red Sea on the east. He calls the valley Tiah Ben Israel, *i.e.* the road of the Israelites, as it is also called Baideah, which Golius explains to mean 'casus novus et inauditus,' from the new and unheard-of miracle that was wrought near it.

Yet, notwithstanding the accumulated force which, as Dr. Wilson remarks, both 'local tradition and nomenclature' lend to this hypothesis, the counter-arguments in favour of the northern starting point appear to prevail against the theory of Old Musr and *Wady-el-Teh*. For first, the authority of the Alexandrine translators of the Septuagint must countervail the witness of Josephus, representing as it probably does an earlier tradition, authenticated, as will be shown, by a host of geographical and historical evidence. And here we are happy to be able to avail ourselves of the labours of one of the most learned and intelligent of modern travellers, which are unhappily placed without the reach of all but a select few by the employment of the Russian—the author's vernacular language. We are indebted to the courtesy of the author himself for a translation of the passage which we cite, from the original Russ into French, and we are gratified to have it in our power to introduce a hero of Borodino, the present Minister of Public Instruction for Russia, to the notice of our readers, as a sound and judicious critic of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, as well as an observant traveller and a devout pilgrim.

'Salahie' (he writes) 'occupies the site of an ancient Roman fortress, *Selæ;* Magdalum, a town of ancient Egypt, is a little above (north of) Selæ, in the direction of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, and near the lake Menzaleh. Many writers suppose that Memphis was the point of the Israelites' departure. But they are mistaken. King David expressly names Zoan as the scene of the transactions between Moses and Pharaoh. (Psalm lxxviii. 12, 43.) As for the route which the Hebrews followed on their departure, the Book of Exodus furnishes a circumstantial itinerary. Moses first explains the reasons which necessitated a *détour* from the direct route towards the promised land. "And it came to pass when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them not through the way of the land of the Philistines, although that was near; for God said, Lest peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt: but God *led the people about through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea.*" (Exod. xiii. 17, 18.) Further on: "and they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham in the edge of the wilderness," (ver. 20.) "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they

turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea. For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." (xiv. 1—3.) Before their departure, Moses had told Pharaoh that "they would go three days' journey into the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord their God." (viii. 27.) This is precisely the distance from Zoan to Suez. He adopted that line in order to change the direct route, which was through the country of the Philistines. But to march from Memphis, by Suez, to Palestine, is to take the direct route, and leaves no place for the *détour* of which Moses speaks. It must be further remarked, that Moses directed his march towards that part of Egypt where the colonies of the Hebrews were established, viz. the land of Goshen, in order to proceed in company with his compatriots, towards Mount Horeb, to the place where God had ordained to give them His law. It would be difficult at this day to recover Succoth and Etham, the ruins of which have been probably swallowed up by the sea; but knowing the site of Magdalum, so well determined by the Roman itineraries, the position of these two towns becomes a matter of comparatively small importance.'

He then proceeds to identify Baal-zephon with Pithom, one of the seven cities built by the Israelites during their captivity, which Pithom D'Anville, on the authority of the Coptic translation of the Septuagint, further identifies with Heroopolis: and thus concludes, 'Now that the position of Heroopolis or 'Baal-zephon is clearly determined between Magdalum and 'Suez, the above cited passage of Scripture becomes perfectly 'clear, "that they return and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, (*e* '*regione suburbii*, Vulgate), between Migdol and the sea, over 'against Baal-zephon: before it shall ye encamp by the sea."'

In confirmation of this view of the learned Russian officer, it may be further remarked that Heroopolis is placed by the Septuagint translators in the land of Rameses (Gen. xlvi. 28, 29), which would thus be identical with the land of Goshen (xlvii. 1, 11). But Dr. Lepsius has well-nigh demonstrated the identity of the modern *Abu-Kesheb* with the ancient Rameses. Now Rameses is fixed by the sacred narrative as the rendezvous of the Israelites preparatory to their departure from Egypt (Exod. xii. 37), and *Abu-Kesheb* is only a few miles distant from the ruins of Heroopolis. It is important to remark that the point of Israel's departure from Egypt was precisely that of their original settlement on their first arrival in the country, which the Jews of Alexandria, who executed the Septuagint version of the Pentateuch, certainly believed to be the Nome of Heroopolis, and that this theory is countenanced by the existence of the Magdalum of Herodotus and the Roman itineraries, most probably identical with the Migdol of Moses and Jeremiah, the existing Mijdal, sufficiently near to the place of rendezvous to admit of its being introduced as a landmark in the history of the Exode: while the designation of the land of Goshen, on

the eastern boundary of Egypt, and its description as a country well suited to a pastoral population, would suggest a connexion with the district of the same name at the southern extremity of Palestine, apparently in the vicinity of Gaza, mentioned among the conquests of Joshua (x. 41; xi. 16), thus furnishing an illustration of the proximity of the Philistines to the point of Israel's departure, which is assigned as one of the reasons for a circuitous route, the conditions of which are obviously better satisfied by assuming the departure from the Eastern Delta than from the banks of the Nile in the vicinity of Cairo.

We are not aware of any arguments that seriously militate against the hypothesis above advocated: and General Noroff has well shown that the most plausible objection that has been advanced against it does really supply something like demonstration in its favour, so far as regards the proof of the important fact that the vicinity of Zoan or Tanis,—the classical Heliopolis, the modern *Sân*,—was the principal theatre of the plagues inflicted on the Egyptians by the miraculous power of Moses: for the narrative clearly implies that the settlements of the Hebrews were at no great distance from the city where the Pharaohs then held their court. In the account of the plague of the locusts, it is said in our translation that *the east wind* brought the locusts, and that 'a mighty strong *west wind* took them away and cast them into the Red Sea.' (x. 13, 19.) Now, here it is remarkable, that the Septuagint makes the *south wind* bring the locusts; and the strong *wind from the sea* take them away and cast them into the Red Sea. Why the translators have departed from the ordinary rendering of the word which our version correctly renders 'east,' it is impossible to conjecture, and is a question of smaller moment, as it is clear that an east wind, blowing from the northern desert of Arabia, would produce the effect here ascribed to it better than a south wind from the Red Sea or down the Valley of the Nile. But the substitution of the 'sea wind' for the 'west,' is easily accounted for, and furnishes another interesting example of the consistency of the Alexandrine tradition and of the care of the translators to perpetuate in their version the then prevailing theories of the ancient geography of Egypt. It will easily be understood how the sea wind came to be synonymous with the west wind, after the settlement of the Hebrews in Palestine. But in the Delta of Egypt, the sea wind was in fact the north wind; and the translators accordingly, having strongly in their minds the fact, that the devastation of the locusts, so far at least as it affected the fortunes of their forefathers, specially afflicted the fruitful Delta of the Nile, with nice discrimination depart from the

common rendering, in order to represent that it was a northern wind from the Mediterranean which swept the devastating host into the Red Sea.

But now a new difficulty occurs. If the march of the host of Israel commenced from a point little if at all to the west of the Heroopolitan or Suez Gulf of the Red Sea, does it not seem passing strange, almost unaccountable, that on arriving at the tongue of the Gulf they should have skirted the western shore rather than the eastern, as they obviously must have done, in order to render the miraculous passage of the Red Sea in any way practicable or available for their deliverance? Does not the theory here advocated go far to discredit, if not the sacred narrative, at least the local traditions which fix the passage to some place between the Ras Atakâh, and the Springs of Moses? Now, undoubtedly, in the minds of many it does discredit both; and Dr. Robinson is not the only modern traveller or writer who has reduced what once appeared a stupendous miracle to the humble dimensions of an opportune occurrence of an ordinary phenomenon, providentially ordered for the deliverance of the Israelites and the destruction of their pursuers. It is a well authenticated fact, although we are not aware that any modern traveller has witnessed the phenomenon, that there is a point in the small arm of the Gulf of Suez which runs up to the north of the town, occasionally fordable at low water, partly by aid of broad shoals, left bare at the ebb of the tide. A strong north-east wind, which Dr. Robinson substitutes for the east wind of the Mosaic narrative, would, he imagines, drive out the Sea from this arm, and admit of a dry passage of three or four miles from shore to shore, which is enough, he thinks, to satisfy the reasonable requirements of the sacred language, which is 'somewhat indefinite' in the historical, and, of course, exaggerated with Oriental hyperbole in the poetical, descriptions. The miracle was simply 'wrought by natural means supernaturally applied.' But, then, it is inconceivable that the fame of such an incident should have spread to the land of Canaan, and not only have survived in the recollections of the inhabitants for forty years, but have produced the effects ascribed to it by Rahab. (Josh. ii. 10.)

Without, however, discussing this theory in detail, as Mr. Charles Forster, Dr. Wilson, and others have abundantly done, it may be sufficient to reply to the objections urged to the more southern passage at Ras Atakâh. It must, then, be remembered in this discussion, that the host of Israel were not at this time under the guidance of a human leader. From the very commencement of their march they were miraculously guided by the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night; 'to

go by day and night.' Human calculations may well be baffled under such extraordinary circumstances, for it is precisely of this wonderful journey that the words are used—'Thy way is 'in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps 'are not known; Thou leddest Thy people like sheep by the 'hand of Moses and Aaron.' No doubt, to human appearance a great strategic mistake had been committed, and Pharaoh was well disposed to take advantage of it: but supposing that a human agent could have commanded the means and resources which, if we believe the sacred narrative, were actually employed, can we imagine a more consummate stroke of generalship, more ably planned and executed, than that which converted the panic desperation and apparently inevitable destruction of the pursued into joyful deliverance and triumphant jubilation, the exulting confidence and certain victory of the pursuers into utter and irretrievable ruin? 'The Lord is a man of war,' sang Moses in his song of triumph, and we know not that it is in any way inconsistent with reverence to admire the exhibition of wisdom as well as of power manifested in the miracle, every incident of which is fully satisfied, and no one in any way violated, by fixing it to the spot to which tradition has assigned it. Dr. Wilson and his party 'noticed particularly that a large 'body of men, with a broad column, could easily march down 'along the headland from Suez to the Badiya,' a distance of ten miles in a direct line; but 'owing to the incurvature caused by the Gulf considerably more to the traveller.'

It were superfluous to remark that we accept the Mosaic narrative in its literal sense even where it implies the intervention of miraculous agency. It will be understood that we do this on principle, although, as we are not here discussing the question of Inspiration or the nature of evidence, we shall not deem it necessary to state, much less to vindicate, the precise principle on which we do so. But, thus much it may be permitted to avow. We really have not sufficient faith to accept those historical facts of the Bible which are universally admitted to be facts, without some more rational account than Mr. Stanley can give of them, some more philosophical or at least more adequate connexion between cause and effect, than modern science has yet supplied. We are fain to take refuge from credulity in the miraculous account of events which must certainly have occurred, for they have left indelible marks deeply impressed on monuments which date back to centuries before the earliest annals of any written history, except that on whose warrant we accept both the facts and their only adequate explanation. And the serious charge which we have to bring against Mr. Stanley, and to which we have already alluded, is

this, that he does in a covert manner insinuate doubts and difficulties in the miraculous parts of the Mosaic narrative, which as a whole he assumes to be authentic, without offering any adequate solution at all of the difficulties which he suggests. As we have now arrived at the Sinaitic Peninsula, and it is there that these tendencies most distinctly exhibit themselves, it will be necessary to dwell upon this serious blot in Mr. Stanley's book.

But, first, we would distinctly disavow any narrow construction of Scripture language as regards miraculous agency. Although we cannot accept Dr. Robinson's theory above enunciated, we can admit that 'natural means, supernaturally applied,' constitute a miracle, and may occasionally satisfy the Scripture notion and description of a miracle. But having a confessedly miraculous history to deal with, it is simply delusive to attempt to account by natural causes for phenomena and effects which the narrative ascribes to supernatural causes; and this is what Mr. Stanley is perpetually aiming to do. We will give a few instances from his chapter on Sinai.

It is in discussing the 'changes in the features of the desert' that Mr. Stanley is led to investigate the question, 'How 'could a tribe so numerous and powerful as, on any hypothesis, 'the Israelites must have been, be maintained in this inhospitable 'desert?' And here the form in which the question is proposed must not be passed over without comment. The question of the numbers is not one of hypothesis, but simply of authority. The Mosaic narrative (Exod. xii. 37) states it at '600,000 on foot that were men, besides children,' and the mixed multitude, probably of Egyptians. This round number, which is repeated elsewhere (Numb. xi. 21), is apparently more exactly estimated in the sum of the offerings for the ark (Exod. xxxviii. 26), and twice in the specification of the tribes (Numb. i. 46; ii. 32), at 603,550, exclusive of the Levites in every case. Neither is there any question of various readings or discrepancy of versions, which, no doubt, are to be considered quite as much in Biblical criticism as in that of secular writings. The passages above referred to check one another, and they are further confirmed by other statements entirely consistent with them and with one another. Further, in none of these passages does the Septuagint version vary by an unit from the Hebrew text, as it notoriously does in a vast number of numerical statements; and under these circumstances we are warranted in claiming for the figures a higher authority than we could if they occurred only in one single passage. Now what would be thought of a commentator on any classical author who should hint at 'uncertainty always attached to attaining exact state-

ments of numbers in any ancient text,' for the purpose of disparaging the authenticity of a statement contained without any material variation in five distinct passages, and in two most ancient versions? But it is quite clear that a style of criticism is to be applied to Holy Scripture which no author of however undoubted genuineness could bear. 'Oriental calculation' is another element that must be taken into consideration, it seems, in estimating the correctness of the Mosaic numbers; and, considering all things, we should perhaps regard it as a mark of some condescension in Mr. Stanley, that he assures us, on Ewald's authority, that 'in this case the most recent and the 'most critical investigation of this history *inclines to adopt the* '*numbers* of 600,000 as authentic.' (P. 25, note.) We are sorry that we cannot appreciate the boon, but must believe that criticism has mistaken its vocation.

But to come to the main question of the maintenance of the Israelites in the desert during their wanderings of forty years, which does not appear to be questioned, though even here 'the unhistorical character of the narrative,' it is implied, might be admitted, had not 'Ewald well shown that the *general* truth of 'the wanderings in the wilderness is an essential preliminary 'to the whole of the subsequent history of Israel.' (Stanley, p. 25.) Now, if this difficulty should be proposed to an ordinarily intelligent child in a village Sunday-school, it would undoubtedly be explained by the fact that the miraculous supply of manna was sent very shortly after the departure of Israel from Egypt, by the time that the stock of unleavened bread would be spent, and was continued uninterruptedly until they entered the Promised Land, when the sudden cessation of the supply was as miraculous as its first commencement and regular continuance. More highly educated persons may be permitted to share the amazement with which the unsophisticated rustic would undoubtedly learn that, 'It is no answer to say that 'they were sustained by miracles; for except the manna, the 'quails, and the three interventions in regard to water, none 'such are mentioned in the Mosaic history; and if we have no 'warrant to take away, we have no warrant to add.' It is scarcely credible, but the only account that can be given of this strange passage is this, that Mr. Stanley does not seem to be aware that, according to the narrative to which he here appeals, the miracle of the manna is discriminated from the miracle of the quails, and other such exceptional miracles, by its regular daily recurrence, except only on the Sabbath; and that the very miracle of the quails was designed by way of a temporary suspension of this standing miracle, as a reproof and punishment of the murmurers whose souls 'loathed that light bread.' Now it is

of course quite competent to Mr. Stanley to reject the Mosaic narrative, and to find some other way of solving the question which he has propounded; but he has no right to ignore the fact that Moses has furnished in his narrative an adequate solution of the difficulty, if only we are prepared to accept a miracle in explanation of facts which we shall vainly endeavour to account for by natural causes. We should be quite ready to admit the Horatian rule, both in this and in other particulars of the sacred narrative, if only we could consider ourselves competent judges of the contingency of the '*dignus vindice nodus*' which calls for Divine intervention. But as we cannot profess to do so, we are fain to acquiesce in the fact of a miraculous intervention, as a sufficient proof of its necessity. But here again we are unfortunately at issue with Mr. Stanley, who obviously thinks that the Israelites might well have dispensed with the supply of manna, if only we will grant a sufficient modification of the physical features of the desert to account for the provisioning of their numerous host. Indeed, as he ignores the received account of their maintenance, he is bound to furnish a commissariat from his own resources.

This, then, is another feature which we regret to observe in Mr. Stanley's book, that, having set aside as inadequate the Mosaic account of the manner in which the Hebrews were maintained in the wilderness, he substitutes for it a series of suggestions which are palpably insufficient to meet the case, when allowed their fullest weight, and that those suggestions themselves are calculated to mislead an uninformed reader. There are, it seems, certain considerations which mitigate the force of this [imaginary] difficulty, though they do not solve it, and then the change in the physical constitution of the desert must account for the yet unsolved residuum. We will consider in detail the mitigating or extenuating circumstances. The first is stated as follows: 'Something, of course, may be allowed to the spread of the tribes of Israel far and wide through the whole peninsula.' Mr. Stanley has cautioned us in a passage already cited, that 'if we have no warrant to take away, we have no warrant to add' to the Mosaic history. Surely this scattering of the tribes, though stated as a matter of course, is nothing better than an unauthorized addition to the record, which always represents the Israelites as marching in a well-ordered and regularly marshalled band, or as encamped in a compact body, so far as was consistent with its numbers; with the various tribes, whether in camp or on march, duly assigned to their respective posts. We may dismiss this statement as 'not proven.'

The second will demand more respectful consideration. 'Something, also, for the constant means of support from their

own flocks and herds.' The existence of the flocks and herds in the army of the Exodus cannot be doubted. They were spared in the murrain of Egypt, and it was an express condition demanded of the reluctant king, that not 'a hoof should remain behind.' The 'flocks and herds, even very much cattle,' are expressly mentioned as accompanying the host on their hasty escape from the land of their captivity. Now, before we attempt to ascertain how far this supply would have sufficed for the wants of the entire host, it may be remarked that the distribution of the cattle among the tribes was certainly not uniform; since it is mentioned as a peculiarity of the tribes of Reuben and Gad, that they had 'a very great multitude of cattle,' in consideration of which they obtained an inheritance on the east of Jordan, in the pastoral country of Gilead and Bashan. But we are not left to conjecture as to the adequacy of the supply of cattle to the wants of the people. When the murmurings of the people had provoked the threatened surfeit of flesh, the faith of Moses was tried to the utmost, and thus he expostulated: 'The people, among whom I am, are six hundred thousand foot-'men; and Thou hast said, I will give them flesh, that they may 'eat a whole month. Shall the flocks and the herds be slain 'for them to suffice them? or shall all the fish of the sea be 'gathered together for them to suffice them?' Now, making all due allowance for 'ancient text' and 'oriental calculations,' we may still conclude that, if the prospect of one month's meat diet was so alarming as to threaten the entire consumption of all the cattle, for a permanent supply they must have been wholly inadequate to satisfy the demands of the host. Indeed, when it is considered that they were still well provided with cattle at the termination of their wanderings, it may well be doubted whether they had used them for any other than sacrificial purposes during the forty years in the wilderness. In any case, they could have furnished so small a part of the necessary consumption, that it may well be left out of any calculation in estimating 'the constant means of support.'

'More, also, might be elicited than has yet been done, from the undoubted fact, that a population, nearly, if not quite, equal to the whole permanent population of the Peninsula, does actually pass through the desert in the caravan of the five thousand African pilgrims on their way to Mecca. It is, of course, a number incomparably less than that ascribed to the Israelites, and passing only for a few days; but still it shows what may be done for a large addition to the habitual population of the country, even while traversing a portion of the desert (the Tîh) far less available for the resources of life than the mountains of Sinai.'—(Pp. 25, 26.)

It must be distinctly said that this supposed parallel is simply illusory, and calculated only to mislead. It is absolutely

worthless for the purpose for which it is adduced; for, while the African caravan is as nothing compared with the number '*ascribed* to the Israelites'—why again that invidious word, since Ewald admits the statement?—the circumstances are wholly different. But as the subject opened by Mr. Stanley's remark is one of considerable interest, it may be well to devote some attention to it, in its bearing, not upon the comparatively small section of the Great Haj, or Mecca Pilgrimage, contributed by Egypt, but upon that much more numerous body from Aleppo and Damascus, which annually traverses the desert between Syria and the Hedjaz, on its way to and from the sacred cities of Islam. It may furnish an argument, *à fortiori*, not precisely in accordance with Mr. Stanley's views. Great part of this route was traversed, not in company with the Haj, by Burckhardt, in 1812; and that intelligent traveller has incidentally furnished particulars which serve to explain the difficulty which Mr. Stanley represents as parallel in kind, though not in degree, to that for which he is seeking a solution—How are the pilgrims maintained in this inhospitable desert? The answer is very easy. Simply as Mr. Stanley and his party were in their journey through the desert, only that, inasmuch as the wants of the Oriental are much fewer than those of the more luxurious western traveller, the array of canteen and cooking pots, of preserved and potted meats, of jams, and marmalades, and such other luxuries, form no part of the *impedimenta* of the Moslem pilgrim. Corn and rice suffice for his frugal fare; *cophinum fœnumque supellex*, and he is furnished for his journey. This provision the more careful bring from home, sufficient also to serve for their return. All along the route, at least in the most desert parts, the Government has provided small castles, garrisoned by four or five soldiers from Damascus, who remain shut up there the whole year, until they are relieved by the passage of the caravan. At these stations are wells within the castle walls, in which the rain-water is collected and preserved for the service of the Great Haj; and 'the pilgrims, 'in order to lighten their loads, generally leave in every castle 'a small parcel of provisions, which they take on their return.' But the more improvident pilgrims are not left to starve. The caravan is always accompanied by a large train of sutlers, who reap a handsome profit from the Haj; and all along the route the constant demand has produced in the neighbouring villages a supply of such necessaries as are most in request. Thus the Arabs of the Belka are in the habit of depositing in the castle of Fedhein their superfluous provisions of wheat and barley, which they sell to the Haj; so also at the castle of Belka; both on the direct route. At the castle of Maan, near

Petra, where the caravan remains two days, is a large well of water; the inhabitants cultivate figs, pomegranates, and plums, in large quantities. They purchase wheat from Kerek, which their women grind; and at the passage of the Haj they sell the flour, as well as their fruits, to the pilgrims, which is their means of subsistence. Zat-Haj abounds in male palms, which bear no fruit: the inhabitants sell the wood for fuel to the Haj. At the next station, Tebuk, the castle is surrounded with shrubs with long spines, called Mehdab, which the Fellahs sell to the Haj as food for the camels. Here the Haj is met on its return from Mecca by a provision caravan, by which all the Syrian pilgrims receive refreshments, sent by their families. Thus is it all along the line of march; and even the inhabitants of villages situated at some distance from the route meet the Haj at the nearest point, and reap a plentiful harvest. Ketrane is eight hours distant from Kerek; but this distance does not deter the inhabitants of the latter town from resorting thither with provisions of all kinds, for which they are sure to find a ready and profitable market: or the pilgrims will resort to villages contiguous to their halting-place for the same purpose. Khaibar is four hours distant from the Haj station at Hedye, where it balts for two days; and the people of the caravan often go thither to buy fresh provisions.

Now, compare these facts with the circumstances of the Israelites in their hasty flight from Egypt, in their unpremeditated march through the desert, the various tribes of which were evcrywhere hostile to them, refusing them the scanty boon of water on their passage, though they were willing to purchase it with money; and where is there the slightest resemblance, or how can the Haj serve to illustrate, much less to explain, the difficulties in which Mr. Stanley and others find themselves involved by the rejection of the only trustworthy and truly consistent account of these events? Mr. Stanley has thought it worth while to preserve 'a curious instance of the sacrifice of 'the whole moral grandeur of a miracle, to which men are often 'driven by a mistaken desire of exaggerating its physical mag-'nitude.' Has not he also furnished a no less instructive example of the straits to which men may be driven by an opposite bias; by a tendency, *i. e.* to detract from the physical magnitude of a miracle in order to make room for a rational solution, which, after all, is not forthcoming?

But it remains to consider the physical changes in the desert, which are supposed to explain all the remaining difficulty, which, it is confessed, is not entirely removed by the above considerations. 'There is no doubt,' he tells us, 'that the vegeta-

tion of the wâdys has considerably decreased;' and authorities and parallels are adduced in confirmation of the statement. But we fail to discover in this fact any solution whatever of the imaginary difficulty, unless Mr. Stanley intends to insinuate that the Israelites, as well as their cattle, were graminivorous, or that the fruit of the acacia and the palm might have sufficed for that vast multitude during the time that they were encamped in the peninsula. As no one pretends that the cattle of the Israelites were miraculously sustained in the wilderness, the fact is important, as showing that Mount Sinai might then have been adequate to supply pasturage to the flocks and herds, though Burckhardt informs us that now 'there are no good pasturing places in the neighbourhood.' The consumption of timber in the construction of the ark, the erection of the tabernacle, and the furnishing of its sacred utensils, would not be such as to exhaust even the scanty supply of wood now to be found at no great distance, although not at the precise spot where they were originally prepared; considering that 'charcoal 'from the acacia is, in fact, the chief, perhaps it might be said, 'the only traffic of the peninsula.' But then 'the greater abun-'dance of vegetation, and, therefore, of *tarfa*-trees, should be 'taken into account,' (p. 28, note;) and as the *tarfa*-trees produce manna—or what is supposed to resemble it—we may thus dispense with the miraculous supply; and then, 'the greater 'abundance of vegetation would, as is well known, have fur-'nished a greater abundance of water; and this, again, would 'react on the vegetation, from which the means of subsistence 'would be procured.' So that these well-known physical facts will enable us to obviate the necessity of the miraculous supplies of water, as well as of manna! And what, after all, results from this trifling with physical science? we can call it by no milder term. 'Whether these changes are sufficient 'to explain the difficulty in answer to which they are alleged, 'may be doubtful. But they, at least, help to meet it.' Yet even this impotent conclusion assumes too much. They really do nothing of the kind, for they entirely ignore the fact, that the time during which the Israelites were encamped in the vicinity of Sinai was but a very small period compared with their 'forty years' wanderings, or sojournings, in the northern desert, to which none of Mr. Stanley's remarks will apply. In violation again of his own canon of Scripture interpretation, he first converts the peninsula of Sinai into a vast garden, and then settles the Israelites in those happy abodes, like the lotus-eaters of Homer, or the favoured inhabitants of the *oasis* of Paran, described by Pliny in his mythical account of this very region.

How far such a representation is calculated to convey a correct idea of the condition and circumstances of the Israelites during that penal period of their history we cannot question, when we remember the description of their wanderings given in the Book of Deuteronomy; confirmed in all its horrors by the present aspect of 'that great and terrible wilderness, wherein were fiery 'serpents, and scorpions, and drought; where there was no 'water.' In vain will the theory of natural agency, or human providence, attempt to clothe and provision such a host in that inhospitable waste; and whatever Ewald may think, or Professor Stanley say, we must profess our belief that there is no other solution of their difficulty—if they persist, that is, in rejecting the miraculous incidents—than the denial of the authenticity of the entire history. Besides, they are bound to explain why—if vegetation and water, water and vegetation, went on reacting one upon another in that marvellous manner—the peninsula is not now a fruitful garden, a tangled jungle, or a thick-set forest, instead of a parched and barren wilderness.

We might at least have hoped that the terrors which accompanied the giving of the Law on Mount Sinai would have escaped the profanation of neologian scepticism, or the sort of treatment which this event receives at Mr. Stanley's hands. Those sublime and awful sanctions, appealing to the senses of the perverse and rebellious Israelites, are referred to both in the Old and New Testament as evidencing the Majesty of the Divine Lawgiver, and the terrible penalties attached to the violation of His fiery law. But, it seems, those terrible sights and sounds at which even Moses said 'I exceedingly fear and quake,' if they do not admit of a natural explanation, may at any rate be paralleled by similar phenomena, still to be witnessed in the peninsula, and we are led to infer that if these phenomena are as yet inexplicable, though clearly to be referred to natural causes, there is so much the more reason for believing that the same may be the case with those recorded in the Mosaic narrative!

Gebel Nakûs, the Bell Mountain, is best described by Lieut. Wellsted, the accuracy of whose account has been confirmed to us by a recent traveller, whose testimony is not equally favourable to the accuracy of Mr. Stanley's descriptions.

The mountain in question is situated a few miles north of Tor, about 3½ miles from the coast of the Gulf of Suez, and forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills. Its height is about 400 feet, and it is composed of a soft friable sandstone, as is the rest of the chain. The peculiarity of the Bell Mount consists in its inclined plane of almost impalpable sand, which rises at an

angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semicircle of rocks, which extend to the base of this remarkable hill. The sound is produced by putting in motion the sand on this steep incline, and the experiment fails when the surface of the sand has been consolidated by rain. The intensity of the sound varies at different parts of the surface, the loudest being produced by disturbing the sand on the northern side, about 20 feet from the base, and about 10 from the rocks which bound it in that direction. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Æolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; but as the sand becomes more violently agitated—by the more rapid motion, *i.e.* of the disturbing Bedouin—the noise more nearly resembles that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. At the base it produces a rumbling like distant thunder, and causes a perceptible vibration, as the wave of sound follows, or rather accompanies a visible wave of moving sand. There is no question whatever that the sound is produced by the sand, although the phenomenon has not been further explained on scientific principles. Now when it is remembered that the formation of the mountains about Sinai consists, not of friable sandstone, or inclined planes of impalpable sand, but of solid granite, it will be admitted that the Æolian breathings, or even the distant thunders of Gebel Nakûs, do not go very far towards accounting for the thunders that attended the giving of the Law. Nor does Mr. Stanley appear to rely so much upon this Bell Mountain as upon the more unaccountable sounds of Um-Shômer, one of the Sinaitic range, which are distinctly adduced as a parallel. 'It has often been asked, whether 'there are any natural phenomena by which the wonders of the 'giving of the Law can be explained or illustrated.' The volcanic theory is briefly considered and summarily rejected. 'On the 'other hand, the mysterious sounds which have been mentioned 'on Um-Shômer and Gebel Mousa may be in some way con-'nected with the terrors described in the Mosaic narrative.' (P. 23.) Now, what are those sounds? No traveller, so far as we know, has heard them: those of Mount Sinai are merely matters of tradition, to account for the transference of the Monastery from the summit to the base of the Mount—the fact of which transference has first to be proved; but Burckhardt has described the sounds of Um-Shômer from the account of the Monks and Bedouins. It is worth while to give the passage entire, as the subject certainly challenges further investigation.

'Several Bedouins had acquainted me that a thundering noise, like repeated discharges of heavy artillery, is heard at times in those moun-

tains; and they all affirmed that it came from Om-Shomar. The Monks corroborated the story, and even positively asserted that they heard the sound about mid-day, five years ago, describing it in the same manner as the Bedouins. The same noise had been heard in more remote times, and the Ikonomos, who has lived here forty years, told me that he remembered to have heard the noise at four or five separate periods. I inquired whether any shock of an earthquake had ever been felt on such occasions, but was answered in the negative. Wishing to ascertain the truth, I prepared to visit the mountain of Om Shomar.'—(*Syria*, p. 587.)

Before proceeding, it may be stated that Burckhardt carried his design into execution; but, so far from gaining any information, he appears entirely to have forgotten the object of his visit; for, strange to say, he never recurs to the subject again, although one would have thought that the view of the other vocal mountain must have recalled it to his memory; for it is from the height of Shômer that he describes and explains the phenomena and traditions of Nakûs. It is remarkable that meteorological agency did not suggest itself to Burckhardt, as offering even a more satisfactory explanation than volcanic; for as Um-Shômer is described to be the highest mountain of the Sinaitic group, the attraction of the electric fluid to that mountain would account for the heaven's artillery being heard most frequently in that quarter. Even if the informants of Burckhardt were not sensible of the usual concomitants of a thunder-storm, yet Mr. Stanley's reading must have taught him that thunder from a serene sky, though a portent in pagan times, is not of unusual occurrence in certain states of the atmosphere, and not unknown to the physical philosopher, however hitherto unaccounted for. Strange, indeed, it is that phenomena which in ancient days produced such startling effect on the mind of an Epicurean as to convince him, for a time at least, of the fallacy of his atheistical theory, should now be adduced by a Christian scholar as an argument against that miraculous intervention which stands out prominently on the pages of Revelation as the most memorable and awful of all Divine manifestations under the Old Dispensation. It is even suggested that it would be rash to reject the theory of Um-Shômer being the Mount of the Law—an original notion of Mr. Stanley, we believe,—because that the 'strange stories of sounds like thunder' 'agree to a certain extent with the Scriptural indications of Sinai.' (P. 39, note 1.)

Here again how utterly inadequate is the presumed cause to the effects described! An ordinary phenomenon—with which Moses must have been at least as familiar as Burckhardt's Ikonomos, for he had fed the flock of Jethro his father-in-law in this very region for precisely the same period—exaggerated

to that tremendous description contained in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus, in which it will be observed that the thunders, for which alone Mr. Stanley's theory attempts to account, were mingled with the voice of the trumpet, and the sounds were accompanied with sights of which no explanation whatever is vouchsafed, since the hypothesis of volcanic action is rejected. We transcribe the passage, as in the former instance, to mark more clearly the utter inadequacy of the natural or rational solution attempted by Mr. Stanley.

'And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. . . . . And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.'—(*Exod.* xix. 16, 18, 19; xx. 18.)

We believe that Mr. Stanley would shrink from the impiety of suggesting that this scene was 'got up' by Moses, or that a statement of facts of which a whole nation were eye and ear witnesses, could be so distorted as this must have been, supposing the reality to admit of any kind of comparison with the phenomena by which he has attempted to explain and illustrate them. The simple fact is, that Mr. Stanley has fallen into a temptation, which, we are aware, it requires some moral courage to resist in such days as these, when to accept the records of Revelation as of inspired authority, is considered unscholar-like and unphilosophical; and nothing is allowed to pass current as fact, until it has been submitted to the test of, what is called in the cant phrase of this school, sound reason and critical investigation. And hence it is that the history of the Exodus is only to be admitted as authentic so far as it satisfies Ewald's judgment! We had rather that they would speak out; as it is, we do not know whether they believe the Bible or not, or what Bible it is that they believe. What we do protest against, as wholly unwarrantable and indefensible, is this insidious attempt to undermine the faith of our countrymen in the great facts of revelation, the insinuation that Ewald is more trustworthy than Moses, even though the latter he supported by the testimony of Christ and His Apostles. For let this be distinctly understood by both parties. The miracles of the Exodus—those in particular which have been here examined—have the sanction of our Lord's countenance. If the

narrative be fraudulent—we utter it only to repudiate it as an intolerable blasphemy,—our heavenly Master has made Himself a party to the fraud.

We have discharged a thankless,—we can assure Mr. Stanley, most sincerely, a painful duty. But the popularity which his book was snre to acquire rendered it incumbent upon us to expose the unsoundness of its theology. Since we commenced this article, we have seen a list of the prizes awarded at the first Examination of the Middle Class Schools, by the examiners appointed by the University of Oxford. We observe, with more regret than surprise, that Mr. Stanley's volume was much in request as a prize book among the intelligent competitors for these new honours; and we cannot contemplate with any kind of satisfaction the introduction of scepticism, under such highly respectable sanction, into the ranks of these youths, whose smattering of knowledge, highly creditable as it is to themselves, nnder their disadvantages, does not in any way qualify them to deal with such subtleties as we have exposed. It may be quite true that Professor Stanley would lose caste among those whose favour he most values, were he to show such an unphilosophic contempt for German neologian criticism as we have not hesitated to avow; but he may rely upon it,—and we are persuaded that he will not be indifferent to this consideration,—he is doing a greater injury than he will be able to repair to religion and morality, if he shakes the faith of onr most hopeful youths in the historical credibility of the Mosaic narrative, and leads them on to the inevitable conclusion that the Divine Teacher, who was very and essential Truth, has lent the solemn sanction of His infallible authority to a lie.

We have dwelt so long upon Mr. Stanley's questionable notices of the peninsula of Sinai, that we have left ourselves no space for the discussion of the very interesting questions suggested by the volume before us. We can but sum up the state of the question as it regards the Mountain of the Law, and must leave the question of the Sinaitic inscriptions—with which we honestly avow ourselves incompetent at present to deal in a manner satisfactory to ourselves—for future consideration. But we trnst to be able to suggest one or two points which may be of service to any who may hereafter undertake to adjust the rival claims of Gebel Serbal and Gebel Mûsa, as the Mountain of the Law; the former, first proposed, only to be rejected, by Burckhardt, but lately advocated by Dr. Lepsius, Mr. John Hogg, and Mr. Charles Forster; the latter supported by the great weight of Dr. Robinson's, Dr. Wilson's, and Mr. Stanley's names and adhesion, in aid of whose arguments we would advance the

following considerations. The great strength of Serbal lies unquestionably in the testimony of Cosmas Indicopleustes. And very reasonably so. We have no wish whatever to detract from the value of his evidence. There can, we think, be no doubt that he identified Gebel Serbal as the Mountain of the Law. There is, however, abundant evidence to a conflicting tradition coexisting with this, and pointing to Gebel Mûsa; and the real question lies between the credibility of the two traditions, not between the authority of the witnesses, which may be considered as equal. Now it does so happen that Cosmas has quite undesignedly given us the opportunity of testing the tradition to which he witnesses, by recording another, concerning which all are agreed, and which we venture to think is inconsistent with the tradition of Sinai, which he accepted and perpetuated. Mr. Stanley rightly designates the tradition of the identity of Rephidim and Paran, as 'the oldest known tradition of the peninsula.' It is also the most consistent, and, as we have said, the most commonly received, by the advocates of Serbal, no less than by the defenders of Gebel Mûsa, by Lepsius, no less than by Robinson. Now Cosmas certainly held to this identification. His testimony is clear. After passing through the sea between Clysma and Phœnicon, the Israelites, he says, journeyed through the desert of Sur to Merra (Mara) and Elim (then called Räithu), where the twelve fountains still existed in his day; but the palm-trees had diminisbed considerably in number since the Exodus. During this journey, which, be it remembered, the writer himself had travelled, they had, he remarks, the sea on their right, and the desert on their left, but at this point they turned their backs on the sea, and struck into the desert towards Sinai, where the manna and the quails descended upon them. 'Then again they encamped in Raphidin, 'which is now called Pharan; and when they thirsted, Moses 'went forward with the elders, according to the commandment 'of God, having his rod in his hand, to Mount Horeb, that is in 'Sinai, which is near Pharan, at the distance of six miles, aud 'there, when he had struck the rock many waters gushed out,' &c. Happily, nothing can be more distinct and self-consistent than these notices. But then they are quite inconsistent with the Mosaic narrative in one particular all-important for its bearing on this question, viz. this, that they ignore the journey between Rephidim and Sinai, which are mentioned, both in Exodus and Numbers, as two distinct stations, separated by a march of certainly an average length, which the six miles of Cosmas cannot satisfy. If the Law was given at Serbal, Israel must have been encamped the while in the Wady Pharan, *i. e.*,

Rephidim, but then the station at Sinai and the intermediate march cannot be accounted for. Dr. Lepsius is fully aware of this difficulty, but surmounts it by the convenient theory of inaccuracy in the Mosaic narrative, which we simply decline to admit. Thus then, Cosmas furnishes us with the means of correcting himself, and obliges us to fix Sinai at some point more distant from Pharan than Serbal is. And here we are supported by the authority not only of the unwritten tradition of the sixth century, stereotyped by Justinian in the massive walls of the Convent of S. Catharine, which unquestionably owes its original erection to that emperor, but of the writings of a pilgrim, probably not of later date than Cosmas, though the precise age of neither can be exactly defined; to which it is strange that no reference has been made in this controversy, as his testimony is not only remarkably consistent with itself, but also with the Mosaic narrative, with the existing traditions, and strikingly confirmatory of some of the conjectures of recent travellers. Antoninus Placentinus is a credulous writer, no doubt, and not always very intelligible, owing chiefly to the obviously corrupt state of the text; but his description of Sinai is so remarkably clear and precise, that almost every feature can be identified at this day. We cannot cite his description in full, but there can be no question whatever that his Sinai is the actual Gebel Mûsa, while his Horeb exactly corresponds with the Gebel-ed-Deir, on the east. The valley between Horeb and Sinai, the fountain where Moses was watering his flock when he saw the burning bush, (then inclosed in the monastery,) the cave and fountain of Elias, the small oratory on the very summit of the Mount; the rocky Sinai itself, almost destitute of soil, surrounded with the numerous cells of servants of God, (the remains of which may still be seen,)—all these features, existing to this hour, leave no room for doubting that Antoninus Placentinus is describing the mountain now known as Gebel Mûsa. Then for Rephidim, he as unquestionably fixes that to the place assigned it by Cosmas Indicopleustes; and bears witness to a tradition remarkably consistent with a theory of Mr. Stanley and other modern writers. Antoninus and his party, having decided to return by Egypt, 'came from 'Sinai to the city where Moses fought with Amalek, where is an 'oratory, the altar of which stands over those stones which 'were placed for Moses while he prayed. In that very place is 'a city fortified on its sides; the place is extremely fertile' (we substitute *fertilis* for *sterilis* without any misgiving, in such a text), 'on account of the water. Here there met us women with 'children, carrying palms in their hands, and jars of oil, with

'which they anointed our feet and heads, singing in the Egyptian 'tongue the antiphon, "Blessed be ye of the Lord, and blessed be 'your coming. Hosanna in the highest."' These he takes for the family of Jethro, Moses's father-in-law. Let that by all means be ascribed to his credulity, yet there can be no mistake about the site of the city, or the manners of its inhabitants, when we read the following description of Dr. Wilson and his party in Wady Pharan. 'The hearty salutation of men, women, 'and children . . . . brings into action the hundred sympa- 'thies connected with human society, which have been so long 'dormant.' 'We were close to the spot which is considered the 'acropolis of the ancient town, the humble ruins of whose houses, 'tombs, churches, and fortifications, were before us and around 'us.' And it is of this acropolis that Mr. Stanley remarks, conditionally, as usual, 'Rephidim, "the resting-place," is the 'natural name for the paradise of the Bedouins in the adjacent 'palm-grove; the Church of Paran may fairly be imagined to 'be "the hill" on which Moses stood, deriving its earliest con- 'secration from the altar which he built; the Amalekites may 'thus have naturally fought for the oasis of the desert, and the 'sanctuary of their gods,' &c. (P. 41.) The credulous Placentine is strangely in accord with Dr. Wilson and Professor Stanley.

But now, can any account be given of the mistake into which Cosmas was led with regard to the identity of Serbal with Sinai? Dr. Wilson diffidently suggests that the pilgrimages to Serbal, which the inscriptions, as he thinks, attest, 'origi- 'nated in the belief that Gebel Serbal is really the Mount Paran 'of Habakkuk, and so might be reckoned one of the sacred 'monntains of the peninsula.' Ritter has well surmised, both from the title assigned to it by Moses, in the account of Jethro's visit, and from the fact that it is still held in veneration among the Arabs, that it had from very ancient times a sacred character attached to it. But what if a distinct proof can be adduced that a pilgrimage to the true Sinai involved considerable risk, and must have been a service of danger? Would not this have a tendency to deter pilgrims from resorting thither, and incline them to acquiesce in a mountain more accessible? All Oriental travellers know how accommodating the monks are in transferring sacred localities to more convenient sites, which was especially necessary in this instance. A very remarkable fact is mentioned by Antoninus, the investigation of which may, we are persuaded, throw much light on the Sinaitic inscriptions, and on the unexplained mysteries of the peninsula. It seems that Horeb was in the times of idolatry a place of resort for the Saracenic tribes, and that a feast was

celebrated in that mountain to a miraculous idol of chameleon-like qualities, being composed of white marble, which the adoration of its worshippers converted into the blackness of pitch, nor did it resume its fair complexion until the conclusion of the festival. The concourse of Arabs to this festival was enormous. Antoninus and his company fell in with a haj of 12,600 pilgrims on their way to this solemnity, and at the conclusion of the festival, proclamation was made that no Christian should return to Jerusalem by way of the desert, on account of these hordes of Ishmaelites. Surely the proximity of such a Bedoui sanctuary might well dispose the Christians to find a more secure place of pilgrimage; and we are now prepared to admire the policy as well as the piety of Justinian, who, as Procopius informs us, not only dedicated a church and a monastery of the Theotokos at the foot of the mountain, but also erected a castle, which he strongly garrisoned with troops, in order to prevent the Saracens from making incursions on the south of Palestine from this favourite rallying-point. And here we may note the foundation of the story questioned above, to the effect that the monastery formerly stood on the summit of the mountain. Procopius expressly states that 'it was not built on the height of the mountain, but far below; 'for (he adds), it is impossible for a man to pass the night on its 'summit, since there are perpetual noises, and other such like 'prodigies are heard, which strike with amazement the powers 'and faculties of men.'

Such, then, is the state of the general question concerning the most venerable of all those traditions which affect the sacred narrative of the Exodus, and although the minor details are of comparatively small importance, we shall be expected to state what appears to us the most probable disposition of the camp of Israel during that momentous period of their national history.

We accept, then, the junction of Wady-er-Raheh with Wady-esh-Sheikh for the encampment of the armies of Israel, under that magnificent promontory of granite rock, called Ras Sasafeh; and we find authority for this preference in the name of *Wady Mûsa*, which Russegger assures us is still given to the wide plain formed by the junction of the above-named valleys. *Wady Seb'dyeh* at the back—south, *i.e.*—of Gebel Mûsa, does not appear to be sufficiently remote from the summit to answer the requirements of the narrative; for we are persuaded that Gebel Mûsa, at the southern extremity of the oblong basin, and not Ras Sasafeh, at its northern termination, is the scene of the Divine communication with Moses. The whole narrative is cramped, if a narrower space is assigned to it than the whole group

bounded by Wady-el-Leje on the west and Wady-ed-Deir on the east. All is consistent and harmonious within these bounds. Aaron, Nadab, and Abihu, with the seventy elders of Israel, would accompany the lawgiver to this plain, from whence they would return to the camp, while he and Joshua advanced nearer to the Divine Presence on the craggy height of Sinai. Then, on his return, the sounds of revelry would reach his ears as he approached the plain, which would have been distinctly audible throughout, on the nearer and lower elevation of Sasafeh, particularly when we take into account the fact, mentioned by Dr. Wilson and others, that the rarity of the atmosphere in this elevated region adds intensity to sound, and causes it to travel much further than under ordinary circumstances. In fact, it is with this as with so many other ancient traditions which modern scepticism has undertaken to question and correct,—the actual sites do so remarkably harmonise with the narrative of the events, that history and tradition mutually illustrate one another; while the late attempts to define more exactly the spot where the Divine communication was vouchsafed to Moses involve endless inconsistencies and contradictions.

And here, then, we must draw our remarks to a close. It will be observed that we have confined our special notices to the first few pages of Mr. Stanley's book. The interest and importance of the subjects suggested by him will furnish an ample apology for our doing so; and, so far as we may judge from experience, occasions will not be wanting for pursuing the track of the Israelites to their promised rest, whenever we may be disposed to do so, since the wilderness is so very prolific in literary productions, of whatever merit, and Palestine contains an inexhaustible mine of research which has hitherto, like the land itself, been only superficially examined, notwithstanding all that Dr. Robinson and his worthy collaborateurs have accomplished. It were much to be desired that the cause of Sacred Literature could command sufficient interest to induce some who have the power, to organize an expedition to the East for the purpose of scientific investigation, with a special view to the illustration of Biblical History, Geography, and Antiquities. The scientific expedition to Egypt, under Dr. Lepsius, sent out by the munificence of the King of Prussia, is a model which might well be followed, in all but its results. Why should not Imperial France follow up, in Palestine, and by pacific means, the great work undertaken in Egypt with such signal success, under the Republican General of the military expedition in 1798? The trigonometrical survey of the country by our corps of engineers in 1840, although under-

taken with no such design, has been an inestimable boon to Sacred Literature. It is, of course, vain to hope for Parliament to sanction a grant from the public funds for any such purpose; but it is not, perhaps, too much to expect that any maturely considered and well-organized plan undertaken by private enterprise would receive all possible countenance and support from the authorities in the Foreign Office. For example, that the Ambassador at the Porte should be directed to apply for a firman, granting special powers to the members of the expedition, with such instructions to the local governors as might be necessary to give them full effect; that the Consuls and other British agents in the country should also be officially charged to forward the ends of the mission: above all, that the officers of the Mediterranean squadron on the coast of Syria, whose time often hangs heavily on their hands, should be encouraged to volunteer on such a service, and permitted to employ the ships' instruments and hands in surveying, or levelling, or excavating, or in any other work that may be requisite for the purposes of the expedition. It is obvious how much real service might be done by lending this semi-official countenance to such undertakings; as has been done on the coast of Africa and elsewhere. Some years since Lieut. Molineux was allowed to undertake a survey of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and an American expedition under Lieutenant Lynch was fitted out for that express purpose. But these were partial objects: whereas, half-a-dozen English uniforms, whether of red or blue is a matter of comparative indifference, might march through the country unmolested from Dan to Beersbeba, from Acre to Gerash, with what engines and instruments they pleased, turning the soil, both in a literal and a classical sense, wherever and as often as they deemed expedient. Since admission to the Mosk at Jerusalem has become—as admission to the Mosks at Constantinople has long been—a purchasable privilege at a fixed tariff—one pound sterling a-head we believe to be the sum—there can be no objection on religious or political grounds to any amount of excavation or exploration in any part, even of the Holy City itself, so long as property is not injured without ample compensation. Those fanatical black door-keepers of the Haram esh-Sherif, the terror of all curious travellers, would soon be made to understand that their day is past, and their vocation gone. A Government which owes its very existence to the European powers ought not to be permitted to tyrannize any longer over the meanest subject even of the King of Sardinia.

ART. III.—1. *Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Religio Disciplina Ritusque Sacri. Cosini Episcopi Dunelmensis opusculum.* Editio altera. 1857.

2. *Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales.* 1854.

3. *L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique.* 1855.

4. *De la Validité des Ordinations de l'Eglise Anglicane.* 1856.

5. *Rome; son nouveau Dogme et nos Devoirs.* 1856.

6. *Erreurs Historiques qui existent dans la Communion Romaine à l'égard de l'Eglise Anglicane.* 1856.

7. *Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana.* 1854.

8. *La Santa Chiesa Cattolica.* 1855.

9. *La Supremazia Papale al tribunale dell' Antichitá.* 1856.

10. *Vita della Beata Vergine Maria.* 1857.

11. *Religione Disciplina y Sagrados Ritos de la Iglesia de Inglaterra.* 1856.

12. *La Supremacía Papal exáminada por la Antigüedad.* 1856.

13. Coſin, Biſchof von Durham, über Glauben Zucht und Cultus der Engliſchen Kirche. 1857.

14. Περὶ δογμάτων διοικήσεως καὶ ἱερουργίων τῆς Ἀγγλικῆς Ἐκκλησίας· πονημάτιον Κοσίνου ἐπισκόπου Δυνέλμου. 1856.

THE first thing that strikes us with respect to the 'Association 'for making known upon the Continent the Principles of the 'Anglican Church,' is that it has a very long name. We shall take the liberty of speaking of it under an appellation which we see that its supporters have begun lately to apply to it, the 'Anglo-Continental Association.' It is true that the latter title does not mean much, perhaps without some further interpretation it means nothing, whereas the other name excellently describes the purpose of the society; bnt 'Anglo-Continental Association' is short, 'Association for making known upon the 'Continent the Principles of tbe Anglican Church' is long, and any Society which is to live and work must have a short name, even though it be a nickname. The 'Society for the Propaga-'tion of the Gospel in Foreign Parts' has become the 'S.P.G.,' or at the longest the 'Propagation of the Gospel Society,' and

the 'Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge' has been cut down to 'S.P.C.K.' The 'Association for making 'known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican 'Church,' must submit to the same process.

But what is the Society in question, and what has it done? We know that these are early days to make the latter inquiry; for the Society has scarcely been in existence four years, and to be looking for any great fruits and results yet would be premature. 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,' must be the motto of any man or of any body of men whose purpose it is to have an effect upon the minds even of their fellow-countrymen, much more upon the course of the world's thought; and it would appear that no less than this is the purpose of the Anglo-Continental Association, modestly as it veils it at present under the specific proposal of making known upon the Continent the principles of the Anglican Church. Let those principles bear their fruit, whatever that may be, is the idea which evidently underlies the existence of the Society.

That there is room for such an Association is clear. Indeed, it is astonishing, now that the idea is started, that we should have gone on so many years without it. We have the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, by means of which we can deal with our colonies and the heathen. We have the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Additional Curates' Society, and others, to battle with home ignorance and depravity; but where is our machinery for affecting the religious mind of the Continent? What agency have we for making ourselves understood whether by Roman Catholics or Protestants in the West, or by the ancient Churches of the East? We have none, none whatever, except the tentative efforts of the Anglo-Continental Association.

The Society consists of a number of churchmen, clergy and laity, who have voluntarily combined for the purpose signified in the longer title of the Society,—for making known upon the Continent the principles of the Anglican Church. It consists of patrons, a committee, a staff of secretaries and editors, and ordinary members. The patrons are all of them bishops. Four are English, viz. Durham, Exeter, Oxford, Salisbury; four Scottish, Argyll, Glasgow, Moray, S. Andrews; five colonial, Gibraltar, Newfoundland, Fredericton, Capetown, Natal; two American, Maryland and Bishop Southgate. Death has snatched away another American prelate who felt warmly for the Society's welfare, the excellent Bishop Wainwright, and an English prelate who gave it his fullest sanction, the late Bishop of London. The Committee contains a greater number of honoured and trustworthy names than we often see collected together within the compass of a com-

mittee. Among the clerical members we may name Archdeacon Churton, Rev. T. Claughton, Rev. E. Hawkins, Rev. J. S. H. Horner, Rev. F. C. Massingberd, Rev. Dr. Moberly, Rev. J. Oldknow, Rev. E. C. Woollcombe, Rev. Dr. Wordsworth. Among the laymen, Lord Robert Cecil, M.P., F. H. Dickinson, Esq., Sir John S. Forbes, Bart., Henry Hoare, Esq., A. J. B. Hope, Esq. M.P., J. G. Hubbard, Esq., J. H. Markland, Esq., J. Watts-Russell, Esq., and last, but far from least, Roundell Palmer, Esq. The secretaries are three,—Rev. F. Meyrick, Rev. F. Godfray, and Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, the last of whom superintends the operations of the Society in America. The editors are as yet six, but we presume that they are to be increased as the sphere of the Society enlarges. Dr. Camilleri, an Italian by birth, and now pastor of the Anglo-Italian congregation in London, under the licence of the Bishop of the diocese, is answerable for correctness of translation in the Italian publications; Archdeacon Churton undertakes the superintendence of the works published by the Society in Spanish; Mr. Godfray, perhaps the best French scholar in England, is French editor; Mr. Kitchin is German editor; and Dr. Wordsworth is Romaic editor. Mr. Meyrick is described as general editor, which implies that he is answerable for the tone and matter of the whole series. The ordinary members of the Association consist not only of donors and subscribers, as is usual, but also of all those who will undertake to pray daily for the blessing of God upon the Society's operations. In the list of members appear the names of Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Heathcote, Mr. Keble, the Marquis of Lothian, the Bishop of Quebec, and others.

So much for what the Society is. Now, What is it doing? First, perhaps, we should ask, What has it professed to do? It has not been a society which has made much profession, from the beginning. We believe that it first entered life, not with a declaration of what it was going to do, but with the publication of a work of Bishop Cosin; that is, by beginning instead of saying that it was going to begin. Contemporaneously with this publication was issued the following paper:—

'It has long been desired to make known upon the Continent, with far greater accuracy than at present, the principles of the English Church. There are few who are not aware of the ignorance and misrepresentation at present rife on this subject in every quarter of the world, especially in those parts of it where the Roman Catholic Church has sway. It has, therefore, been determined to publish works illustrative of the doctrines, discipline, and constitution of the Anglican Church, and the character of its Reformation, which may attract the attention and find their way into the hands of natives of foreign countries, and members of other branches of the Church. It is proposed that some of the intended publications should be in the Latin language, some in the different languages spoken

by the several nations of the continent, and that they should be offered for sale at low prices in France, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, and South America, as well as in the northern and eastern parts of the globe.

'The first of the series has been now published, being a short work of Bishop Cosin on the Faith, Discipline, and Rites of the English Church, together with extracts from Bishops Andrewes, Jewell, Bull, Beveridge, and others, as Crakanthorpe and James I., explanatory of the nature of the English Reformation. This will serve as a specimen of the tone which will run through the rest of the series, the whole of which will be edited or written by members of the English, Scottish, or American Churches.'

This was in the year 1853. No further statement of principles has been made since that time, till within the last week or two. The Society seems to have been satisfied with an annual statement of the publications issued by the editors, together with an account of sales, subscriptions, and such like practical matters. There is, however, a letter which may be regarded as embodying the idea of the Association, written also in the year 1853, by the same gentleman who issued the circular which we have given above, to a brother clergyman in the United States, and there published at the time in the 'Church Review:'—

..... 'You ask for an account of,—1. The origin of the Association for making known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church; 2. What the Association has effected; 3. What it proposes further to effect. I will answer these questions separately.

'1. You are aware that my countrymen and your countrymen are much given to travelling abroad; and I suppose that every Churchman who has so travelled has been vexed in his soul to find the misconceptions universally entertained in reference to what he holds dearest,—his faith and his Church. In almost every continental country, I suppose, the faith of the Englishman is looked upon as something allied very closely to infidelity. Thus, in Italy I was informed that in England no one was baptized, but that, in place of baptism, a little rose-water was thrown over them. In Greece, I found the English party looked upon as the infidel party, in spite of the good works done by your excellent countryman, Mr. Hill. In Spain, Englishman, Protestant, and non-Romanist, are all identified with non-Christian, and the title Catholic unknown, except as synonymous with Papist. And the Anglican Church fares no better in common estimation. Almost universally, I believe, it is regarded as a sect set up by Henry VIII. in place of the Catholic Church, because the latter would not allow him to put away one wife and take another; and as long as Cobbett is the book to which foreigners have recourse for information on the subject of the Reformation, such an opinion cannot fail of prevailing. Now, there is always something in the human breast which stirs us up to correct what we know to be false, and redress what we know to be wrong; and we are stirred the more deeply when the thing misrepresented and wronged is something very dear to us. Here, then, was one motive for the institution of such an Association.

'To this was added a feeling akin to indignation. The existing ignorance with regard to our claims and position, is clearly not in all cases the ignorance of simplicity. On the contrary, it cannot be doubted that the simple ones are industriously taught calumnies about us for controversial purposes. This is not the case where the Greek Church holds sway; but in the countries subject to the Roman supremacy it cannot be doubted.

It is so in England. There is no body of men so calumnious towards the Church as the Romanists; and, among them, that class from which we might most confidently have looked for better things. Amidst much suffering and sorrow of heart, amidst many incurable evils, caused by men falling away to Rome, it was thought by some that at least there would be this good,—that the converts would carry with them into the Roman Church a knowledge of the Anglican Church, and cause it thereby to be better appreciated. The result has been the very contrary to this. Nowhere have there been found such sharp and false tongues,—nowhere such bitter words against the Anglican Church, as among those who have forsaken her communion. Mr. Faber declares for himself and his co-religionists that all his other fellow-country are infidels.

'Again, there was a feeling of combined pity and zeal. You have read the letters of the Spanish priest, published in the "Practical Working of the Church of Spain." His cry for help and sympathy was one hard to resist. His picture of multitudes of his fellow-country running wild into infidelity and atheism, because there was no system placed before them which they could adopt with a manly intelligent Christian faith, was recognised by those who had visited his native land as true; and the same thing was existing in Italy. Men's souls are bound by an iron bond to accept all or none in those countries where Rome holds sway. That *all* contains what men of intelligence cannot accept, and so they are driven off into unbelief. Credulity and scepticism are the only alternatives placed before them. It was, then, a work of Christian love to show to these perplexed ones that, because they disbelieved in Sta Philumena and Sta Rita, it was not necessary that they should therefore disbelieve in our blessed Lord and S. Paul, and that, in rejecting what they knew to be false, they might still hold firm to God's Truth. The political position of the countries of the earth seems, too, to call upon us to do the same thing. That the despotisms under which poor Italy and Spain are now groaning can last for ever is impossible; that they will last but a short time seems very probable. With the fall of the despotisms will come the fall of the Church, which has thrown herself into the arms of the governments, and stooped to be the tool of tyranny. How supremely important, then, it is that, before the hour arrives, the stirring spirits of those peninsulas should learn that it is possible for a Church to be reformed without being annihilated, to be Catholic without being Romanist.

'And, besides, such a movement was thought likely to be useful to some among ourselves. You know how the hearts of Anglicans, in their insular state of separation, yearn for unity. Attempts have from time to time been made to combine with the Greek Church from this cause. Nay, the lamentable secessions to the Church of Rome, which we have witnessed, have arisen mainly from the same origin. We were alone in the world, solitary and forlorn. Some tried to ignore the differences between ourselves and Rome, and gentle words were heard about our sister in the faith, with whom we only differed on minor points, which were no hindrance to full communion. This could not last, and then when men gave up that hope, they rushed headlong into Rome, to avoid the loneliness which their souls abhorred. This spirit of yearning is now rightfully satisfied by the intercommunion now so happily existing and energizing between ourselves and you. But still it requires some outlet with regard to the Roman communion. Better that it should take the form of attempting to bring them into unity with us than of sacrificing our Catholicity to their Romanism.

'Such were some of the feelings which were working in the minds of many English Churchmen; and it only required a little intercourse between

a few of them to make these feelings issue in the Association about which you inquire. Perhaps the immediate occasion of its formation were the applications from Spain, Mr. Cleveland Coxe's publication of Hirscher's Proposals for a new Reformation, and the stories brought from Italy by the impostor De Col. At first it was not known that the latter was in the pay of the Church and State party in Italy, and his tales were credited more than they deserved; but when his character became known, it was still inferred that there must have been a foundation for his tales, or it would not have been worth his while to invent them, or of those whose tool he was to send him to England. And the daily accounts that we see and hear confirm the truth of this conclusion. Thus the Association came into being.'

Having described what the Association had at that time effected, and what it was immediately proposing to do, the writer continues:—

'The Association has not yet formed itself into shape by publishing its committee, officers, and patrons. We have been anxious to be practical before we were formal. Soon we shall make ourselves more public. Good names are not wanting to us from among our Bishops and your Bishops, our presbyters and your presbyters, and our influential laymen. The more that it is known, I doubt not, the more the work will be supported; and just as we have missions to the heathen, in which the Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Board of Missions take part, so I hope that the Mother and Daughter Church may combine in the good work of resuscitating the spirit of true Catholicity in the bosom of those continental Churches, where it is now well-nigh extinguished by the accretions of Mediævalism.'

We must pause here to point out one incidental good connected with the Anglo-Continental Association, which we regard as especially gratifying. It does not propose to be an effort of the Established English Church, but of the whole Anglican communion. Thus its patrons are Bishops of the English, Scottish, Colonial, and American Churches, almost in equal proportions; one of its three secretaries is an American clergyman; the incumbent of a parish in New York, and the chaplains or clergy at Malaga, Constantinople, Athens, and Gibraltar are on the committee; the son of the Bishop of Quebec is one of the correspondents of the Society, and in the list of its members occurs the name of Mr. Hugh Davey Evans, the well-known, able, and earnest-hearted layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Baltimore. Anything which makes us realize the unity of this far-stretching community is in itself a great good. It is one of the ideas on which the internal constitution of the Anglo-Continental Association is formed, and its external operations are conducted.

The immediate occasion, as distinct from the cause, of the Society's origin, was, according to the writer of the above letter, a representation of the state of feeling on the Continent, from Spain, Germany, and Italy. Our readers may by this time

have forgotten the case of De Col. He came to England, and played the part of the convert and reformer. He made up tales,—and with wonderful cleverness they were composed—of secret assemblies held throughout Lombardy, the purpose of which was to effect a reformation in Italy. He presented addresses from these imaginary congregations to persons high in authority in the English Church, and he even extracted from learned and grave doctors and archdeacons a Latin letter of sympathy and advice to his clients,—a letter, we will say, in passing, which was highly honourable both to the individuals who composed it and to the Church to which they belonged. After awhile suspicions were aroused as to the truth of the Abbé's communication and his motives in making them, and finding himself uncomfortable in England he decamped, and made his way back to Italy. Then it came out that he was an agent of the Jesuit party in Italy, and in the pay of the Austrian police, and that he had been sent to England for the purpose of ingratiating himself with such persons as were supposed likely to sympathise with foreign reformers, in order that he might discover who the latter were, and hand them over to the tender mercies of his employers, to be dealt with as Jesuits and Austrian police know how to deal with religious and political agitators. Fortunately, M. De Col's benevolent intentions were entirely frustrated, and all that he succeeded in doing was stirring up a feeling of sympathy for the reality which was proved to exist even by his caricature of it.

Hirscher's 'State of the Church' was probably perused by all our readers at the time that it was made known to the English world by Mr. Cleveland Coxe, in his 'Sympathies of the Continent.' It goes to prove that there is a feeling in Germany, among some, at least, of its learned men, which would respond to a call urging them to reform themselves on the model of primitive Christianity. Nor is the compulsory retractation of this book, which poor Dean Hirscher has been forced to make, any sign that he wrote lightly at the beginning, or that his convictions are altered now. It only shows that he has not the strength of mind which a man needs to become a martyr or a confessor. The lesson which the large-hearted and learned editor of Hirscher's book gathers with respect to the duty of the English Church, appears in the following extract:—

'If there is to be a revival of true religion and living Catholicity on the Continent, the movement must begin from within the National Churches. . . . Corrupt they are, and with their corruptions we can hold no parley. Still, like the Seven Churches of Asia, there they are, in spite of their corruptions, dear to Christ, and retaining His distinguishable presence among their golden candlesticks. They retain their places, and, as yet, retain

all the hold upon the popular heart which religion retains at all. Who is so blinded by prejudice, as not to see, that if anything is to be hoped and prayed for, it is that these Churches may be wisely, soberly, and *thoroughly reformed*, by the Spirit of the Lord, and so made again the light of the world, and the joy of the whole earth? That this blessed consummation is not so hopeless as our supine and wicked want of faith has led us to suppose, is precisely what the spirit of the work thus introduced, and of the accompanying illustrations from other sources, sufficiently demonstrates.

'Such a work, affecting the common interests of the Church of England, and her long estranged and fallen sisters, so far and in proportion as they are still Catholic and Christian together, may possibly be made, by the good providence of God, a harbinger of renewed efforts for a *truly Catholic reformation*, in the spirit of the Council of Nice, and in utter repudiation of the Council of Trent: at any rate, it will teach British Christians to thank God, that by virtue of their freedom from the disastrous consequences of the latter, they are already far in advance of the foreign Churches, in the means and appliances for immediate action upon the age; that, they hold a vantage ground, to which the Papal churches begin to turn with eyes of longing, and with a struggle, as for life itself: so that theirs is an immense responsibility, if they fail to use their glorious liberty for the common benefit of Christendom.'[1]

And again—

'The English Church owes it to herself and to the dying Churches of Europe to expose the utter falsehoods which have been so long circulated about her by the Jesuits: and thus to afford them the encouraging example of a Church which has not ceased to be Catholic by becoming reformed. . . . . Why should American "Evangelical Societies," and the like, be suffered to disseminate through all the free parts of Europe their well-meant but dangerous principles of reform, with no effort on our part to save the Churches of Europe from adhering to their corruptions, in view of such dangerous novelties; or from adopting the novelties themselves, to the ruin of their existence as Churches, and their consequent decline into infidelity? What vast good might be done to such men as Hirscher, Nuytz, and others, if a true statement of the Church of England's doctrine, Apostolic constitution, and wide-spread relations, were but translated into German, French, and Italian, and sent to foreign universities for distribution! When the writer, as *an American Presbyter*, presented Hirscher with a sermon which he had preached in a pulpit of *the Church of England*, the venerable man seemed labouring under *a new idea*. It was probably the first time he had ever heard of the American Church, or conceived of the *Anglican Communion* as capable of existing in entire independence of the British Crown! The Romanists of the Continent have no more idea of the Church of England's *true character* than the Chinese; and they are constantly supplied with fresh lies about it by the most artful and malicious ingenuity. Petty tracts and learned volumes alike propagate the falsehood, unchecked; and Rome and infidelity are the gainers.'[2]

For evidence as to the state of religious feeling in Spain it would be easy to quote many passages from the letters referred to by the writer above, and from the book in which they are published. We will content ourselves with one extract of a letter written six years ago by a priest then officiating in the

[1] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 12. [2] Ibid. p. 15.

Spanish Church. Having described the state of religion and morals in Spain, he continues:—

'The Spaniards, having all these things before their eyes, laugh at the mission of the Christian priesthood, are losing their faith and morals, and sinking into Atheism. Will you, then, keep them in the way of perdition, in the very mouth of the pit? There is no other way but preaching the true Gospel. Here then is a difficult work, to which all my efforts are directed, and I implore your aid. . . . . It cannot be denied that Spaniards of the present day are generally opposed to Roman practices, and rather agree with you and me in thinking and doing, than with them: such is the force of reason and truth. However, while they are giving up the errors of Romanism, they have no rule of faith and morality to embrace, and, led as by a blind impulse, each has prescribed a liberal and irregular belief for himself, which sometimes he follows, and sometimes relinquishes.

'For unity, then, and stability of faith to be established among us, for the restoration of Evangelical morals, and specially for delivering them from Atheism, into which they are running headlong, the light of the Gospel must, as in old times, shine among them. But how shall they believe without a preacher, and how shall we preach unless we are sent? Let there be raised the voice that cries aloud, and the word of God will not return empty. But as the charity of Christ constraineth us, and His cause here suffers violence, and groans at being surrounded with great dangers, I have determined not to go hence, but to remain, and to implore your help for the Spanish nation.

"Will you, then, associate yourselves together for the work of the Gospel in these regions? Will you, in your charity, lead this people to the true faith of Christ? Will you recal them from Atheism, or indifferentism, to the Church of God? Establish Evangelical missions, and support them with your pious alms. The Romanists labour night and day to propagate their errors; they send their fanatical Missionaries to go round the world, and all sort of sectaries run eagerly to the work. But ye who profess the true faith of Christ, will ye leave a thirsty people to perish, and give them nought out of your own abundance when they ask? Nay, my most beloved brethren, for if the Lord hath given you five talents, ye will gain five other talents to be good and faithful servants.'[1]

Other proofs of the existence of similar feelings in Italy, Germany, Spain, South America,[2] and elsewhere, might, we need scarcely say, be brought forward in great abundance if it were necessary. But these are the special indications referred to by the founders of the Association, and they are quite sufficient. We shall presently have to turn our readers' attention to France.

Granted, then, that there is a great misconception and misrepresentation of the English Church, its principles and its practices, on the Continent—a thing which, unhappily, no traveller can doubt, and which we could illustrate by tale after tale, were it not that the ludicrous character of such stories excites rather pain than amusement, when they have for their subject anything so very dear to us as our Mother Church; and, granted

[1] Practical Working of the Church of Spain, p. 368.

[2] For South America, see Dr. Vigil's '*Defensa de la Autoridad de los Gobiernos contra las pretenciones de la Curia Romana*,' published at Lima.

that there is a feeling abroad, in Spain, Italy, Germany, South America, and, as we shall presently show, in France, which is stretching itself after something better, purer, holier, more primitive, more Catholic, than that which the Papal idea and system is found to supply—what is the Association doing to remove this misconception and to meet this feeling?

Its first step is to publish tracts explanatory of the principles, constitution, and position of the English Church, or rather, of the Anglican Communion, formed by the English, Scottish, American, and Colonial Churches. It appears that up to this time publications have been issued in Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and in modern Greek. Portuguese has been promised for some time, but has not yet appeared; nor does the Association seem as yet to have attempted to prepare anything, according to its original programme, for 'the northern and eastern parts of the globe,' except so far as Greece may be regarded as eastern.

Latin tracts are, we fear, not of much use. There ought to be some, because Latin is still the recognised theological language of Europe, and there are some among foreign priests capable of reading them, and at any rate they carry with them a certain guarantee of learning. But they will not, we should fear, be largely read. The first publication of the Association was in Latin, and it has now arrived at a second edition. A better treatise could not have been selected for the inauguration of the Society. It is Bishop Cosin's excellent work which he wrote at the Earl of Clarendon's special request, giving an account of the doctrines, discipline, and ceremonies of the English Church. The Bishop wrote it for the purpose of dissipating the false impressions which then existed in the minds of foreigners on the subject, and two hundred years after his death it has been again twice reprinted in Latin, and translated into French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Romaic, as an earnest of other translations to follow. Bishop Cosin and Lord Clarendon 'cast their bread upon the waters,' and 'after many days' the streams are bearing it into all lands.

The French publications of the Society are as yet five:—the first puts forth the Church's doctrine on the Sacraments in the words of the Catechism and Prayer-book; the second disproves the charge of Schism; the third proves the validity of our Orders; the fourth is the Bishop of Oxford's well-known Sermon on the Immaculate Conception; the fifth, a letter addressed by Mr. Cleveland Coxe to the Bishop of Arras, pointing out a number of historical errors (euphemistically so called) respecting the Anglican Church, which his lordship had stamped with his authority. We shall presently show in what spirit these publications have been received in France.

The next in number and order are the Italian publications. Besides Bishop Cosin's work, already spoken of, they consist of a little volume composed of extracts from Ussher, Bramhall, Taylor, Pearson, Ferne, Cosin, Bull, Hooker, and Jackson, showing the true nature of the Catholic Church, and the meaning of the word Catholic as distinct from Romanist; of a tract disproving the Supremacy of the Pope by the testimony of antiquity, and a Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the words of Holy Scripture, with a short introduction pointing out that this is all the authentic information which we have respecting her.

The two Spanish publications are Bishop Cosin's work, together with (as in other versions) extracts from Andrewes, Beveridge, Bull, and others on the nature of the Reformation; and the above-mentioned tract on the Supremacy of the Pope. In German and Romaic, Bishop Cosin's work with the appended extracts, and, we should add, the Catechism, stands at present alone.

As to the quality of the translations, we may say shortly that all the French versions are excellent. Of the Italian, nothing could be better than '*La Supremazia Papale al tribunale dell' Antichitá*;' it is superior in its style of diction to '*Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana*,' and '*La Santa Chiesa Cattolica*.' Similarly the Spanish version of Bishop Cosin's work made by Don Lorenzo Lucena, a late Professor of Theology, in Cordova, now officiating in the English Church, is considerably better than the Rev. Mamerto Gueritz's translation of the tract on the Papal Supremacy. The German and modern Greek versions are both remarkably good.

The most important works announced as immediately forthcoming, are French editions of Massingberd's History of the Reformation, and Wordsworth's Theophilus Anglicanus, Passages from the writings of the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, Fredericton, Montreal, Tasmania, S. Andrew's, Dr. Hook, Mr. Gladstone and other living writers, illustrating the true principles of the English Reformation; and from our older standard writers such as Hooker, Taylor, and Bramhall, extracts showing what is the doctrine of the Anglican Church on the subject of the Holy Eucharist.

The first step of the Society, we have said, has been the publication of these tracts and books; the next thing that it has to provide for, is their dissemination. What has been effected in this respect? What is the Society's machinery? In asking for an answer to this question we must remember that the best means of effecting an object, and the best means feasible under given circumstances, are two very different things. We can see at a glance what ought to be in the present case.

—Every British chaplain throughout the Continent ought to be in correspondence with the Society's Secretaries, every chaplain ought to be supplied with books by the Society, every chaplain ought to be the unpaid agent of the Society in his sphere. In addition to this agency there ought to be travelling correspondents of the Society, one at least in each of the countries of France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Scandinavia, Greece, and the East. But these correspondents would have to be paid, and as yet the Society has no funds with which to pay them. And with respect to the agency of British chaplains, we fear that the character of the British chaplains on the Continent must be much altered before, as a body, they would undertake any such work.

The state of our foreign Chaplaincies is a scandal to the English Church. Who is answerable for the existence of the scandal, whether it be the Bishop of London, or the Bishop of Gibraltar, or the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Foreign Office, or 'circumstances,' we do not pause here to inquire. Whoever it may be with whom the fault rests, he or it, whether it be an individual or a body, has much, very much to answer for. Is it too much to say that very many of our foreign chaplains are men who cannot, dare not, are ashamed to live at home? Are they not men too frequently without zeal and without love? We know that there are exceptions, noble exceptions. We know that some of our most important chaplaincies are now filled by men animated with the Spirit of Christ; but nevertheless as a body our foreign chaplains degrade the name of England and dishonour the English Church. 'Why,' asks an American presbyter, 'why should not the English 'service be carried out upon the Continent as at home? Why 'should foreigners be supplied with such caricature specimens 'of Anglican worship as may be found in divers places?'[1] What earnest-minded traveller has not blushed for shame as he has witnessed stage after stage the buildings that are called churches, the pews blocking up the interior of them, the gigantic pulpits utterly concealing the insignificant altar, the shillings demanded at the doors, the irreverence of the officials, the negligence and too frequently the heresy of the preacher? Our whole system of Anglican worship on the Continent requires a thorough re-adjustment and re-organization, and if the Bishops of London and Gibraltar cannot do this, there ought to be some one who can. How can our chaplains be much otherwise than they are, when they are appointed in the manner in which we know that they are appointed? How can they be faithful officers of the Church of England

[1] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 13.

when they are answerable for their doings to a Committee, one third of which probably consists of Scottish Presbyterians, and another third of religionists or non-religionists still more unfriendly to the Church's doctrine and discipline? The authority of the Bishop is only nominal: hardly that, as a chaplain is required pnblicly to acknowledge that his authority is given him by the powers of the State and by them alone; chaplains are nominated not on the recommendation of the Bishop, nor at the wish of the worshippers, but in accordance with the desires expressed by the subscribers. Men who never enter the doors of the chapels will often subscribe, because though they may not be Churchmen, they are still British subjects. By thus subscribing, a notoriously immoral man, or it may be a Jew, gains a voice in the appointment or removal of a chaplain, while the regular worshipper and devout communicant who may have less money, is as entirely disregarded as the Bishop himself. We have heard of an instance where a committee of subscribers refused the chaplain permission to give a second service on Sunday, and offered the use of their place of worship on a Sunday afternoon to a Dissenting Minister. In another case the power of those subscribers, who were not even nominally members of the Church, was exerted to prevent the removal of an objectionable clergyman and the substitution of another. There is 'utterly a fault amongst us,' and it is time that that fault were amended. As it is, Rome shows best in England, and we show worst in countries professing Rome's creed. In this state of things it is impossible for the Anglo-Continental Association to look to our foreign chaplains for extensive and systematic aid. We are glad, however, to see that some good and active men have been found to put themselves in communication with it.

Unable, then, as yet, to support travelling correspondents, and being only partially able to make use of the machinery supplied by our foreign chaplains, the Society has used such other means as were open to it. It has established depôts at important towns and centres of communication, such as Paris, Leipsig, Turin, and Malta, and it makes use of the travelling propensities of our wandering countrymen and transatlantic cousins for its own purposes. Are there any results?

Spain, it appears, has made no sign; since the fall of Espartero every avenue to that unhappy country has been again shut up. The religious and civil officers alike keep watch and ward along the shores of the Atlantic, lest any high thought or noble imagination should by chance creep in and waken up once more the death-struck palsied nation. Germany bas not been addressed in its own language till within the last few weeks. We believe that no response has been given beyond a favourable

notice in a high Lutheran organ at Quedlinburg, and an expression of sympathy from Bonn. In Greece we see that the excellent American presbyter who is chaplain to the British Embassy, Mr. Hill, well known in Greece for his good deeds towards the Orthodox Church, in providing her children with education, shows himself ready to work harmoniously with the Society, by placing his name on the Committee. At Constantinople, the leading Church paper has published a portion of an article which lately appeared in the 'Colonial Church Chronicle,' on the Differences and Agreements between Greece, Rome, and England, written by one member of the Society, and translated into modern Greek by another. From Italy several letters have been received and made public by the Association. We will quote a part of one letter addressed to the Secretary by an Italian nobleman, a member of the Roman Catholic Church:—

'I think I wrote you word before that I had received the book you sent me, "La Santa Chiesa Cattolica." I desire now to add, that I have read it through attentively, and that I think it well suited to the end for which it is designed, namely, enlightening the minds of those who, knowing nothing of what the English Church is able to addnce in favour of her orthodoxy, are acquainted only with the accusations made against her by the Church of Rome and her followers—accusations which aim obstinately at defaming her as heterodox and heretical.

'Books of this sort, that is, books full of real, historical, and theological learning, and written with the dignity and moderation which Truth inspires, contribute far more than violent philippics and bitter diatribes can do to the triumph of justice and truth, and to the awakening of that spirit of conciliation which ought to animate and unite together all Christians, because they are children of one faith, and saved by one redemption.

'I approve, then, (as far as my poor, but frank and sincere opinion goes,) and highly praise your Christian undertaking of publishing works of this kind. It is light thrown upon darkness—upon that darkness which Papal Rome, in its egotism, would desire to keep undiminished, but which the progress of human reason is dissipating daily more and more in Italy, much faster than in France and elsewhere.

'Continue, then, my dear sir, with your associates, to extend light—the light of the Gospel—upon the Continent, and you will deserve well of God and of man.'

We next turn to France. Some very interesting letters have been received from thence. The following is from a French Abbé:—

'I have gained great pleasure and instruction from these publications, after having read and re-read them with great attention. The title of one is "L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique," the work of the late Rev. James Meyrick. It is full of logic and learning, so far as so small a frame would allow. I have been delighted at finding there a table of the first Popes, and the letters that have been falsely attributed to them in the Decretals. The other is called, "Della Religione, Disciplina, e Riti Sacri della Chiesa Anglicana; opuscolo di Cosin, Vescovo di Durham." This last work appears to me even far superior to the first. It is not possible, in my opinion, to show with greater conciseness, method, force, and clearness, the nature of the true Church of JESUS CHRIST, and prove, at the same

time, that the Anglican Church deserves, in an eminent degree, to be considered such. I cannot better state the impressions which I have received from reading it, than by saying that I find it equal, in theological respects, to the "Apologia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," by John Jewell, but far more useful still to religion. It is my belief that a great service would be rendered to the holy Gospel, by scattering the greatest number of copies possible among persons of education, in those nations which are subject to the Pope, and particularly in France and Italy. . .

'Of all the reformed Churches, the Anglican Church, without doubt, approaches nearest to the primitive Churches of Christianity, in all that concerns the hierarchy, discipline, form of worship, &c. This is the reason why it is also the object of my preference.'

The following letter, apparently from the same Abbé, raises a question on which we shall presently offer some considerations. The writer first states that he had long been hoping against hope for an internal reformation of the French Church; but that he is now convinced that any movement in France would rather be toward the rejection of Christianity altogether, than a moderate and 'Gospel' reformation. Consequently, that he has now come to the conclusion that he must act by and for himself. He then declares, that the way in which he had become convinced of the unscriptural and unprimitive character of Romanism, was the study of the books which Rome herself put into his hands as an ecclesiastic, and the thoughts raised in his mind by the consideration of those books. He continues—and his words ought to be deeply weighed by English Churchmen:—

'It is after these considerations, and others no less important, that I have resolved on my separation from Rome, and that I have fixed my choice on the Anglican Church. I have not done it, however, without reading and meditating seriously, for some years past, over the religious books of the principal Christian Churches which have separated from that of the Pope, such as Du Moulin's "Bouclier de la Foi," Calvin's "Christian Institutes," the Prayer-book of the English Church, and the "Apology" of the same Church, by Jewell, and some others, which I began to examine six years after my ordination, and which I have continued to study till the present time; so that my last considerations have served only to justify and confirm the first. It is, then, with full conviction of heart, and after full and ripe consideration, that I judge that it is the will of God, in order that I may secure my own salvation and labour for that of others, that I should leave the Roman Church, and enter the Anglican, which, of all Christian Churches, has, undoubtedly, continued the most faithful to the Word of God, and to the institutions of the Primitive Church.

'Thus convinced, after a thorough scrutiny, that I have to work out my salvation—that salvation which is freely offered me by the mercy of God, in the Church of Jesus Christ, and that I cannot realize this salvation but in the Anglican Church, I will follow the counsel, or, rather, the command of the Gospel. I will knock so long at the door of this Church, that, at length, it will be opened to me. These are my aspirations for the future; I have not others; I will only repeat that I cannot and will not remain longer a member of the Church of Rome—of a Church which begins its career of iniquity by cutting short the two first commandments of God's

law; for which the Word of God is worse than nothing—the merits of Christ null; and which, forsaking the God of heaven, has made for itself and followers an earthly God; that I feel myself called by God to labour usefully for the holy Gospel, if those Christians who profess it in its full purity and simplicity will admit me into their communion, and furnish me with the means. And how can the means be wanting if they are willing? And if they are willing, *quid prohibet?* I will say as Queen Candace's eunuch said to Philip, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?"

'Ah, believe me, indeed, I feel all the prudence of the counsels which your kindness gives me; but the reflections which you suggest to me, I have already made, and made them fully in all their different aspects; the prayers that you suggest to me I have long addressed to the Father of Lights, and I renew them daily. What, then, remains for me to do, but to importune your charity, after the example of the friend in the Gospel, who continued to ask his friend for bread, until it yields to my importunities. Undoubtedly—I wish to repeat it in concluding—your sympathy, as well as that of Mr. ——, and his pious friends, touches me much. I am very gratified for it; . . . for it is good for me to feel, by my own experience, that a Christian is not so entirely exiled, in the midst of an unbelieving world, as to be unable to find in the more remote, as well as the nearer portions of the globe, other Christians who sympathise with him in the Lord Jesus. But do I not owe it to this very friendship to acknowledge frankly that, pleasing and edifying as your sympathy is to me, it will in vain have poured on my wounds the oil and the wine of the good Samaritan, unless, after the first help, it puts me in a state to receive more by taking me out of the road, and bringing me to the inn? Truth constrains me to tell you, that if Providence and your generous sympathy do not inspire you with the thought of charitably receiving me among you, that my conscience may be suffered to rest in our Lord, and my zeal to be sanctified by contact with that of His labourers in the Gospel, notwithstanding all the soothing of the balm, my wounds will not cease to bleed, and to bleed painfully all the rest of my life.

'I have received the last two pamphlets that you sent me; the preceding has not reached me. I read with attention and interest "Liturgica quædam," in order to write you my opinion of it. All that Bishop Cosin says of the Holy Supper, of Penitentiary Priests, of the Sacraments, is very exact, and entirely in conformity with the Liturgy of the Primitive Church, and accords with the conclusions which I had drawn from passages of S. Paul relating to them, and from others in the Holy Gospels, and with the reflections suggested to me by Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, &c. The few lines, '*De animis fidelium,*' answer in the main to my own thoughts; only, either I do not rightly understand some words, or it seems to me that they go perhaps a little too far. They are these,—"*Ideo fructus hujus deprecationis, quam pro mortuis in Christo facimus, prorsus nullus esse non potest.*" They may give room for the errors of Rome concerning purgatory, and all their fatal consequences; but after all, by the context, especially the words which follow immediately, I see that the author may be taken in a sense which does not offend against the faith.

'His reflections, with the text of Scripture to support them, on the blessedness, in some sort incomplete, granted to the souls of the righteous after their death, and on the extension and completion of this blessedness after the great day of judgment, as well as those on the nature and object of this judgment, caused me the greater pleasure, because they are altogether new to me, and have, in a manner, removed a bandage from before my eyes. Truly, notwithstanding my ignorance, I can hardly understand how a part of Holy Scripture, which the explanations of Bishop Cosin

now render so plain to my eyes, could pass up to this time unperceived, not to say misunderstood. For this pleasure in particular permit me to render you double thanks.

'I take occasion, from the beautiful prayers at the end of this little book, to tell you that I have always been struck and edified by the prayers of the English Prayer-Book, and to beg you once more to help me, that I may soon recite with you that which I find at p. 79 of the book:—*Domine Deus Pater luminum et fons omnis sapientiæ . . . . . te rogamus ut qui ad amussim Sanctæ Reformationis nostræ, corruptelas et superstitiones hic grassantes tyrannidem que papalem merito et serio repudiavimus, Fidem Apostolicam et vere Catholicam firmiter et constanter teneamus omnes; tibique rite puro cultu intrepidi serviamus per* JESUM CHRISTUM *Dominum et Servatorem nostrum. Amen, Amen.*'

This letter raises a question which must be answered. What effect do we intend to produce by 'making known' Anglican principles amongst people belonging to Churches in communion with the Church of Rome? What is the purpose of this Association, or, as we should rather put it, what ought to be the purpose of an English Churchman in so doing? Is it to proselytise, in the common sense of the word? Assuredly not. It is not right in principle, it is not good in policy, to attempt to draw away an individual here and an individual there from the communion in which God has placed them, and which He has intended that they should edify by their conversation and learning. With respect to the principle at issue, we entirely agree in the doctrine laid down by a paper lately issued, (whether in connexion with the Anglo-Continental Association or not does not appear,) proposing to renew or originate intercourse and correspondence with the Churches of the East:—'The broad principle,' it is said, 'on which such 'efforts will be made, may be thus stated. It is, as we believe, 'most accordant with the will of God, the spirit of Chris-'tianity and the rules of Church-fellowship, that we should 'endeavour to benefit the members of the various Christian 'communities in the East, in and through their own organization, 'rather than by proselytism, and the encouragement of divisions 'among them. On the other hand, the Association will not be 'required to ignore or deny the existence of corruptions in 'practice and of errors in doctrine in those communions. . . Its 'principle will be that reforms or improvements may, with God's 'blessing, be best expected to arise from within.'[1]

[1] The following is the paper referred to,—

'Proposed Association with a view to intercourse and correspondence with the Churches of the East.

'It has been a matter of deep regret to many members of the Church of England, that notwithstanding occasional attempts have been made to open a friendly correspondence with members of the Greek Church, and of other communities of Eastern Christians, there exists, at this moment, no distinct machinery, by which Englishmen can prove their earnest desire to show Christian fellowship and love towards their Eastern brethren.

This is well said; and in like manner the object of the Anglo-Continental Association ought to be, and plainly is, not to proselytise individuals, but to spread information and to sow seeds which may lead the different National Churches of the Continent to reform themselves upon those true and Catholic principles on which the Church of England reformed herself in the sixteenth century, and which appear to be the only means of ever restoring unity, if God should vouchsafe such a blessing, to the Catholic Church. 'We ourselves,' writes Bishop Bull, 'after the Holy Scriptures, have a singular regard and reverence 'for primæval and pure Antiquity, and we urge all others reli-'giously to follow its consentient judgment where it can be

'There is reason to believe that this feeling exists extensively among English Churchmen, and that the state of the Christians in the East has called forth considerable interest in the minds of many officers in our army and navy, as well as of the chaplains of both our services, during the late war.

'At present, however, there is no organization by which they can carry their wishes into effect.

'In the meantime, the Christianity of the West is almost exclusively represented, in the eyes of the Eastern Christians, by the teaching and practices either of Roman Catholics or of American Dissenters.

'It is submitted, that, in consideration of our own past neglect, the humblest and least ostentatious mode of undertaking this office of Christian fellowship towards long estranged brethren will be the best.

'It is proposed, therefore, that as a commencement an Association be formed with the special object of assisting the CONSTANTINOPLE MISSION recently founded by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. This mission, established primarily to supply the wants of our own people, affords a natural opportunity for cultivating intercourse with the Oriental Churches.

'The object of the proposed Association may be generally stated as follows:—

'1. To support and encourage the English Clergy in Constantinople and other Eastern cities in which they are engaged.

'2. To circulate information by the translation of Liturgies, Catechisms, &c. respecting the principles and present condition of the English Church on the one hand, and of the various Eastern Churches on the other.

'3. To seek all opportunities of cultivating friendly relations with the Churches of the East.

'It is proposed that this attempt be made in the same spirit as that in which the Greek Schools, in Athens, have been for many years so successfully carried on. The Rev. J. Hill has conducted them in such a manner as to raise the tone of religious education throughout Greece, and at the same time to gain the confidence of the Bishops and Clergy of that country.

'The broad principle on which such efforts will be made may be thus stated. It is, as we believe, most accordant with the will of God, the spirit of Christianity, and the rules of Church-fellowship, that we should endeavour to benefit the members of the various Christian communities in the East, in and through their own organization, rather than by proselytism, and the encouragement of divisions among them. On the other hand, the Association will not be required to ignore or deny the existence of corruptions in practice or of errors in doctrine in those communions, or to come to any decision with respect to disputed points of belief.

'In all such matters its principle will be that reforms or improvements may, with God's blessing, be best expected to arise from within, and that while we seek to make for peace, and for the things whereby we may edify one another, we shall not be held responsible either for the existence or for the amendment of evils which must be removed or cured in God's good time by the guidance of His grace, rather than through external dictation or intrusive proselytism.'

'found, (and that is on all points that are of importance,) for we 'are persuaded that this is the best, nay, that this is the only 'way of bringing to an end the unhappy controversies which 'have split the modern Church into so many parts.'[1]

The object, then, of the Association is something far higher, nobler, better than the petty game which Romanism is playing in England. The revivification of whole National Churches is the idea on which it is based, not the withdrawal of a certain number of individuals from those Churches. But what if there are men in those Churches who have groaned over evils which they have been long witnessing and been compelled to share in, and feel that they can bear them no longer? What if in their souls they are convinced that to them it is sin to remain longer where they are? What if zeal for God's Truth and Holiness will not let them rest there? What if they have borne long and been patient, and can bear no more? What if they feel assured that they cannot attain salvation where they are? We have no hesitation in saying that to them it *is* sin to stay behind. They must, with the French Abbé, go forth and seek to 'become a member of a Church, where they will be at last allowed to serve God according to their conscience.'

That such persons exist, and exist in large numbers, cannot be doubted. We read constantly in the newspapers, 'Five 'Italian priests excommunicated for declaring that their faith 'is founded on Scripture.' 'Four Austrian priests imprisoned 'for denying the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.' 'A 'large body of laity in Hungary has renounced the Catholic 'Church, and declared themselves Protestants.' These people are not led by persuasion from without to leave the Roman Church, they are driven by pressure from within. The very French priest whose letters we have quoted became convinced that his position was untenable by means of the books which Rome put into his hands. It is Rome herself which unsettles men's minds by her unwarrantable claims, her new inventions, and her additions to the faith; and when she has thus unsettled them, the only choice that she gives to them in their distress is submission without conviction, or uncontrolled scepticism; in other words, secret or open infidelity. It is impossible to doubt that the writings of English Churchmen would serve to build these men up in the Christian faith if anything could do so,—to point them a way out of the dark valley into which they have descended, which might lead them to a spot where they could find a firm standing-ground for their feet and light for their eyes.

But still again,—for we must face every possible case—

[1] Apologia pro Harmoniâ, sect. i. § 3.

suppose that it should be by the instrumentality of these publications that a man was brought into a state of disquiet,—suppose that a man, who might have lived and died quietly acquiescing in the Tridentine decrees, were roused by their perusal to doubt the safety of his position, that his doubts led him on to conviction, that his conviction imperiously compelled him to come forth from the communion to which he belonged, and that he acted upon that conviction; should we be prepared to accept the responsibility entailed upon us by such a step? Undoubtedly we might do so without the slightest hesitation or scruple. We should imagine that the person authorized to speak in behalf of the Association would say, 'Stay where you 'are,—work for an internal reformation of your country's 'Church,—strive to cast off the burden of the Tridentine creed 'and council from off her neck,—try to model her doctrines and 'practices according to the doctrines and practices of the 'Primitive Church, and possess your own soul in patience.' But if, after all, the reply should be, 'I must flee for my life,—I must come forth or I die,'—then we ought to be ready, nay, thankful, to receive that weary soul, and become the medium of placing it where it can find pasture and live in peace of conscience. This opens up a large sphere of work for the Society, of which we have yet said nothing, and of which we see no report as yet among its operations. It ought to have its Colleges and Schools, French, Italian, Spanish, where men might be received for awhile as into harbours of refuge, and where, too, it might be tested whether they were worthy to labour in the ministry of the Church. There would be abundance of work for them to do among the foreigners who swarm in the streets of London, utterly neglected by the Church, and most of them sunk in infidelity and practical heathenism.

We return for further indications of what the Society is doing in France. Our readers are probably many of them acquainted with the 'Observateur Catholique,' at least by name.[1] It is the organ of the high Gallican party, it appears twice a month, and is written with great vigour and ability. This periodical has noticed, in the most friendly terms, each of the French publications as they have appeared; and we find the following general estimate of the Association:—

'A Society has been founded in England, under the patronage of a great number of Bishops, for the purpose of making known on the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church. The works which it has hitherto published are distinguished by their learning and moderation. They are well suited to do away with many prejudices respecting this Church, which is

[1] Messrs. Williams & Norgate have become agents in London for this publication.

wrongly represented simply as a branch of Protestantism, and on which the "Univers" heaps its calumnies.'[1]

The 'L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique' is noticed shortly (vol. iii. p. 20), and an article of four or five pages is given to the Bishop of Oxford's sermon on the Immaculate Conception. The writer quotes, with the highest approbation, the passage in which the Bishop excellently points out the difference between an explication of the ancient creed and an addition to it (p. 126), and also his eloquent warning against the uncatholic corruptions of Romanism (p. 129). 'The orator,' writes the reviewer, 'says right well that the doctrine of the 'Immaculate Conception directly attacks that of the Incarnation' (p. 127). 'The English Church has in its bosom a great number 'of learned men who love Christian Antiquity' (p. 128). 'The 'sermon of the Bishop of Oxford is full of learning, reason, and 'eloquence' (p. 129). Indeed, this sermon, and its powerful protest against the new dogma of 1854, is exactly adapted to meet the feelings of those honest Gallican Churchmen who are making a stand against the overflowing tide of Ultramontanism on the principles of Bossuet. It is to these men, and such men as these, that the Association must address itself. To earn the patronising and contemptuous approbation of the Ultramontane party, as such, would not be possible, and if such approbation could be had, it would only be degrading and shameful to those on whom it was bestowed.

The same authority makes the following remarks on the 'Erreurs historiques qui existent dans la Communion Romaine à l'égard de l'Eglise Anglicane:'—

'The author of this pamphlet is the Rev. Cleveland Coxe, Rector of Grace Church, Baltimore. The work is written with moderation, and the reasoning is good. The chief object of the Rev. Cleveland Coxe is to prove (in opposition to the author of a life of Father Claver, a Jesuit, approved by M. Parisis) that people on the Continent know very little of the doctrine and history of the Reformation in England. As to the historical question, he maintains and proves that Henry VIII. was always much opposed to the Reformation, in spite of his disputes with Rome, and that he persecuted those who showed themselves partisans of that Reformation. As to the dogmatic question, the author declares that it is a mistake to confound Anglicanism with Protestantism. The English Church, according to the Rev. Cleveland Coxe, acknowledges as the basis of Catholicity:—1. Holy Scripture; 2. The preservation of the apostolic succession; 3. The profession of the Nicene Creed; 4. The reception of the definitions of the four first general Councils. It also acknowledges as a rule of faith, what has been so well expressed by S. Vincent of Lerins, *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.* From this the conclusion must follow, that the Anglican Church is not Protestant. The dispute between it and the Roman Church concerns only matters of fact; namely, whether

[1] No. 28, Nov. 16, 1856.

in the sixteenth century it did not on several points depart from the traditional Catholic faith, universally received during the first centuries, and still held by the Roman and Eastern Churches. The chief questions to be debated would be those of the Sacraments, and of the Primacy of the Pope. Is the Bishop of Rome only the Patriarch of the West? Had he not in the first centuries a primacy of honour and jurisdiction, such as is ascribed to him by the Gallicans, over the whole Church? As to the Sacraments, were there not seven acknowledged in the Primitive Church, as they are still acknowledged in the Roman Church, in the Greek and Armenian Churches, and generally in the whole Christian Church, except by Protestants since the sixteenth century? Does not the Anglican Church admit the doctrine of Calvin concerning the Sacraments, and is it not Protestant on that point? These are the subjects on which there ought to be a serious, charitable, and truly Christian discussion between the Roman Catholics and the Anglicans. We regret that there is an omission on these subjects, in the pamphlet that we are examining.

'We shall have occasion to return to this subject when we examine other works in favour of the Anglican Church published by the Association for making its principles known on the Continent. The Rev. Cleveland Coxe's pamphlet belongs to this collection.'—Vol. iii. p. 249, Feb. 1857.

In a later number appear notices of 'Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales,' and of 'Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ Religio, Disciplina, Ritusque Sacri':—

'These two little works are some of the tracts that have been published to make the doctrine of the Anglican Church known on the Continent. We have observed, especially, what they declare concerning the Sacraments.

'The English Church admits of only two, Baptism and the Eucharist; but it acknowledges, under the title of *sacramental ceremonies*, Confirmation, Penance, Extreme Unction,[1] Orders, and Marriage. These sacramental ceremonies are means by which grace is conferred on souls properly prepared for it; they are therefore true Sacraments in the Catholic sense of the word. The English Church appears to refuse them this title because they are only of apostolic or ecclesiastical institution. Can it be believed that the Apostles would have conferred confirmation on the newly baptized of Samaria, immediately after the Ascension of Jesus Christ, if that ceremony had not been instituted by Christ Himself? The five *sacramental ceremonies* of the English Church are found in the most ancient monuments of the history of the Church, under the title of Sacraments. The Eastern Churches, like that of Rome, admit seven Sacraments. The distinction between the five *sacramental ceremonies* and the Sacraments is nowhere to be found but in the English Church; we think, therefore, that that Church ought to reject it. This sacrifice would be the easier, because its doctrine is orthodox at the bottom, and because there is nothing in the prayers which accompany the sacramental ceremonies that is not in conformity with those used by the Roman Church in the same ceremonies, to which, in common with all ecclesiastical Antiquity, it gives the name of Sacraments.

'With respect to the Eucharist, the English Church does not admit *Transubstantiation*, but it, nevertheless, believes in the Real Presence... Its doctrine on Orders is perfectly correct, with the exception of the words *sacramental ceremony*.'—Vol. iv. p. 98, May, 1857.

[1] The Visitation of the Sick is here referred to.

The article from which these extracts are taken created considerable sensation; and on the 16th of last month (September), the editors of the 'Observateur Catholique' recur again to this subject. 'We have received,' they say, 'a great number of letters written in opposition to our statements.' They proceed to give one, sent them by one of their constant readers, M. Perue. 'Are you quite sure,' he writes, 'that the authors of 'these works or treatises for making known the doctrines of 'the Anglican Church are really faithful representatives of 'the Church of which they are ministers?' So incredible does it appear to a well-iuformed Frenchman, that the English Church does really hold the doctrines attributed to it in the 'Doctrine de l'Eglise Anglicane relative aux Sacrements et aux Cérémonies Sacramentales,' although that little tract consists *wholly* of extracts from the Prayer-book, and contains nothing which could startle the most cautious and scrupulous English Churchman. In the same paper the 'Observateur' prints a letter received from the Rev. R. S. Hunt, incumbent of Edell, in Kent, explaining shortly and simply in what sense the word Sacrament is confined to Baptism and tbe Lord's Supper, and in what sense it may be used more loosely, not only for Confirmation, Absolution, and Holy Orders, but for a multitude of other things. The editors repeat that they think the English Church wrong in acknowledging only two Sacraments properly so called, and in rejecting transubstantiation, but 'for the present' put off a full discussion of the subject. 'We will only now say,' they conclude, 'that the doctrine of the Roman 'and Eastern Churches on the Sacraments, would soon be 'admitted by the Anglican Church if Ultramontanism were 'not tbere to shackle the re-union with its demands. Some 'words of explanation would be enough to dissipate the mis-'understandings which at present exist, and to remove all 'obstacles.'[1]

'The rise of a Primitive School among Romanists themselves 'has been the most desirable, and, at the same time, the most 'hopeless of all imaginable blessings,' says Mr. Coxe.[2] The 'Observateur Catholique' does represent such a School; and altbough they may not and do not accord on all points, we hope that the English clergy and laity who form the Association, and the French clergy and laity who support the 'Observateur Catholique,' will cordially cooperate together. Our next quotation will be from the organ of a very different school of thought, the 'Revue de Paris.' We need scarcely say that the

[1] Vol. iv. p. 325, September, 1857.
[2] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 34.

Society does not enjoy such distinguished direction as that which the 'Revue' attributes to it:—

'We think the time well chosen for the publication that the English Church has just undertaken. An Association patronized by the chief Bishops of England, and directed, unless we are mistaken, by Mr. Gladstone, proposes to make the fundamental Principles of Anglicanism known on the Continent. Pamphlets, translated into all the different languages of the Continent, will enable sincere minds to know the doctrines of a powerful Church far otherwise than by the insults of the "Univers," and the declamations of the other Ultramontane journals. We have read many of these pamphlets with real interest. One of them, entitled, "L'Eglise Anglicane n'est point Schismatique," is an historical abridgment, very well done, of the successive encroachments of the Bishop of Rome. The author, Mr. F. Meyrick, remounts to the origin of the papal power, and follows its progress through successive centuries. He shows what was long the constitution of the Church, the supremacy of some Bishops, the legislation of Councils. It was a Republic, and not a Monarchy. This work is instructive in every way. We need not add that the importance which we attach to it is purely historical. Whether the form that the Church has taken at different times has been republican or monarchical, there is an authority here which we cannot acknowledge. Any government over consciences, whatever be its outward character, whether exercised by the authority of an individual or by that of an assembly, ignores the very constitution of human nature. As it does not depend on me whether I believe or not, no dogma, even if it were recognised by unanimous suffrage, ought to be imposed on my reason. Evidence alone has power over it; the assent of enlightened minds is a grave presumption in favour of a dogma, but it is nothing more. However this may be, this little book is worth reading; it is full of facts and of curious extracts.

'We have also remarked another pamphlet, entitled "Rome et son nouveau Dogme." It is a sermon against the Immaculate Conception, preached by the Bishop of Oxford. It is a calm discussion, a lesson on theology and history, rather than a sermon such as they preach on this side of the Channel. . . . . Violence of language is very rare in these different publications, and especially so in this discourse of the Bishop of Oxford. What distinguishes these little books from those of our Ultramontanes is the union of much learning, moderation, and dignity. The translation, due to the practised pen of M. F. Godfray, has a purity of style which does not exclude elegance and vivacity. We do not think it likely that these publications will produce many conversions among us, for after reading the profession of faith of the Anglican Church, we do not see wherein the Catechism of Anglo-Catholics differs essentially from that of the Gallicans.'—Tom. 37, p. 158, May, 1857.

From this and other evidence which might be brought, we may conclude that the Society has certainly done something—more indeed than could reasonably be expected of it, considering the short time during which it has been in existence—towards 'making known upon the Continent the Principles of the Anglican Church.' And this is its primary object. Let the Society make known the Principles of Anglicanism, and let the knowledge of those Principles bring about its own result, whatever that result may be. In the estimation of some, the

natural result of our Principles being better known, would be a greater readiness on the part of foreign Catholics to accept us as Churchmen, and acknowledge us as brethren. If such is the result, so be it. In the estimation of others the knowledge of Anglican Principles will be likely to lead to a desire after Anglican practices, to a dislike of those doctrines and practices which are distinctly Roman, and to a wish among members of the different National Churches of the Continent to break from off their neck the yoke of Rome, after the precedent of the Anglican Church. Again we say, if such is the result, so be it. If we honestly believe and trust in our own position and doctrines, like true-hearted Churchmen, we cannot fear any result whatever which can ensue from that position and those doctrines being fairly set forth in the sight of all the world. Be the consequences what they may either to ourselves or to others, no one but the most arrant coward could on that account draw back or hold his hand. Provided that we have a loyal confidence in Anglican Church Principles, we can have no kind of fear for the results of an intelligent appreciation of them by foreign Christians, either with respect to others or to ourselves.

Whether that unity which has been forfeited by the sins of men shall ever be vouchsafed to Christians by the great Head of the Church, it is not for us to say. But of one thing we are sure—that every Anglican Churchman who prays for the unity of Christ's body, and attempts anything, however small, to bring it about, must do it professedly and distinctively upon Anglican Church principles. He must not dream of compromising Truth for the sake of conciliating either Rome or Geneva. He must not acknowledge a false centre of unity with the followers of the Pope, nor mistake an unorganized and unsubstantial agreement in differences for Catholic unity with the members of the Evangelical Alliance. Union in the Truth is the means and the only means of producing unity of spirit, and from unity of spirit flows unity of organization. It must be on the solid platform of Primitive Truth that Greece, Rome, England, German Protestantism, and English and American Dissent, must take their stand together, and reconcile their differences, if ever that is to take place; and the Principles of the Primitive Church are in a special manner the Principles of the Anglican Church. Those words of De Maistre, which have been chosen for the motto of one of the Society's publications, are most remarkable, and, considering the person from whom they emanate, astonishing:—'Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les 'y invite, il semble que la motion doit partir de l'Eglise d'An-'gleterre . . . Elle peut être considérée comme un de ces 'intermèdes chimiques capables de rapprocher des éléments in-

'associables de leur nature.'[1] 'So,' says Mr. Cleveland Coxe, 'wrote the Count De Maistre, a close observer of Continental 'Protestants and of the Russo-Greek Church; but one of the 'most bigoted Ultramontanists that ever strove to make the 'worse appear the better reason in behalf of Rome. Perhaps 'he said it "not of himself." It was written before the present 'century opened, and what sign of such a *movement* existed then? 'But now, when we find deep calling unto deep, religious 'movement characterizing the whole Church, and all that is not 'unreal and reactionary setting towards one result, it becomes 'England and English Christians to recognise this noble mission 'of their Church.'[2] 'Among the Continental Primitivists,' continues the American presbyter, 'the writer cannot but think 'that things are ready for an important influence from England. 'Let them know that there are English sympathies and English 'prayers for them: let many run to and fro, and let knowledge 'be increased. Yes—*the knowledge of each other!* Is Christ 'divided? Are we not one body in Him? And should anything '*but their own fault* separate us from truly pious and Catholic 'reformers at such a time as this?'[3] 'Why,' cries a preacher in the University pulpit at Oxford, 'why will we sit still and 'do nothing towards displaying to the Continental Churches 'the true character of the Anglican Church? Why will we 'allow that which ought to be dearest to each one of us—our 'Faith and our Church—to be misrepresented and misunder-'stood, and not utter one word to silence calumny and enlighten 'ignorance? Why will we not show to weary-hearted men 'who are stretching out their hands if haply they may find the 'Truth, a living example, as far as may be, of the Church of 'S. Augustine which their souls long for? Why will not we 'set an example before their eyes whereby they too may work 'out their own reformation upon Catholic principles, instead of 'burying themselves in one of the two abysses—Infidelity or 'Superstition?'[4] 'It is not now for the first time,' writes the French Abbé whose letters have been already quoted, speaking of the 'Validité des Ordinations de l'Eglise Anglicane,'—'it is 'not now for the first time that I have learnt to believe that 'God has done a special grace to the universal Church in 'allowing the sacred hierarchy of the Church to have been 'present in all its integrity and legitimacy, at the stormy time 'of the Reformation, in the bosom of that noble nation which 'has now become the first nation of Europe and of the globe,

[1] Considérations sur la France, p. 27. Ed. 1852.
[2] Sympathies of the Continent, p. 48. [3] Ibid.
[4] Two Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, on May 29th and Nov. 5th, 1854, by Rev. F. Meyrick, p. 44.

'and appears destined by Providence one day to recall all the 'peoples of the earth to the purity of the Faith, and the 'holiness of the morals of the Gospel.'

Whether such anticipations as are shadowed out in these quotations are the result of ardent aspiration, or whether they are sober probabilities, time will show. Meantime we wish God speed to the Association whose operations we have been considering. Whatever may be the further results of its labours, its work of setting forth Anglican Church principles fairly and honestly is a good work, and can produce nothing but good. The directors of the Association have, we think, taken the best means that were in their power of accomplishing the task which they set before themselves. But they have scarcely as yet taken a step or two along the one course which they have opened to themselves. They have before them not only the labour of preparing many more books of Anglican divinity, small and great, for perusal in all parts of the Continent and in all languages, but they have also to organize a system of dissemination of their publications better than that which at present exists. The state of our foreign chaplaincies and congregations, again, opens a sphere of labour which is in itself enormous. And the foreigners in London demand a supply for their religious needs in the shape of Churches, Colleges, Schools, Clergy, Catechists. The Society is right to confine itself at present to its publications and their distribution, but this is not all that it has before it. It is evident, however, that it must be supported much more largely and much more liberally if it is to rise to its needs, and to take a recognised place among our great Church Societies as occupying ground which is not covered by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, or any other of the Home or Foreign Societies which act as the organs of the Church.

ART. IV.—*Men and Women*. By ROBERT BROWNING. In Two Volumes. London: Chapman & Hall.

THE reviewer who undertakes the criticism of some famous and popular poet of his own or an earlier day, a Tennyson, a Dante, a Homer, enjoys, despite the arduousness of his task, some great and obvious advantages. He can assume on the part of his readers a tolerable knowledge of the basis of facts on which his superstructure is raised. Mere allusions will at once be understood; the invitation to notice particular beauties of thought and expression will please admirers by whom the merits referred to have been unobserved, will please still more those who have already selected such passages as favourites. Even censures, if not always acquiesced in, may awaken interest, and afford matter for reflection.

It is far otherwise when we feel that we cannot calculate upon the reader's intimate acquaintance with the writings to be analysed and made the subject of comment. The twofold process of rendering an account of the poems, and at the same time expressing opinions on their value, is perplexing to the writer, and but too likely to weary the reader. The latter is more inclined to distrust a guide over whose course he has so little control, and who may unconsciously distort the evidence, so as to support his own private views. Nevertheless, the office of such a critic, though a more humble one, may prove to many quite as useful, if they are thereby led to the study of an unduly neglected bard, and find the path to the comprehension of his difficulties in any degree smoothed and facilitated.

Although there may be among those whose eyes alight upon these pages, some who are more deeply versed than ourselves in the works of Mr. Browning, such readers will form but a small minority of our circle, and it is our wish to address the larger number. We propose, then, to give an account of the productions of this poet, to examine in detail some of the more important, to notice his chief claims (in our judgment), to admiration, along with his principal defects, and to try to assign to him his fitting place among the living poets of Great Britain.

It would be a waste of words to enter at any length into the history of the phases of our national poetry since the days of Queen Anne. This task has often been performed, and we may be content to accept the brief summary given by Mr. Robertson, in his 'Lectures on the Influence of Poetry.' There was, firstly,

the poetry of conventional society, of which Pope is the greatest and ablest representative. Then came the French Revolution, and with it the poetry of sentiment and passion; too often, as is seen in Byron, of morbid sentiment, and unhealthy, because unchastened, passion. The work-day tendencies of our own age, and the rapid strides of physical science, are, not unnaturally, thought to have led by reaction to the poetry of mysticism; among whose votaries may be named Wordsworth,[1] the present laureate, and Robert Browning.

The peculiar form of Mr. Browning's mysticism appears to arise from this, that his poems almost invariably attempt to grapple with some of the more recondite difficulties of life. Plain questions admit of plain solutions, but our poet loves to deal with a class of problems which have been usually supposed (as it has been happily said) to defy description and elude analysis. The struggles of solitary and unaided genius with the masses, and its peculiar dangers and temptations, as in 'Paracelsus;' the power of hidden agencies, the influence of what to human eyes looks small, over that which appears great, as in 'Pippa Passes;' the difficulties which undue distrust creates, and the way in which it may actually evoke the treachery which it is pre-determined to suspect, as in 'Luria;' the difference between quiet firmness, and loquacious but evanescent vaunting, as in 'A Soul's Tragedy;' the unsatisfying nature of all earthly joys, as in 'Easter-Day;' these, and a multitude of kindred themes, mingled with many of a gentler kind, of exquisite grace and tenderness, are handled by Mr. Browning with remarkable depth of thought, freshness, and originality. That language should occasionally sink under the stress thus laid upon it, is not remarkable; the moralist, the metaphysician, and the theologian, all in turn complain of the insufficiency of their instrument. But in Mr. Browning's hands, our mother tongue executes, we believe, as much as it is capable of in these departments of thought; it is terse, vigorous, flowing, and almost always admirably *en rapport* with his subject.

---

[1] The following lines of Wordsworth may be fitly instanced as tending to show the manner in which physical discovery often affects poetic minds:—

'Desire we past illusions to recal!
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
No,—let this age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide,
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncross'd by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress towards the fount of Love.'

That such writings should be difficult, that they should frequently need a clue, is almost a condition of their existence. Yet we venture to affirm that careful students of these poems will seldom be found at variance as to their main drift and intention; and that the key, once supplied by the more deeply to the less deeply read, will in most cases be felt and acknowledged for the true one. And unless he be of maturer age than to be capable of deriving pleasure from a style of poetry so different from that to which his earlier years were accustomed, or be disinclined to mysticism in every shape and form, we would certainly recommend the lover of poetry not to be daunted by the first blush of difficulty, but to persevere. He will probably ere long be surprised at his own indifference, when he comes to perceive the richness, variety, and nutriveness of the feast which is spread before him.

We commence with 'Paracelsus;' partly because it stands first in order of time, partly because it is the most difficult,[1] and may thus be accepted by the reader as a kind of test of his capability of taking interest in Mr. Browning's creations. If he is not repelled by the obscurities of 'Paracelsus,' we may safely reckon upon his acceptance of subsequent works of equal interest, and far less difficulty. Let us first glance at the actual history of this aspirant after knowledge.

Paracelsus was born A.D. 1493, at the little town of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, a place not unknown to our summer tourists. His names at length were, Philip Aureole Theophrastus Bombast of Hobenheim, the surname being Grecised into Paracelsus, according to the fashion of the day, as exhibited by Melancthon, Œcolampadius, and others. His name of Bombast, or Bumbastus, has passed into an unhappy celebrity; the *bombastic* phraseology of his lectures having stamped the word with the signification which it has ever since retained. Believed by his admirers to be a successful alchemist, and almost infallible healer of disease, he was reviled by his enemies as a mere quack, a drunkard, a dealer in magic, possessing a bird of evil incantations in the handle of the long sword usually worn by him. (Mr. Browning, whose notes supply us with materials for this sketch, here reminds us of the lines from 'Hudibras:'—

> 'Bumbastus kept a devil's bird,
> Shut in the pummel of his sword;
> That taught him all the cunning pranks
> Of past and future mountebanks).'

[1] These remarks apply only to our author's acknowledged and extant works. We have heard that a small volume entitled 'Pauline' is by Mr. Browning, and prior to 'Paracelsus' in date of publication; likewise that 'Sordello,' which is now withdrawn from circulation, is still more difficult to understand than 'Paracelsus.'

After long wanderings in the East, and over a great part of Europe, he was appointed, through the interest of the Reformer Œcolampadius, to the Professorship of Physic in the University of Basle (or, as Mr. Browning more correctly terms it, Basil). He commenced by publicly burning the works of Galen and Avicenna, and announcing his own sovereignty over the healing art. A quarrel with a magistrate compelled him to fly from Basle, and after many changes of residence (some being compulsory), he died in a hospital at Salzburg, at the age of forty-eight, in the autumn of 1541.

An unpromising subject this, at first sight, for the hero of a poem! But we must first consider the merits of Paracelsus, and the many palliations for his faults. He was liberal and uncovetous; he *did* perform many wonderful cures, and may fairly, in Mr. Browning's judgment, claim to be the father of modern chemistry. It is curious that in France, since the publication of the poem, and, perhaps, in consequence of it, the fame of Paracelsus as a *savant* has been renewed. If Paracelsus paid too little respect to the memory of his predecessors in his own department of science, he shares this fault with many a reformer; witness Aristotle, Luther, Bacon. If he displayed temper, it was under great provocation. If his theological tenets were wild and pantheistic, it must be remembered that he lived in an age of great religious excitement, and numbered Zuinglius as well as Œcolampadius, among his acquaintance.

Mr. Browning's poem is dramatic in its form. But in the preface to the original edition he explained, correctly enough, that it differed from the ordinary drama, inasmuch as there was no 'recourse to the external machinery of incidents to create and evolve the crisis.' If we take a drama, as for instance, 'Hamlet,' we see at once that the character of the hero is brought out by the events which befal him; the discovery of his father's murder, the usurpation of his uncle, the marriage of his mother to the murderer. And thus Goethe's celebrated critique upon this play commences with the inquiry, 'What 'sort of person would Hamlet have been, if the tenor of his life 'had been unbroken by the shock of these calamities?' But if the central figure in a poem be that of a thinker whose course has been comparatively uneventful, the development must be represented as occasioned (in Miltonic language) by the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's heart from within, rather than by the changes of that which is called fortune from without.

Such was the task attempted by our poet at (we believe) the early age of three-and-twenty. He has not taken up the position of a mere defender of the fame of Paracelsus; he does not simply point out that this supposed quack and magician had

discovered the circulation of the blood and the sanguification of the heart; that he has been recognised by Vossius as a great chemist, and by Lavater as a forerunner in the cultivation of practical physiognomy; that he has probably hinted many things in his neglected books, which have since been cleverly appropriated, and thus enabled other men to obtain reputation and applause. But admitting, along with these merits, a certain decadence in the *morale* of Paracelsus as he proceeds in life, the poet forms a conception of his character which shall explain, by the existence of a flaw from the beginning, the gradual failure of his schemes, and the ruin which overtook them in the end. It is obvious that with the correctness of this conception viewed biographically, we have little or nothing to do. A fair case might, no doubt, be made for its truthfulness as matter of fact. But all that we need ask in criticising a poet, is whether he has drawn a clear, intelligible, consistent portrait? And in proportion to the general ignorance surrounding the memory of any man is the smallness of the wrong effected by a representation not in accordance with literal truth. We do not inquire very critically as to the likeness of the picture of a medieval founder which graces the hall of a college, though we do require that he shall not be represented in vestments of a modern guise. *If* Shakspeare has overcharged the accusations against the character of Richard III.; *if* Schiller has misrepresented Wallenstein; *if* Mr. Henry Taylor has calumniated S. Dunstan, (we are only putting the case hypothetically,)—then a real wrong has been done, because these personages are all conspicuous in history, and in the last instance connected with questions which seriously affect our inward life. But as regards Paracelsus, if his poetic glorifier has overrated his merits, this can hardly be said to disturb any previously formed opinions, since most of us never had any; to say nothing of the fact, that of the two, undue praise is at least a more charitable excess than over-condemnation.

The plan of the poem is as follows. In part the first Paracelsus expounds to his friends Festus and Michal (Festus's wife), in their garden at Würzburg, his aspirations after knowledge, after universal truth, and his desire to traverse the world in search of it. They try, but vainly, to retain him. This scene, headed 'Paracelsus aspires,' is supposed to take place in 1512. The next, wherein 'Paracelsus attains,' is fixed some nine years later. The knowledge-seeker is then at Constantinople. Despite his attainments, he is desponding and dissatisfied, and is only saved from utter despair by the entrance of a mysterious person, an Italian poet, named Aprile, who throws some light upon the probable causes of Paracelsus's ill-success. Five

years pass, and we find our hero in his professorial chair at Basle. His sentiments have undergone some change. His yearnings after knowledge for its own sake have yielded to the more reasonable desire of imparting to others what he has already acquired. For this end he is content to relax in his endeavours after more knowledge, and to resign his search after absolute truth. The fourth part exhibits Paracelsus at Colmar, in Alsatia, after his forced flight from Basle, where men's misplaced admiration for his inferior gifts had been succeeded by a still more unreasonable opposition and undervaluation of his real powers. The injustice he has suffered has engendered a feeling of bitter contempt for his fellow-men, and (like too many others before and since, as *e. g.* Robert Burns) he has sought solace from the failure of his great and beneficent schemes in lower delights, the joys of earth and sense. And if men will honour him, not for his really important discoveries and lofty aspirations, but simply for showing off the mere marvels of his art, let the dupes be duped; in his contempt he will play the charlatan. The last book brings us to the death-bed of the philosopher, in the hospital of S. Sebastian, at Salzburg. He is humbled; he sees his errors, firstly, in the attempt to disregard his brother-men, and then, in expecting too much from them, making no allowance for their imperfections, and not perceiving the good frequently latent in their mistakes.

Many are the questions incidentally discussed in this poem. Upon some of these we may touch as we proceed. And, firstly, as regards the original flaw in the designs of Paracelsus. His friend Festus maintains that Paracelsus is seeking knowledge too much for its own sake; that he had far better, instead of wild and desultory travel, study calmly in some retreat already dedicated to learning:—

> 'You, if a man may, dare aspire to KNOW:
> And that this aim shall differ from a host
> Of aims alike in character and kind,
> Mostly in this,—to seek its own reward
> In itself only, not an alien end
> To blend therewith; no hope, nor fear, nor joy,
> Nor woe, to elsewhere move you, but this pure
> Devotion to sustain you or betray:
> Thus you aspire.'

And when Paracelsus objects to such a representation of his intention, and professes an earnest desire to serve God, who has directed the choice of his career, and summoned him to be his instrument, the reply of Festus contains the following remarkable lines:—

'Presume not to serve God apart from such
Appointed channel as He wills shall gather
Imperfect tributes—for that sole obedience
Valued, perchance. He seeks not that his altars
Blaze—careless how, so that they do but blaze.'

Young and ardent, the aspirant is not yet to be daunted. In the conviction that the consciousness of power is a proof that it was meant to be employed according to the yearnings of the possessor, he makes use of one of those fine comparisons which are scattered with liberal hand throughout these poems:—

'Be sure that God
Ne'er dooms to waste the strength He deigns impart!
Ask the gier-eagle why she stoops at once
Into the vast and unexplored abyss,
What full-grown power informs her from the first,
Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
The silent boundless regions of the sky!'

A like call is on *him* to travel in quest of truth; to bring new hopes to animate the world; new lights for the human race, lights whose glory shall be an anticipation of heaven. Festus urges, at least, a respectful attention to the footprints of the mighty dead, but the existing state of mankind is urged as a proof that the teaching of past would-be sages is contemptible, and Paracelsus again intimates that his service for mankind is a mere thing by the way, not by any means his main object. On this hint Festus utters his warning:—

'Look well to this; here is a plague-spot, here,
Disguise it how you may! 'Tis true, you utter
This scorn while by our side and loving us;
'Tis but a spot as yet, but it will break
Into a hideous blotch if overlooked.
How can that course be safe which from the first
Produces carelessness to human love?'

(The reader may possibly be reminded of one of Mr. Tennyson's most didactic poems, 'The Palace of Art,' and its well-known lines:—

'And he that shuts Love out in turn shall be
Shut out from Love, and on the threshold lie
Howling in outer darkness.'

But though the lesson may be practically identical in both cases, the mode of treatment is entirely distinct.)

We next, as has been said, find Paracelsus, nine years later, at Constantinople, in 'The House of the Greek Conjuror.' His course (as Festus feared) has been, as that of a man, downwards, although he may have made progress as a *savant*. The mere

wish to consult a wizard reminds one of that monarch who began so well, and put down witchcraft, and then, in his day of misery and spiritual declension, sought out the cave at Endor. The knowledge-seeker feels his fall. He remembers the depth of his affection for Einsiedeln, and his friends there, and the loftiness of the visions which he then cherished:—

> 'Then—God was pleased to take me by the hand;
> Now—any miserable juggler bends
> My pride to him:'—

and, after a soliloquy of much depth and grandeur, is roused by the voice of Aprile, the Italian poet, who arrives at this important juncture to see him and to die. What is the precise meaning of this episode? A careful and conscientious critic in the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' for August 1851, while confessing himself perplexed, suggests that we may see in Aprile an emblem of the genius of antiquity which is passing away before the newer spirit represented by Paracelsus. Now we are so much indebted to this critique of M. Milsand's in what has been written, that it is with diffidence that we venture to dissent from him. But not being convinced of the justice of his view in this respect, we are compelled to put forth our own, which only partially coincides with his.

Perfect knowledge, perfect love—these are the highest aims of God's creatures. Theologians tell us that of two angelic orders, the cherubim and seraphim, cherubs know the most, and seraphs love the most. Yet neither order is supposed to be destitute of the other's graces. And so, too, with mankind. Some systems seem to end in what may be termed the cherubic view; more in the seraphic: yet a continual intermingling and strange crossing of lines is oftentimes, so to speak, visible in the framework. It has been observed that among inspired teachers, the most learned of Apostles is the one who addresses the Corinthians on the supremacy of love; while the Epistle of the beloved disciple is precisely that which most abounds in allusions to light and knowledge. The most philosophic of English divines, a calm and profound reasoner, leads us from the contemplation of human nature to that of the love of God, and maintains that knowledge cannot be the chief good of man.[1] Nevertheless, affection without knowledge may degenerate into feebleness. In the words of a living writer,—'Doubtless, if to 'appreciate the use of the understanding were to undervalue 'that deeper science of the affections, if there were any incom- 'patibility, any, even the slightest opposition, between the exer- 'cise of one and of the other, we should do well to forego even

[1] Bp. Butler's XIVth Sermon.

'the intellectual discipline, rather than dry up the living foun-
'tains of the heart: but yet reason is a genuine and glorious
'gift, and an instrument of the highest order for the attain-
'ment of truth; and there is no natural opposition, but a
'natural concord, between the exercise of reason and the growth
'of the affections; and the true progress of a man is dependent
'in great measure on that union.'[1]

Now Paracelsus has been exhibited as from the first deficient in real love for his fellow-creatures. He is indeed attached to Festus and Michal; but that attachment is something almost extraneous from his course, though in his better moments he feels its value. Aprile is at the opposite pole.

> '*Paracels.* I am he that aspired to KNOW—and thou?
> *Aprile.* I would LOVE infinitely, and be loved?'

It is, however, curious, and we presume not unintentional, that while the knowledge-seeker becomes the man of *science*, the lover of his kind is portrayed as a votary of *art*. The love for man and nature which Aprile feels, he wished to embody in the creations of sculpture, of painting, of poetry, and of music. And if, as is possible, the mention of sculpture suggested to M. Milsand the idea of antiquity, let it be remembered that ancient art, however successful with the chisel, did little worth mentioning with the pencil, and most probably never soared beyond the very rudiments of music. The speech of Aprile might be fitly quoted as an exemplification of the varied nature of Mr. Browning's powers, for both in manner and matter it is extremely different from those placed in the mouth of Paracelsus: but we have not space for it. The lesson taught by Aprile, beyond the obvious one of our general need of the union of love and knowledge, appears to us to be as follows:—The man of science must use his knowledge, not only (in the noble phrase of Bacon) 'for the glory of God,' but also for 'the relief of man's estate.' The artist must not, in his passion for the ideal, contemn the laborious toil by which the scientific interpreter of nature arrives at *his* results. A comment on this episode might perhaps be gathered from Schiller's poem of 'The Artists,' made accessible to English readers by the translation of Sir E. B. Lytton, though Schiller seems less favourable to the claims of science than the author of the poem before us. We must also remark, in passing, on Mr. Browning's love for music. We are told, by one skilled in the instrument, that one of the poems in 'Men and Women' (Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha) is simply a description of a fugue upon the organ. Mr. Browning is said, by common report, to be an admirable

[1] Gladstone on Church Principles.

musician, and his ideas of the functions of music suit excellently with the mystical character of beauty which pervades the work of some modern composers, more especially of the school of Mendelssohn. Aprile, when he is supposed to have carried sculpture, painting, and poetry, to their utmost limit, adds with great felicity—

> 'This done, to perfect and consummate all,
> Even as a luminous haze links star to star,
> I would supply all chasms with music, breathing
> Mysterious notions of the soul, no way
> To be defined save in strange melodies.'

It may, however, be asked, how far we can be reasonably expected to accept poetry, in which the meaning of the introduction of one personage is so obscure, that even admiring critics are not thoroughly agreed respecting it. Now it does so happen that we have just laid down the third volume of Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters' at the place where (pp. 220, 221,) he quotes a very beautiful passage from the '*Purgatorio*,' describing the appearance of a lady presumed by commentators to be the celebrated Countess Matilda, the contemporary of Hildebrand. 'The question is then,' says Mr. Ruskin, 'what is the 'symbolic character of the Countess Matilda, as the guiding 'spirit of the terrestrial paradise?' Now, we do not mean to assert that Mr. Browning is a Dante; for there are not above three or four poets in the whole range of literature who can be classed with the great Florentine. But is such questions as the symbolic character of a personage in the '*Divina Commedia*' may be discussed without prejudice to the laurel wreath of Dante, a like inquiry can be no rightful ground for questioning the justice of Mr. Browning's claim to a seat upon Parnassus.

Toreturn, however, to the central figure of this poem, Paracelsus. His first feeling towards Aprile is one of contempt: but, subdued by the Italian's earnestness, (and, by the way, it is in keeping that the northern should be the one who reflects, the southern the one who feels,) and somewhat conscience-stricken as he sees the youthful admirer of his fame sinking before him, he exclaims,—

> 'Love me henceforth, Aprile, while I learn
> To love; and, merciful God, forgive us both!
> We wake at length from weary dreams; but both
> Have slept in fairy-land: though dark and drear
> Appears the world before us, we no less
> Wake with our wrists and ankles jewelled still.
> I, too, have sought to KNOW as thou to LOVE—
> Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
> Still thou hast beauty, and I, power. We wake:
> What penance canst devise for both of us?'

It is with regret that we perceive the impossibility of confining within due limits a complete epitome of the poem. The passages describing the bitterness of the discoverer when he finds how little his best gifts are appreciated, the incidental pictures of natural scenery, and the problems respecting the influence of great men upon the mass, and the self-deceit which may alloy even their good deeds; these, among many others, we should like to quote, but we labour under an *embarras des richesses*. From among the many wise and kind remonstrances of Festus (whose affection and admiration for his friend are not suffered to make him blind to faults), we select the following as suggestive of a useful lesson for us all.

> 'Listen: I do believe, what you call trust
> Was self-reliance at the best: for, see!
> So long as God would kindly pioneer
> A path for you, and screen you from the world,
> Procure you full exemption from man's lot,
> Man's common hopes and fears, on the mere pretext
> Of your engagement in his service—yield you
> A limitless licence, make you God, in fact,
> And turn your slave—you were content to say
> Most courtly praises! What is it, at last,
> But selfishness without example? None
> Could trace God's will so plain as you, while yours
> Remained implied in it; but now you fail,
> And we, who prate about that will, are fools!
> In short, God's service is established here
> As He determines fit, and not your way,
> And this you cannot brook!'

But although we must presently pass on to the consideration of other poems contained in these volumes, we cannot quit 'Paracelsus' without a word upon a point of great importance to young authors. In the first edition of this poem, Mr. Browning intimated that it had been the work of only six months. This may seem an encouragement to others to spend but a short time upon their compositions. But let not the reader who studies 'Paracelsus' in the collected edition of 1849, imagine that he has before him the result of hasty labour. Every page has been reconsidered, corrected, and improved, with a care to which we hardly know a parallel since the days of Plato. Simpler Saxon words have been inserted instead of Latinised ones; here a line struck out, there some explauatory addition been made; and in numberless cases the very arrangement of the printing altered, in order to make the sense more clear. Revisions—witness Cowper's, of his 'Iliad'—are often failures; Mr. Browning's has been eminently successful. In scarcely a single instance do we regret the change.[1]

[1] We will, however, mention two places in which we prefer the edition of 1835. In the striking and beautiful lyric of the fourth part, beginning, 'Over

Enough, however, has been said to enable the reader to judge of the character of this production, if he has been previously unacquainted with it. If, undaunted by its difficulties, he is induced to read the poem with care, he will probably agree with us, that a more brilliant and successful hero might have proved far less interesting than this half-erring, hysterical, wayward son of genius. We learn to sympathise with his very failings; they are but too natural, and place Paracelsus more upon a level with ordinary humanity. To the lyrical portions of the poem we may have occasion to refer hereafter. For the present we quit with two extracts a work which, considering the youth of its author, is surely a literary phenomenon. We will cite the philosopher's description of his process of discovery, the imagery (it will be observed) being peculiarly redolent of a Switzer's experience—

> 'For some one truth would dimly beacon me
> From mountains rough with pines, and flit and wink
> O'er dazzling wastes of frozen snow, and tremble
> Into assured light in some branching mine,
> Where ripens, swathed in fire, the liquid gold—
> And all the beauty, all the wonder fell
> On either side the truth, as its mere robe:
> Men saw the robe, I saw the august form;
> So far, then, I have voyaged with success.'

And the following, which is from the touching speech with which the poem concludes:—

> 'In my own heart love had not been made wise
> To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
> To know even hate is but a mask of love's;
> To see a good in evil, and a hope
> In ill-success; to sympathise—be proud
> Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
> Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
> Their prejudice, and fears, and cares, and doubts;
> Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
> Their error, all tend upwardly, though weak,
> Like plants in mines which never saw the sun,
> But dream of him, and guess where he may be,
> And do their best to climb and get to him.
> All this I knew not, and I failed. Let men
> Regard me and the poet dead long ago—
> Who once loved rashly; and shape forth a third,

---

the sea our galleys went,' we like 'these majestic forms' much better than 'the lucid shapes you bring.' And in page 187 of this old edition, there was the cautioning note,—'*Paracelse faisait profession du Panthéisme le plus grossier.*' (Renauldin.) This note is probably struck out only for the sake of neatness. Yet we desiderate it; for the reader was thereby clearly informed that the sentiments of that speech were those of Paracelsus, not of the author: and though we do not in the slightest degree accuse Mr. Browning of Pantheism, yet the distinctness of this virtual protest appeared to us wise and satisfactory.

And better tempered spirit, warned by both ;
* * * * * *
Meanwhile, I have done well, though not all well.
As yet men cannot do without contempt—
'Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject the weak, and scorn the false,
Rather than praise the strong and true in me.
But after, they will know me! if I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast—its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day!'

Our next theme shall be the poem called 'Pippa Passes.' Our readers may, perhaps, already be aware that this title does not refer to some unknown or imaginary pass among the Alps or Apennines. The word *passes* is the verb to which Pippa (the familiar Italian for Felippa) is the nominative. This, too, is a species of drama. Pippa, its heroine, is a girl who works in the silk-mills at Asolo, a small place in the Trevisan district, some five-and-thirty miles north-west of Venice. In this town are supposed to dwell, one Luca, with a faithless wife, named Ottima; a young French statuary, Jules, about to wed a maiden, called Phene; Luigi, an Italian patriot, living with a fond mother; and a dignitary of the Church, a Monsignor, who inhabits the palace by the Duomo. It is New Year's Day, and Pippa is about to enjoy her one great annual holiday. Simple, pious, ignorant of the world, she resolves on imagining herself for the nonce to be in turn Ottima, Phene, Luigi's mother, and Monsignor, whom she looks upon as the happiest four in Asolo.

All four are shown, as the poem proceeds, to have secret and gnawing cares. Ottima and her paramour, Sebald, have that very morning consummated their guilt by the murder of the aged Luca. Jules has been imposed on by some envious brother-artists, who have made Phene the unconscious instrument of their designs upon his happiness—designs which are framed on the mistaken supposition, that Phene is a girl of no character. Luigi is on the point of sullying his patriotic aspirations by an act of assassination; and Monsignor is bearded in his own home by an intendant of his late brother's, who threatens ugly family disclosures. Each of these very different scenes is painted with extraordinary power; and in all four the voice of Pippa is heard without, as she *passes* by at some great crisis, and produces the most important results. That voice, at one time, strikes the ear of Sebald, hanging between remorse for his crime, and the resolution to take his fill of guilt, and remorse straightway predominates; another of its strains is heard by Jules, when he has discovered the attempt to cheat him, and he

feels that, at any rate, it is not on Phene that his anger should fall, but that their union may be as blest as ever, though not precisely in the same way. Luigi listens to a lay from the same lips, and the thought of attempting to serve his country by the crime of assassination is banished from his heart for ever; the Monsignor (to whom Felippa proves to be related) is half inclined to compromise and to hush up matters with the rascally intendant, when the child's song bursts through every web of conventionality and sophistry, and the villain is seized and gagged. Pippa, still unconscious of all that has passed, retires to her chamber musing,—

> 'Now, one thing I should really like to know;
> How near I ever might approach all these
> I only fancied being, this long day—
> —Approach, I mean, so as to touch them—so
> As to . . in some way . . move them—if you please
> Do good or evil to them some slight way.
> * * * * * *
> Ah, me and my important part with them,
> This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
> True in some sense or other, I suppose,
> Though I passed by them all, and felt no sign.
> [*As she lies down.*
> God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
> No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
> *All service is the same with God—*
> *With God, whose puppets, best and worst,*
> *Are we: there is no last nor first.*'
> [*She sleeps.*

This poem again exhibits Mr. Browning's fondness for symbolic teaching. That any particular maiden on a given day unconsciously arrested and changed the current of thought in four different minds, over which a crisis of their fate was impending, we are not, of course, called upon to believe according to the letter. But that outward and visible levers of action, power, eloquence, station, and the like, may often exert far less influence over the fortunes of mankind, than secret ones hidden in their lowliness; that the lot of the empress may be most closely intertwined with that of the peasant, and the toils of one man's lofty intellect be indirectly affected by the humble brain of another; that guilt is often dumb-founded at the very approach of hallowed innocence, and that in our better moments our true first impressions may assert their rightful superiority over secondary and more worldly-wise precautions; these are deep truths, well worthy to be again and again recalled; for that they are taught, if not usually by poets or philosophers, yet assuredly by Apostles and Evangelists. These lessons (and many more, both moral and intellectual, which are evolved in

the course of the action) are presented to us in 'Pippa Passes,' in a manner remarkable for its beauty and originality. Although this production is with us a great and special favourite, it is so difficult to do it justice by mere extracts, that we refrain from giving more than the very first lines, having already quoted the very last. They are the words of Pippa, springing from her bed, and gazing on the glory of an Italian sun-rise,—

'Day!
Faster and more fast
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim,
Where, spurting and suppressed it lay;
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid grey
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.'

In turning our attention to the dramas contained in these volumes, we are not favourably impressed by the dramatic powers of our author. It is true that skill in mere dramatic structure may co-exist with very limited faculties, and be wanting to very lofty ones. If Shakspeare and Schiller manifest it, so likewise does Kotzebue. On the other hand, neither Wordsworth, nor even Goethe, can lay claim to much praise in this respect. We are not surprised to learn that Mr. Browning's dramas of 'Colombe's Birthday' and 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon,' admirable as they are in the closet, produced but little effect upon the stage. The speeches are too long, the situations often too recondite; the personages (not one, nor two, but nearly all of them) too much out of the order of every-day experience easily to bear the sensuous representation of the theatre. Shakspeare has avoided this danger. The mysticism of Hamlet is relieved by the common-place Polonius. Coriolanus stands in isolation, but Aufidius and Lartius are little more than foils to his splendour.

But in all other respects these plays are replete with interest. Of the two just named, 'A Blot in the 'Scutcheon' is painfully powerful; and there is a grace and purity hanging over 'Colombe's Birthday,' to say nothing of keen satire and wise insight, which render it one of the most pleasing poems of our time. The blank verse, in which Mr. Browning perhaps shines most, is varied, spirited, and harmonious.

Critics have been struck, and not unnaturally, with the foreign air that pervades a large portion of these poems. It is not merely that the scene is rarely fixed in England, but the

mode of thought, without being anti-English, constantly bears an indescribable savour of the Continent. Two countries more especially suggest themselves—Germany and Italy.

It might prove an interesting subject of investigation for a competent inquirer, to consider which of these countries had most powerfully affected English literature. At the present hour, Germany looks triumphant. In theology, both for good and evil; in metaphysics, in classical and oriental researches, and general philology, we seek our materials on this side of the Alps, eastward and westward of the Rhine. Nor can we be insensible to the effect of the imaginative creations of the Germans upon ourselves, as evidenced by Coleridge, by Scott (who began by translations of Goethe), and many a minor minstrel. Nevertheless, this potent influence dates from only a century back. And there threatens to be some slight re-action against it. In the field of history, Professor Creasy and Mr. E. A. Freeman strive to win back students to Italy and her annalists. Mr. Ruskin writes in depreciation of German art and German philosophy; though, by the way, one of his objects of admiration, Mr. Carlyle, is steeped in Germanism. And if we pass from our own day to an earlier date, while Italy still glowed with life, it may almost be said that our literature, perhaps European literature, could hardly have existed but for Italy. How does Chaucer appeal to his great predecessor 'thus saith Dant;' and make his clerk of Oxenforde attribute the tale of Grisildis to 'Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete!' How does Shakspeare carry us to Milan, to Verona, to Venice, to Padua and to Rome, as the scenes and sources of his plots! Would 'Paradise Lost' have been composed, had there been no 'Divina Commedia?' In the eloquent language of the historian of the Italian Republics, 'The Italians had restored to the 'world philosophy, eloquence, history, poetry, architecture, 'sculpture, painting and music, and it had made rapid advances 'in commerce, agriculture, nautical science, and the mechanical 'arts. In a word, they had been the masters of Europe. 'Scarcely does there exist a science, an art, an acquirement of 'any description, of which Italy did not teach the rudiments to 'those very nations who have since surpassed the Italians . . . 'Such was the greatness of the nation in the days of her glory.' That glory has passed away, but still does Italy fascinate, as it were with a spell, the traveller from England and Germany, Russia and America. Intellectually—we speak not of other influences—how marvellously did she affect the mind of Goethe. How much do our writers on art, Mr. Ruskin and Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson and Sir C. Eastlake, owe to her? What a blank would be left in the poetry of Shelley, Byron, R. Monckton

Milnes, Elizabeth Browning, were we to tear from their volumes all that breathes of Italy.

> 'Oh, woman country, wooed not wed,
> Loved all the more by earth's male-lands,
> Laid to their hearts instead!'

so sings Mr. Browning, striking a chord to which many hearts will respond, something in the spirit of that line of Filicaja's famous sonnet,

> 'Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen piu forte.'

But our poet is not one to give only praise or only pity; on the contrary he is fond, perhaps almost too fond, of exhibiting the weaknesses, inconsistencies, and meannesses of human nature. And thus Italy comes in for her share of blame. Her scampish artists (for she had scamps as well as saints among them) are represented by Fra Lippo Lippi. The heathenish tone of the Renaissance is portrayed in the lines headed 'The Bishop orders his Tomb at S. Praxed's Church,' a poem on which it were well for the reader to consult Mr. Ruskin's criticism.[1] And though he has an ardent zeal for Italian liberties, yet in one of the most admirable of his dramas, that of 'Luria,' he reminds us more forcibly than perhaps any *historian* of the wars and rivalries of the Italian cities in their days of freedom, and of what is far worse, their jealous, cruel, and murderous treatment of their successful captains. The way in which spies were placed on the stranger who (like Othello) led the armies of an Italian state, with the assumption that failure was intentional and success the sure harbinger of treason; then spies again upon the first spies; until a trial broke the leader's heart, or he was siezed and hurried to the scaffold, or else disgraced and banished, are depicted with marvellous success in the scenes of 'Luria.'

Italians cannot fairly complain of such a theme. The distinguished historian whom we have recently quoted, himself of a noble Pisan family, has given with great effect a narrative of

[1] Robert Browning is unerring in every sentence he writes of the Middle Ages; always vital, right, and profound; so that in the matter of art, with which we have been specially concerned, there is hardly a principle connected with the mediæval temper, that he has not struck upon in those seemingly careless and too rugged rhymes of his . . . . . I know no other piece of modern English prose or poetry, in which there is so much told, as in these lines, of the Renaissance spirit,—its worldliness, inconsistency, pride, hypocrisy, ignorance of itself, love of art, of luxury, and of good Latin. It is nearly all that I have said of the central Renaissance in thirty pages of the "Stones of Venice," put into as many lines, Browning's being also the antecedent work. The worst of it is that this kind of concentrated writing needs so much *solution* before the reader can fairly get the good of it, that people's patience fails them and they give the thing up as insoluble; though, truly, it ought to be to the current of common thought like Saladin's talisman dipped in clear water, not soluble altogether, but making the element medicinal.'—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pp. 377—379.

this nature, the sad and striking story of Carmagnola; a Piedmontese who fought for Venice, and was put to death in 1432, though apparently quite innocent, in a manner as dark and treacherous as it was ungrateful. We remember on the first occasion of our reading the account of Carmagnola, even in Sismondi's English abridgment of his great work, being struck with its poetic character, and wondering whether it had ever been made a theme of song. And it was with gratification that we discovered that a religious and patriotic writer, now famous throughout Europe, Alessandro Manzoni, had won his first spurs in the arena of literature by his tragedy of 'Il Conte di Carmagnola.' Goethe, who, with all his grievous faults, was ever generous to rising merit, helped largely to spread the reputation of the then new candidate for fame.

Here then is an opportunity of comparing Mr. Browning with a great foreign poet of our day. For save that 'Luria' is not actually historical in its *dramatis personæ*, the basis of the plot is very similar to that of Manzoni's 'Carmagnola,' though the treatment shows that there has not been the slightest imitation. The Italian has perhaps in one or two points the advantage. As a lyrist, Manzoni is hardly surpassed by any living bard, and his laments over these old dissensions of his countrymen, which have borne such bitter fruit in their present subjection, have a marvellous pathos and dignity. Nothing in its way can be finer than the song of the Chorus, which he has adopted from the Greek stage, where it dwells on the common language and lineage and motherhood of the combatants, all children of the land so divided from the rest, so encircled with the Alps and sea :—

'D'una terra son tutti: un linguaggio
Parlan tutti: fratelli li dice
Lo straniero: il comune lignaggio
A ognun d'essi dal volto traspar.
Questa terra fu a tutti nudrice,
Questa terra di sangue ora intrisa,
Che natura dall' altre ha divisa,
E recinta coll' Alpe e col mar.'

Or where it depicts the ladies at brilliant *soirées* making a display of the necklaces and zones which a husband or a lover has snatched from the deserted wives and sisters of the conquered :—

'Qui le donne alle veglie lucenti
Dei monili far pompa e dei cinti
Che alle donne deserte dei vinti
Il marito o l'amante rapi.'

But in all that concerns the development of individual cha-

racter, and forcible representation of the essence of what is commonly known as Macchiavellian policy, we venture to think our own poet far superior. Luria himself is a magnificent conception; and though we always, for our own part, regret a *dénouement* which involves suicide, it must be remembered that Luria, like Othello, is not a Christian, but a Moor.

We have thus far only dwelt in detail upon the poems contained in the two volumes of the edition of 1849. A few words must now be devoted to the much smaller publication of 1850, entitled 'Christmas Eve and Easter Day.' For this remarkable work brings our author before us as a religious poet. One of the first queries on this head that will probably occur to our readers is, whether Mr. Browning is reverent. Now the answer to this question is less obvious than might be imagined. A real distinction must be drawn, if possible, between what appears to *us* to lack reverence, and what is intentionally so on the part of the writer. For example, it is common among continental religionists, of whatever creed, to use the words of Holy Scripture with far less reserve than is usual in Great Britain. This we believe to be a real misfortune, but it would be unjust to class it with intentional mockery. Another kind of apparent irreverence sometimes arises from the very reserve which renders a man unwilling to own to all that he feels, when, in the words of this very volume—

> 'When the frothy fume and frequent sputter
> Prove that the soul's depths boil in earnest.'

And there exists another modification of the same feeling, when the reserve takes the form of some ironical turn of expression. Instances of all three of these may be easily discovered in Mr. Browning's poetry. We should be sorry always to undertake their defence, and we fear that some, who would otherwise reap benefit from 'Christmas Eve,' may be repelled by parts, despite the apology, of which a distich has just been quoted. The author imagines himself on the eve of the great festival, —firstly, at a sermon in a little dissenting meeting-house, (by the bye, what Dissenters are there who keep Christmas Eve?) then at a service at S. Peter's, Rome, and thirdly, at a lecture at Göttingen. And the conclusion is, that he could understand Dissent, though repelled by its vulgarity; that he could understand Romanism, though repelled by its excess of ceremony; but that German Rationalism appeared to him alike inconceivable and inconsequential. The Hudibrastic rhyming, here and elsewhere adopted by Mr. Browning, may, we think, be likened to that strange prose style with which we are familiar in the works of a very different person—Mr. Carlyle. Both peculiarities are partly natural, partly strained beyond nature;

both remarkably felicitous at moments and in reference to certain themes; both at times repulsive and scarcely reverential in their application; both, though impressive in the hands of such masters, wearisome and almost intolerable in the hands of imitators. As, however, we only mentioned, without exhibiting, our poet's powers of humour and fine irony, we are glad to take the opportunity of quoting a specimen, where the lash is applied with as much fitness as skill. It relates to the lecture of the Göttingen professor:—

'So he proposed inquiring first
Into the various sources whence
This myth of Christ is derivable;
Demanding from the evidence
(Since plainly no such life was liveable)
How these phenomena should class?
Whether 't were best opine Christ was,
Or never was at all—or whether
He was and was not, both together—
It matters little for the name
So the Idea be left the same:
Only, for practical purpose' sake,
'Twas obviously as well to take
The popular story,—understanding
How the inaptitude of the time,
And the penman's prejudice, expanding
Fact into fable fit for the clime,
Had, by slow and sure degrees, translated it
Into this Myth, this Individuum—
Which, when reason had strained and abated it
Of foreign matter, gave, for residuum,
A man!—a right true man, however,
Whose work was worthy a man's endeavour!
Work, that gave warrant almost sufficient
To his disciples, for rather believing
He was just omnipotent and omniscient,
As it gives to us, for as frankly receiving
His word, their tradition,—which, though it meant
Something entirely different
From all that those who only heard it
In their simplicity thought and averred it,
Had yet a meaning quite as respectable:
For, among other doctrines delectable,
Was he not surely the first to insist on
The natural sovereignty of our race?'

Of the remaining poem, 'Easter Day,' we must speak in terms of the highest admiration. It is, in truth, though couched in most poetic form, a very solemn sermon; unattractive, therefore, of course, to those who dislike sermons in every shape, but full of most pregnant and suggestive matter for those who look closely enough into their own hearts to feel the difficulties attendant upon faith and obedience, and, at the same time, really recognise the insufficiency of earthly pursuits, and even earthly

affections, to fill the heart which was created for higher things than these. This poem might not inaptly bear as a motto those golden words in the first chapter of the 'Confessions of S. Austin:'—'Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te.'

Mr. Browning's latest volumes, 'Men and Women,' which we have here made the excuse for a general estimate of his writings, should not, perhaps, be attempted until the reader has in some degree attuned himself by the study of the earlier works to our poet's peculiar cast of thought. We do not mean that they will not prove very valuable, and very enjoyable, without such a process, but they will certainly gain very much by it. Wordsworth's *dictum*—

> 'And you must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love,'—

is true in respect of a very valuable if not a large class of authors; and the fifty poems comprised in these latest volumes seem to need that clue which fondness for our poet's earlier works will go far to supply. They are sketches of very varied phases of life, drawn alike from history and experience—the experience of a deep and earnest thinker. Some of our contemporaries of the daily and weekly press appear inclined to charge all the obscurity upon the indolence and hurry of the writer. With unfeigned respect for their abilities, we would ask, whether it is not possible that they themselves may have been compelled to read and criticise in a hurry. *Ecce signum.* A newspaper, justly distinguished for the excellence of its criticisms, selected the following lines as remarkable for their obscurity, and left the reader to discover the sense. They are taken from a singularly original and delicate 'One Word More,' wherein the poet commends his productions to his poetess-wife:—

> 'There they are, my fifty men and women,
> Naming me the fifty poems finished!
> Take them, Love, the book and me together;
> Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.'

We trust that our readers will agree with us that a moment's thought will render the signification of these verses patent enough. Mr. Browning has won the hand of a lady who can not only love him, but can appreciate his powers. 'Take, 'then,' he says to that great poetess, 'my fifty men and women, '—that is to say, the poems of these now completed volumes: 'accept them as you have already accepted their author, and let 'me give to you the productions of my head, as I have already 'given the affections of my heart.' If the expression, '*naming me*,' be objected to, we can only say that it is tolerated in plain prose.

Thus, in the very first chapter of a popular novel, Mr. Reade's 'Never Too Late to Mend,' we find, 'What did me, the Honourable Frank Winchester?' We do not cite Mr. Reade's authority as final, but it is certainly hard to deny to poets a licence which is not condemned in prose writers.

We ought to apologise for wasting time in the explanation of what is so obvious. But an example was needed to show that the accusation of obscurity may be made very recklessly, even in quarters where we might least expect it. Of the causes of Mr. Browning's obscurity, where he really is obscure, we have already spoken, and would only now repeat, that without denying the justice of the charge, *in toto*, it is only fair to admit, in *his* case, palliations which are freely accepted for poets of past time. If Mr. Nelson Coleridge might justly defend Pindar from the charge of being a rambling rhapsodist, on the ground that his links of connexion are too fine for the perception of the careless reader; if a recent editor of Æschylus, Mr. Paley, may truly assert of his author, that 'he is difficult because he is profound, 'or in other words, because he treats of matters beyond the 'reach of man's ordinary knowledge and perceptions;' if Dante and others may be not only excused, but even admired, because they are figurative and symbolic,—we claim a like privilege for the poems now under consideration. Obscurity which is meaningless is indefensible; obscurity which, by a little thought and attention, will reveal the form behind the veil, is often attractive from its very vagueness: it leaves us something to fill up, it suggests the illimitable and infinite. Is it always most pleasant to see the outline of scenery cut clearly and distinctly against the sky? Have we never heard of men who, amidst the unbroken azure that met their gaze in the Mediterranean, have sighed for a passing glimpse of the mists that robe the Highland mountains?

We shall only suggest the key to a few of the poems contained in 'Men and Women,' lest we should endanger a diminution of the profit and pleasure which the reader may experience in opening the words for himself. Several, indeed, are self-explanatory. The touching sketch headed 'Protus;' the playful satire on 'Up at a Villa;' the picture of 'Cleon,' a gentlemanly poetising Greek of the apostolic age, too *nonchalant* to inquire into the claims of Christianity—are among the most obvious of these poems. In some cases, where the story is equally clear, the issue is, indeed, left uncertain; but this very uncertainty, probably, adds to the interest. We may settle for ourselves, according to our temperament, or according to the feeling of the hour, sanguine or despondent, whether, at the close of the scenes 'In a Balcony,' the queen long

retains her harsh feeling towards Constance and Norbert; and whether the lovers who take 'The Last Ride Together,' make that ride the last of their meetings, or only the last of their isolation. More difficult are the lines headed 'Any Wife to Any Husband:' but read with the idea that they represent the greater enduringness of woman's love, the greater chance of widows abiding in their loneliness than widowers, they become not only clear, but very beautiful and pathetic. Yet we must own, that there are some of the 'Men and Women' around whom the dimness is deeper than we can pierce: and if such obscurity be found to withstand the efforts of abler heads than ours, it may be fairly considered as having been carried to excess, and being, so far, a fault and blemish.

We must, for the present, content ourselves with two quotations only from these last volumes; one as an evidence of our author's light and playful satire, the other of a tenderness not unworthy of Dante's self. Most of us have, perhaps, at some time, met with *a pretty woman*. Here is a portion of Mr. Browning's sketch:—

1.

'That fawn-skin-dappled hair of hers,
And the blue eye
Dear and dewy,
And that infantine fresh air of hers!

. . . . . .

3.

'You like us for a glance you know——
For a word's sake,
Or a sword's sake,
All's the same, whate'er the chance, you know.

. . . . . .

6.

'But for loving, why, you would not, Sweet,
Though we prayed you,
Paid you, brayed you
In a mortar—for you could not, Sweet.'

Our allusion to Dante in connexion with the following verses is naturally suggested by the expression in the third stanza—'Bird of God,' which is evidently adopted from the 'Purgatorio.' The subject is 'The Guardian Angel;' a picture (by Guercino) at Fano.

1.

'Dear and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me!
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry,
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, may'st see another child for tending,
Another still, to quiet and retrieve.

2.

'Then I shall feel thee step on step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze,
And suddenly my head be covered o'er
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world; for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door!

3.

'I would not look up thither past thy head,
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

4.

'If this was ever granted, I would rest
My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close covered both my eyes beside thy breast,
Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

5.

'How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired!
I think how I should view the earth and skies
And sea, when once again my brow was bared
After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O world, as God has made it! all is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.
What further may be sought for or declared?'

It is time for us to attempt something like a summary. That Mr. Browning is a profound thinker, few, we suppose, will care to question. But then, is his teaching so true, so complete, that he can be safely recommended as an instructor? Now we do not think that it *is* complete. We must not pretend to claim this poet as a direct witness for the cycle of truths which it is the humble aim of this review to inculcate. Independently of an occasional coarseness of thought and expression (never, however, uttered in the author's own person, but meant to be in character for a Lippo Lippi, and the like), there is, to our thinking, somewhat too much of self-reliance, too much of making every one his own instructor and priest. And if, as we hear, Mr. Browning's own life has been eminently pure and upright, this is possibly the very reason why the need of human help *in spiritualibus* has not come home to him. But all do not feel thus. That is a striking passage in Sir E. B. Lytton's 'Harold,' where he represents his hero (we speak

from memory only) as seeking spiritual aid, because, by a fall, he has discovered his own weakness. It is either the fallen, or those who, from strict conscientiousness, are oppressed by the weight of such sin as the world hardly deigns to recognise as evil, who feel most deeply the need of a commissioned ministry and sacramental ordinances. In other words, that need is most felt by two classes, of whom we hear most in Holy Scripture and Church History, saints and penitents.

But, although we may desiderate many things in a teacher, there is a wide difference between such poetry as is in the main sound and healthy, religious and profound, and that which must be condemned as erroneous, immoral, and sinful. Acquaintance with such beauty as Byron *does* exhibit may be too dearly purchased, if the reader's mind shall imbibe any portion of his morbid misanthropy, sensuality, and unbelief. But who would really fear lest the occasional deficiencies of Wordsworth's instruction, or his slightly pantheistic tinge, in his references to nature, should injure the tone of any well regulated mind?

Among such instructors we claim a place, and that no lowly one, for Robert Browning. In no other secular poetry of our day do we perceive so full a recognition of another life. And if we dwell for a moment upon the central truth which is so great a bond amidst the dissensions of Christendom, that truth whose tenure cannot suffer men to go utterly astray, whose denial is the denial of Christianity, whose non-realisation creates a thick film over the mental eyesight, we know not of any poetry (not professedly sacred) wherein is so deeply pondered and strikingly proclaimed the mystery of the holy Incarnation. One other alone among the singers of our time can, we think, be ranked with Mr. Browning in this respect. In the works of many of his brethren, the deficiency is very sadly marked. But here, whichever volume we take up, that great and solemn verity is presented anew. It abides with the poet as he tells his thoughts at Christmas and Easter: it is the sum of the experience of 'Karshish the Arab Physician': it is made the climax of the strains which David might have sung to *Saul;* it gilds the dying smile of the impassioned Aprile. This last instance is thus far the more remarkable, inasmuch as the words of Aprile are an insertion, and do not occur in the earlier edition of 1835; but those of 'Karshish,' in 'Men and Women,' though he half thinks that his informant must be mad, may best, perhaps, serve to illustrate the depth of our poet's reflections on this solemn theme.

> 'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-great were the All-loving too—

So through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"
The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'

Some of the chief merits and defects of Mr. Browning, besides those already alluded to, will appear by a comparison with the works of other poets. Not to go further back than our own century, to which Mr. Browning belongs, in spirit as well as date, we suppose that he may thus far be considered to be indebted to Wordsworth; that Wordsworth made poetry possible in our age, proved that no scientific progress nor march of civilization could efface poetry from the human heart. But in no other sense can we pretend to trace much of the Wordsworthian influence in these volumes. Mr. Browning is less devoted to external nature than the late Laureate, and much more interested in the mental photography of 'Men and Women;' less of a landscape, and more of a portrait painter.

Turning to living bards, the first comparison, or contrast, must be with the present Laureate, Alfred Tennyson. The two agree in both being men of wide and varied culture—the knowledge being in each case remarkable for its accuracy, and displayed, not by any ponderous notes, but by masterly comprehension of the subject. In general popularity, Mr. Tennyson must long, perhaps finally, retain the advantage. His wonderful pictorial power, his interspersion of easy songs and ballads, with his more thoughtful productions, his exceeding finish and classic grace, possibly also some of his very defects, the absence of awe for many a consecutive page, a slight occasional tinge of voluptuousness, all tend to make him the greater favourite with a numerous class of readers. Mr. Browning is not so consummate an artist: his lyrics do not display the same melody, the same rotundity and method; and his one classic sketch, 'Artemis Prologuises,' though the work of a true scholar, cannot be ranked with Tennyson's 'Œnone,' nor even with Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Strayed Reveller.' But then it must be said, that the apparently rough and uncouventional phrase of the poet before us, has constantly a force and point peculiarly its own. We feel, as we read, the force of his own query—

'Do roses stick like burrs?'

If Southey were right in pronouncing the popular fame a less happy lot for a poet, than to live in the hearts of his devoted admirers, that happy lot we venture to predict for Robert Browning. Tennyson may be the more artistic: but never

can there be applied to Browning's poems the expression which has but too truly been used with respect to the chief collection of the Laureate's, 'A music-box of beautiful tunes.'

Another living poet, who, as a dramatist, is capable of comparison with Mr. Browning, is the author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' Our admiration for that noble poem is not new nor slight: and in much of the portraiture of external life, in the admixture of the common-place with what is extraordinary, in dramatic skill and powers of rhetorical address, Mr. Henry Taylor has the superiority. The oration of Philip at the market-place in Ghent, on the occasion of his revenging his father's death, is, probably, only inferior to those master-pieces of subtle pleading—the speech which Shakspere has placed in the mouth of Mark Antony, on the death of Cæsar, and that of Ulysses, in the Ovidian Narrative of the contest with Ajax, for the arms of Achilles. But while we accept in the main the critical principles of Mr. Taylor's valuable preface to his chief drama, we are, nevertheless, conscious of a certain want of ethereality in his poetry. Granting, moreover, the value of his ethical precepts, whether delivered in poetry or prose, we cannot but observe with regret, that he seldom in his poetry passes that obscure and wavering border-line which separates religion from morality, without placing himself in a position more or less antagonistic to faith. His Saint Dunstan, in 'Edwin the Fair,' is far other than the historic Dunstan; and the change is entirely for the worse. Isaac Comnenus, despite the thrilling monologue at Irene's grave (the description, be it observed, bearing reference to an English, not a Byzantine funeral) is painfully heathenish; trusts in soldiers only, not in prayers; and hates, apparently, not merely superstition, but the very existence of a church. Now, Mr. Browning does, indeed, exhibit some of the more distressing features of the mediæval era: its persecution of the Jews; its tremendous punishments of heretics; the grossness of some of its artists; the paganism of the Renaissance. With respect to the treatment of the Jews and heretics, we suspect him of a little one-sidedness; though it is well that those darker features of the middle ages be not overlooked. But then there remains a general unmistakeable impression that this poet's voice and lot are with religion against the world; with the unseen against the visible, with the central dogma of the Christian faith against the vague pantheistic dreamings of the day. Probably, with his own Aprile, he might say,—

> 'I hear
> The voice still low, but fatal clear,—
> As if all poets that God meant
> Should save the world, and therefore lent

Great gifts to; but who, proud, refused
To do His work, or lightly used
Those gifts, or failed through weak endeavour,
And mourn, cast off by Him for ever—
As if these leant in airy ring
To call me.'

There are two less known poets who resemble Mr. Browning in that they likewise grapple with some of the difficulties of our inward life; Mr. Clough, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. It cannot, however, be said, that either of these writers, though they have displayed no ordinary poetic powers, supply answers nearly so distinct, so suggestive, so Christian, as does Mr. Browning. In the touching utterances of Mr. Clough, all is left uncertain, and as past human ken in this life, though the author earnestly deplores this, and yearns for clearer light.[1] From Mr. Arnold we hardly obtain so much as this; the state of doubt is there, but scarcely the regret for it. Yet both of them are real poets, and even superior to Robert Browning in the grace and finish of their poems. There remains one other sweet singer of our time, whom it is impossible to pass over in connexion with our poet. Elizabeth Barrett Browning stands, unquestionably, at the head of our living poetesses. We will not enter upon the invidious task of comparing in detail the powers of the wife and husband; nor of inquiry into the tone of the lady's poetry before and since her marriage. One or two observations,

[1] As Mr. Clough's poetry is but little known, we subjoin the following, as an illustration of the above remarks:—

'I have seen higher holier things than these,
And therefore must to these refuse my heart,
Yet am I panting for a little ease;
I'll take, and so depart.

'Ah, hold! the heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherish'd visions to forget,
And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay
So vast, so dread a debt?

'How will the heart, which now thou trustest, then
Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,
Turn with sharp stings upon itself! again,
Bethink thee of the debt!

'——Hast thou seen higher, holier things than these,
And therefore must to these thy heart refuse?
With the true vest, alack, how ill agrees
That best that thou would'st choose!

'The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above;
Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do:
Amid the things allowed thee live and love;
Some day thou shalt it view.'

Mr. Clough's other publication, the 'Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich,' though strange in its social creed, and containing some lines of questionable taste, yet abounds in exquisite descriptions of Highland scenery (quite photographic in their accuracy), sparkling wit, and delicate delineations of phases of character and feeling.

however, may be made. It was to Mrs. Browning that we alluded, in specifying a writer of poetry, whose realization of the great mystery of our Lord's Incarnation might be placed on a par with that of Robert Browning.[1] While, however, the outpourings of a feminine mind are so committed to paper by this poetess, as by their more openly impassioned nature and greater simplicity to obtain a larger share of popularity than the writings of her husband; they possess less attractiveness for a certain class of readers, from the very circumstance, that in them all is said (very beautifully said, it is true), but nothing left for the imagination of the reader to supply. There is less of reserve, less of suggestiveness. But, in truth, the poetess herself would not quarrel with these remarks. None can appreciate more fully the merits of the volumes, to whose author she has given her heart and hand. Years ago, in allusion to the original title of some of the poems of her future husband, Elizabeth Barrett described a poet as reading—

> 'From Browning some "Pomegranate," which, if cut deep down the middle,
> Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity.'

And subsequently, at a later date,—

> 'My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes
> God set between his After and Before,
> And strike up and strike off the general roar
> Of the rushing worlds, a melody that floats
> In a serene air purely. Antidotes
> Of medicated music, answering for
> Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour
> From thence into their ears.'

These praises, though from partial lips, are just and merited; our author's freedom from egotism, and his genuine sympathy with his fellow-men, being ever most conspicuous. The latter lines occur in Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese;' which we own to having glanced at hastily, without discovering the very pardonable stratagem of the poetess, until a lady pointed out to us that they contained in reality the history of the wooing which led to this union. The husband has replied with equal grace and delicacy in the concluding poem of 'Men and Women;' and, perhaps, we may challenge Germany, France, and Italy, to show us so great a poet and poetess, who

---

[1] We say this without approving of all the erotic expressions applied to our Blessed Lord by this writer. The following is a happy exemplification of our ground of commendation. The subject is 'The Look' of our Saviour on S. Peter.

> 'And Peter, from the height of blasphemy—
> "I never knew this man"—did quail and fall,
> As knowing straight, THAT GOD,—and turned free,
> And went out speechless from the face of all,
> And filled the silence, weeping bitterly.'

(to borrow M. Guizot's motto to his graceful biography of Lady Russell) have so completely found *L'Amour dans le Mariage.*

It seems to us that Mr. Browning might, perhaps, gratify a larger circle, if he would compose a play wherein the *dramatis personæ* were for the most part of more ordinary stamp than we usually meet with in his compositions; or gave us a few more lyrical narratives of the same force and *directness* as that of 'Count Gismond.'

We have not made any allusions to our author's opinions in literature or politics. It is probable, from the tenor of the dedications prefixed to some of his poems, and other hints, that the *literati* occupy a higher place in his thoughts than we should be willing to assign to them, in the actual world. With political questions we do not meddle. But it may be observed, for the sake of those who like consistency and sincerity, that Mr. Browning's liberalism does, at any rate, display these qualities. We are not sure that so much could be said for the Laureate. In the 'Princess' we have, no doubt, a vivid description of a people's feast in a great man's park; but the poet begins by informing us, that he, 'with others of our set,' (a superlatively exclusive phrase in academic society,) was visiting this baronet of ancient race, as a guest; and while others help to amuse, or instruct the mass of holiday-makers, he, and 'the set,' seek their recreation in a corner of the grounds, in the composition of the story.

Those who are fond of literary criticism may find interest in some other inquiries in connexion with these volumes. How far Mr. Browning's dramas will bear the Aristotelian analysis into plot, characters, diction and sentiments; whether they tend to confirm the theories of a modern disciple of Aristotle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, that inter-penetration of the mind with a grand action is the primary business of the poet; to what extent they confirm Mr. Ruskin's definition of poetry, 'the suggestion, by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions,'—these points, however, must be left to the reader.

Laws of taste are not as those of morals; nor do we wish to dogmatize upon them. We may have been wrong in our selection of topics for praise or blame; wrong in our interpretation of some of the poems before us; wrong in our comparison of Robert Browning with other poets. But in one thing we are *not* wrong; and that is in thinking it a good work to attempt to bring to the knowledge of others the works of a philosophic thinker, and great poet; whose writings, if they cannot become widely popular, may at least contribute to the instruction and delight of numbers to whom they are at present unknown.

ART. V.—*Yeast.* By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: J. W. Parker & Son, 445, West Strand.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: Chapman & Hall.

Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. London: J. W. Parker & Son, 445, West Strand.

Westward Ho! By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

Two Years Ago. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

MODES and habits of composition are infinite, nor has the public any concern with the manner in which the finished book has passed from the writer's brain to the reader's hands, except as that manner influences the style and matter. Whether an author writes at the full speed of his pen, or with deliberation—whether he waits for propitious moments, or forces his mind into harness at his will—are questions for mere literary curiosity. Facility does not enhance, nor difficulty detract from, the merits of the finished work, which, from the moment it passes from the author's control, stands on its own ground, apart from all antecedents whatever. But though a book is what it is, by whatever process produced, the mode of composition has a great deal to do with making it what it is. Therefore, when we trace the same peculiarities and defects in a series of works, and at the same time see signs unmistakeable of haste and precipitation, we are justified in laying the two together and drawing conclusions. Especially if the established order of things is roughly dealt with, we do well to hold back, and be slow to acquiesce in even the most plausible arguments, in proportion to the rapidity with which we believe them to have been conceived and expressed.

For this reason, before entering on a review of Mr. Kingsley's works of fiction, we wish to say a word on this one feature—their evidently hurried composition: a haste, not only in putting thoughts into language, but in giving those thoughts utterance so soon as they enter the mind at all. There is apparent a certain impetuous need to express the conceptions of fancy or feeling—to make others the wiser for every new idea, that leaves no room for the exercise of the deliberative faculties; betraying, in our judgment,—for we cannot separate the mind from its operations,—a hasty and impatient spirit; indulged no doubt if not fostered by the writer as an indication of the poetic temperament, of the 'fierce voracity and swift digestion

of the soul,' which he attributes to the seer. And no doubt an impression of *power* is given to the reader by an impetuous flow. There is, indeed, a wonderful activity of mind in this series of stories—a rush of thought and fancy which evidence brilliant faculties. We feel after their perusal somewhat breathless, perhaps, and confused, but not without the enjoyment of the chase, as we have been made to follow arguments, theories, fancies, stirring scenes, and wonderful adventures, all advanced or described with the same ease, temerity, and, in a certain sense, success. The argument, an onslaught on preconceived opinion, which reckons on carrying the day by the confidence of its assumptions, and the daring of its assaults on prejudice; the story, a rapid flight from tumult to calm, from gaiety to horror, with a general appreciation of anything, and *every* thing that furnishes matter for a lively fancy. There is apparent throughout an intellect enjoying itself in its own activity of conception and speculation.

But fancy and speculation can work faster than the reason or the heart; and there are other things needed for the philosopher and the novelist than a rapid stream of ideas. Thus, though scenes and situations flash into the mind at once, the characters that are to play their part in them must be *studies*. No real character can be drawn, or rather worked out, in a hurry; for a sketch is a different matter. Nature must be watched and waited on, and patiently observed, before any man, be his genius what it may, knows how she will manifest herself in any given contingency. The heart must commune with itself long and closely to judge of other hearts. There is no royal road to this knowledge; any short method issues in conventionalism; clever and amusing, perhaps, for ready wit can devise fair substitutes for nature; but wanting that one touch of nature itself which we recognize for the truth, and which, once felt, we acknowledge as the crown and highest achievement of the imagination. And equally does reason need time for its work. Theories are proverbially dazzling things. Nothing can stand against a fresh-coined argument of our own making,—nothing but time, which gradually dispels the false glare of novelty, unfolds objections, forces the attention to listen to counter-statements, modifies contempt for opponents. Time, on the ingenuous mind, does the work which Bacon assigns to learning. 'It taketh away all levity, 'temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and 'difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both 'sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the mind, 'and to accept of nothing but examined and tried.' How many of Mr. Kingsley's peculiar theories and most characteristic speculations would have stood this ordeal, it is not for us to

decide; our main concern with him being as a novelist: nor is it our design to touch upon the principles enunciated in these stories, beyond what is absolutely necessary in discussing controversial fiction at all. Only in the matter of these very principles, from which, on many points, we largely differ, this question of the amount of time taken to form them has so much to do, that we desire, first of all, to impress upon our readers this characteristic of the works under review.

All social problems, when we really face them, are startling things: it is quite right that we should be engrossed by questions that then first open upon us, and natural that our proprieties should be shaken, and the faculties disturbed for a time. Especially this will be the case when the inquirer is endowed with two qualities which often belong to the same temperament —a prompt and keen indignation at whatever displeases, and as warm and sudden an admiration for whatever satisfies the sense of fitness and beauty. The reformer's disgust at abuses is enhanced by the contrast of harmony and order that his fancy suggests. The subject under this two-fold aspect assumes an importance and magnitude which throws everything else into the shade; the sense of comparison seems for the time lost; and calmer, less impressible natures stand amazed at the heights of praise, or depths of censure, the exclusive passionate earnestness, which the one absorbing interest arouses while the excitement lasts. There is nothing to quarrel with in all this: such temperaments have their work to do in this world, and a righteous indignation finds plenty of fit subjects for its worthy exercise. But it is another thing to perpetuate this divine moment, and, because for that little space all considerations may lawfully bow to the one idea, to write a book making every principle subordinate to the prevailing interest—the one cause the author sets himself to denounce or to uphold. Mr. Kingsley perpetuates many such moments: for two novels running, the man who does not devote his time and energies to the question of sewerage (we own it to be a very important and comprehensive one), to the question of drains and ventilation, and to the downfall of the 'fiend Competition,' is worse than an infidel, and deserves and brings down upon himself the severest judgments of heaven. The unbeliever who devotes himself to these works is saved by them, and confounds his foes, even though they he wise, charitable, God-fearing, orthodox Christians, in all other matters. It is, in short, an apotheosis of this particular form of benevolence, and, by consequence, an obscuration, and even degradation, of all other virtues and graces whatever, that do not subserve this one end.

Now we cannot but think that some deliberation, some pause

between the first takiug up popular subjects as these were, and writiug about them, would have prevented this—would have shown the unfairness of establishing any one test or standard—would have restored the balance, and set things back into their accustomed places in the writer's mind; for we would not willingly believe that Mr. Kingsley habitually appraises all questions sacred and secular by the measure set in 'Yeast' and 'Alton Locke;' indeed, his latest work, 'Two Years Ago,' which suggests this article, is an assurance to the contrary.

It is no small proof of fertility, and an almost seething mental excitement, to have produced in nine years such a series as that before us. 'Yeast,' a surge of restless notions on this same problem of society; 'Alton Locke,' an effort of sudden impetuous sympathy for the difficulties and sorrows of the labouring classes; 'Hypatia,' a recognition in history and the old world of the hydra which he combats in the new, wherein he organises his crusade against various time-honoured principles in religion and morals; 'Westward Ho!' an outburst of burly triumphant Protestantism and nationality; and, lastly, 'Two Years Ago,' which conveys the author's opinions of things down to the time of publication, hot and fresh from the oven of his prolific brain, with the peculiarity of reversing some of his previous estimates of character.

The moral purpose of 'Yeast' seems to be, to inform the world that the times generally are out of joint, and the relation of rich and poor on an entirely wrong footing, that there is more unbelief afloat than anybody guesses, and an infinite number of questions that admit of endless disputation; and some good is expected to ensue from merely proclaiming all social anomalies, defining the popular general infidelity, and stating at large, and with zealous candour, all the doubts that lead to it, without any attempt at their solution, or so much as an intimation that there *is* any solution, which he plainly informs the reader it is no part of his duty or intention to furnish. It is clearly the attitude of Mr. Kingsley's mind to welcome a difficulty; it is an intellectual treat to him; and, he believes, a salutary exercise for all men. He despises all faith that has not struggled through a stage of scepticism; he bids his readers 'thank God,' if they realize their own perplexities, and '*know* that those are most blind who say they see.' We argue that he is by temperament a doubter, and not only an exponent of other people's doubts, as much as anything from the fact that he thinks this phase of mind interesting, while to those not inoculated with it there is no habit of mind so irksome as this propensity to cavil and question. Ordinary humanity recoils from a form of restlessness at once querulous

and captious, so opposed to peace and comfort. All our readers no doubt have experience of some universal caviller, and know how much sooner and easier it comes to be tired of him than to convince him. When once a pleasure in the act of doubt is detected, and it is perceived that he would rather dispute than be convinced, it is usual to shirk further discussion, our disputant is felt a bore and treated as such. But no such check to free discussion disgraces the pages of 'Yeast.' The days there are passed in infinite questions, on all points social, moral, and religious. All ranks, sexes, classes, ages, are absorbed in this mental act, delighted to hear themselves talk, which is likely enough, and equally engrossed when the next speaker's turn comes—a civility which surely has its source in the courtesy of the author, rather than in nature or custom Next, the writer's own bias is evident from his contempt of all people with settled convictions, as a bigoted, sluggish race; while the sight of a man so fixed and satisfied with his creed as to be anxious to make others share it is a uniform source of irritation, a spectacle for which he has so little sympathy that he cannot find an honest solution of the enigma; and, therefore, deems it fair to represent such an one as so besotted in his obstinate adherence to a notion as to lose all control over his moral nature. The argument seems to run thus,—if you think what you yourself hold as so important that it is essential that others should hold it too, of course, you will take any means to accomplish your end. Zeal for opinion and moral fairness are virtually treated as incompatible, where the doctrine in question is out of the pale of Mr. Kingsley's sympathies; and this is the case with every question that involves reference to authority. Authority is, in a sort of way, irresponsible; and what can be more hateful to the keen disputatious mind than a power not bound to give an answer, which asserts inherent rights and claims obedience as to a superior? Not that guides are wholly repudiated; the only essential is, that they shall be self-chosen, and have no authorized pretensions to the office,—that in fact they shall be patronized rather than reverenced. Thus, the conversions from scepticism to belief are effected by some young woman, whom the disputant uniformly confounds in argument, but finds somehow, in the end, 'a preacher more mighty than himself, clothed in her own loveliness.' In one instance, the preacher is a brute animal, whom the sceptic, with some ceremony, elects as his confessor and director of conscience, a mission which it very pleasantly and cleverly fulfils. But where does Mr. Kingsley fail in doing justice to his own cause, and putting a fair face on his own systems?

The leading figure in and around whom all the doubts and

difficulties discussed in 'Yeast' centre, represents a form of the heroic congenial to many minds, not so much a specimen of simple humanity as of the ideal demi-god, not unsuggestive of the centaur nature, a mixture of the human and the brute, with a touch of the divine and immortal, 'a being whose wild brilliance of intellect struggles through foul smoke clouds,' of prodigious physical strength and courage, and we may add coarseness, shaken by conflicting powers, impatient of external influence, taking nothing for granted, as seeing deeper and farther than his teachers, and realizing what they do not,—one who can only be described by novel and exaggerated epithets, round whom 'the living present *welters* daily,' he himself bathing, floating, carried along absorbed in that present to the full extent this morbid expression conveys. All these extraordinary qualities are disguised under the name of Smith, Lancelot Smith, and endowed with 2000*l.* a year clear.

'Real education he never had had. Bred up at home under his father, a rich merchant, he had gone to college with a large stock of general information, and a particular mania for dried plants, fossils, butterflies, and sketching, and some such creed as this:

'That he was very clever.

'That he ought to make his fortune.

'That a great many things were very pleasant—beautiful things among the rest.

'That it was a fine thing to be "superior," gentlemanlike, generous, and courageous.

'That a man ought to be religious.

'And left college with a good smattering of classics and mathematics, picked up in the intervals of boat-racing and hunting, and much the same creed as he brought with him, except in regard to the last article. The scenery-and-natural-history mania was now somewhat at a discount. He had discovered a new natural object, including in itself all—more than all—yet found beauties and wonders—woman!'—*Yeast*, pp. 3, 4.

Then follows from the author a strong censure on the system of modern classical education, to which he attributes many evil consequences to his hero. But these scruples are hardly borne out by Mr. Kingsley's general tone, which assumes that a period of self-abandonment to mere coarse passion and impulse developes manhood and strengthens the faculties. He does not like the stage of sin for its own sake, and never takes up his hero till it is passed through; but it is treated as a natural disease, which attacks constitutions in proportion to their vigour, and men are represented as coming out the stronger, and, in a way, the wiser and better, for their experience and contact with evil. Lancelot's university career is thus described by Lord Vieuxbois, a type of young England:—

'"Oh, I remember him well enough at Cambridge! He was one of a set who tried to look like blackguards, and really succeeded tolerably.

They used to eschew gloves, and drink nothing but beer, and smoke disgusting short pipes; and when we established the Coverley Club in Trinity they set up an opposition, and called themselves the Navvies. And they used to make piratical expeditions down to Lynn in eight-oars, to attack bargemen and fen girls, and shoot ducks, and sleep under turf-stacks, and come home when they had drunk all the public-house taps dry. I remember the man perfectly.'

'"Navvy or none," said the Colonel; "he has just the longest head and the noblest heart of any man I ever met. If he does not distinguish himself before he dies, I know nothing of human nature."

'"Ah, yes, I believe he is clever enough!—took a good degree, a better one than I did—but horribly eclectic; full of mesmerism, and German metaphysics, and all that sort of thing. I heard of him one night last spring, on which he had been seen, if you will believe it, going successively into a Swedenborgian chapel, the Garrick's Head and one of Elliotson's magnetic *soirées*. What can you expect after that?"

'"A great deal," said Bracebridge.'—*Yeast*, pp. 104, 105.

This, however, is past; Lancelot is introduced to the reader in a hunting field in Berkshire, in which connty he has just established himself. The hounds are about to throw off, and he is indulging in the dreamy self-consciousness which is part of his character.

'Whether Lancelot or his horse, under these depressing circumstances, fell asleep; or whether thoughts pertaining to such a life, and its fitness for a clever and ardent young fellow in the 19th century, became gradually too painful, and had to be peremptorily shaken off, this deponent sayeth not; but certainly, after five-and-thirty minutes of idleness and shivering, Lancelot opened his eyes with a sudden start, and struck spurs into his hunter without due canse shown; whereat "Shiver-the-Timbers," who was no Griselda in temper (Launcelot had bought him out of the Tytchley for half his value, as unrideably vicious, where he had killed a groom, and fallen backwards on a rough-rider, the first season after he came up from Horncastle), responded by a furious kick or two, threw his head up, put his foot in a drain, and sprawled down all but on his nose, pitching Lancelot unawares shamefully on the pommel of his saddle. A certain fatality, by-the-bye, had lately attended all Lancelot's efforts to shine; he never bought a new coat without tearing it mysteriously next day, or tried to make a joke without bursting out coughing in the middle; and now the whole field were looking on at his mishap; and, between disgust and the start, he turned almost sick, and felt the blood rush into his cheeks and forehead as he heard a shout of coarse jovial laughter burst out close to him, and the old master of the hounds, Squire Lavington, roared out,—

'"A pretty sportsman you are, Mr. Smith, to fall asleep by the cover-side, and let your horse down—and your pockets too! What's that book on the ground? Sapping and studyiug still? I let nobody come out with my hounds with their pocket full of learning. Hand it up here, Tom; we'll see what it is. French, as I'm no scholar! Translate for us, Colonel Bracebridge!"

'And, amid shouts of laughter, the gay Guardsman read out,—

'"St. Francis de Sales 'Introduction to a Devout Life.'

'Poor Lancelot! Wishing himself fathoms underground, ashamed of his book, still more ashamed of himself for his shame, he had to sit there ten physical seconds, or spiritual years, while the Colonel solemnly returned him the book, complimenting him on the proofs of its purifying influence

which he had given the night before, in helping to throw the turnpike-gate into the river.'—*Yeast*, pp. 7, 8.

Then follows a vivid description of the hunt and the hero's intensified powers of feeling and observation under the excitement of rapid riding, mingled with a good deal of sulky jealousy at the patronising superiority of the Colonel, who pronounces that 'he'll make a fine rider in time.' Miles and hours fly by fast, when suddenly the chase leads them by a little church on the hill-side. The sight of the hounds among the graves awakens a new train of thought; he pulls up, and falling into a musing mood, is left far behind, by men, horses, and dogs, and sits, regardless of his steed's impatience, staring at the chapel and the graves. At this moment the chapel door opens, and Lancelot sees his fate, in the shape of a fair lady.

'On a sudden the chapel-door opened, and a figure, timidly, yet loftily, stepped out without observing him, and, suddenly turning round, met him full, face to face, and stood fixed with surprise as completely as Laucelot himself.

'That face and figure, and the spirit which spoke through them, entered his heart at once, never again to leave it. Her features were aquiline and grand, without a shade of harshness; her eyes shone out like twin lakes of still azure, beneath a broad marble cliff of polished forehead; her rich chestnut hair rippled downward round the towering neck. With her perfect masque and queenly figure, and earnest, upward gaze, she might have been the very model from which Raphael conceived his glorious St. Catherine—the idea of the highest womanly genius, softened into self-forgetfulness by girlish devotion. She was simply, almost coarsely dressed, but a glance told him that she was a lady, by the courtesy of man as well as by the will of God.

'They gazed one moment more at each other—but what is time to spirits? With them, as with their Father, "one day is as a thousand years." But that eye-wedlock was cut short the next instant by the decided interference of the horse, who, thoroughly disgusted at his master's whole conduct, gave a significant shake of his head, and shamming frightened (as both women and horses will do when only cross), commenced a war-dance, which drove Argemone Lavington into the porch, and gave the bewildered Lancelot an excuse for dashing madly up the hill after his companions.

'"What a horribly ugly face!" said Argemone to herself; "but so clever, and so unhappy!"'—*Yeast*, pp. 15, 16.

Mr. Kingsley uniformly, in describing the style of beauty which he and his heroes care for, speaks of the form and mould of face as a *masque*, a term to us suggesting very unpleasant ideas, but well suited to the cold affectation and pretension with which he likes to invest the female character. He himself likens his Argemone to Tennyson's Princess, while he claims her as an original conception, and the same coating of conceited assumption hides in her, as in the other, the woman's heart beneath, which is represented as yielding and impressible in proportion to the assumed rigour. Mr. Kingsley piques him-

self on a knowledge of the sex, and has his eye on all their amiable weaknesses. He believes them to be influenced by an infinite number of impulses foreign to our less sensitive natures, and views them more in their points of difference from ourselves than as sharers of the common humanity—a habit oftener met with in the writings and conversations of women, who, in their turn, are very apt to regard us as a prey to various prejudices and eccentricities, to which they themselves are superior. However this may be, Mr. Kingsley gives woman a great part to play in human affairs; but we doubt whether the stronger minded of the sex have reason to be satisfied with their real share in the administration of them. We question whether they would consider the tone of gallantry, the lavish use of pretty epithets, as an equivalent for the more solid credit of sound reason; or the investiture of a certain preternatural power and influence, to atone for the absence of common sense, which their eulogist denies them. Even the gift of perfection may be taken amiss, when attributed in the same breath with all sorts of petty weaknesses; for is it not the perfection of an inferior order of being? The lower in the scale things are, the easier it is for them to be perfect in that scale; we oftener see a beautiful kitten than a beautiful child, a perfect daisy than a perfect rose. The truth is that, according to Mr. Kingsley, woman can do nothing for man without a pretty face, and she can do everything with one. No fine lady of the 'Spectator,' whose life is passed between dressing, Ranelagh, and auctions, depends less on the intellect for her conquests than would-be philosophers and *esprits forts* who talk by the hour in 'Yeast' and 'Hypatia.' We observe that ladies similarly endowed with self-confidence, and a flow of words, but who chance to be plain and ill-dressed, meet with no quarter from Mr. Kingsley. He dismisses them and their arguments summarily, in a sentence of mingled contempt and disgust, and turns to metal more attractive. But Argemone (to return to 'Yeast') is beautiful, and therefore she raises Lancelot out of the slough into which he had fallen, and refines and elevates his soul. For the same cause she has instincts purer than reason, and a celestial innocence which we can hardly reconcile with her pride, conceit, and strong-minded choice of topics. The hero is brought under her influence by an accident, of which she is unconsciously the cause. Bewildered, intoxicated by the vision of her beauty, he rides madly on, gets thrown, and breaks his leg, and is carried to the nearest house, which happens to be Squire Lavington's, the master of the hounds. This family, which contains in itself and its dependants types of character which Mr. Kingsley considers

the peculiar growth of our own times, is described with a great deal of spirit. The Squire's habit of profane swearing we should have thought the feature of a past age rather than one peculiarly our own; but we do not doubt there are too many living examples to bear out the portrait. Mrs. Lavington, a formal evangelical, from a certain puritanical coldness of character, and perfect satisfaction and immovability in her creed, is an object of the author's particular aversion. We might almost say the same of all *schools* of religion. Whichever of them is under review seems treated with a peculiar acrimony. If it is not the doctrines themselves, as in Calvinism or Popery, it is something in the mode of holding them which moves his spleen, and in the Low Church party the provoking element probably is a stolid, what he thinks unintelligent, persuasion that they are right, and the rest of the world fatally wrong. Argemone, the eldest daughter, has emancipated herself from her mother's influence, and tends to 'Tractarianism.' Towards what he calls High Church views, especially where there is a leaning to asceticism, his feelings are more conflicting. He has so far sympathy with them, that he believes them to be attractive to a generous and poetical class of minds; therefore he allows certain of his favourites to have a leaning in that direction, manifested by some harmless absurdities. Argemone has a turn for fanciful little penances. She indulges herself in walking barefoot in her solitary chapel, devises easy fasts, and turns her bedroom into an oratory, all the while her real habits of luxury and self-indulgence retaining their full force. But this moderation is exchanged for the utmost virulence of imputation towards the leaders of the party. Argemone's vicar and spiritual adviser, a zealous and self-denying ascetic, and impervious to vulgar temptations, is represented, in his mere eagerness for influence and enthusiasm for the cause of celibacy, as performing a villainous act of treachery and falsehood, that few rogues by profession would not recoil from. Honoria, second daughter and co-heiress, represents no school, but rather personates the unreflecting benevolence of the higher classes; alive to suffering when they see it, but with no perception of any latent cause, and therefore no attempt to investigate the root of social evils; relieving individual cases of distress with a warm heart and open hand, but content to rest there. We do not ourselves see how young ladies can do more; they cannot be expected to know anything of political economy, and would make matters worse if they pretended to do so. The great fact, which will be a fact while the world lasts, that the poor shall be always in the land, is and must still be their guide of

action; it falls to other heads and hands to reduce this class to the smallest number and most tolerable amount of suffering.

Honoria's benevolence, such as it is, brings her into a singular relation with another personage of the story, one of Mr. Kingsley's own favourite creations, who may not be without some parallel in actual life, though such must be rare indeed. He likes to represent a member of one class, with all the tastes, aspirations, sensibilities, and, in a sense, cultivation of another and a higher, probably choosing thus to assert his belief that all men are equal, a position we as firmly hold, though common sense and observation prevent our arriving at his conclusions upon it. All men are equal, all souls are equal, in the sight of God; and further, there is an invisible standard that does not measure as we measure, and attributes native worth on different grounds from ours. But this world's standard *has* a temporary truth in it, and a force, too, which no power can break down, and the ineqnalities of time, with all their consequences, *must* influence the relations of man to man and class to class; and because the Cornish gamekeeper, Tregarva, being the man he is, runs counter to this law, by falling in love with his master's daughter, he is not a natural character. There are two ways of doing this sort of thing naturally,—through conceit, and that undue mistaken estimate of the external self, person, position, and the like, which disturbs the balance of reason, or as the sequel of a consistent course of thought and action. We are not here blaming the ambition to rise, the habit of fixing the hopes and affections on things above our station, which belongs to many strong and vigorous minds, leading to great things; but when such men fix their hearts on some object far above them in social rank, it is no isolated act, but part of a system to rise above their class. But neither Tregarva nor Alton Locke are men of this stamp; they are essentially democratic, and jealous of class distinctions, and will not rise above their class. If such men are genuine in their professions, we shall not find them betraying their cause after this fashion, and insulting the dignity of labour by the assumption that it is not compatible with grace and beauty in women.

This is the party into which Lancelot is thrown in his convalescence, increased by the colonel and an artist, Claude Mellot, who figures in the first and last of these tales. Indoors, our hero talks with Argemone; when he strolls out, Tregarva is at his post, ready to do his behests, and in return to enlighten him as to the condition of the poor, their sufferings and degradations, their ignorance and consequent brutality, betraying much original thonght, a large acquaintance with Carlyle's works, and an odd sort of piety, half eclectic, half

fanatical. None of Mr. Kingsley's people, however, talk wholly in character; their difficulties are always *his* difficulties, their piety his piety; he is never quite out of sight, and can never be for a moment forgotten by the reader. We know that no man brought up in the heart of a particular state of things would be so alive to its social evils, its degradation, its coarseness, as this gamekeeper shows himself. It is a gentleman, and something of a fine gentleman, too, going sniffing about from nuisance to nuisance, and giving us the fresh edge of his disgust. This, however, is no great matter, so long as the nuisances are real ones, as they mostly are, and such as ought to be put down. We give a specimen of one of these conversations:—

'"Beautiful stream this," said Lancelot, who had a continual longing—right or wrong—to chat with his inferiors; and was proportionately sulky and reserved to his superiors.—"Beautiful enough, sir," said the keeper, with an emphasis on the first word.

'"Why, has it any other fault?"—"Not so wholesome as pretty, sir."

'"What harm does it do?"—"Fever, and ague, and rheumatism, sir."

'"Where?" asked Lancelot, a little amused by the man's laconic answers.—"Wherever the white fog spreads, sir."

'"Where 's that?"—"Every where, sir."

'"And when?"—"Always, sir." Lancelot burst out laughing. The man looked up at him slowly and seriously.

'"You wouldn't laugh, sir, if you had seen much of the inside of these cottages round."—"Really," said Lancelot, "I was only laughing at our making such very short work of such a long and serious story. Do you mean that the unhealthiness of this country is wholly caused by the river?"

'"No, sir. The river-damps are God's sending; and so they are not too bad to bear. But there 's more of man's sending that is too bad to bear."—"What do you mean?"

'"Are men likely to be healthy when they are worse housed than a pig?"—"No."

'"And worse fed than a hound?"—"Good heavens! No!"

'"Or packed together to sleep, like pilchards in a barrel?"—"But, my good fellow, do you mean that the labourers here are in that state?"

'"It isn't far to walk, sir. Perhaps, some day, when the may-fly is gone off, and the fish won't rise awhile, you could walk down and see. I beg your pardon, sir, though, for thinking of such a thing. They are not places fit for gentlemen, that's certain." There was a staid irony in his tone, which Lancelot felt.

'"But the clergyman goes?"—"Yes, sir."

'"And Miss Honoria goes?"—"Yes, God Almighty bless her!"

'"And do not they see that all goes right?" The giant twisted his huge limbs, as if trying to avoid an answer, and yet not daring to do so.

'"Do clergymen go about among the poor much, sir, at college, before they are ordained?" Lancelot smiled, and shook his head. "I thought so, sir. Our good vicar is like the rest hereabouts. God knows, he stints neither time nor money—the souls of the poor are well looked after, and their bodies, too—as far as his purse will go; but that 's not far."

'"Is he ill-off, then?"—"The living's worth some forty pounds a year. The great tithes, they say, are worth better than twelve hundred; but Squire Lavington has them."

'"Oh, I see!" said Lancelot.—"I'm glad you do, sir; for I don't," meekly answered Tregarva. "But the vicar, sir, he is a kind man and a good; but the poor don't understand him, nor he them. He is too learned, sir, and, saving your presence, too fond of his prayer-book."

'"One can't be too fond of a good thing!"—"Not unless you make an idol of it, sir, and fancy that men's souls were made for the Prayer-book, and not the Prayer-book for them."

"But cannot he expose and redress these evils, if they exist?" Tregarva twisted about again. "I do not say that I think it, sir; but this I know, that every poor man in the vale thinks it—that the parsons are afraid of the landlords. They must see these things, for they are not blind; and they try to plaster them up out of their own pockets."

'"But why, in God's name, don't they strike at the root of the matter, and go straight to the landlords and tell them the truth?" asked Lancelot. —"So people say, sir. I see no reason for it, except the one which I gave you. Besides, sir, you must remember that a man can't quarrel with his own kin; and so many of them are their squire's brothers, or sons, or nephews."

'"Or good friends with him, at least."—"Ay, and more, sir; to do them justice, they had need, for the poor's sake, to keep good friends with the squire. How else are they to get a farthing for schools, or coal-subscriptions, or lying-in societies, or lending libraries, or penny-clubs? If they spoke their minds to the great ones, sir, how could they keep the parish together?"

'"You seem to see both sides of a question, certainly. But what a miserable state of things, that the labouring man should require all these societies, and charities, and helps from the rich!—that an industrious freeman cannot live without alms!"—"So I have thought this long time," quietly answered Tregarva.

'"But Miss Honoria, she is not afraid to tell her father the truth?"—"Suppose, sir, when Adam and Eve were in the garden, that all the devils had come up and played their fiends' tricks before them,—do you think they'd have seen any shame in it?"

'"I really cannot tell," said Lancelot, smiling.—"Then I can, sir. They'd have seen no more harm in it than there was harm already in themselves; and that was none. 'The eye only sees what it brings with it, the power of seeing.'" Lancelot started: it was a favourite *dictum* of his in Carlyle's works.

'"Where did you get that thought, my friend?"—"By seeing, sir."

'"But what has that to do with Miss Honoria?"—"She is an angel of holiness herself, sir; and, therefore, she goes on without blushing or suspecting, where our blood would boil again. She sees people in want, and thinks it must be so, and pities them and relieves them. But she don't know want herself; and, therefore, she don't know that it makes men beasts and devils. She's as pure as God's light herself; and, therefore, she fancies every one is as spotless as she is. And there 's another mistake in your charitable great people, sir. When they see poor folk sick or hungry before their eyes, they pull out their purses fast enough, God bless them; for they wouldn't like to be so themselves. But the oppression that goes on all the year round, and the want that goes on all the year round, and the filth, and the lying, and the swearing, and the profligacy that go on all the year round, and the sickening weight of debt, and the miserable grinding anxiety from rent-day to rent-day, and Saturday night to Saturday night, that crushes a man's soul down, and drives every thought out of his head but how he is to fill his stomach and warm his

back, and keep a house over his head, till he daren't for his life take his thoughts one moment off the meat that perisheth. Oh, sir, they never felt this; and, therefore, they never dream that there are thousands who pass them in their daily walks who feel this, and feel nothing else!"

'This outburst was uttered with an earnestness and majesty which astonished Lancelot. He forgot the subject in the speaker.

'"You are a very extraordinary gamekeeper!" said he.—"When the Lord shews a man a thing, he can't well help seeing it," answered Tregarva, in his usual staid tone.

'There was a pause. The keeper looked at him with a glance, before which Lancelot's eyes fell.

'"Hell is paved with hearsays, sir."—*Yeast*, pp. 45—50.

Not long after Tregarva takes our hero to a country fair, a lugubrious festivity, forcibly described, and probably from the life, but told with a hardness and prominence of the darker features that prove Mr. Kingsley's sympathies do not lie with the agricultural poor. There is too much contempt mingled with his pity; their stolid rusticity has apparently repelled him. We know what patience is needed to get at the ideas of men accustomed to out-door solitary labour, and we can well fancy how slow and hesitating would be the response of their sluggish understanding, to this bright, perhaps impatient, intellect. No man does himself so little justice as a ploughman; and where it points an argument to prove him irrecoverably stupid, the victim of a long course of oppression and misgovernment, what a helpless clod he can be, shown out of his own mouth to be! though, after all, he has a wit of his own, if we can but reach it. His very utterance, however, is a hindrance, if, as we are told,—

'He tried to listen to the conversation of the men round him. To his astonishment he hardly understood a word of it. It was half articulate, nasal, guttural, made up almost entirely of vowels, like the speech of savages. He had never before been struck with the significant contrast between the sharp, clearly defined articulation, the vivid and varied tones of the gentleman, or even of the London street-boy, when compared with the coarse, half-formed growls, as of a company of seals, which he heard round him. That single fact struck him, perhaps, more deeply than any; it connected itself with many of his physiological fancies; it was the parent of many thoughts and plans of his after-life. Here and there he could distinguish a half-sentence.'—*Yeast*, pp. 227, 228.

But Tregarva and his revelations are only episodes, growing out of the new life inspired into our hero by the birth of a real and worthy passion. The fair and proud Argemone enthrals his whole being as he comes under her influence, which, of course, follows on his return to society. The points of union between these two lie, on his side, in worship of her beauty; in hers, that she has found a willing subject for her didactic powers. Mr. Kingsley is certainly liberal in this respect to

pretty women. Penetrated with a sense of their own power and importance, they preach and lecture a great deal, and are uniformly listened to with more than patience, with enthusiasm, by their votaries, who cry in concert, 'go on.' This taste leads him to prefer women marked by some distinction which subjects them to general attention and admiration. The quiet, unpretending, domestic type of woman, so dear to most hearts, has no charm for his imagination, which craves for something more striking and piquante, for qualities which suggest the idea of patronage; for after all, the high flights, pretensions, and accomplishments of his heroines have always something akin to the feats or the declamation of a child, which we admire with a sense of superiority and secret reservation. The woman is, in fact, an exhibition, never sufficient for herself, but dependent on spectators or an audience, and so far in a position inferior to serene mediocrity, content in its own place, and indifferent to praise and homage. It is this propensity which makes our author's women rather the seekers than the sought. Either as preachers, or philosophers, or actresses, or flirts, they call the men around them, they invite; they are not simply attractive, they attract. Argemone is by no means the leading instance of this, but she comes first on the list. One of the early days of Lancelot's convalescence we find her first 'favouring the artist with her three hundred and sixty-fifth philippic against his beard,' and next taking Lancelot in hand in the following style:—

'"I wonder how Mr. Smith can be so rude as to sit there in my presence over his stupid perch? Smoking those horrid cigars, too! What selfish animals those field-sports make men!"

'"Thank you," said the colonel, with a low bow.

'Lancelot rose. "If a country girl, now, had spoken in that tone," said he to himself, "it would have been called at least saucy, but Mammon's elect ones may do anything!"

'"Well, here I come, limping to my new tyrant's feet, like Goethe's bear to Lile's."

'She drew him away, as women only know how, from the rest of the party, who were chatting and laughing with Claude. She had shewn off her fancied indifference to Lancelot before them, and now begun in a softer voice,—"Why will you be so shy and lonely, Mr. Smith?"

'"Because I am not fit for your society."

'"Who tells you so? Why will you not become so?" Lancelot hung down his head. "As long as fish and game are your only society, you will become more and more *morne* and self-absorbed."

'"Really, fish were the last things of which I was thinking when you came. My whole heart was filled with the beauty of nature, and nothing else."

'There was an opening for one of Argemone's preconcerted orations.

'"Had you no better occupation," she said, gently, "than nature, the first day of returning to the open air after so frightful and dangerous an accident? Were there no thanks due to One above?"

'Lancelot understood her. "How do you know that I was not even then showing my thankfulness?"

'"What! with a cigar and a fishing-rod?"—"Certainly. Why not?"

'Argemone really could not tell at the moment. The answer upset her scheme entirely.

'"Might not that very admiration of nature have been an act of worship?" continued our hero. "How can we better glorify the worker, than by delighting in His work?"

'"Ah!" sighed the lady, "why trust to these self-willed methods, and neglect the noble and exquisite forms which the Church has prepared for us as embodiments for every feeling of our hearts?"

'"*Every* feeling, Miss Lavington?"

'Argemone hesitated. She had made the good old stock assertion, as in duty bound; but she could not help recollecting that there were several Popish hooks of devotion at that moment on her table, which seemed to her to patch a gap or two in the Prayer-book.

'"My temple, as yet," said Lancelot, "is only the heaven and the earth; my church-music I can hear all day long, whenever I have the sense to be silent, and 'hear my mother sing;' my priests and preachers are every bird and bee, every flower and cloud. Am I not well enough furnished? Do you want to reduce my circular infinite chapel to an oblong hundred-foot one? My sphere-harmonies to the Gregorian tones in four parts? My world-wide priesthood, with their endless variety of costume, to one not over-educated gentleman in a white sheet? And my dreams of naiads and flower-fairies, and the blue-bells ringing God's praises, as they do in *The Story without an End*, for the gross reality of naughty charity children, with their pockets full of apples, bawling out Hebrew psalms of which they neither feel nor understand a word?"

'Argemone tried to look very much shocked at this piece of bombast. Lancelot evidently meant it as such, but he eyed her all the while as if there was solemn earnest under the surface.

'"Oh, Mr. Smith!" she said, "how can you dare talk so of a Liturgy compiled by the wisest and holiest of all countries and ages? You revile that of whose beauty you are not qualified to judge!"

"There must be a beauty in it all, or such as you are would not love it."

'"Oh," she said, hopefully, "that you would but try the Church system!"—*Yeast*, pp. 56—59.

Argemone soon finds 'she cannot cope with his quaint logic,' and turns hastily away, to shake off the spell of his 'influence.' Then follows a wild appeal on his part to her woman's nature:—

'"Has woman forgotten her mission?—to look at the heart and have mercy, while cold man looks at the act and condemns? Do you, too, like the rest of mankind, think no-belief better than misbelief; and smile on hypocrisy, lip-assent, practical Atheism, sooner than on the unpardonable sin of making a mistake? Will you, like the rest of this wise world, let a man's spirit rot asleep into the pit, if he will only lie quiet and not disturb your smooth respectabilities; but if he dares, in waking, to yawn in an unorthodox manner, knock him on the head at once, and 'break the bruised reed,' and 'quench the smoking flax?' And yet you Church-goers have 'renounced the world!'"

'"What do you want, in Heaven's name?" asked Argemone, half terrified.

'"I want *you* to tell me that. Here I am, with youth, health, strength, money,—every blessing of life, but one; and I am utterly miserable. I want some one to tell me what I want."

'"Is it not that you want—religion?"

'"I see hundreds who have what you call religion, with whom I should scorn to change my irreligion."

'"But, Mr. Smith, are you not—are you not very wicked? They tell me so," said Argemone, with an effort. "And is not that the cause of your disease?"

'Lancelot laughed. "No, fairest prophetess, it is the disease itself. 'Why am I what I am, when I know more and more daily what I could be?' That is the mystery; and my sins are the fruit, and not the root of it. Who will explain that?"—*Yeast*, pp. 62, 63.

This conversation is interrupted by Honoria's dog falling into the mill weir. All the men present exhibit feats of strength and skill, but it remains for Tregarva to jump into the water and save the dog, at such risk to his own life that he is all but drowned. The scene seems devised for the sole purpose of showing that Honoria is aware of the man's feelings towards herself, and favourably influenced by them, and that others are aware of both these facts, and *show* that they are. As the author has not courage to make anything *follow* upon this, we cannot but regard the whole as a gratuitous breach of delicacy and propriety. The same may be said of the consequences of another accident, where the Lavington family, returning from a dinner-party, are thrown out of their carriage, and Argemone is put under Lancelot's charge to walk home. These young people, in the dawn of their attachment, which commonly produces reserve and consciousness, can find no better subject for conversation than love itself, suggested by the love of the nightingale, singing at that moment for its mate, passing on to the love of angels, and the question whether the angelic life is single, which the hero stoutly combats, attributing the received view to early fathers and middle age monks,—from thence to the love of mortals, and its temporal or eternal duration. After some pauses and significant breaks, the conversation thus ends. She asks what he is going to do this summer. He replies—

'"I wish this summer, for the first time in my life, to try and do some good—to examine a little into the real condition of English working-men."

'"I am afraid, Mr. Smith, that I did not teach you that duty."

'"Oh, you have taught me priceless things! You have taught me beauty is the sacrament of heaven, and love its gate; that that which is the most luscious is also the most pure."

'"But I never spoke a word to you on such subjects."

'"There are those, Miss Lavington, to whom a human face can speak truths too deep for books."

'Argemone was silent; but she understood him.'—*Yeast*, pp. 122, 123.

Our readers must not regard this and many similar passages as mere rhodomontade. They would be doing Mr. Kingsley

great injustice. He is, in fact, calmly asserting a principle, and defending true religion from what he thinks a dangerous encroachment, by asserting the moral worth of physical beauty. It is a part of his enlarged Protestantism, an engrafting of the religion of the Greeks upon the Gospel, as further exhibited in such mystic sentences as the following:—'The very essential 'idea of Protestantism is the dignity and divinity of man as God 'has made him.' This he opposes to Catholic ideas of spiritual beauty,—a beauty not of form but of soul. It is one of his most frequent grudges against asceticism, that it mars and pales physical beauty, substituting a certain beauty of expression for it. No; Protestantism demands a rounded flowing outline, and hues of the lily and the rose; fair things that will never need a champion, and which we do not mean to undervalue by this allusion to our author's creed. The worship of physical beauty necessarily includes the worship of strength. Argemone finds her ideas on this subject disturbed by Lancelot's influence; for whereas she had inclined to practices which diminish the animal vigour, and had, under the Vicar's influence, acquired a contempt for mere brute force, she suddenly awakes to a reverence for feats of daring and herculean strength. She extracts a promise from Lancelot not to join a gang of poachers; but we are assured that little would she have valued obedience to her commands. The skill with which, in the encounter, he brings the London pugilist senseless to the ground after several rounds, is far more to her real taste. This connexion of physical strength with Protestantism, and bodily weakness and want of muscle with Catholicism, is carried out to its fullest extent in 'Westward, Ho!' so we may leave it here.

Argemone forgives and admires her pupil for his prowess, and takes him in hand, in defiance of her mother's natural objections, to read with him, and instruct him; a process which soon leads to a reverse of their relative positions; for Lancelot's strong intellect, and bold reasons, soon upset her card-castle, founded on authority. She feels him her superior, and cannot escape from his arguments, and indeed, soon does not wish to escape them. Days thus passed in exclusive intimate companionship, of course produce their natural result on both. Lancelot becomes deeply enamoured of his fair preceptress, and this passion is represented as the true purifier, where the precepts of religion had failed, awakening in him paroxysms of remorse for the past, which impel him to wander all night long in the woods, and even suggest the idea of suicide. All this while he has avowedly no God but nature; the slightest fact about a bone or a weed, is more to him than all the books of divinity Argemone lends him; till at length she pathetically asks him what he does believe,

and he stamps on the ground, and answers, 'I believe *in this.*' Nor do we find that his opinions ever assume a much more definite or dogmatic form while we are acquainted with him, though we are given to understand he is open to conviction, if there is anybody to convince him. In the meanwhile, Argemone begins to discover that she is in love with this infidel. In despair at the scrape in which she finds herself, she, as a parallel to her lover's glimpse of suicide, proposes to herself to take a vow of perpetual celibacy, a notion which a little further reflection dispels. In the end they meet, the scene begins in storms, she even presents her Bible and takes a formal leave; but the sympathies of the novel reader are never too severely tried by Mr. Kingsley, and the desired understanding is reached at last.

In the meanwhile, the ascetic Vicar, who has been on the *qui vive* at this new antagonistic influence interposing between him and his promising pupil, has his appointed part to play in the drama, which we must give in detail as an example of our author's polemical fairness. The Vicar is aquainted with Lancelot's uncle, a London banker, whom he has put under obligation to himself, by reclaiming his son from a course of profligacy. To him he goes, with the intention of inducing him to recall his nephew to town, by alarming stories of his scepticism and general evil courses. How he should expect to succeed in this difficult undertaking, considering that the young man is absolutely his own master, we are not told. He finds the banker in all the miseries of a run upon his bank, which gives place for a long discussion on the commercial system, not without ingenuity, but conspicuously the theories of a man who knows really nothing of his subject. The Vicar obtains admission to the back parlour, where the banker sits awaiting the end. Lancelot's fortune is involved; it is important he should see his nephew; indeed, an interview with him may save both the bank and Lancelot's fortune; if he does not arrive in time, utter ruin is the consequence to both uncle and nephew. There is urgent need of a messenger; the Vicar returns home that night, and pledges himself to deliver the letter in time. All the while the words—'unless he comes up to-night, he is a ruined man,' ring in his ears, and suggest evil thoughts. Moreover, it was Friday, and he had been fasting, and was therefore a prey to his own fancies, which tell him that it would be a good thing for Argemone and other people, if Lancelot *was* ruined; that riches were a curse, and not a blessing, and that therefore Lancelot was better without them, and a great deal more, so that in the end the Vicar deliberately keeps the letter till it is too late, and instead pays a visit to his quondam convert, the banker's son, who has just turned papist. In

returning from an unsatisfactory interview with him, he passes the union workhouse, and finds a crowd of wretched poor who had been refused admittance:—

'Delighted to escape from his own thoughts by anything like action, he pulled out his purse to give an alms. There was no silver in it, but only some fifteen or twenty sovereigns, which he had that day received as payment for some bitter reviews in a leading religious periodical. Every thing that night seemed to shame and confound him more. As he touched the money, there sprung up in his mind in an instant the thought of the articles which had procured it * * * their blind prejudice; their reckless imputations of motives; their wilful concealment of any palliating clauses; their party nicknames, given without a shudder at the terrible accusations which they conveyed. And then the indignation, the shame, the reciprocal bitterness, which those articles would excite, tearing still wider the bleeding wounds of that Church which they professed to defend! And then, in this case, too, the thought rushed across him, "What if I should have been wrong and my adversary right? What if I have made the heart of the righteous sad whom God has not made sad? I! to have been dealing out heaven's thunders, as if I were infallible! I, who am certain at this moment of no fact in heaven or earth except my own untruth! God! who am I that I should judge another? And the coins seemed to him like the price of blood. He fancied that he felt them red hot to his hand, and, in his eagerness to get rid of the accursed thing, he dealt it away fiercely to the astonished group, amid whining and flattery, wrangling and ribaldry; and then, not daring to wait and see the use to which his money would be put, hurried off to the inn, and tried in uneasy slumbers to forget the time, until the mail passed through at daybreak on its way to Whitford.'—*Yeast*, pp. 211, 212.

This is pretty strong revenge for a sharp article, and will, we think, appear to our readers a strange occasion for censuring harsh judgments, when Mr. Kingsley is attributing such conduct and such morality as this to the party from whom *he* differs. But indeed, Mr. Kingsley has the very secret of harsh judgments, for he delights always to give the one principle he objects to free and unrestrained play, by forcing it to what *he thinks* its logical conclusions, and allowing no counteracting influences in the character he chooses for its development,—an error and a sin alike in fiction and in controversy, and equally opposed to nature, experience, and charity.

Lancelot is ruined, and bears his loss with a philosophy and an indifference of which fiction alone supplies us with a parallel. It is a pleasure to active minds to imagine absolute destitution as a condition to energize in and rise out. He rejects all aid, and determines to live by the labour of his hands; though, beyond carrying a mystic stranger's trunk, probably as unsubstantial as its master, for which he receives sixpence, we are not admitted to any of his straits and labours. Before this crisis, he is summoned down to Whitford, to the dying Argemone. She is trebly a victim; first, as the object of a traditional curse which attaches to her family—for Mr. Kingsley has a leaning to little superstitions—next, as fitly avenging on her father

his neglect of the sanitary condition of his poor; and thirdly, she is a victim to the necessities of the piece; for stories which denounce the times, from Hamlet downwards, have no other course but to end sadly. There is a passionate scene between the lovers. She describes in excited language the cause of her illness, that a visit to a poor girl in a fever had first opened her eyes to the state of things in the village, and she had hurried from house to house, amidst sights and smells that haunted her night and day, till at length she caught the fever of which she was dying. We need not say that these details destroy the pathos that there might, but probably would not have been. Mr. Kingsley is lavish of tenderness and endearments in his love scenes, and describes a great deal of wild intense feeling, but somehow he cannot bring his lovers together; it is never real enough for sympathy. After Argemone's death, Lancelot falls in with a mysterious stranger, without name or locality, who talks of Prester John's country, and the Caucasian races, and who knows everything, and is up to all the topics of the day, who we are to suppose holds the solution of all the enigmas of the book in his hand, but who prefers for the present to leave the confusion more confounded than ever. With him the hero disappears into space, and we know no more of him; a lame and impotent conclusion enough: but the mode by which the author tells his readers that he has raised more questions than he knows how to answer. The story, as our readers probably remember, came out first anonymously in 'Fraser's Magazine.' It has subsequently been published as a whole, with revisions by the author. It is something that the following passage in the original impression finds no place in the recent edition. After professing to expect for all the rest of the characters in the book a downward course, it goes on:—

'For Lancelot alone, who has cast off all outward forms, customs, respectabilities, in the hope that he who loseth his life in the old system may save it in the new,—in the hope of reaching some ground of truth and righteousness, some everlasting rock-stratum whereon to build, utterly careless what the building may be, how contrary soever to prejudice and precedent, provided God and Nature help him in its construction,—for him alone I see land.'—*Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxxviii. p. 711.

Second thoughts have had the same beneficial influence in some other instances; while the fate of Honoria, wasting away under some unknown disease, the result, we may presume, of an unfulfilled destiny, is a new feature altogether.

We have dwelt long on the author's first story, as showing the turn of thought and state of feeling which led him to write fiction. There was a necessity to disburden himself of a load; and having cast all his doubts and discontents on the readers, we believe, whatever the moral effect upon others, that the effect was salutary to himself. The connexion between thought

and expression is so close in some minds, that the thought itself languishes when the opportunities for talking or writing of it are exhausted. The process of exhaustion was begun in 'Yeast,' and some grudges and difficulties cleared off. It was continued, with some modifications, in the next of the series, 'Alton Locke,' to which we now address ourselves. 'Yeast' showed the wrongs of the country—this aims at the abuses of cities, and exposes the sufferings and grievances of artisan life. The quicker intelligence and higher intellectual cultivation of this class are calculated to awaken a more genuine sympathy in our author: and, therefore, 'Alton Locke' is characterised by greater earnestness. He can feel for a Chartist artisan, living in a turmoil of eager speculation, full of schemes for political advancement and social change; spurning pity, and demanding rights. He can hardly be said to feel for the rustic, drudging on in lethargic patience, or helpless, silent discontent. Men must be social beings, ready and practised in interchange of thought, to excite his interest,—and men learn to talk in towns. Still we should hardly expect the working classes to be at heart satisfied with their champion. A lofty superiority constantly betrays itself; there is no seeing with *their* eyes, but through his own somewhat fastidious medium: a sort of fine-gentleman sympathy, which we do not blame but merely point out. We are not Chartists, and fully believe that while the world lasts, there will be social distinctions, with all the consequences of various degrees of refinement and knowledge. Others wish to think differently, and hope for absolute equality; but we cannot believe in the socialism of any man who possesses such a keen sense of the charms of a fine lady, that especial fruit and crown of social distinctions, as Mr. Kingsley always betrays. What has luxurious grace of manner to do with community of labour, and was Arcadia more a dream than the notion that courtly finish and sweet condescension of manner (we do not say how much they are worth; it is our author, not we, who appreciates them so highly) can exist with absolute equality in the whole human race? Whenever a lady comes on the scene, we feel that Mr. Kingsley is playing with his subject, and has never been able to put himself in the place of the men he delineates, who, happily, can see grace and beauty and all womanly perfection, where he only shrinks from awkwardness, homeliness, or vulgarity. But 'Woman!' so often apostrophised, is not woman in his eyes without *prestige* of some sort; and for this is needed a certain ultra and almost morbid cultivation.

'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet,' as many of our readers know, is an autobiography, in which the hero's genius has to struggle all his life against adverse circumstances. They need not have been adverse, however, if he had been content to rise

alone, for he is represented as receiving the most kind and liberal patronage; but his feelings for his class, his indignant sense of general oppression, are more potent than ambition, and he devotes all his powers to expose the wrongs of the people, and to rouse them to resistance. Somehow this course of action is felt to be incompatible with strong religious convictions: probably, experience shows it, though we have heard of good Churchmen in the labouring class who are for the six points. Such, however, are not likely to be met with in Mr. Kingsley's picture of Chartism, who has set himself the task of showing how every existing religious system fails in winning the affection and confidence of the masses. He is not without *esprit de corps;* and ready as he is to show the shortcomings and various failings of the establishment to which he belongs, the Dissenters are not allowed to find their advantage in the exposure. There is something narrow in small communions which irritates a certain class of minds not open to the importance of theological distinctions. From whatever cause, Mr. Kingsley does not like Dissenting ministers; and always shows them in ludicrous or unfavourable points of view. He sets them down as 'not the strong men of the day,' and allows them no consideration or consequence in the eyes of his demagogues, who, in 'Alton Locke,' talk and think a great deal more of the Church and the Clergy than we believe them to do in fact.

The hero's mother is a Baptist, thoronghly imbued with the Calvinistic tenets of her sect, and affords an instance of Mr. Kingsley's practice of pushing, what he holds mistaken religious opinions, to their legitimate conclusions. Her doctrines make her an unkind mother. She whips her child severely for disputing the predestinarian theory, and finally turns him out of doors at a mature age, when his doubts had grown into general scepticism, and never sees him again. Now, we can only say that we do not meet with this fruit of Calvinism, which is likely, and does actually produce an opposite resnlt. The mother's instinct is stronger than abstract doctrines; these last, if erroneous, may make her careless and indifferent to the use of means, but surely do not make her cruel. However, she is priest-led by her favourite antenomian minister, who, with his milder colleague, she entertains frequently at her humble board, to the serious diminution of her means. When she has done her work of disgusting her son with religion, and apprenticed him to a tailor, we hear no more of her, but the fact of her deatb. Alton passes under other and very different influences. Thc man under whom he works, in the close workshop, is a Chartist, of moral life but avowed disbelief, and a chance-formed acquaintance, an old Scotchman, the keeper of a book-stall, also a Chartist; who, seeing the boy's eager, wistful interest in his books, takes his

education in hand by lending him in turn all the books in his stock, and giving him besides a smattering of Latin. His mind, thus fostered, expands, and he begins to think in verse.

Alton has an uncle in a superior rank of life to his own, and who keeps an eye upon him when he becomes aware of his superior abilities. This uncle has a son George, who possesses the art and gift of getting on in the world. In many respects he shares the characteristics of Tom Thurnall, in 'Two Years Ago,' who is there a great favourite with the author. But this George, with his tall figure, handsome face, and frank manner, open profession of selfishness, and devotion to this same object of making his way in the world, is not intended to excite any pleasant or favourable feelings. We cannot but attribute the change to a growing liking for success, and for the qualities which ensure it. A young man who dresses and looks like a gentleman, and who is preparing for Cambridge, deserves some credit for patronising his cousin—a weak, sickly, journeyman tailor, who betrays his profession in his gait. But some secret, not very obvious, object is to be gained by the sacrifice; and he makes no step in our favour by his proposal of a walk to the Dulwich Gallery. There Alton sees a good picture for the first time, and stands in absorbed contemplation of Guido's 'S. Sebastian.' While thus engrossed he attracts the attention of a lady; one who plays a leading part in the book, as the exponent of the author's views, and who, now young, prosperous, and beautiful, has sympathies with genius, and the heart and understanding to foster it wherever found. Alton turns to answer; but before he meets her gaze, his own is arrested by her companion; a young lady of remarkable beauty, whose charms take the young tailor captive at the first glance and for ever. We do not believe this is the way poets of the people—take Burns for an example—fall in love. They do, and they should in fairness, magnify, and set their hearts on the Marys and the Jeans of their own class, not be caught by the glitter of fashion and tight fitting gloves, as in this case. Mere beauty has nothing to do with the act, apart from the chance of obtaining the prize, however little the mind is conscious of this condition. There are certain little threads and chords of sympathy which are needed for what are called, on this ground, attachments, and which could not possibly be touched in a reasonable, modest mind, by the mere patronising interest which the party here bestow upon him. For the ladies are accompanied by a Dean; a man of enlarged mind, and open, like them, to the claims of humble merit. George, the cousin, has been standing aloof, admiring, in his turn, and, perhaps, forming plans of his own, which he pursues with such peculiar craft and perseverance, that they

result in carrying off the prize himself, to the infinite despair of the poor poet. But we have leapt to conclusions which do not arrive till near the end of the volume. Lilian, the object of so much devotion, is little better than a flirt. When, in the course of time, Alton is invited to her father, the Dean's, house, to show his verses and receive counsel and criticism, she sees his admiration only to encourage it; not, of course, with a dream of return, which, as he makes no mystery of his calling, is altogether out of the question, but simply for the gratification of the moment. Her wiser companion sees and tries to avert the mischief, and gets hated by Alton for her pains. This visit is the consequence of an expedition to Cambridge, where his cousin is now established as a fast man, and making all the friends he can. Here, again, it seems more disinterested good nature than we are allowed to think it, that he should invite Alton to his suppers, and give him rules how to behave in the new scene in which he finds himself. This expedition is his first sight of the world. When he left London to *walk* thither, he saw the country for the first time,—a thing clearly incredible, where there is the power to walk and the love of nature in the heart; but which gives occasion for some good descriptions of his first impressions. Take, for instance, the following fresh and natural passage, which we think very pleasant reading:—

'At last I came to a wood—the first real wood that I had ever seen; not a mere party of stately park trees growing out of smooth turf, but a real wild copse; tangled branches and grey stems fallen across each other; deep, ragged underwood of shrubs, and great ferns like princes' feathers, and gay beds of flowers, blue and pink and yellow, with butterflies flitting about them, and trailers that climbed and dangled from bough to bough—a poor, commonplace bit of copse, I dare say, in the world's eyes, but to me a fairy wilderness of beautiful forms, mysterious gleams and shadows, teeming with manifold life. As I stood looking wistfully over the gate, alternately at the inviting vista of the green-embroidered path, and then at the grim notice over my head, "All trespassers prosecuted," a young man came up the ride, dressed in velveteen jacket and leather gaiters, sufficiently bedrabbled with mud. A fishing-rod and basket bespoke him some sort of destroyer, and I saw in a moment that he was "a gentleman." After all, there is such a thing as looking like a gentleman. There are men whose class no dirt or rags could hide, any more than they could Ulysses. I have seen such men in plenty among workmen, too; but, on the whole, the gentlemen—by whom I do not mean just now the rich—have the superiority in that point. But not, please God, for ever. Give us the same air, water, exercise, education, good society, and you will see whether this "haggardness," this "coarseness," &c. &c. for the list is too long to specify, be an accident, or a property, of the man of the people.

'"May I go into your wood?" asked I at a venture, curiosity conquering pride.

'"Well! what do you want there, my good fellow?"

'"To see what a wood is like—I never was in one in my life."

'"Humph! well—you may go in for that, and welcome. Never was in a wood in his life!—poor devil!"

'"Thank you!" quoth I. And I slowly clambered over the gate. He put his hand carelessly on the top rail, vaulted over it like a deer, and then turned to stare at me.

'"Hullo! I say—I forgot—don't go far in, or ramble up and down, or you'll disturb the pheasants."

'I thanked him again for what licence he had given me—went in, and lay down by the path-side.

'Here, I suppose, by the rules of modern art, a picturesque description of the said wood should follow; but I am the most incompetent person in the world to write it. And, indeed, the whole scene was so novel to me, that I had no time to analyse; I could only enjoy. I recollect lying on my face and fingering over the delicately cut leaves of the weeds, and wondering whether the people who lived in the country thought them as wonderful and beautiful as I did;—and then I recollected the thousands whom I had left behind, who, like me, had never seen the green face of God's earth; and the answer of the poor gamin in St. Giles's, who, when he was asked what the country was, answered, "*the yard where the gentlemen live when they go out of town*"—significant that, and pathetic; then I wondered whether the time would ever come when society would be far enough advanced to open to even such as he a glimpse, if it were only once a year, of the fresh, clean face of God's earth;—and then I became aware of a soft, mysterious hum, above and around me, and turned on my back to look whence it proceeded, and saw the leaves, gold, green and transparent in the sunlight, quivering against the deep heights of the empyrean blue; and hanging in the sunbeams that pierced the foliage, a thousand insects, like specks of fire, that poised themselves motionless on thrilling wings, and darted away, and returned to hang motionless again;—and I wondered what they ate, and whether they thought about anything, and whether they enjoyed the sunlight;—and then that brought back to me the times when I used to lie dreaming in my crib on summer mornings, and watched the flies dancing reels between me and the ceilings;—and that again brought the thought of Susan and my mother; and I prayed for them—not sadly—I could not be sad there;—and prayed that we might all meet again some day and live happily together; perhaps in the country, where I could write poems in peace; and then, by degrees, my sentences and thoughts grew incoherent, and in happy, stupid animal comfort, I faded away into a heavy sleep, which lasted an hour or more, till I was awakened by the efforts of certain enterprising great black and red ants, who were trying to found a small Algeria in my left ear.—*Alton Locke*, p. 93.

He passes through a village and sees the Parson and his wife visiting from house to house, a sight the young Chartist had not expected to see; and falling into conversation with a labourer, extorts from him some facts about the Clergy more favourable than he was prepared for. But of his informant he complains:—

'I was surprised at the difficulty with which I got into conversation with the man; at his stupidity, feigned or real, I could not tell which; at the dogged, suspicious reserve with which he eyed me, and asked me whether I was "one of they parts?" and whether I was a Londoner, and what I wanted on the tramp, and so on, before he seemed to think it safe to answer a single question. He seemed, like almost every labourer I ever met, to have something on his mind; to live in a state of perpetual fear and concealment. When, however, he found I was both a cockney and a

passer-by, he began to grow more communicative, and told me, "Ees—that were the parson, sure enough.'"—*Alton Locke*, p. 95.

He pursues his journey, and is becoming footsore and jaded, when a burly farmer drives past him and gives him a lift. This man is designed as a sort of type of the intelligence of the fen counties, and probably of small farmers generally. We are sceptical as to the accuracy of his dialect; but the dim fog of his understanding, out of which feeling and pity shine as through a mist, is well portrayed. He is attracted to Alton on finding he is a tailor; and it comes out that one of his four gigantic sons is a tailor also, lost sight of now for months, and, as Alton suspects, held in miserable bondage in some 'sweater's' den, where the more helpless and dissipated of the craft fall into the hands of designing ruffians, who contrive to keep them slaves and prisoners, feed them scantily, and live upon their toil. The sorrows and wrongs of this particular class of labour have been exposed, not only in this volume, but in more official documents. We need not enter into them now, except to explain that the apprehension of this fate for his son brings the farmer up to London, where he is introduced by Alton Locke to his friend the old Scotchman. The two minds, fruits, respectively, of town and rural cultivation, are brought into what we think unfair and overdrawn contrast as representatives of classes, but with great spirit and cleverness. The yeoman is awestruck by the eccentric arrangements of Mackaye's shop and dwelling all in one, which not unnaturally suggest the idea of conjuring to his mind, and he proposes this method of finding his missing son. The subject elicits much learning and speculation in the keen town wit, used to express himself with clearness, and a fine confusion and double stranded train of thought and memory in the rustic.

'"Aweel—I'm no that disinclined to believe in the occult sciences. I dinna haud a'thegither wi' Salverte. There was mair in them than Magia naturalis, I'm thinking. Mesmerism and magic-laterns, benj and opium, winna explain all facts, Alton, laddie. Dootless they were an unco' barbaric an empiric method o' expressing the gran' truth o' man's mastery ower matter. But the interpenetration o' the spiritual an' physical worlds is a gran' truth too; an' aiblins the Deity might ha' allowed witchcraft, just to teach that to puir barbarous folk—signs and wonders, laddie, to mak them believe in somewhat mair than the beasts that perish: an' so ghaists an' warlocks might be a necessary element o' the divine education in dark and carnal times. But I've no read o' a case in which necromancy, nor geomancy, nor coskinomancy, nor any ither mancy, was applied to sic a purpose as this. Unco gude they were, may be, for the discovery o' stolen spunes—but no that o' stolen tailors."

'Farmer Porter had listened to this harangue, with mouth and eyes gradually expanding between awe and the desire to comprehend; but at the last sentence his countenance fell.

'"So I'm thinking, Mister Porter, that the best witch in siccan a case is ane that ye may find at the police-office."

'"Anan?"

'"Thac detective police are gran' necromancers an' canny in their way: an' I just took the liberty, a week agone, to ha' a crack wi' ane o' 'em. And noo, gin ye're inclined, we'll leave the whusky awhile, and gang up to that cave o' Trophawnius, ca'd by the vulgar Bow-street, an' speir for tidings o' the twa lost sheep."

'So to Bow-street we went, and found our man, to whom the farmer bowed with obsequiousness most unlike his usual burly independence. He evidently half suspected him to have dealings with the world of spirits: but whether he had such or not, they had been utterly unsuccessful; and we walked back again, with the farmer between us, half-blubbering—

'"I tell ye, there's nothing like ganging to a wise 'ooman. Bless ye, I mind one up to Guy Hall, when I was a bairn, that two Irish reapers coom down, and murthered her for the money—and if you lost aught she'd vind it, so sure as the church—and a mighty hand to cure burns; and they two villains coom back, after harvest, seventy mile to do it—and when my vather's cows was shrew-struck, she made un be draed under a hrimble as growed together at the both ends, she a praying like mad all the time; and they never got nothing but fourteen shilling and a crooked sixpence; for why, the devil carried off all the rest of her money: and I seen um both a-hanging in chains by Wisbeach river, with my own eyes. So when they Irish reapers comes into the vens, our chaps always says, 'Yow goo to Guy Hall, there's yor brithren a-waitin' for yow,' and that do make um joost mad loike, it do. I tell ye there's nowt like a wise 'ooman, for vinding out the likes o' this."'—*Alton Locke*, pp. 156, 157.

Alton Locke, in the course of the story, becomes an acknowledged poet of the people, and a Chartist. The Dean's kind patronage has resulted in disgrace; for he was persuaded by him, against his own judgment, to modify some of the more fiercely democratic passages; a sacrifice to prudence which brings on him the suspicion of his party, which he has to regain, in the end, by heading the wildest Chartist schemes. He goes down to the country as a deputation to address a Chartist gathering; but the clowns, too thick-headed for argument, misinterpret what he says, and before he can stop them, break into a farmyard and burn farm and ricks down to the ground. Alton is taken up as a ringleader of the riot, and is thought well off to escape with three years' imprisonment, which years embitter his temper, aggravate all his grievances against the world, and give his cousin time to carry all his ends. Our hero had had the anguish, during his trial, to discover Lilian an unmoved spectator. From his prison windows he had witnessed the gradual building of a church in fair architectural proportions, and discerned a figure whom he recognised as his cousin, daily officiating there, and carrying out the High Church system; and one day had the additional pang of suspecting that a light female form tripping by his side was his own adored Lilian. This young lady had, in fact, been won, and Alton emerges into the world again in time to witness, through a singular fatality, some concluding acts of courtship. These are trials of which the reader can hardly find sympathy. No one can wish

a wealthy Dean's daughter to marry a Chartist tailor, whatever his genius; and no one can look forward to the time when such unions will be possible or desirable. Then follows the great Chartist demonstration of 1848, which ends to the bitter disgust of our hero, who, from despair and contact with infection, in a scene which gives scope to Mr. Kingsley's taste for horrors, catches a fever, and we find him and his friend the Scotchman, and Crosthwaite, the head of the party, who plays a conspicuous part in the story, all brought under the influence and protection of Eleanor, that fair patroness, who might have done so much for Alton Locke but for Lilian's fascinations. This lady has gone through a course of suffering and bereavement which fits her for that peculiar position of preacher-prophetess with which Mr. Kingsley likes to invest the sex. She is the exponent of his own views, and preaches Christian Chartism, and points out errors and mistakes to ears so willing, docile, and persuadable, that we almost wonder at the fiercely antagonistic attitude they have held throughout the story. The main fault we find with her teaching, and all the implied teaching of these stories is, that there is so little looking forward and looking *up* in it; so little thought of heaven, so little hope. The aspirations are of making this earth a Paradise rather than looking for a Paradise out of this world. She had dedicated herself and her fortune, since her widowhood, to the service of the people, especially her own sex, whom she associates with on equal terms, founding institutions for their reformation and homes for their associated labour. She now helps Crosthwaite and our hero to emigrate, and the story concludes with the account of Alton Locke's death within sight of land, that magnificent western scenery which had been the dream of his, and apparently of the author's life. The treacherous cousin, having succeeded in every object of his ambition, dies of the same fever as our hero, and caught from the same source. Judgment—Mr. Kingsley is fond of judgments—reaches him at last in the form of a coat which had been made on the 'buy-cheap and sell-dear' system, which he had encouraged all his life, by a wretched victim of competition, who had used the said coat as a covering to his naked and perishing wife and children.

There is a rise in tone in 'Alton Locke' from the mere unsettling incredulity of 'Yeast:' the assertion of some positive faith, and the setting down of *some* forms of unbelief. As we have said before, he proclaims the Clergy as the rightful reformers and guides of the working classes, and has no faith in various nostrums of mere morality which other reformers have promulgated; setting down the Howitt and Eliza Cook school as having no more power against the raging mass of crime and

misery than 'a peacock's feather against a three-decker.' But they must be Clergy of his own making, and not at all clerical. He complains that if the Clergy, as they are, teach at all, they are bigoted and narrow, and expect their pupils to receive their dogmas. Now, really, if the Clergy are to teach, they must teach what they believe themselves; and if they are members of the Church, they must teach what she teaches. It is preposterous for the disciple to dictate the line of thought to the master; but we are given to understand that only on this condition will the political section of the working class consent to learn. One mode of winning their confidence he believes to be the casting aside all differences or peculiarities of tone and manner in treating religious subjects, which he calls a symbol of the separation and discrepancy between their daily thoughts and their religious ones, rather than a sign of reverence. He would have them—and he certainly acts on the opinion in the way to shock tender and scrupulous minds—talk on the most sacred subjects and the most awful mysteries with precisely the same freedom and fearlessness as on any common topic, never to be afraid of uttering any thought that suggests itself, never to shrink from the results of the same liberty in others. For ourselves we are convinced that under the sanction and encouragement of such a system, minds grow proud of the scepticism or audacious speculation of which they were before—and justly—ashamed; and that even truth itself may be held in an irreverent spirit, which deprives it of its efficacy. There is a mode in this school of holding up our Lord as the pattern and type of whatever ideas and desires possess men's minds—as, for instance, the 'true genius,' the 'true demagogue'—very offensive to unaccustomed ears, and from which we are sure no good will come. The same spirit shows itself in the use of Scripture language, and the application of particular passages, lowering them from a spiritual to a temporal meaning, or caught by a mere verbal bearing on the subject in hand. But it is time to pass on.

'Hypatia' is perhaps the most brilliant of Mr. Kingsley's fictions. The period of change, commotion, and crime, is adapted to his genius, which inclines to the turbid and exciting. His great facility at harmonizing and arranging facts to his own purposes is indulged at little risk of question and contradiction from the ordinary reader, who probably does not come to the perusal of 'Hypatia' as well up in the political and ecclesiastical history of the fourth and fifth centuries as he has made himself; and the unfamiliar scenery and manners of the place and time, give freshness and originality to much graphic and eloquent description. There is an evident delight in the act of reproducing scenes and interests so long passed by, in giving life and body to

mere names, which engages the sympathy of the reader. The ready flow gives an impromptu, improvised air; and ease and a sense of power always impart a charm. Altogether we have a first impression of surprise that 'Hypatia' has not won a more general popularity than we suppose it to have done; but several adverse causes no doubt counteract the attractive qualities of mere brilliancy. In the first place, no distant period can interest like our own times, for its topics do not come home to the reader in the same manner, and no genius can quite get over this law; and next, the under-current of meaning detracts from the *bonâ fide* character of the story. People scent a sort of allegory in these lessons from old times; they are not exactly what they preteud to be, and here, in spite of that fine indifference to right and wrong which the surface sometimes affects, the reader knows that something is taught, if not a moral, yet a view. He sees the author has some purpose beyond what appears. And his book is suspected and eyed askance as though instruction and the inculcation of a principle lay hid and might start out when least expected. For this reason, these clever adaptations of old times to modern, whether papist or sceptical, will never lay hold of the popular sympathy; their pretence of showing us human nature—men, women, as they really are—is little more than a sham; they are showing us men and women in an allegory. However sharp and clever the dialogue, however brilliant the scene, the heart of the artist has some ulterior aim which prevents him from being honest of human nature. We are not sure that the very cleverness does not stand in the way of success, as it certainly does in the way of nature. The delight of busy excited intellects in a kindred readiness, coolness, self-possession and repartee, is so great, that probabilities are constantly obscured by the exhibition of these qualities at inappropriate times. They despise the lame way ordinary humanity has of meeting a difficulty. The vacillation, surprise, fear, perplexity, confusion of motives and ideas, that make trial what it is to most men, have no place in their sympathies. Perhaps, not more can they conceive of the raising above themselves of higher spirits when trial comes to prove what manner of men they are, where the heart is laid bare and a new phase of nature revealed, of which neither themselves nor those nearest to them are aware. They will have nothing to do with characters whose wits are not always about them ready for action, whose intellect does not actually revel in the sense of being tested. We need never pity people who are always equal to the occasion. They go through many scenes which would be disagreeable to ourselves; but, if they can split straws in the very crisis of their fate and chop logic with the sword over

their heads, they are independent of our compassion; and the mind grows weary, of persons whose thoughts and acts are invariably abnormal, who are informed by a monstrous intelligence, and to whom the ordinary motives and interests of humanity are secondary to certain intellectual crotchets. Nothing does instead of nature; the want of it oppresses like affectation of manners in conversation. It is a strain and a weariness, an unconscious opposition is always at work, for often it is unconscious, and we cannot tell why we are fatigued by really brilliant scenes. The constant force against the grain, the disappointed expectation, the outrage to our instinct of the probable, produces an effect on the reader long before he knows why. The attention flags even while the admiration is excited and the fancy is amused.

The attraction of this remote period for our author beyond its fertility in violent crime, lay no doubt in a certain sympathy with the old traditional modes of thought which the growing asceticism of the time made war against and finally quenched. He saw Protestantism in the liberty allowed to our instincts, in the reverence for beauty, in the worship of nature, which were revealed in many a pagan myth. His sympathies were violently excited for the fair things which asceticism for a time crushed out of the world. The two influences are brought into picturesque opposition, and at the point of greatest advantage for the dying creed, where history shows it embodied in a female form—Hypatia,—the last of the philosophers, young, beautiful, wise and pure, as she is represented to have been; her opponents, ferocious ascetics, who, in a paroxysm of lawless fury, literally tore her to pieces at the foot of a Christian altar, and were never called to account for the deed.

The subject is no doubt tempting to one whose great bugbear, as our readers are already aware, is asceticism. Anything that interferes with man's physical strength and beauty, and with the development of his whole nature, he is morbidly abhorrent of. Austerity in any creed meets with the same vituperation. There is something contemptible to our author in an ill-fed man; if the maceration is voluntary, so much the worse; if to low diet, celibacy be added, all his orthodoxy is roused, we have a manichee and a monster, open to any temptation, fit for every crime. These books evince an enthusiasm for reasonable self-indulgence which the good things of this life seldom excite in a merely abstract and moral point of view. He is equally indignant at the supposed motive for bodily mortifications—the saving of the soul. How miserable, how sordid, how beneath the dignity of human nature to be influenced by such merely selfish considerations! Persons so acting and so influenced

assume a certain physiognomy which is frequently described. We should not quarrel with the following picture, (it has truth in it,) but that Mr. Kingsley ascribes to fanaticism a sort of patent for the disfiguring of the human face divine. The sins of the world and the flesh inflict no such deep degradation under his pencil.

'A large party of monks fresh from Nitria, with ragged hair and beards, and the peculiar expression of countenance which fanatics of all creeds acquire, fierce and yet abject, self-conscious and yet ungoverned, silly and yet sly, with features coarsened and degraded by continual fasting and self-torture, prudishly shrouded from head to heel in their long ragged gowns, were gesticulating wildly and loudly, and calling on their more peaceable companions, in no measured terms, to revenge some insult offered to the Church.'—*Hypatia*, p. 110.

This is not a theological article, and if it were we should not defend the monks of Nitria, but we must again observe that Mr. Kingsley's line has a tendency to magnify time and sense till they obscure (we fully believe without any such design on his part) future and spiritual hopes and joys. He makes no allowance for different temperaments, for those who to the Lord eat not, and give God thanks; people must be happy and good precisely in his way, or he has no faith them; there is something pugilistic in his demand for uniform good physical condition, as though the devil, to whom such perpetual allusion is made, and whose name seems sometimes paraded as a test of orthodoxy, must be met and defeated by mere carnal weapons. Certainly, no form the most extreme and lawless of self-indulgence is represented as having such fatal effects on the soul, as excess the other way. Life in the Alexandria of the period, no doubt, was a sort of centre and hot-bed of wickedness; heathenism in its dregs; a pretended hypocritical conversion in many still pagan or utterly unbelieving at heart; degenerate races, pitted against one another; the extremes of wealth and poverty, luxury and misery; all combined to induce a more than common licentiousness, of which two characters in 'Hypatia' are crying examples; both are intended to excite the reader's sympathy in their course, both become saints in the end. While those who were after all the champions of religion in their day, excite the reader's unmitigated indignation, Mr. Kingsley is like his own hero, who, 'to one class of sins (and that only) 'was inexorable — all but ferocious; to the sins, 'namely, of religious persons. In proportion to any man's 'reputation for orthodoxy and sanctity, Philammon's judgment 'of him was stern and pitiless!'

We can well believe that no plea would have less effect on Mr. Kingsley, than that of his profession, none that he would more disdain than the old appeal to the *cloth*; no counsel that

he would more energetically repudiate than that his sacred calling should act as a check upon anything he has a mind to say; he would tell us that when he assumed the office of clergyman, he did not cease to be a man, and that it is most important to true religion that this liberty should be prominent and unrestricted. Still, we cannot but regret that one who ministers in holy things should have devoted so much time and space, such elaborate—for once elaborate—care in the delineation of the fallen Pelagia. We do not attribute, we would rather distinctly exonerate Mr. Kingsley from ill intention or that sympathy with evil which is the general motive for such representations. It is a mere taste for sensuous beauty, with perhaps some parade of learning and fancy, which make him, to specify one crying instance, devote pages to a scandalous scene, which, as it was a shameful sin to enact or to witness, had surely better not be painted with all the lavish adornment and effort to reproduce the scene that the author's skill supplies. It is no answer that such things have been, as we know they have, and therefore that the world should know how bad it has been. Romance is not the vehicle for conveying such knowledge harmlessly. But we are often struck in these books, with an apparent absence of all sense of responsibility. Whatever has been done, whatever has been thought, seems to be considered the legitimate store of the philosophical novelist, without entertaining the question whether it is desirable for others to dwell on thoughts which should not find a home in any mind or to contemplate deeds which ought never to have been done.

'Hypatia' is more a series of scenes, descriptions, and a bright rapid change of tableaux, than an organised fiction. The character of the whole is extreme preternatural hurry, though relieved now and then by a picture of repose. The nominal hero, Philammon, too much like most of his class, is the mere victim of circumstances, whirled too and fro, rushing up and down, with mind bewildered and weary body; of god-like beauty, prodigious strengtb, pure heart, and keen Greek intelligence; but making little or nothing of all these gifts, and, indeed, showing how little they are all worth. He is present at the two most marked and terrible moments in the fates of the women between whom his feelings are divided, yet he sits through the disgrace of his sister's public exhibitiou as the Venus Anadyomene, and is present in the Church itself when the hapless Hypatia meets her frightful death, a scene described with terrible force. Of course he could do nothing, jammed up in a corner; but, where there is Hercules' strength, we expect Herculean labours. It is not the hero's part to do nothing. It seems monstrous that he should be within sound of her cries, and only shut his ears to drown them.

The book opens with a picture of Hypatia in her study, in the Museum-street of Alexandria. It is a pretty attempt to give life to forms and scenes which are dead and for ever gone by:—

'The room was fitted up in the purest Greek style, not without an affectation of archaism in the severe forms and subdued half-tints of the frescoes which ornamented the walls with scenes from the old myths of Athene. Yet the general effect, even under the blazing sun which poured in through the mosquito nets of the court-yard windows, was one of exquisite coolness, and cleanliness, and repose. The room had neither carpet nor fire-place, and the only movables in it were a sofa-bed, a table, and an arm-chair, all of such delicate and graceful forms, as may be seen on ancient vases of a far earlier period than that whereof we write. But, most probably, had any of us entered that room that morning, we should not have been able to spare a look either for the furniture, or the general effect, or the Museum gardens, or the sparkling Mediterranean beyond; but we should have agreed that the room was quite rich enough for human eyes, for the sake of one treasure which it possessed, and beside which, nothing was worth a moment's glance. For in the light arm-chair, reading a manuscript which lay on the table, sat a woman, of some five-and-twenty years, evidently the tutelary goddess of that little shrine, dressed in perfect keeping with the archaism of the chamber, in a simple old snow-white Ionic robe, falling to the feet and reaching to the throat, and of that peculiarly severe and graceful fashion in which the upper part of the dress falls downward again from the neck to the waist in a sort of cape, entirely hiding the outline of the bust, while it leaves the arms and the point of the shoulders bare. Her dress was entirely without ornament, except the two narrow purple stripes down the front, which marked her rank as a Roman citizen, the gold embroidered shoes on her feet, and the gold net which looped back from her forehead to her neck, hair the colour and gloss of which were hardly distinguishable from that of the metal itself, such as Athene herself might have envied for tint, and mass, and ripple. Her features, arms, and hands, were of the severest and grandest type of old Greek beauty, at once showing everywhere the high development of the bones, and covering them with that firm, round, ripe outline, and waxy morbidezza of skin, which the old Greeks owed to their continual use, not only of the bath and muscular exercise, but also of daily unguents. There might have seemed to us too much sadness in that clear grey eye; too much self-conscious restraint in those sharp curved lips; too much affectation in the studied severity of her posture as she read, copied, as it seemed, from some old vase or bas-relief. But the glorious grace and beauty of every line of face and figure would have excused, even hidden those defects, and we should have only recognised the marked resemblance to the ideal portraits of Athene, which adorned every panel of the walls.

'She has lifted her eyes off her manuscript; she is looking out with kindling countenance over the gardens of the Museum; her ripe curling Greek lips, such as we never see now even among our own wives and sisters, open. She is talking to herself. Listen!

'"Yes. The statues there are broken. The libraries are plundered. The alcoves are silent. The oracles are dumb. And yet—who says that the old faith of heroes and sages is dead? The beautiful can never die. If the gods have deserted their oracles, they have not deserted the souls who aspire to them. If they have ceased to guide nations, they have not ceased to speak to their own elect. If they have cast off the vulgar herd, they have not cast off Hypatia."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 12, 13.

Hypatia is a glorified and stiffened Margaret Fuller Ossoli; what that sybil of the new world might have been, but that the fates denied her beauty. She declaims in the same way, sees the same boundless depths in ancient myths, has her classes and her disciples, though these, thanks to the same beauty, are, in Hypatia's case, men, not women; and, in fact, stands on that 'pedestal' for which the other longed. Hypatia is stern and pure; her pupils are not permitted to be lovers. She is faithful to the gods, and has no lesser worship or affection, except for her old father, Theon, the mathematician. Her contemplations this morniug are disturbed by a visit from Orestes, the prefect of Alexandria, who is what sermons call a nominal Christian,—and intended to embody the utter low selfishness and abandonment of principle of the rulers of that period; vicious, luxurious, indolent, and cruel. He comes to Hypatia for advice in government affairs, making very free with his assumed creed, and all that hold it, especially with Cyril the bishop, the great thorn in his side, as influencing at his will the vast Christian populace. In leaving, he encounters a certain young Jew, Raphael ben Ezra, one of the characters of absolute coolness and power which the writer delights in. He is invited by the prefect to mount his curricle, and there ensues a conversation of such diabolical wickedness on Raphael's part, that we certainly had no conception he was secretly in the author's good graces. Sated and worn out himself with every form of pleasure, and sunk into utter Atheism, his part now is to insinuate temptations and suggestions into the weaker prefect's ear, from mere recklessness and disinterested pleasure in seeing men at their worst. We give the following specimen of both men, taking up the conversation where it begins to be fitted for our pages:—

'"Thanks, worthy Jew. We are not yet as exalted as yourself, and will send for the old Erictho this very afternoon. Now listen a moment to base, earthly, and political business. Cyril has written to me, to say that you Jews have plotted to murder all the Christians."

'"Well—why not? I most heartily wish it were true, and think, on the whole, that it very probably is so."

'"By the immortal—saints, man! you are not serious?"

'"The four archangels forbid! It is no concern of mine. All I say is, that my people are great fools, like the rest of the world; and have, for aught I know or care, some such intention. They wont succeed, of course; and that is all you have to care for. But if you think it worth the trouble—which I do not—I shall have to go to the synagogue on business in a week or so, and then I would ask some of the Rabbis."

'"Laziest of men!—and I must answer Cyril this very day."

'"An additional reason for asking no questions of our people. Now you can honestly say that you know nothing about the matter."

'"Well, after all, ignorance is a stronghold for poor statesmen. So you need not hurry yourself."—"I assure your excellency I will not."

'"Ten days hence, or so, you know."—"Exactly, after it is all over."

'"And can't be helped. What a comfort it is, now and then, that Can't be helped!"

'"It is the root and marrow of all philosophy. Your practical man, poor wretch, will try to help this and that, and torment his soul with ways and means, and preventives and forestallings: your philosopher quietly says—It can't be helped. If it ought to be, it will be: if it is, it ought to be. We did not make the world, and we are not responsible for it.—There is the sum and substance of all true wisdom, and the epitome of all that has been said and written thereon, from Philo the Jew to Hypatia the Gentile. By the way, here's Cyril coming down the steps of the Cæsareum. A very handsome fellow, after all, though he is looking as sulky as a bear."

'"With his cubs at his heels. What a scoundrelly visage that tall fellow—deacon, or reader, or whatever he is by his dress—has!"

'"There they are—whispering together. Heaven give them pleasant thoughts and pleasanter faces!"

'"Amen!" quoth Orestes, with a sneer.'

* * * * * * * *

'"A fine sparkling breeze outside the Pharos, Raphael—fair for the wheat-ships, too."

'"Are they gone yet?" "Yes—why? I sent the first fleet off three days ago; and the rest are clearing outwards to-day."

'"Oh—ah—so!—Then you have not heard from Heraclian?"

'"Heraclian? What the—blessed saints has the Count of Africa to do with my wheat-ships?" "Oh, nothing. It's no business of mine. Only he is going to rebel. . . . . But here we are at your door."

'"To what?" asked Orestes, in a horrified tone. '"To rebel, and attack Rome."

'"Good gods—God, I mean! A fresh bore! Come in, and tell a poor miserable slave of a governor—speak low, for heaven's sake!—I hope these rascally grooms haven't overheard you."

'"Easy to throw them into the canal, if they have," quoth Raphael, as he walked coolly through hall and corridor after the perturbed governor.

'Poor Orestes never stopped till he reached a little chamber off the inner court, beckoned the Jew in after him, locked the door, threw himself into an arm-chair, put his hands on his knees, and sat, bending forward, staring into Raphael's face with a ludicrous terror and perplexity.

'"Tell me all about it. Tell me this instant!"

'"I have told you all I know," quoth Raphael, quietly seating himself on a sofa, and playing with a jewelled dagger. "I thought, of course, that you were in the secret, or I should have said nothing. It's no business of mine, you know."

'Orestes, like most weak and luxurious men, Romans especially, had a wild-beast vein in him—and it burst forth.

'"Hell and the furies! You insolent provincial slave—you will carry these liberties of yours too far! Do you know who I am, you accursed Jew? Tell me the whole truth, or, by the head of the emperor, I'll twist it out of you with red-hot pincers!"

'Raphael's countenance assumed a dogged expression, which showed that the old Jewish blood still beat true, under all its affected shell of Neo-Platonist nonchalance; and there was a quiet unpleasant earnest in his smile, as he answered—

'"Then, my dear governor, you will be the first man on earth who ever yet forced a Jew to say or do what he did not choose."

'"We'll see!" yelled Orestes. "Here, slaves!" And he clapped his hands loudly.

'"Calm yourself, your excellency," quoth Raphael, rising. "The door is locked; the mosquito net is across the window; and this dagger is poisoned. If anything happens to me, you will offend all the Jew money-lenders, and die in about three days in a great deal of pain, having missed our assignation with old Miriam, lost your pleasantest companion, and left your own finances and those of the prefecture in a considerable state of embarrassment. How much better to sit down, hear all I have to say philosophically, like a true pupil of Hypatia, and not expect a man to tell you what he really does not know."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 22—24.

We are thus introduced to some of the principal personages of the story. Miriam, to whom allusion is made, is an old Jewess, of mysterious power and wickedness, one of those conventional hags peculiar to polemical novels, and fortunately beyond the bounds of possibility anywhere else. We are introduced to her as a sort of vagrant, terrifying people with her evil eye; but she soon turns into a female Rothschild, contracting loans with prefects and emperors. Her time is spent in practices of the most various infamy; she is mistress of all learning, sacred and profane; the organizer of world-shaking revolts, the fountain of intelligence, out-witting all schemers; holding, in fact, the world in her hands, but content, for her share, to occupy the lodgings of a porter of Alexandria, Why so reverent an admirer of the sex should choose to heap such a load of obloquy upon one of them, we hardly know; but we suggest the difficulty as a warning to the ladies not to trust a champion whose devotion lasts not one moment longer than their good looks.

The next chapter introduces us to the profound stillness and peace of 'the Laura,' a retreat of gentle monks amidst Egyptian ruins, 300 miles down the Nile. Philammon, from his earliest recollection, has been their charge; brought thither by a certain Arsenius, once a great man in the world, but renouncing human affairs to end his days in religious retirement. The boy is educated in absolute ignorance of mankind beyond these cells. He has not even seen a woman, and the reader is made aware of his first doubts and tremors as he finds himself suddenly confronting a company of Egyptian ladies, depicted in their pristine brilliancy of colours, on the walls of a ruined tomb. His active mind sets to work at once on this new field of thought, especially on the subject of the eternal perdition of the heathen, and his heart fills with heterodox pity for the serene and smiling fair ones. This thought begets others; he begins to long to see and to convert the world, and asks and obtains leave of his patrons, to sally forth on the errand. And now the indemnification for eighteen quiet years begins; adventures rush upon him, and gather and thicken till the close. He has not floated two days in his

papyrus canoe, before he falls in with a party of Goths sailing up the Nile, in search of the mystic city of Asgard, with the fair and frail Pelagia in their company, who has enslaved the heart of the amal-in-chief, Amalric. In a skirmish with a hippopotamus, Philammon gets upset, but is saved by the crew, and pulled on board the barge, and finds himself for the first time face to face with a woman, for Pelagia is called upon to interpret between him and his captors. The scene is given with a great deal of spirit, and is new and fresh, if not probable. The childish Greek girl, trained in the graces, and in a careful ignorance of every moral and religious truth (a pupil and victim, in fact, of the old Jewess), is the centre of the group; the band of wild, rough, clever barbarians stand around the bewildered young monk, (Pelagia's brother, as it afterwards proves,) who is the main object of attention. He is undergoing every moment violent conscientious difficulties which finally take the form of the lawfulness of fighting, as he finds himself in the grip of old Wulf, the giant, who is displeased with his discouraging report concerning the lost city. He fights and conquers, however, and finds it pleasant excitement; but his dangers are not over with the single combat, as the rest of the party think it a loss of dignity that a battle should end without bloodshed, and for their own credit are going to put him to some amusing form of torture and death:—

'But as even sinful women have hearts in them, Pelagia shrieked out—

'"Amalric! Amalric! do not let them! I cannot bear it!"

'"The warriors are free men, my darling, and know what is proper. And what can the life of such a brute be to you?"

'Before he could stop her, Pelagia had sprung from her cushions, and thrown herself into the midst of the laughing ring of wild beasts.

'"Spare him! Spare him, for my sake!" shrieked she.

'"Oh, my pretty lady! you mustn't interrupt warrior's sport!"

'In an instant she had torn off her shawl, and thrown it over Philammon; and as she stood, with all the outlines of her beautiful limbs revealed through the thin robe of spangled gauze,—

'"Let the man who dares, touch him beneath that shawl!—though it be a saffron one!"

'The Goths drew back. For Pelagia herself they had as little respect as the rest of the world had. But for a moment she was not the Messalina of Alexandria, but a woman; and true to the old woman-worshipping instinct, they looked one and all at her flashing eyes, full of noble pity and indignation, as well as of mere woman's terror—and drew back, and whispered together.

'Whether the good spirit or the evil one would conquer, seemed for a moment doubtful, when Pelagia felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, and turning, saw Wulf the son of Ovida.

'"Go back, pretty woman! Men, I claim the boy. Smid, give him to me. He is your man. You could have killed him if you had chosen, and did not; and no one else shall."'—*Hypatia*, pp. 36, 37.

Philammon is set to row, and wins approbation by his strength and skill:—

'His late tormentors, who, in spite of an occasional inclination to robbery and murder, were thoroughly good-natured, honest fellows, clapped him on the back, and praised him as heartily as they had just now heartily intended to torture him to death, and then went forward, as many of them as were not rowing, to examine the strange beast which they had just slaughtered, pawing him over from tusks to tail, putting their heads into his mouth trying their knives on his hide, comparing him to all beasts, like and unlike, which they had ever seen, and laughing and shoving each other about with the fun and childish wonder of a party of schoolboys; till Smid, who was the wit of the party, settled the comparative anatomy of the subject for them—

'"Valhalla! I've found out what he's most like!—One of those big blue plums, which gave us all the stomach-ache when we were encamped in the orchards above Ravenna!"'—*Hypatia*, p. 38.

The story of which we have given the main characters, is too long and disconnected for a detailed plan. It is a series of plots and conspiracies, wherein Cyril, and Orestes, and Hypatia as an unconscious dupe, play the principal parts, acted out by monks and Jews, mob, soldiery, and Goths, who riot and murder without intermission. The history of a single day in Alexandria will give the fullest idea of the turbulent conduct of the whole story. It begins at early dawn with a good description of the quay and docks when Alexandria was one of the marts of the world. Philammon lands, gives the slip to the Goths, and asks the way to the Patriarch's house. His question is addressed to a little grotesque porter, who proves well able to put him *au courant* of all he ought to know. He is a philosopher, and Hypatia's humblest adorer, drinking in her doctrines as he guards the cloaks and parasols of the more aristocratic frequenters of her lecture-room. All Mr. Kingsley's people err on the side of cleverness, and this little fellow talks as eloquently as any of them. There is a certain air of a portrait in him, but if so, the original has had training and leisure beyond his likeness. As a heathen, he is attracted by Philammon's noble person, and repelled by his monkish garb; these combined feelings make him a very communicative guide, for he delights to display the pagan glories of his city to the Christian youth, and he does it with a taste, appreciation, and humour, exulting in contemptuous pity for his auditor, which the reader can hardly quarrel with, though it is out of character. The ruse by which he makes him carry his heavy basket to its destination, and then sends him back again to the point from which they started, is a stroke of genius; being himself compelled by superior force to retrace his steps, he uses the time to enlarge on Hypatia's glories, in a style which plants a new interest in the monk's breast. But the subject is interrupted by an incident; the Jews are torturing to death Hierax, a Christian schoolmaster, in the theatre, and the Christian mob is

forming for the rescue. Philammon plunges into the midst, witnesses the last agonies, and is exasperated to fury. The mob, too late to rescue, now seek vengeance, and in gathering crowds pour through the streets to Cyril's house, thus bearing Philammon along with them to his destination. Cyril is in conversation with Peter the reader, and both are described. The former, as a 'strong' man, who generally carried his point, is not without the author's sympathy; but he fails in portraying great men, by making them too fussy and bustling, and too conscious and elated with all the business they get through. The youth offers his credentials from the Laura. As a test of the one monkish duty of obedience, Cyril's first order to him is to jump out of window, which he is proceeding to do, when, satisfied with the *will*, he is spared the deed, and sent out at once with a party of Parabolanis, or district visitors. With them he labours for hours among the poor, carrying food and clothing, bearing the sick to the hospital, and the dead to their graves, cleaning out infected houses, and comforting the dying, till at length he is dismissed to bed, but not to rest, for his first dream is disturbed by cries of 'Alexander's Church on fire,' and up he starts, and rushes forth again with a crowd of monks and deacons, and plunges at once into a nest of assassins. He narrowly escapes with his life; the priest next him falls, and he starts in pursuit of the murderer with the speed of a desert ostrich, till he and Peter the reader are brought to a stand by a body of forty men, with daggers gleaming in the moonlight. Retreat is necessary, and our youth is unwillingly turning back, when his pity is excited by a wounded negress, whom he rescues, till interrupted by another of those mobs, which wheel and surge night and day through the streets, in a succession sufficiently confusing to the reader; this one is composed of priests and prisoners, and Philammon is separated from the first woman he has been able to *serve*, and by which a new tumult of sensations towards the sex is excited. Returning to his head-quarters, another apparition meets his eyes, a long line of glittering figures, armed and disciplined Roman soldiers — the Stationaries — who turn out on sound of disturbance, question Philammon, who stands foremost, and turn in again when they hear that it is only a church on fire, and Jews and Christians raising a riot, an event of too every-day occurrence for their dignified interference. 'The stream rushed on wilder than ever.' Philammon rushed on too, not a little indignant and astonished that interests so mighty to him should be dismissed as 'only a riot.' They next hear that the Church is not on fire at all. It has only been a ruse of the Jews to raise a tumult; the report spreads

that the said Jews are going to attack the Patriarch's house, and the next rush is to its defence, where Philammon performs prodigies in raising barricades, but no attack follows, and after a while he is summoned once more to Cyril's presence, and has to give account of himself; then follows the examination of the two Jewish prisoners he had had a share in taking, and lastly, Cyril gives orders for a Christian gathering of 30,000 men next morning for the purpose of free plunder of the Jewish quarters; and so ends Philammon's first day in Alexandria. The next day is full of business, only we cannot follow its details, but in it was executed the outrage planned the night before, and of which history preserves the details. Mr. Kingsley uses it for the first step in the reformation of his friend Raphael, whose stoical temperament and *sang-froid* are at his worst treated as redeeming qualities; we do not see on what ground. Waking lazily in the morning and soliloquising about Hypatia, with whom he is himself partially in love, the ubiquitous Miriam rushes into his apartment; (the reader easily guesses that she has some peculiar unrevealed interest in him, which is no other than a mother's;) and in disgust at his indifference to her warnings, pulls him out of bed. He only thanks her for sparing him the daily torture of doing so by his own exertions, opposes all her eager representations by a serene acquiescence in things as they are, as he calmly recognises the monks as the strong men of the time. He is in fact tickled with the notion of being a beggar; refuses to save any of his wealth, which he allows her to stow about her own person, and receives the mob who rush in, Philammon at their head, with his most cynical philosophy and best manner.

'"Welcome, my worthy guests! Enter, I beseech you, and fulfil, in your own peculiar way, the precepts which bid you not be over anxious for the good things of this life. . . . . For eating and drinking, my kitchen and cellar are at your service. For clothing, if any illustrious personage will do me the honour to change his holy rags with me, here are an Indian shawl-pelisse and a pair of silk trowsers at his service. Perhaps you will accommodate me, my handsome young captain, choragus of this new school of the prophets?"

'Philammon, who was the person addressed, tried to push by him contemptuously.

"'Allow me, sir. I lead the way. This dagger is poisoned,—a scratch, and you are dead. This dog is of the true British breed; if she seizes you, red-hot iron will not loose her, till she hears the bone crack. If any one will change clothes with me, all I have is at your service. If not, the first who stirs is a dead man."

'There was no mistaking the quiet high-bred determination of the speaker. Had he raged and blustered, Philammon could have met him on his own ground: but there was an easy self-possessed disdain about him, which utterly abashed the young monk, and abashed, too, the whole crowd of rascals at his heels.

'"I'll change clothes with you, you Jewish dog!" roared a dirty fellow out of the mob.

'"I am your eternal debtor. Let us step into this side room. Walk up stairs, my friends. Take care there, sir!—That porcelain, whole, is worth three thousand gold pieces; broken, it is not worth three pence. I leave it to your good sense to treat it accordingly. Now then, my friend!" And in the midst of the raging vortex of plunderers, who were snatching up everything which they could carry away, and breaking everything which they could not, he quietly divested himself of his finery, and put on the ragged cotton tunic, and battered straw hat, which the fellow handed over to him.

'Philammon, who had had from the first no mind to plunder, stood watching Raphael with dumb wonder; and a shudder of regret, he knew not why, passed through him, as he saw the mob tearing down pictures, and dashing statues to the ground. Heathen they were, doubtless; but still, the Nymphs and Venuses looked too lovely to be so brutally destroyed.... There was something almost humanly pitiful in their poor broken arms and legs as they lay about upon the pavement.... He laughed at himself for the notion; but he could not laugh it away.

'Raphael seemed to think that he ought not to laugh it away; for he pointed to the fragments, and with a quaint look at the young monk—

'"Our nurses used to tell us,

If you can't make it,
You ought not to break it."

'"I had no nurse," said Philammon.

'"Ah!—that accounts—for this and other things. Well," he went on with the most provoking good-nature, "you are in a fair road, my handsome youth; I wish you joy of your fellow-workmen, and of your apprenticeship in the noble art of monkery. Riot and pillage, shrieking women and houseless children, in your twentieth summer, are the sure path to a saintship, such as Paul of Tarsus, who, with all his eccentricities, was a gentleman, certainly never contemplated. I have heard of Phœbus Apollo under many disguises, but this is the first time I ever saw him in the wolf's hide."—*Hypatia*, p. 77, 78.

This new Diogenes, in the sincerity of his rags, first shames poor Hypatia's theories by his practice, and then transports himself to Italy in Heraclian's abortive rising; and we next meet him in a lost battle-field, speculating and refining, and spinning doubt out of doubt on every conceivable question; in fact, rejoicing in having fairly landed at the very bottom of the bottomless, neither believing nor disbelieving, an example of that philosophy which had reduced itself to finding 'I am I' and 'I am not I' equally demonstrable propositions; and in the person of the author liking the state of things extremely well as an exercise of wit. But he is hungry, if there is such a sensation; and a troop of victorious soldiers, if there are such things, are advancing to put him to death, if there is such a thing as death; and in the difficulty Bran the dog takes her own and her master's cause in hand, and rouses him to the exigency of affairs. This is amongst the prettiest episodes in the book. Affection of some sort, congugal, filial, maternal, is, with our author, the true converting and purifying principle of the world: its least

dignified manifestation is sufficient to awake Raphael from his dream of universal sceptism. He summons his dog.

'"Bran! . . . Why should I wait for her? What pleasure can it be to me to have the feeling of a four-legged, brindled, lop-eared, toad-mouthed thing always between what seemed to be my legs? There she is! Where have you been, madam? Don't you see I am in marching order, with staff and wallet ready shouldered? Come!"

'But the dog, looking up in his face as only dogs can look, ran toward the back of the ruin, and up to him again, and back again, until he followed her.

'"What's this? Here is a new sensation with a vengeance! Oh, storm and crowd of material appearances, were there not enough of you already, that you must add to your number these also? Bran! Bran! Could you find no other day in the year but this, whereon to present my ears with the squeals of—one—two—three—nine blind puppies?" . . .

'Bran answered by rushing into the hole where her new family lay tumbling and squalling, bringing out one in her mouth, and laying it at his feet.

'"Needless, I assure you. I am perfectly aware of the state of the case already. What! another? Silly old thing!—do you fancy, as the fine ladies do, that what has happened to you is a thing of which to be proud? Why, she's bringing out the whole litter! . . . What was I thinking of last? Ah—the argument was self-contradictory, was it, because I could not argue without using the very terms which I repudiated. Well . . . And—why should it not be contradictory? Why not? One must face that too, after all. Why should not a thing be true, and false also? What harm in a thing's being false? What necessity for it to be true? True? What is truth? Why should a thing be the worse for being illogical? Why should there be any logic at all? Did I ever see a little beast flying about with "Logic" labelled on its back? What do I know of it, but as a sensation of my own mind—if I have any? What proof is that that I am to obey it, and not it me? If a flea bites me, I get rid of that sensation; and if logic bothers me, I'll get rid of that too. Phantasms must be taught to vanish courteously. One's only hope of comfort lies in kicking feebly against the tyranny of one's own boring notions and sensations—every philosopher confesses that—and what god is logic, pray, that it is to be the sole exception? . . . What, old lady? I give you fair warning, you must choose this day, like any nun, between the ties of family and those of duty."

'Bran seized him by the skirt, and pulled him down towards the puppies; took up one of the puppies and lifted it towards him; and then repeated the action with another.

'"You unconscionable old brute; you don't actually dare to expect me to carry your puppies for you?" and he turned to go.

'Bran sat down on her tail, and began howling.

'"Farewell, old dog! you have been a pleasant dream after all. . . . But if you will go the way of all phantasms" . . . And he walked away.

'Bran ran with him, leaping and barking; then recollected her family and ran back; tried to bring them, one by one, in her mouth, and then to bring them all at once: and failing, sat down and howled.

'"Come, Bran! Come, old girl!"

'She raced half way up to him; then half way back; again to the puppies, then towards him again: and then suddenly gave it up, and dropping her tail, walked slowly back to the blind suppliants, with a deep reproachful growl.

'"* * * * * *!" said Raphael, with a mighty oath; "you are right after all! Here are nine things come into the world; phantasms or not, there it is; I can't deny it. They are something, and you are something, old dog; or at least like enough to something to do instead of it; and you are not I, and as good as I, and they too, for aught I know, and have as good a right to live as I; and by the seven planets and all the rest of it, I'll carry them!"

'And he went back, tied up the puppies in his blanket, and set forth, Bran barking, squeaking, wagging, leaping, running between his legs and upsetting him in her agonies of joy.

'"Forward! whither you will, old lady! The world is wide. You shall be my guide, tutor, queen of philosophy, for the sake of this mere common sense of yours. Forward, you new Hypatia! I promise you I will attend no lectures but yours this day!"'—*Hypatia*, pp. 149—151.

And so they pursue their course, Bran consulted on every emergency, and giving the true response, till shrieks direct them to a group composed of two ruffians driving forward a young girl with hands tied behind her. Bran being consulted on the subject, pins one of the captors, and her master, accepting the sign, finishes the other.

'Where was the girl? She had rushed back to the ruins, whither Raphael followed her; while Bran ran to the puppies, which he had laid upon a stone, and commenced her maternal cares.

'"What do you want my poor girl?" asked he, in Latin. "I will not hurt you."

'"My father! My father!"

'He untied her bruised and swollen wrists; and without stopping to thank him, she ran to a heap of fallen stones and beams, and began digging wildly with all her little strength, breathlessly calling "father!"

'"Such is the gratitude of flea to flea! What is there, now, in the mere fact of being accustomed to call another person father, and not master, or slave, which should produce such passion as that? . . . Brute habit! . . . What services can the said man render, or have rendered, which make him worth——Here is Bran! . . . What do you think of that, my female philosopher?"

'Bran sat down and watched too. The poor girl's tender hands were bleeding from the stones, while her golden tresses rolled down over her eyes, and entangled in her impatient fingers; but still she worked frantically. Bran seemed suddenly to comprehend the case, rushed to the rescue, and began digging too, with all her might.

'Raphael rose with a shrug, and joined in the work.

* * * * * * * *

'"Hang these brute instincts! They make one very hot. What was that?"

'A feeble moan rose from under the stones. A human limb was uncovered. The girl threw herself on the place, shrieking her father's name. Raphael put her gently back, and exerting his whole strength, drew out of the ruins a stalwart elderly man in the dress of an officer of high rank.

'He still breathed. The girl lifted up his head and covered him with wild kisses. Raphael looked round for water; found a spring and a broken sherd, and bathed the wounded man's temples till he opened his eyes, and showed signs of returning life.

'The girl still sat by him, fondling her recovered treasure, and bathing the grizzled face in holy tears.

'"It is no business of mine," said Raphael. "Come Bran!"

'The girl sprang up, threw herself at his feet, kissed his hands, called him her saviour, her deliverer, sent by God.

'"Not in the least, my child. You must thank my teacher, the dog, not me."

'And she took him at his word, and threw her soft arms round Bran's neck; and Bran understood it, and wagged her tail, and licked the gentle face lovingly.

'"Intolerably absurd, all this!" said Raphael. "I must be going, Bran."

'"You will not leave us? You surely will not leave an old man to die here?"

'"Why not? What better thing could happen to him?"

'"Nothing," murmured the officer, who had not spoken before.

'"Ah God! he is my father!"

'"Well?"

'"He is my father!"

'"Well?"

'"You must save him! You shall, I say!" And she seized Raphael's arm in the imperiousness of her passion.

'He shrugged his shoulders; but felt, he knew not why, marvellously inclined to obey her.

'"I may as well do this as anything else, having nothing else to do. Whither now, sir?"'—*Hypatia*, pp. 156, 157.

A touch of jealous fear for her safety and honour, whereby 'the human heart of flesh, asleep for many years, leapt into 'mad life,' completed the conquest over the philosophy of scepticism. The young lady is beautiful and a Christian; need we doubt further of Raphael's ultimate well being? To be sure, all his most promising beginnings are at one time checked by the threat of her going into a convent, which nearly throws him into deeper, more virulent disbelief than ever. But the Squire-Bishop Synesius, who greatly takes our author's fancy for insisting on combining marrying, hunting, fighting, and other liberal pursuits with his episcopate, in a model scene of confession encourages him, crying—'Laugh *at* you? *with* you, you 'mean. A convent? pooh, pooh, the old prefect has enough 'sense, I will warrant him, not to refuse a good match for his 'child.' And when Raphael modestly objects that he is not a Christian, rejoins, 'Then we'll make you one. You won't let 'me convert you, I know, but Augustine comes to-morrow.'

All this is decidedly easy. Severity of style and practice is not to our author's taste; but it is fair that we should not close our notice of 'Hypatia' without recording his testimony to the worth and merit of the Fathers, and their work for the Church, expressed in graver tone.

'The general intermixture of ideas, creeds, and races, even the mere physical facilities for intercourse between different parts of the Empire, helped to give the great Christian Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries

a breadth of observation, a depth of thought, a large-hearted and large-minded patience and tolerance, such as, we may say boldly, the Church has since beheld but rarely, and the world never: at least, if we are to judge those great men by what they had, and not by what they had not, and to believe, as we are bound, that had they lived now, and not then, they would have towered as far above the heads of this generation as they did above the heads of their own. And thus an age, which, to the shallow insight of a sneerer like Gibbon, seems only a rotting and aimless chaos of sensuality and anarchy, fanaticism and hypocrisy, produced an Athanase and a Jerome, a Chrysostom and an Augustine; absorbed into the sphere of Christianity all which was most valuable in the philosophies of Greece and Egypt, and in the social organization of Rome, as an heirloom for nations yet unborn; and laid in foreign lands, by unconscious agents, the foundations of all European thought and ethics.—*Hypatia*, Preface, p. xi.

Mr. Kingsley will always have respect for success. The Fathers were great men; they upset an old philosophy and established a new, and though he may not always, or perhaps not often, agree with them, they were in advance of their time, they were the strong thinkers of their age, and, as a body, awake his reverence; but woe to those men who are behindhand, who hold a principle, or notion, or prejudice, or error a little longer than their neighbours. For such there is no pity and no toleration; for such the heart is dead and the whole nature breathes scorn and defiance. This temper, under the cloak of patriotism and protestantism, characterises 'Westward Ho!' Under what impulse this singular book was written we cannot guess, but we would not willingly believe that its tone of bluster and ungenerous triumph is more than an accidental and temporary phase of feeling, the result of provocation, and worked off according to a certain law of his nature by some strong overt act.

Our sympathies are with Elizabeth, her counsellors, her people, and her armies, in the circumstances of unparalleled difficulty and trial of her reign. It was well for England that her stout heart and clear head directed and guided the state at a time when a weak or a false step might have been fatal to its very being as a nation. Whatever misgivings her sometimes crooked policy cost us, we have but to review the tactics of her enemies to be satisfied that in her, man's best interests triumphed. But the very fact of acknowledged difficulties, of a succession open to dispute, of a religion but newly established upon the ruins of principles which had been held unquestioned for ages, form a ground for leniency towards those who disputed both, and would have overthrown them if they could. If, for no personal gain or aggrandisement—if, for a mere principle, however proved to be mistaken, men were willing to sacrifice comfort, wealth, life itself, and did sacrifice them and lost all, life and cause both; and, beside enduring a slow and violent death, saw also the death of all their hopes, and knew that they had

lived and died in vain—is their fate a fit subject for clamorous exultation and insult? Does so fatal and tragical an error, though caused by ignorance and bigotry, or by worse faults than these, excite nothing but ridicule and contempt? and its terrible punishment nothing but complacent triumph? It may—it seems it does to the controversialist, the partisan, and politician; but we know that it constitutes a very bad temper for the novelist, and one fatal to his success. All insight into motives, all likelihood, all fairness, all judgment is lost under the vindictive influence, and the result is at once noisy and tedious, blustering and dull. Our spirits are never raised by the Protestant jollity, nor our sympathies stirred by the heroes' successes; our feelings are unmoved while his are excited, his love and his hatred are alike beyond our care or comprehension. 'Westward Ho!' is especially a religious—or, rather we should say controversial novel. The plot and the characters all subserve the inculcation of certain principles, an ideal protestantism which as little fits in with Elizabethan times as our own. The period is represented as a golden age, or what would have been one, but for Popish aggression: when Englishmen, except a miserable minority, were all of one mind, full of honour, protestantism, and loyalty: when the poor were well fed and prosperous: the 'gentry by due right leaders of the people,' and both high and low at once merry and wise: when every man was a trained soldier, yet a loyal subject; every man, a son of the Church, and yet upon unbiassed conviction: when the Clergy had influence without seeking power: when the Government was at once strong and popular, and justice firm, yet gentle, guiltless of tyranny or persecution. Elizabeth was a patriotic queen, but she hardly could, and certainly did not, make this paradise out of the elements she had to deal with; but whether with all this poetical adornment or not, an age of strong men, 'the free and righteous hearts of those days,' carrying out Mr. Kingsley's views, and putting down what he does not like, is still a paradise; and is it not right that whatever opposes itself or breaks the harmony of the picture should be crushed out like so much vermin? It is the zest betrayed for the work of extermination that we complain of: not as a sad judicial necessity, but with a sportsman's unpitying pleasure in the details. It offends both taste and feeling that minor miseries should be recorded with relish; the *fleas*, the soiled linen, the meagre fare, the 'attenuated calves' of men who expiated their offences on the rack, and by the lingering tortures of a traitor's death.

The hero, Amyas Leigh, who suitably embodies this spirit, is of gigantic stature: a sea captain of that enterprising and adventurous—and some would add buccaneering—period, of prodi-

gious strength and great practical energy; and powers of bragging and bullying at least in proportion. He is accompanied by a dependant, who being of lower breeding can go even beyond him in these qualities. His guardian, a model English justice, statesman and country gentleman, has had the infusion and training of these sentiments, and the author records the sayings and doings of them all without a doubt or a protest. For instance, this Sir Richard would wish to *hang* every preacher who taught men that they must 'take care 'first of what they call the safety of their souls.' 'If I could 'hang up such a teacher on high as an enemy of mankind and 'a corruptor of youth, I would do it gladly.' (Vol. i. p. 213.) And this because the misdeeds of the papists and other fanatics are attributed to this morbid sentiment: 'What do they care 'for the common weal so long as they can save, as they fancy, 'each man his own dirty soul for himself?' (Vol. i. p. 223.)

This sentiment and epithet is really the key to the book. The hatred and contempt spreads beyond the body of opponents, and touches the immortal principle within them, making even their spiritual trials contemptible. We do not wish to exaggerate the wrong of the sentiment for its rash wording. We know that men may care for their souls in a sordid fashion; but surely no man can care too *much* for the safety of his soul. Working out our salvation with *fear* and trembling is doing this; it is *thinking* of our soul and deliberately aiming with all our might at its well-being. It is monstrous to call such self-love selfishness. Surely, the difference lies not in the *amount* of thought and care we bestow on the soul's interests, but on *whom* we acknowledge to be that soul's Lord and Master—whether some blind usurping arbitrary human medium interposing between it and God, or some god of our own devising or in very truth our all seeing Creator, Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier. Can we guard too watchfully—can we keep too jealously, that spark of *His* essence which He breathed into us, which He bought with a price which is not more our own than His? What the *soul* really *is*, is, we think, lost sight of in Mr. Kingsley's mode of treating the subject. But we return to our hero, whose taste for hanging up was quite as strong as his guardian's, though not on purely theological grounds, though he, too, cannot see a priest's tonsure without crying, 'Hang the dog!' and itching to perform the office of hangman himself. He begins life by breaking his schoolmaster's head. He fleshes his maiden sword in an encounter with a Frenchman abroad, who casts some slight on Queen Elizabeth, and cuts off his head and *boasts* of it. Of course, he is tremendous in war and reckless of life in adventures: he is

also insatiable in vengeance, which the author does not exactly defend, though he clearly does not realize the horrible brutality of its indulgence as he pictures it; but it is the home and domestic bullying that we particularly object to, and while he affects, too, to say that there was no persecution in Elizabeth's reign. After the discovery of the tonsure on the head of a disguised priest in gay lay attire, 'tall, and meek, and with thin shanks,' and much ridicule of his mode of mounting his horse, Amyas thus bullies the assistant ostler, and gives an example of the toleration of the period:—

'"Thou hast a villanously glib tongue, fellow!" said Amyas, who was thoroughly out of humour; "and a sneaking down visage too, when I come to look at you. I doubt but you are a Papist too, I do!"

'"Well, Sir! and what if I am? I trust I don't break the Queen's laws by that. If I don't attend Northam church, I pay my month's shilling for the use of the poor, as the Act directs; and beyond that, neither you nor any man dare demand of me."

'"Dare! Act directs! You rascally lawyer, you! and whence does an ostler like you get your shilling to pay withal? Answer me." The examinate found it so difficult to answer the question, that he suddenly became afflicted with deafness.

'"Do you hear?" roared Amyas, catching at him with his lion's paw.

'"Yes, Missus; anon, anon, Missus!" quoth he to an imaginary landlady inside, and twisting under Amyas's hand like an eel, vanished into the house, while Frank got the hot-headed youth away.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. i. pp. 101, 102.

The hero takes credit to himself for not running his cousin through the body, which he always was ready to do. He thirsts for the blood of every hiding priest who *as* such is always considered a traitor worthy of the gallows. He sanctions in his suite the last outrages. It is an historical fact that the Pope's Legate perished of starvation in Ireland. Amyas Leigh's party found his body tended, and mourned over by an Irish girl.

'It was the body of a large and coarse-featured man: but wasted and shrunk as if by famine to a very skeleton. The hands and legs were cramped up, and the trunk bowed together, as if the man had died of cold or famine. Yeo drew back the clothes from the thin bosom, while the girl screamed and wept, but made no effort to stop him.

'"Ask her who it is. Yeo, you know a little Irish," said Amyas.

'He asked, but the girl made no answer. "The stubborn jade won't tell, of course, Sir. If she were but a man, I'd make her soon enough."

'"Ask her who killed him?"

'"No one," she says; "and I believe she says true, for I can find no wound. The man has been starved, Sirs, as I am a sinful man. God help him, though he is a priest: and yet he seems full enough down below. What's here? A big pouch, Sirs, stuffed full of somewhat."

'"Hand it hither."

'The two opened the pouch; papers, papers, but no scrap of food. Then a parchment. They unrolled it.

'"Latin," said Amyas; "you must construe, Don Scholar."

'"Is it possible?" said Raleigh, after reading a moment. "This is indeed a prize! This is Saunders himself!"

'Yeo sprang up from the body as if he had touched an adder. "Nick Saunders, the Legacy, Sir?"

'"Nicholas Saunders, the Legate."

'"The villain! why did not he wait for me to have the comfort of killing him? Dog!" and he kicked the corpse with his foot.

'"Quiet! quiet! Remember the poor girl," said Amyas, as she shrieked at the profanation.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

Soon after they take Parsons, the Jesuit, prisoner, and by a ruse of the Catholic cousin, Eustace, at some risk to himself, Amyas is baulked of his prey. Our readers will remember that this worthy escaped all his perils, and died in the odour of sanctity at Rome, though disappointed of a cardinalship.

'He wanted to hang Parsons: he did not want to hang Eustace; and Eustace, he knew, was well aware of that latter fact, and played his game accordingly: but time ran on, and he had to answer, sulkily enough—

'"Well then; if you, Eustace, will go and give my message to your converts, I will promise to set Mr. Parsons free again before we come to Lydford town; and I advise you, if you have any regard for his life, to see that your eloquence be persuasive enough; for as sure as I am an Englishman, and he none, if the Gubbings attack us, the first bullet that I shall fire at them will have gone through his scoundrelly brains."

'Parsons still kicked.

'"Very well, then, my merry men all. Tie this gentleman's hands behind his back, get the horses out, and we'll right away up into Dartmoor, find a good high tor, stand our ground there till morning, and then carry him into Okehampton to the nearest justice. If he chooses to delay me in my journey, it is fair that *I* should make him pay for it."

'Whereon Parsons gave in, and being fast tied by his arm to Amyas's saddle, trudged alongside his horse for several weary miles, while Yeo walked by his side, like a friar by a condemned criminal; and in order to keep up his spirits, told him the woeful end of Nicholas Saunders the Legate, and how he was found starved to death in a bog.

'"And if you wish, Sir, to follow in his blessed steps, which *I* heartily hope you will do, you have only to go over that big cow-backed hill there on your right hand, and down again the other side to Crawmere pool, and there you'll find as pretty a bog to die in as ever Jesuit needed; and your ghost may sit there on a grass tummock, and tell your beads without any one asking for you till the day of judgment; and much good may it do you!"

'At which imagination Yeo was actually heard, for the first and last time in this history, to laugh most heartily.

'His ho-ho's had scarcely died away, when they saw shining under the moon the old tower of Lydford Castle.

'"Cast the fellow off now," said Amyas.

'"Ay, ay, Sir!" and Yeo and Simon Evans stopped behind, and did not come up for ten minutes after.

'"What have you been about so long?"

'"Why, Sir," said Evans, "you see the man had a very fair pair of hose on, and a bran new kersey doublet, very warm-lined; and so, thinking it a pity good clothes should be wasted on such noxious trade, we've just brought them along with us."

'"Spoiling the Egyptians," said Yeo, as comment.

'"And what have you done with the man?"

'"Hove him over the bank, Sir; he pitched into a big furze-bush, and for aught I know, there he'll bide."

'"You rascal, have you killed him?"

'"Never fear, Sir," said Yeo, in his cool fashion. "A Jesuit has as many lives as a cat, and, I believe, rides broomsticks post, like a witch. He would be at Lydford now before us, if his master Satan had any business for him there."'—*Westward Ho!* vol. ii. pp. 185—187.

This may be all intended as merely recording the spirit of the day; but Mr. Kingsley is so possessed by his subject, and so confident in the sympathy of his readers, that he no more thinks of excuse or apology than he would care for fox, or 'polecat,' or other vermin that was unearthed and hunted down. This Eustace, the cousin, is a creation of the author's own, to express his detestation of Jesuitism; and certainly a most gratuitous, ill-requited, and disinterested villain he is, doing all his evil deeds for the good of his soul. Some modern spite must have had to be gratified in his portraiture.

'And a very fair liar he had become. Not that the lad was a bad fellow at heart; but he had been chosen by the harpies at home, on account of his "peculiar vocation;" in plain English, because the wily priests had seen in him certain capacities of vague hysterical fear of the unseen (the religious sentiment, we call it now-a-days), and with them that tendency to be a rogue, which superstitious men always have. He was now a tall, handsome, light-complexioned man, with a huge upright forehead, a very small mouth, and a dry and set expression of face, which was always trying to get free, or rather to seem free, and indulge in smiles and dimples, which were proper: for one ought to have Christian love, and if one had love one ought to be cheerful, and when people were cheerful they smiled; and therefore he would smile, and tried to do so; but his charity prepense looked no more alluring than malice prepense would have done; and, had he not been really a handsome fellow, many a woman who raved about his sweetness, would have likened his frankness to that of a skeleton dancing in fetters, and his smiles to the grins thereof.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 89.

Returning from his training at Rheims he meets his cousin Amyas, and they shake hands.

'Amyas griping with a great round fist, and a quiet quiver thereof, as much as to say, "I *am* glad to see you;" and Eustace pinching hard with quite straight fingers, and sawing the air violently up and down, as much as to say, "*Don't you see* how glad I am to see you?" A very different greeting from the former.

'"Hold hard, old lad," said Amyas, "before you break my elbow. And where do you come from?"

'"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it," said he, with a little smile and nod of mysterious self-importance.

'"Like the devil, eh? Well, every man has his pattern. How is my uncle?"

'Now, if there was one man on earth above another, of whom Eustace Leigh stood in dread, it was his Cousin Amyas. In the first place, he knew Amyas could have killed him with a blow; and there are natures, who, instead of rejoicing in the strength of men of greater prowess than themselves, look at such with irritation, dread, at last, spite; expecting, perhaps, that the stronger will do to them, what they feel they might have done in his place. Every one, perhaps, has that same envious,

cowardly devil haunting about his heart; but the brave men, though they be very sparrows, kick him out; the cowards keep him, and foster him; and so did poor Eustace Leigh.'—*Westward Ho!* vol. i. pp. 90, 91.

We think Mr. Kingsley must be carried away with his subject, to suppose it is common for men thus to test men's physical powers by the criterion of which could kill the other; but it suits the general tone of 'Westward Ho!' perfectly.

Religion is not the only element of discord between the cousins. A novel must have a heroine, if only to create the necessary amount of ill-blood and difficulty. Poor Rose Salterne, who enacts the character here, has this part, and this only to play. Mr. Kingsley has, for once, lifted woman off her pedestal, allowing her no extraneous distinctions, and has produced a mere nonentity. Never was beauty so miserably off. She has lovers without end, who none of them take the rational means to win her heart; they are at one time jealous, at another they found an absurd brotherhood in her honour; but not one of them declares his love to her in plain, simple, intelligible terms. Amyas, indeed, never sees her after he is grown up. Her position is, from first to last, humiliating—a poor little helpless thing, now consulting a wise woman, now *beaten* by her father for listening to the fine speeches of a Spanish Don, the first genuine love that ever was made to her, till, as the author is careful to tell us, her poor sides were black and blue for many a day, and finally married and carried off to the New World by the Spaniard Don Guzman, where she might have done well enough but for the officious pursuit of the 'Brotherhood,' who, by their ill-contrived interference, provoke the jealous Jesuit-lover Eustace to betray her to the Inquisition, where she is racked to death. The fate is so improbable for the daughter of a Mayor of North Devon—the steps by which she arrives at it are all so out of the ordinary course, that she does not even excite pity; we see it is only an expedient to bring in the last crime of Romanism; with the further end of carrying the hero after her, for the double end of a rescue and adventure; for half the scenes lie in the Western world, the wonders and scenery of which seem to have always possessed a great hold on the author's fancy. There we are let into a new antipathy, which certainly proves how keenly Mr. Kingsley realizes history, and that the events of 300 years ago are as fresh as to-day. In the person of his hero, he loathes the Spanish nation. The sins of their American conquests, their Inquisition, their Armada, are detailed once more. A fat, villainous, luxurious Bishop, and his lean confessor, are hanged for our edification; and as a sop for the captain's mighty wrath, which also finds alleviation in minor persecutions: for when he takes a Spanish

galleon, we find him and the author not above inflicting a separate kick upon each member of the crew, as he is bundled down, half naked, over the side of the vessel. To this rage Amyas is stimulated by the fate of Rose, and by the capture and death, also in the Inquisition, of his brother Frank, a fine gentleman, beautiful in person, and pure in soul, the most *outré* of Rose's lovers, intended to correct our ideas of the Euphuistic school formed on Sir Piercy Shafton, but without the smallest touch of nature, or probability, either in his sayings, doings, or sufferings. The fate of these objects of his affection leads Amyas to the dedication of his whole life to general revenge against every Spaniard, and particular vengeance against Don Guzman — a purpose so strong in him, that even in the great contest with the Armada, his own revenge is his sole motive; and we are edified by the accounts of his sharpening his sword-blade day after day, in prospect of the life and death struggle his soul pants for:—a gratification, we are glad to say, denied him; for the same thunderbolt that founders Don Guzman's ship, blinds for life his furious foe, who has henceforth to give up discoveries by land or sea, and live at home at Bideford, the haunt of his youth, so fondly described by the author; soothed, however, by the devotion of a fair savage of European birth, whom he meets with in the forests of the west, and who clings to him from that time with a tenacity and fidelity not to be shaken off.

One of the most singular persons of the book, and most characteristic of the writer's views, is the type he has chosen of the English priest of that day—a certain Jack Brimblecombe, alternately a preacher and a buffoon, addicted to low appetites, yet a model of self-denial, a coward, and a hero, needing the homeliest warnings on his own account, while instilling principles of piety and faith into others. He begins life as a fat, gluttonous, tale-bearing school-boy, is driven into orders with, apparently, very little call, and is so little elevated by them as to be still thankful, from greediness, not want, for the scraps from great men's feasts. But he is also Rose's admirer, and one of the brotherhood in her honour; and, from henceforth, the oath has a certain transfiguring power. He urges pursuit of the illustrious Don; he becomes chaplain of the expedition, and a sharer in all its toils, not confining himself to spiritual weapons, but wielding the sword to good effect upon occasion: but always a butt of, we may add, very poor wit. This person, with his honest heart, homely piety, and plump person, we have no doubt is meant to contrast with the Jesuits of the opposite party, and their voluntary privations, their hidings and conspiracies, and the ridiculous straits of a life of plots and underhand treason. But we cannot feel proud of our representative, nor see in him at all a

model guide for faith and conscience. We must not dwell longer on 'Westward Ho!' though it contains some passages of considerable interest and merit. We like the author best amongst men and scenes of Devon, where his fancy is quiet, and in its best humour. There is a gathering of Devon worthies at Plymouth, sea captains of historical name and note, watching for the coming Armada, who make a capital group; but our space will allow of no lengthy extracts. The conduct of the story generally exhibits the same taste for conflicts, catastrophes, casualties, commotions, as its predecessors; violent accidents, battles by sea and land, surprises, tortures, hair-breadth escapes, fevers, flights, pursuits, midnight turmoils, follow one another without intermission, leaving a topsy-turvy, headlong impression on the reader's brain, which he would gladly exchange for the gentler excitement of mind in actual relation with mind, conscious of themselves, and of one another, and enabling the reader to realize both.

It is always agreeable to return to the present with an author who has been striving to reproduce the past. The effort to transport us to a former age by an affected quaintness in the dialogue, is a continual strain on both writer and reader; we grow weary of the precise, unfamiliar twang of this deadest of all languages, the tongue that never *was* spoken; and pen and ear alike enjoy the release, when permitted to write or to listen to phrases not transposed, but expressed in the language in which the brain first coins them. But this is not the only reason why 'Two Years Ago' is a pleasant change from 'Westward Ho!' We find ourselves again amongst real characters and interests; the author has worked off his merely conventional view of all mankind, and condescends again to aim at individual traits of nature. The principal character in 'Two Years Ago' is at once original, and congenial to the author's turn of mind; who, the longer he lives, seems to become more enamoured of the merely practical—of those qualities which help a man on in this world; and, by consequence—the present being with him so important an image as well as a stepping-stone to the future—forward his interests in the next. Not that these latter considerations have much weight with his hero to start with, or we should not have called him a congenial study. Mr. Kingsley, like some other tutors, likes to have the *entire* religious education of his pupils, and prefers to take them from the beginning of blank unbelief. 'If I wished,' he says, 'to define Tom Thurnall by one epithet, I should call him specially an *ungodly* man.' By which is meant, that he depended exclusively on his own powers, without the dream of other help or other dependence, that in the turmoil of a busy wandering

life, the teaching of his childhood had passed from his thoughts, and that all religions, and *no* religion, were alike to him: one anchor for the soul, and one only, he had in a touch of that natural affection to which our author so often gives a divine mission. Tom loves himself with, perhaps, a priority of affection; but he also loves his old father. His idea, his image, is perpetually present with him, though his restless, wandering propensities withhold him from more than a very rare personal intercourse. In contrast with this very material person, who is intended to upset all our notions of a hero and build himself a home on the ruins, who is honest because it is the best policy, and good-natured from a good deal the same cause, and useful because ready wit and willing hands are natural accomplishments, we are introduced to a poet, a real genius, with a rush of fine thoughts, and magnanimous impressions, spiritual, though with no actuating religion—a much finer fellow in his own eyes, and in the world's, than his quondam companion; but thoroughly unpractical, too fine to be useful; too absorbed in dreams of the imagination to see the mighty realities around him—too merely the poet to be a man. It is in the quality of genuineness and strength that the man of the world has the better. Both are selfish. Tom frankly and avowedly so: the poet ignorantly, and under a mask. Both direct their gifts and powers to their personal advantage; but Tom's energy and clear-sightedness show him he cannot help himself without helping others, which tends naturally to the general good; while the poet, a feeble and helpless man in his own cause, bears the seeds of weakness and decay in himself—a falling tree, under whose shadow none can rest safely. The sketch of his every-day existence, as given by his wife's exasperated maid, is very clever and graphic—

'Elsley "never kept no hours, nor no accounts either; so that she has to do everything, poor thing; and no thanks either. And never knows when he'll dine, or when he'll breakfast, or when he'll be in, wandering in and out like a madman; and sits up all night, writing his nonsense. And she'll go down twice and three times a night in the cold, poor dear, to see if he's fallen asleep; and gets abused like a pickpocket for her pains;" (which was an exaggeration); "and lies in bed all the morning, looking at the flies, and calls after her if his shoes want tying, or his finger aches; as helpless as the babe unborn; and will never do nothing useful himself, not even to hang a picture or move a chair, and grumbles at her if he sees her doing anything, because she ain't listening to his prosodies, and snaps, and worrits, and won't speak to her sometimes for a whole morning, the brute."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. p. 209.

The character is altogether well-drawn, and is a useful study, but all the amusement and interest of the piece, we need not say, centre round the unromantic, unsentimental Tom, with

his happy power of always lighting on his legs, his presence of mind, ready wit, keen observation of everything that comes under his eye, from a human subject to a zoophyte; for Mr. Kingsley indulges himself in many episodes and descriptions in this favourite field of natural history. Of course, his absolute *sang-froid* and perfect self-possession in every situation are not natural, but, as there are few qualities which inspire such admiration and respect in witnesses less gifted, so the delineation of them by an ingenious playful fancy, makes very pleasant reading. Our first acquaintance with him as a man is as the one soul rescued from shipwreck, in a storm off the Cornish coast. A young woman, the schoolmistress of the little fishing-town, Aberalva, has assisted in the wreck, and herself dragged him insensible to land. Mr. Kingsley bestows great labour and care in the delineation of her person and character, but, to the end of the book, we retain our original vague and indistinct idea. We are told that she is beautiful, with 'masque,' 'grand curves,' 'aquiline features,' 'long brain,' 'ghost-like paleness,' preternaturally large eyes, and all the author's odd list of charms; that she is 'a saint,' but of a somewhat eclectic and sectarian form of piety, an enthusiast, with a vision so far unsettled that the old doctor pronounces her 'half-baked,'—that she might become a 'medium,' a clairvoyante, an Estatica, something half-deceived and half-deceiving, but for two fortunate correctives,—first, that she falls in love with Tom, which gives a right direction to her feelings; next, that he suspects her of having stolen his money, which gives her a tangible grief and shame, instead of fancied humiliation and trials, which might have ministered to spiritual pride. As representing that prophetic element we see asserted in different forms of religion, she would be set apart by any other writer in a maiden shrine; but as Mr. Kingsley, if he could, would marry the Pope to some lady of fashion, and portion off the Vestal Virgins to English fox-hunting squires, so he chooses to try the efficacy of love for a very material object on such a temperament; but the discrepancy is too great for the reader's sympathy: the two, in spite of some violent love-making, cannot be brought into any real connexion. They are incapable of contact; there is never an instant's life in their intercourse. The one is flesh and blood, the other a ghost or wraith. She talks in visions, he answers in plainest matter of fact. She pleads to him for his soul, he hints about his lost hoard; and when they marry at last, we should call it as odd a wedding as fiction ever brought about, but that this same story contains a more unlikely one,—the union of an American fastidious fine gentleman with a woman of colour and a slave, bearing about her still the marks of the scourge and the chain. Two of the most

uncomfortable wives surely that men ever were mated with,—the mystic, half-conscious, unsubstantial schoolmistress; and the Quadroon actress, raving and ranting, with an incipient taste for brandy and water. But to return.

Tom had come back from the gold-diggings with 1,500*l.* in a girdle round his waist; when he comes to himself in the village doctor's spare bed the girdle is missing. His first interview is with the doctor, the next with Frank Headley, the High Church curate, but of a mild persuadable character, apt to fall in love, and in a way to cast off his mistakes by degrees:—

'A few minutes afterwards, Frank came in, and inquired for the ship-wrecked man.

'"Well enough in body, sir; and rather requires your skill than mine," said the old timeserver. "Won't you walk up?"

'So up Frank was shown.

'The stranger was sitting up in bed. "Capital your brandy is, Doctor.—Ah, sir," seeing Frank, "it is very kind of you, I am sure, to call on me! I presume you are the clergyman?"

'But before Frank could answer, Heale had broken forth into loud praises of him, setting forth how the stranger owed his life entirely to his superhuman strength and courage.

'"'Pon my word, sir," said the stranger,—looking them both over and over, and through and through, as if to settle how much of all this he was to believe,—"I am deeply indebted to you for your gallantry. I only wish it had been employed on a better subject."—"My good sir," said Frank, blushing, "you owe your life not to me. I would have helped if I could; but was not thought worthy by our sons of Anak here. Your actual pre-server was a young girl."

'And Frank told him the story.

'"Whew! I hope she won't expect me to marry her as payment.—Handsome?"—"Beautiful," said Frank.

'"Money?"—"The village schoolmistress."

'"Clever?"—"A sort of half-baked body," said Heale.—"A very puzzling intellect," said Frank.

'"Ah—well—that's a fair excuse for declining the honour. I can't be expected to marry a frantic party, as you called me down stairs just now, Doctor."—"I, sir?"

'"Yes, I heard; no offence, though, my good sir,—but I've the ears of a fox. I hope really, though, that she is none the worse for her heroic flights."

'"How is she this morning, Mr. Heale?"—"Well—poor thing, a little light-headed last night; but kindly when I went in last."

'"Whew! I hope she has not fallen in love with me. She may fancy me her property—a private waif and stray. Better send for the coast-guard officer, and let him claim me as belonging to the Admiralty, as flotsom, jetsom, and lagend; for I was all three last night."—"You were, indeed, sir," said Frank, who began to be a little tired of this levity; "and very thankful to Heaven you ought to be."

'Frank spoke this in a somewhat professional tone of voice; at which the stranger arched his eye-brows, screwed his lips up, and laid his ears back, like a horse when he meditates a kick.—"You must be better acquainted with my affairs than I am, my dear sir, if you are able to state that fact.—Doctor! I hear a patient coming into the surgery."

'"Extraordinary power of hearing, to be sure," said Heale, toddling down stairs, while the stranger went on, looking Frank full in the face.

'"Now that old fogy's gone down stairs, my dear sir, let us come to an understanding at the beginning of our acquaintance. Of course, you are bound by your cloth to say that sort of thing to me, just as I am bound by it not to swear in your company: but you'll allow me to remark, that it would be rather trying even to your faith, if you were thrown ashore with nothing in the world but an old jersey and a bag of tobacco, two hundred miles short of the port where you hoped to land with fifteen hundred well-earned pounds in your pocket."—"My dear sir," said Frank, after a pause, "whatsoever comes from our Father's hand must he meant in love. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'"

'A quaint wince passed over the stranger's face.

'"Father, sir? That fifteen hundred pounds was going to my father's hand, from whosesoever hand it came or the loss of it. And now what is to become of the poor old man, that hussy Dame Fortune only knows—if she knows her own mind an hour together, which I very much doubt. I worked early and late for that money, sir; up to my knees in mud and water. Let it be enough for your lofty demands on poor humanity, that I take my loss like a man, with a whistle and a laugh, instead of howling and cursing over it like a baboon. Let's talk of something else; and lend me five pounds, and a suit of clothes. I shan't run away with them, for as I've been thrown ashore here, here I shall stay."

'Frank almost laughed at the free and easy request, though he felt at once pained by the man's irreligion, and abashed by his stoicism;—would he have hebaved even as well in such a case?

'"I have not five pounds in the world."—"Good! we shall understand each other the better."

'"But the suit of clothes you shall bave at once."

'"Good again! Let it be your oldest; for I must do a little rock-scrambling here, for purposes of my own."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. pp. 97—100.

Having been brought up in the medical profession, Mr. Thurnall determines to constitute himself assistant to his host; and having it in his power to show good credentials, he is received with favour both by the doctor and his patients, though the former is scandalised by the lowness of his charges and the liberal tone of his professional advice, and does not see, as Tom does (we don't know exactly how), that it is to his interest. He seeks an interview the next day with Grace, his preserver, and finds her musing over the bodies of his drowned companions arranged on the beach. She is propounding the difficulty (prayers for the dead, being one of Mr. Kingsley's views) how it could be *wrong* to pray for them this morning, while it had been right to pray for them last night. He is greatly struck by her beauty, and feels a new sensation.

'She looked at him very steadfastly, blushing still. Thurnall, be it understood, was (at least, while his face was in the state in which heaven intended it to be, half hidden in a silky brown beard) a very good-looking fellow; and (to use Mark Armsworth's description), "as hard as a nail; as fresh as a rose; and stood on his legs like a game-cock." Moreover, as Willis said approvingly, he had spoken to her "as if he was a duke, and she was a duchess." Besides, hy some blessed moral law, the surest way to make oneself love any human being is to go and do him a kindness; and therefore Grace had already a tender interest in Tom, not because he had saved her, but she him. And so it was that a strange new emotion

passed through her heart also, though so little understood by her that she put it forthwith into words.

'"You might repay me," she said, in a sad and tender tone.

'"You have only to command me," said Tom, wincing a little as the words passed his lips.

'"Then turn to God, now in the day of his mercies. Unless you have turned to him already?"

'One glance at Tom's rising eyebrows told her what he thought upon those matters.

'She looked at him sadly, lingeringly, as if conscious that she ought not to look too long, and yet unable to withdraw her eyes.—"Ah! and such a precious soul as yours must be; a precious soul—all taken, and you alone left! God must have high things in store for you. He must have a great work for you to do. Else, why are you not as one of these? Oh, think! where would you have been at this moment if God had dealt with you as with them?"

'"Where I am now, I suppose," said Tom quietly.

'"Where you are now?"

'"Yes; where I ought to be. I am where I ought to be now. I suppose if I had found myself anywhere else this morning, I should have taken it as a sign that I was wanted there, and not here."

'Grace heaved a sigh at words which were certainly startling. The Stoic optimism of the world-hardened doctor was new and frightful to her.

'"My good Madam," said he, "the part of Scripture which I appreciate best, just now, is the case of poor Job, where Satan has leave to rob and torment him to the utmost of his wicked will, provided only he does not touch his life. I wish," he went on, lowering his voice, "to tell you something which I do not wish publicly talked of; but in which you may help me. I had nearly fifteen hundred pounds about me when I came ashore last night, sewed in a belt round my waist. It is gone. That is all."

'Tom looked steadily at her as he spoke. She turned pale, red, pale again, her lips quivered: but she spoke no word.

'"She has it, as I live!" thought Tom to himself, "'Frailty, thy name is woman!' The canting, little, methodistical humbug! She must have slipt it off my waist as I lay senseless. I suppose she means to keep it in pawn, till I redeem it by marrying her."'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. i. pp. 120—122.

Her mother has the belt,—not that Grace knows this, therefore her consciousness is not to be accounted for. This mother is old and a religious professor, two qualities combined that never find favour in the author's eyes. The search constitutes the reason for Tom's settling for the time in Cornwall, instead of joining his father in Berkshire; and here he proceeds to develop his various gifts and activities, and to win universal favour, till he starts an alarm of cholera, and demands sanitary reforms. Cholera is a sort of god-send to spirits animated with the reforming instinct, and has its bright side, we have observed, for a good many restless temperaments. For our parts, we cannot wonder that Mr. Thurnall made himself for the time being unpopular; nor do prophets of evil, we are thankful to say, always find events follow their predictions, as they do in

this case. Mr. Kingsley warms with his subject; the scourge which no one would prepare against, appears suddenly. The curate, the schoolmistress, the young doctor, and a certain colonel, devoting himself to the study of zoophytes, as a cure for a disappointed passion, work wonders; the cowards die, or run away. The methodist preachers pronounce it a judgment on sin, and make it an occasion for a revival. This view of judgments, so opposed to the work of a sanitary commission, is one that always excites our author, though, as we see more than once, he has his own mode of holding the doctrine in its full terrors. Thus when the fanatic is in the midst of his denunciations, and the crowd are yielding to the unhallowed excitement of the scene, the colonel gets up, and preaches a counter-sermon, greatly to the benefit of Thurnall and to the rage of the sectary:—

'"Don't listen to him! He is a messenger of Satan, sent to damn you—a lying prophet! Let the Lord judge between me and him! Stop your ears—a messenger of Satan—a Jesuit in disguise!"

'"You lie, and you know that you lie!" answered Campbell, twirling slowly his long moustache, as he always did when choking down indignation. "But you have called on the Lord to judge; so do I. Listen to me, sir! Dare you, in the presence of God, answer for the words which you have spoken this day?"

'A strange smile came over the preacher's face.

'"I read my title clear, sir, to mansions in the skies. Well for you if you could do the same."

'Was it only the setting sun, or was it some inner light from the depths of that great spirit, which shone out in all his countenance, and filled his eyes with awful inspiration, as he spoke, in a voice calm and sweet, sad and regretful, and yet terrible from the slow distinctness of every vowel and consonant?

'"Mansions in the skies? You need not wait till then, sir, for the presence of God. Now, here, you and I are before God's judgment-seat. Now, here, I call on you to answer to Him for the innocent lives which you have endangered and destroyed, for the innocent souls to whom you have slandered their heavenly Father by your devil's doctrines this day! You have said it. Let the Lord judge between you and me. He knows best how to make his judgment manifest."

'He bowed his head awhile, as if overcome by the awful words which he had uttered, almost in spite of himself, and then stepped slowly down from the stone, and passed through the crowd, which reverently made way for him; while many voices cried, "Thank you, sir! Thank you!" and old Captain Willis, stepping forward, held out his hand to him, a quiet pride in his grey eye.

'"You will not refuse an old fighting man's thanks, sir? This has been like Elijah's day with Baal's priests on Carmel."

'Campbell shook his hand in silence: but turned suddenly, for another and coarser voice caught his ear. It was Jones, the Lieutenant's.

'"And now, my lads, take the Methodist Parson, neck and heels, and heave him into the quay pool, to think over his summons!"

'Campbell went back instantly. "No, my dear sir, let me entreat you for my sake. What has passed has been too terrible to me already; if it has done any good, do not let us spoil it by breaking the law."

'"I believe you're right, sir: but my blood is up, and no wonder. Why, where is the preacher?"

'He had stood quite still for several minutes after Campbell's adjuration. He had often, perhaps, himself hurled forth such words in the excitement of preaching; but never before had he heard them pronounced in spirit and in truth. And as he stood, Thurnall, who had his doctor's eye on him, saw him turn paler and more pale. Suddenly he clenched his teeth, and stooped slightly forwards for a moment, drawing in his breath. Thurnall walked quickly and steadily up to him.

'Gentleman Jan and two other riotous fellows had already laid hold of him, more with the intention of frightening, than of really ducking him.

'"Don't! don't!" cried he, looking round with eyes wild—but not with terror.

'"Hands off, my good lads," said Tom quietly. "This is my business now, not yours, I can tell you."

'And passing the preacher's arm through his own, with a serious face, Tom led him off into the house at the back of the chapel.

'In two hours more he was blue; in four he was a corpse. The judgment, as usual, had needed no miracle to enforce it.'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. pp. 245—247.

Amongst the concluding victims of the disorder is the curate himself, whose fortunes we must touch upon. The poet Elsley Vavasour (the name he had, for his misfortune, assumed in an evil moment, instead of the 'John Briggs' he inherited from his father) had married a lady of rank, the sister of an Irish viscount, who plays some part in the story, and who good naturedly allows the thriftless young couple to live in his country seat at Penalva. Here they receive a visit from Mrs. Vavasour's sister Valencia, a young lady whom the author describes well, and with a full appreciation of the charms of beauty, a lively fashionable manner, and that combined distinction and fascination which the habit of being admired and looked up to confers. Nor is she considered at all the less charming for being a deliberate though not ill-disposed flirt. Innocently enough, she wishes to be on good terms with her sister's husband; makes him repeat his poetry, and show her the country. The effect was more natural than salutary on his weak vanity:—

'That fortnight was the sunniest which Elsley had passed, since he made secret love to Lucia in Eaton Square. Romantic walks, the company of a beautiful woman as ready to listen as she was to talk, free licence to pour out all his fancies, sure of admiration, if not of flattery and pardonably satisfied vanity—all these are comfortable things for most men, who have nothing better to comfort them. But, on the whole, this feast did not make Elsley a better or wiser man at home. Why should it? Is a boy's digestion improved by turning him loose into a confectioner's shop? And thus the contrast between what he chose to call Valencia's sympathy, and Lucia's want of sympathy, made him, unfortunately, all the more cross to her when they were alone; and who could blame the poor little woman for saying one night, angrily enough:

'"Ah, yes! Valencia,—Valencia is imaginative—Valencia understands

you—Valencia sympathises—Valencia thinks . . . . Valencia has no children to wash and dress, no accounts to keep, no linen to mend—Valencia's back does not ache all day long, so that she would be glad enough to lie on the sofa from morning till night, if she was not forced to work whether she can work or not. No, no; don't kiss me, for kisses will not make up for injustice, Elsley. I only trust that you will not tempt me to hate my own sister. No: don't talk to me now, let me sleep if I can sleep; and go and walk and talk sentiment with Valencia to-morrow, and leave the poor little brood hen to sit on her nest, and be despised."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 51, 52.

It is the author's pleasure and principle next to throw the curate, with his stern uncompromising notions of duty and habits of self-denial, in the way of this young creature; and she who wants some amusement, and who finds it does not do to patronise her vain poet brother-in-law too much, does her best to attract him. But the most sympathetic reader need be under no fears for the result of any attachment whatever under our author's direction. Love is so universal a cure, such an absolute panacea, and withal so invincible, that there is with him no such thing as unfitness where the article itself is genuine. Frank Headley, however, does not know this, and writhes and struggles against the new overpowering irresistible influence, and exhibits himself to the reader in a somewhat maudlin condition, sobbing and crying a good deal when by himself, and finally settling it in his own mind to die of Tom Thurnall's threatened cholera as the only mode of getting out of the scrape. When it suddenly appears, the poet is glad to make his escape with his family; the sister-in-law necessarily goes with them. The crisis of parting under such circumstances prompts the despairing lover to a bold measure. He declares his hopeless attachment; and with that habit of talking of death before the ladies which characterises our author's men, he continues:—

'"That I shall die shortly, and of this cholera, is with me a fixed idea, which nothing can remove. No, madam—it is useless to combat it! but had I anything, by which to the last moment I could bring back to my fancy what has been its sunlight for so long; even if it were a scrap of the hem of your garment, aye, a grain of dust off your feet—God forgive me! He and his mercy ought to be enough to keep me up: but one's weakness may be excused for clinging to such slight floating straws of comfort."

'Valencia paused, startled, and yet affected. How she had played with this deep pure heart! And yet, was it pure? Did he wish, by exciting her pity, to trick her into giving him what he might choose to consider a token of affection?

'And she answered coldly enough—

'"I should be sorry, after what you have just said, to chance hurting you by refusing. I put it to your own good feeling—have you not asked somewhat too much?"

'"Certainly too much, madam, in any common case," said he, quite

unmoved. "Certainly too much, if I asked you for it, as I do not, as the token of an affection which I know well you do not, cannot feel. But—take my words as they stand—were you to—It would be returned if I die, in a few weeks; and returned still sooner if I live. And, madam," said he, lowering his voice, "I vow to you, before Him who sees us both, that, as far as I am concerned, no human being shall ever know of the fact."

'Frank had at last touched the wrong chord.

'"What, Mr. Headley? Can you think that I am to have secrets in common with you, or with any other man? No, sir! If I granted your request, I should avow it as openly as I shall refuse it."

'And she turned sharply toward the door.

'Frank Headley was naturally a shy man: but extreme need sometimes bestows on shyness a miraculous readiness—(else why, in the long run, do the shy men win the best wives? which is a fact, and may be proved by statistics, at least as well as anything else can)—so he quietly stepped to Valencia's side, and said in a low voice—

'"You cannot avow the refusal half as proudly as I shall avow the request, if you will but wait till your sister's return. Both are unnecessary, I think: but it will only be an honour to me to confess, that, poor curate as I am—"

'"Hush!" and Valencia walked quietly up to the table, and began turning over the leaves of a book, to gain time for her softened heart and puzzled brain.'—*Two Years Ago*, vol. ii. pp. 222—224.

It ends by her giving him a ring to keep for this limited existence; but Frank does not die, and on recovering, feels himself, as he thinks, so effectually cured of his passion, as to venture again under the lady's influence. She next meets him in Wales, and he restores the ring with so much composure, that she is almost piqued, and grudges the pity she has bestowed. But we need not say that old feelings revive, and the subject is renewed. Frank's line is a failure. At once weak, conscious, and blustering, he seems to be acting all along against his conscience. If he felt his position as 'a poor curate' so much, it ought to have restrained him; and he talks again about 'death,' which is to be won this time in the Crimea, as an army chaplain. She begs him not to think of it; and he asks, 'What possible harm can it do me if it does kill me?' and so on, till we arrive at his final question, 'If she, the admired, the wor-'shipped, could endure a little parsonage, teaching school children, 'tending dirty old women, and petty cares all the year round?' and she answers that she can. In conclusion the author asks, pertinently enough—

'What was it, after all, by which Frank Headley won Valencia's love? I cannot tell. Can you tell, sir, how you won the love of your wife? As little as you can tell of that still greater miracle—how you have kept her love since she found out what manner of man you were.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 69.

We have not space to give even a general idea of the story, which we consider to have more features of pleasant unalloyed interest than any of its predecessors. It displays varied knowledge of character, a large study of society, much honest and

warm feeling, and a keen intelligent sympathy with the joys and sorrows of humanity: an active mind constantly occupied in observing, acquiring, and theorising upon its acquirements; and while it betrays the author's theological peculiarities, (to use a gentle term,) they are exhibited with reticence, and a moderation and indulgence which are a decided improvement in its predecessor.

In reviewing the whole of this series, we see a mind of large powers and deficiencies; and, as is often the case, so rejoicing in its powers as to be the last to perceive or believe in proportionate wants. One deficiency shows itself throughout, and lies at the root, we suspect, of all our disagreement. It is the entire absence of the faculty of reverence; there is no evidence of a right notion of this quality having ever entered into the author's mind; he despises it, gives it all sorts of hard names, and misinterprets it whenever he sees it. Of course, an affectation of reverence is unpleasant, and injurious to those who indulge in it, as all affectation is; but he never attacks the affectation without a hit at the principle; with him, it is akin to cowardice, an abject subjugation of the soul. Mr. Kingsley really never approaches one subject with more awe than another; he hates any other temper in others, and never believes its manifestations to be genuine. He will not—it seems, really, as if he could not—look up, not to the Bible, not to the Gospel, not to Heaven itself. Death is a subject of mere curiosity, and so is the 'unseen;' at least, any other sentiment towards the invisible world of God is treated with a sneer. But allow him to *patronise*, and he will entertain what are technically called high views, picking and choosing here and there; but it is *patronage*, placing himself *above;* not submission, putting himself *beneath* the object. The Bible is the '*old*' Bible; its texts are treated as old literature, which contains a great deal of point; its characters, as great men in their day. Thus we have for the 'wise man,' 'poor old heart-broken Solomon;' for the Psalmist, the 'Old Jew.' 'The Old Jew *used* to say of his nation, "It is God that hath made us and not we ourselves." Where we are tempted to ask, how does Mr. Kingsley know that the Psalmist *used* to say it? No doubt, at fitting times, he said it; no doubt, it was a truth always in his heart; but, all that we *know* is, that under the Holy Spirit's teaching, he sang it once for all ages, not for his nation only, but for the human race. Nothing is taken or approved on trust, but because after impartial examination, or testing of some sort, it approves itself to be true. S. Paul receives a great deal of this kind of approbation. And, if there is no reverence, there is as little of the kindred sentiment of fear. The great enemy

of souls is perpetually accosted with mild sarcasm, and the intimation of a familiar, not unamused, acquaintance with his wiles.

What Mr. Kingsley seems to demand of the whole universe is, that he may be at his ease with it; and smoke and lounge in its presence. Permit him this attitude, allow him absolute licence of speech towards all you esteem, love, and reverence; treat your convictions as things open to dispute, not demanding his belief, but candidates for his suffrage, and he will be pleased to show in how many points he can sympathise; what adaptation he sees to certain notions in this ancient doctrine, what æsthetic beauty in that primitive practice, what depth in that scholastic theory, till, charmed with the candour of the tone and the appreciation of excellence, you will be ready to forget that the Catholic faith is founded on something different from this merely intellectual, eclectic acquiescence, and that unity and communion of creed can only be attained by submission to an authority wherever we place it, and that authority implies reverence. 'If I am a Master, where is my fear?' In the desire to show sympathy with what he considers a large class, Mr. Kingsley seems to inculcate a different principle; and so far as his works encourage a habit of bold irresponsible speculation, we fear their influence, while we would give fair credit for good intention, acknowledge their attractive style, and appreciate their genial tone.

ART. VI.—*The Councils of the Church, from the Council of Jerusalem* A.D. 51, *to the Council of Constantinople* A.D. 381, *chiefly as to their Constitution, but also as to their Objects and History.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church. Parker & Rivington, A.D. 1857.

A WORK by Dr. Pusey is sure to be undertaken with the idea of benefiting the Church, and advancing individual holiness: and we feel it presumptuous to offer anything resembling the remarks of a critic, on the production of one who on the subject of his work has left little to be said by others; and who, alike in holiness of life and profonnd learning, has, if any equal, at least no living superior.

The work before us is a fragment of a larger one begun in 1850, but broken off from time to time by unavoidable interruptions. Its object will be best explained in the author's own words. It was undertaken, he says,

'with the desire of satisfying minds discontented with the relations of the Church and the State. I wished to show that the only authority of the State, which the Church of England has ever formally recognised, had been recognised in times long antecedent to the Reformation; times, with whose precedent the minds for whom I was writing, would be satisfied. I began the work, in order to show that we had not conceded too much. But so rapid are the revolutions of these times, that I had to continue it, with the view of showing that those same times afforded no precedent for conceding more. I began, again, then anew from the first, and have endeavoured, in this portion of the work, to exhibit the evidences furnished by the earliest period of the Church, that matters of doctrine were always exclusively decided or attested by those whom the Apostles left to succeed to such portion of their office as uninspired men could discharge, the Bishops of the Universal Church.'—*Preface,* p. xiii.

Then,—

'Although my immediate object was limited, I trust that I have, in this way, given an intelligible history of the Councils of the Church down to the close of the second General Council of Constantinople, before which Arianism finally fell.

'The period, although of primary importance, being limited to three centuries and a half, I thought it right to give the above statement of those larger labours, in order to show, that although I have given the evidence of one period only, the conviction itself rests on the history of 1000 years.' —*Preface,* p. xiii.

Dr. Pusey sets out with the assertion that,—

'However unsatisfactory many of our relations to the State are, the Church of England had not, by any concession wrung from her, abandoned any trust committed to her by God. Whatever evils there are and have been, the Church has often had to endure them before; and therefore the endurance of them by the Church of England, as the lesser of two evils, is no justification of the hard imputations of being "a State Church," "a creature of the State," which enemies or discontented sons have cast upon her.'—P. 1.

And he would show that there is nothing wrong or out of order in the fact, that the civil assembly of Parliament gives a *civil* sanction to ecclesiastical matters that have been decided by the ecclesiastical body; premising that the present anomalous state of things, in which men of any or no definite religious faith legislate for the Church, is not approved or sanctioned but only endured by her, until some remedy, in God's time, arrive.

And as the legitimate mode of the Church's expression of her mind and opinion is Convocation; and as it is plain that that mode of expression must sooner or later, under whatever circumstances, be granted to her; it becomes a vitally important question, of what Convocation should be composed: whether of Clergy only, or of Clergy and laity. Dr. Pusey tells us that in later ages Convocation has been occasionally composed of both Clergy and laity; although matters purely ecclesiastical were decided by the former alone. If the laity, then, are admitted into these assemblies, of what nature should be their influence? In England, they have always possessed the *indirect* influence of choosing (through their representatives) their ecclesiastical rulers. But they cannot give any direct sanction to the acts of ecclesiastical officers; for the latter do not derive their authority from them, and consequently are in no manner responsible to them. Still less can they decide on ecclesiastical doctrines: for the original commission to the Apostles, and through them to their successors in office, as separate from the laity, gave them the exclusive control of these sacred matters. Laity were present at the Council of Jerusalem; but they had no power to decide any doctrinal question. The inspired Apostles alone could do this; it was the duty of the laity to hear and obey. And what was the rule of this Council, Dr. Pusey proceeds to show was the rule also of others, down to the Œcumenical Council of Constantinople, A.D. 381. In this we will endeavour to follow him.

Councils, we may premise, are necessarily the voice of the Church. A Council of the Universal Church has that œcumenical authority which each Apostle when living possessed; but which no single Bishop or merely Provincial Council can have. But there is this difference between the decree of an Apostle, and of a General Council: that whilst every decision of the former given as an Apostle must necessarily be infallible, and above all possibility of error, as proceeding from the inspiration of God the Holy Ghost; a Council being composed of individuals not possessed of plenary inspiration, and therefore liable to err, may itself by possibility err: although it is granted by all that in matter of fact *some* General Councils (*e.g.* the first four) have not erred. Convocation may in fact become a Council of a particular national Church, of which the decrees

are in all ordinary circumstances binding on that Church; though they may in turn be annulled or even reversed by the superior authority of a Council of the whole Church.

Dr. Pusey commences the historical part of his work by examining at length the question of what should be the component parts of a Synod: whether it should be composed wholly of those who have spiritual authority and jurisdiction; or whether others, *i.e.* laymen, should also have a place in it. This question is the key to his work; and unless it be carefully kept in mind during its perusal, the student will be certain to lose the point of what he reads, and often fall into perplexity as to its object.

Dr. Pusey shows clearly, that the laity having no power to declare the articles of faith, have therefore no voice in Ecclesiastical Synods.

'*Indirect* influence,' he says, 'the laity plainly had at the first, and have in the Church of England, through the share which they have had or have in the selections of Bishops. In S. Cyprian's time they accepted the judgment of the Bishops of the province, or, through their own personal knowledge of those presented to them for their Bishops, enabled the Bishops to correct that judgment; or they presented to the Synod of Bishops for their judgment, such persons as they themselves knew and valued. In England, according to later precedents, the laity had virtually in their own hands the selection of the Bishops. In fact, with certain limited safeguards as to bad appointment, the laity absolutely nominated all the members of that body, which is, in principle, the ecclesiastical legislature, the Synod of Bishops. They nominate that body in a degree which, if applied to the Temporal Lords, would have been thought subversive of the balance of the constitution.'—P. 10.

But though possessing this power, they have no direct right to the far higher privilege of legislating for the Church. There has ever been from the first a division, a broad separation of classes in the Church: the rulers and teachers; and the taught. The former alone have the responsibility, and the power of which that responsibility is the result; the latter have the benefit of the onus which is laid on the former of ruling, but they do not share that onus. The Apostles were the first rulers of the Church, and each of them possessed plenary authority and could declare infallibly Divine Truth: the laity could add nothing to their words. The Church at large has since their day authority like theirs; and it is impossible in the nature of things, that those who are the subjects of the Church, which is Christ's kingdom, and of which He is the King and supreme Governor, should add any thing to her doctrine. Whence, otherwise, are they to derive their authority? Each class has a power belonging to a different world, and does not intermeddle with the other. The Bishop has a spiritual power belonging not to this world; the layman has a civil power which belongs

not to the world unseen. It is true, however, that each has the power of watching the acts of the other, lest he trench perchance on the sphere which is not his own. The Bishop sits in the great Council of the nation to guard the Church from any danger which might threaten either her temporal or her spiritual interests; this, at least, is his function, and one which was very curiously fulfilled by Episcopal votes carrying the Divorce Bill in the last session; and the layman has the canon law to which to apply, should the Bishop attempt to assume any usurpation of his civil rights, any oppression of his conscience, or any infringement of his faith. Each is called on to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's: and to the spiritual ruler is also given the admonition by S. Peter himself to act not *ὡς κατακυριεύοντες τῶν κλήρων, ἀλλὰ τύποι γινόμενοι τοῦ ποιμνίου.*—1 Ep. v. 3.

But he is not the layman's officer, be the layman's civil rank or position never so exalted: his is a Divine office, and as such he derives his power solely from God. To God therefore he is finally accountable, and not to man: accountable to teach, not private fancies or novelties, but that body of truth which he has received; and to guide the souls committed to him into none but the paths of Grace and Salvation.

This is very clearly and forcibly put by Dr. Pusey; and our readers will pardon us, we trust, if at the outset we make an unusually lengthy extract from his work. For we feel that his own words are the best exponents of his ideas, and also that a passage containing the great first principles which it is his object to establish, cited once for all, will enable our readers the more easily to follow our remarks on a work in which, from its extent, the point is not always perhaps self-evident or easily mastered:—

'The acts of the Church, as a spiritual body, affect only the court of conscience, and are binding only on her members. She declares, for instance, what is the law of God as to marriage; her exposition of that law is binding upon her children. But whether that law shall involve any temporal consequences to children, born contrary to the law of God and of the Church, is a matter, not for the Church to decide, but for the civil authorities. The State in England has accepted, in this instance, the judgment of the Church; if, as has too often been proposed, it were to legalise any marriage forbidden by the Divine law, the law of the Church would remain as it was before.

'The Civil authorities can give a civil sanction to the laws of the Church, or can withhold it, as they will. If they give it, they may also prescribe the terms upon which it shall be given. There could not, of course, be the slightest objection to the appointment of a body of laymen, whose assent should be necessary to the *civil* validity of the acts of the Ecclesiastical body in matters spiritual.

'2. With regard to what are called the temporalities of the Church, what has been given to God cannot, without sacrilege, be taken from God.

But as to their distribution, modification, or other questions concerning them, there can be no Divine right. For although the principle that "they which wait at the altar are partakers with the altar," has Divine authority, the details are not of Divine, but of human origin. No principle is involved in the distribution of Church property by laymen, any more than in the taxing of the Clergy for the purposes of the State.

'It would be a gainful exchange for the Church, if, leaving to the laity the whole arrangement of her temporal affairs, her Bishops and Priests were undisturbed in what our Lord entrusted to them, the decision in spiritual matters when they should arise.

'3. The remaining question, whether—conceding all outward questions or civil sanction as things not belonging to Ecclesiastics—questions of doctrine, or such as in any way involve decisions upon doctrine, do belong to the Clergy, is one of fundamental principle, intimately connected with the very being of the Episcopate.

'It would seem almost superfluous to go about to prove anything so obvious, as that the Holy Scripture *does* make a difference between the Pastors and the taught. . . . . To teach, to feed, to rule in things concerning the soul, are parts of the Divine commission given by our Lord to the Apostles, and their successors. Our Lord Himself, just before His departure from this earth, solemnly gave this charge to His Apostles, and to those to whom they, possessed of Divine inspiration, and "full of the Holy Ghost," should commit their office. Our Good Master accompanied this gift with the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." The Apostles plainly were not to live to the end of the world; they were to serve their generation, to preach the Gospel in the whole known world, and then, committing [as they did] their place of teaching to others, themselves to rest from their labours. But our Lord speaks, in one, to them and to those who should, in continuous succession from them, receive the commission from Himself. He gave them the twofold office, first, to bring the nations into His fold, in the faith of the Holy Trinity, wherein they were to be baptized; and second, to teach them, when so received, to keep everything in faith and practice, which He had enjoined them. "Make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe (or "keep") all things whatsoever I have commanded you."[1]

'The words to S. Peter, "Feed My sheep," "feed My lambs," besides restoring him to his Apostolate, and effacing his threefold denial of his Lord, were spoken to the Church in his person. They constitute a difference between the Shepherds and the sheep. In one sense, all who hope to be at the Right Hand in the Great Day, whether teachers or taught, are the sheep of Christ. In this sense He is the One Shepherd, Who Alone feeds, through those whom He appoints as shepherds under and for Him. In this sense S. Peter, and S. Paul, and S. John, were all sheep of Christ, whom He, the good Shepherd found, when lost, and laid on His shoulders, rejoicing. In another sense, Christ has appointed the ministry of men to "feed" His "Church, which He hath purchased with His Own blood;" and this, S. Peter, and all the Apostles, and all who from the Apostles have received by descent the commission to teach, have done, and do, by virtue of our Lord's words "Feed My sheep," "feed My lambs." S. Peter had no authority over Apostles, nor any office to feed *them*, to whom had been given the self-same office, "Go and disciple all nations." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." "When it is said

[1] S. Matt. xxviii. 19.

to him," says S. Augustine, "it is said to all;" "Lovest thou Me? feed My sheep."[1]

'This same office the Apostles committed to the Bishops. "Very perfect and unblameable in all things," says S. Irenæus,[2] "did the Apostles wish them to be, whom they left as their successors, delivering to them their own place of teaching." For the fulfilment of that office, it was enjoined to them, that they should,—1, themselves "hold fast the form of sound words";[3] "hold fast," so as not to let it be wrung from them, "the faithful word according to the teaching;"[4] to "take heed to the doctrine;"[5] "keep the good deposit committed unto him;"[6]—2, be "apt to teach;"[7] —3, "by sound doctrine to exhort and convince the gainsayers."[8]

'The office, then, of the Bishop, in the Synod, as relates to doctrine, was part of his general office of keeping or teaching the faith. The office of bearing witness to the Apostolic doctrine is part of the Apostolic Commission, handed down by succession from the Apostles. It was given to the Bishops, in succession from the Apostles; it was *not* given to others.'—Pp. 15—20.

Dr. Pusey now proceeds to show that the principles here enunciated, were acted upon from the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem, to the second Œcumenical Council. The Council of Jerusalem differs of course from all others in that the Apostles there present were each and all possessed of plenary inspiration, and could not err; and this inspiration gave the Council authority to promulgate a decree which was binding on all Christendom, and to which the laymen who were present could add nothing.

But with this difference in the favour of the Council of Jerusalem, it is not to be doubted, that as it is the precedent for the existence of Councils, so it is the rule and model for their form and constitution. The place occupied by the Apostles was taken afterwards by the successors in their office, and the decision of doctrinal questions was wholly theirs. For it cannot be supposed that because the Synodal letter ran in the names of the elders and brethren, therefore the inferior order of Clergy, or still less the ἀδελφοὶ, who, (if the καὶ remain, which distinguishes these from the πρεσβύτεροι, and which is not found in the Vulgate or in all the Greek versions,) were probably laymen, and part of the multitude then present, added anything to the decision of the Apostles. The πρεσβύτεροι in this case, too, as in some others, may possibly have been Bishops, or Apostles uninspired. But if they were Presbyters properly so called, their presence on this occasion did but form the precedent for that of Presbyters sitting (as they afterwards did), with the Bishop in Provincial Synods; acting as assessors with him, and joint advisers in all cases of moment; occupying the 'second throne' under him in Church, and even being present at Œcumenical Councils.

---

[1] De Agone Christ. c. 39. [2] iii. 3. 1. [3] 2 Tim. i. 13.
[4] Tit. i. 9. [5] 2 Tim. iv. 16. [6] 2 Tim. i. 14.
[7] 2 Tim. iii. 2. 2 Tim. ii. 24. [8] Tit. i. 9.

After the Council of Jerusalem, we have, for some considerable period, evidence in their results that Councils were held, rather than any direct accounts of them. Eusebius and the other Church historians are our chief sources of information on the subject, and it is plain from the nature of their works that we can hardly expect from them any extensive accounts of the Councils in themselves.

Before proceeding to an examination of the Councils subsequent to that of Jerusalem, we must observe, that it is usual to divide them into four classes.—1. Diocesan; at which were assembled the Bishops and Presbyters of one particular Diocese alone: 2. Provincial; composed of the Archbishop and Bishops of a province: 3. National: 4. General.—This division may assist us in distinguishing between a Council which is truly œcumenical, and another which may possess some of the features of an Œcumenical Council, yet not be œcumenical. The Ultramontanists hold that that only is an Œcumenical Council which is summoned (from all provinces) by the Pope: but in this case they are clearly inconsistent in admitting the Council of Nice in 325, and of Constantinople in 381 to be Œcumenical; for each of these was summoned by the Emperor. If, again, we are to trust to numbers alone, it is certain that the Councils of Ariminum and of Carthage, at which S. Augustine was present, that of Arles, A.D. 314, and some others, would have a greater claim to be considered General Councils, than those of Nice, Constantinople, or Ephesus.

It is rather the presence of Bishops of all parts, or, wanting this, the reception of the rule of a Council by the whole Church afterwards, that makes it Œcumenical:—

'A large General Council,' says Dr. Pusey, 'like that of Ariminum or the Latrocinium of Ephesus, might and did err, if it set forth anything of its own; and it was corrected by the whole. A small Provincial Council (such as those which first condemned the doctrine of Novatian or Arius, Pelagius, or Eutyches,) decided fearlessly, knowing that it was delivering the one truth which had been taught from the first; and it was confirmed by the whole.'—P. 21.

This seems to us to express the true difference between a Council that is œcumenical and one that is not.

The earliest mention of Councils after the Apostolic age is contained in Eusebius' History. In book v. p. 16, we read that 'the faithful met frequently in many parts of Asia to examine 'the novelties of Montanus; and they condemned them, and 'excommunicated all who held them.' Further on he gives us the important information that at the end of the second century Councils were held both in East and West to debate and decide the question of Easter: and these Councils, like the late ones, wrote Synodal letters. He says, especially, that there were

Synods and Assemblies of Bishops—*συνόδοι καὶ συγκροτήσεις*—held then. In one, the Synodal Epistle of which was extant in his time, Theophilus Bishop of Cæsarea, and Narcissus of Jerusalem presided. Of a Synod held in Pontus, Pallas, the oldest Bishop present, was president. Another Synod was held of the Bishops of the province of Osroëne and the cities round about. Of a Gallican Synod of his Diocese, S. Irenæus seems to have been the president; and at another in Corinth, that office was discharged by Beryllus the Bishop of the See. In addition to these, Dr. Pusey, on the authority of Prædestinatus, a writer on heresies of the fifth century, tells us that Councils were held at the same time in Sicily, in Pergamus, and in the East, to take cognizance of certain heresies which were rife in those parts.

The third century is notable for several Councils of great importance to the Church; and from this period the study of Councils and of canon law begins to be of great value as a means to the mastery of ecclesiastical history and doctrine. Of these the chief were, the Councils held on Beryllus, and after that on other Arabians, in which Origen, then a Presbyter, was present; those afterwards held on Origen himself; those of S. Cyprian; and by no means least in consequence, the Councils of Antioch against Paul of Samosata, Bishop of that great see.

We learn from Eusebius that Beryllus, Bishop of Bostra in Arabia, denied the pre-existence of our Lord and His proper Godhead; substituting for the latter a mere inhabitation in Him of God the Father: heresies of which the former resembles the fundamental one afterwards held by Paul of Samosata; and the second resembles that of Nestorius. Against him were held frequent assemblies of Bishops; and at length Origen, then a Presbyter, was invited (as Eusebius tells us) with others to be present. Origen (like Malchion the Priest afterwards, in the Councils held at Antioch against Paul of Samosata) became spokesman, and at length succeeded in confuting and converting his opponent. The acts of this Council also were extant in Eusebius' time. The seeds of heresy seem to have been widely sown in Arabia; for Origen was soon after called upon 'in a Synod of no small size,' as Eusebius says, to perform the same part against others of that country, which he had lately discharged against Beryllus; and the same happy result attended his efforts.

Origen himself was soon after compelled to undergo synodical judgment. Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, held two Synods on him consisting of Bishops and Presbyters; because after his act of self-mutilation he had, without consulting Demetrius his own Bishop, consented, during a visit to Palestine, to be ordained

to the priesthood by Alexander of Jerusalem, and Theoctistus of Cæsarea. The sentence of the first Synod was simply that he should remove from Alexandria: the second deprived him of the Priesthood. The Church of Rome also met in Synod, and confirmed the decision of Demetrius.

Now the question which arises on this condemnation of Origen is—How did the act which was the ostensible cause of it come *in those times* to be considered a canonical offence calling for deprivation of office? It is true that the first canon of the Council of Nice makes it such, but that was framed upwards of ninety years afterwards. We answer that this rule of Demetrius seems to us to prove almost to demonstration that the canons of the Apostles were then the recognised law of the Church. No metropolitan Bishop could of his own will, or even with a National Synod, pronounce an action however heinous to be against the law of the Church (as Demetrius did in this case), and visit it as such, unless the Church had herself previously ruled that it was so. The twenty-second (third) of the Canons of the Apostles expressly directs that the cleric who is guilty of this offence should be deprived; 'for he is a self-murderer.' We maintain that the Bishops of the Council of Rome who ratified Demetrius' sentence of deprivation, showed by that act their knowledge also of the ecclesiastical law on the point, and their submission to its authority. That law exists nowhere but in the Apostolic canons. And were these canons themselves compiled without the consent of a Synod? That we cannot think; for how in that case could they have come to be regarded with the respect which it is certain was paid to them from the first ages? They form the basis of all subsequent early canons; and it is difficult to see to what the second, fifth, and tenth canons of the Council of Nice refer, if not to these. Bishop Beveridge tells us that they were cited in Councils held at Rome, Gaul, Osroëne, and other places at the end of the second century; and that S. Cyprian speaks of them as ancient in his day. Either, then, they (or at least the first fifty of them) were as some have supposed, in substance framed by the Apostles themselves, or, as is more probable, they were the production of some Council or Councils which are not mentioned by the Church historians, and of which the acts are not now extant.

Against the former opinion, among many other objections, we may urge that at the latter part of the second century, (as we have already seen) the question of the day of the celebration of the feast of Pasch was still in discussion; Councils being held in different parts of the world on the subject: (Euseb. v. 23.) whilst at the time of the compilation of the canons of the Apostles we find that it was decided and settled; the seventh canon

ruling that any one who should keep the festival before the vernal equinox with the Jews, should be excommunicated. The thirty-fifth (sixth) canon, by the way, orders that Synods of Bishops should be held twice a year; a rule which the Council of Nice and others repeat and enforce. Bishop Beveridge, after a masterly confutation of Dallæus' idea that they were not collected till the middle of the fifth century, or published till the beginning of the sixth, concludes that they were in existence in the end of the second century, or the beginning of the third, and were collected, as S. John Damascene also says, by S. Clement of Alexandria.

The next Councils of note are those held by S. Cyprian and the Clergy of Carthage. To understand the position of the Church of Carthage at this period, and, therefore, to appreciate the weight of these Councils, they should be compared with those in which S. Augustine sat against Pelagius, a century and-a-half later. We see in each an independent Provincial Council headed by its own Bishop, sitting solely by his authority, and issuing (without consultation with, or deference to any other Church) its decrees on matters alike of doctrine and of discipline.

Dr. Pusey gives the third chapter of his work to the history of the Councils held by S. Cyprian. There is one, of five Bishops, which was held on the subject of that wide-spread scandal, the *συνεισάκτοι*. This illicit concubinage (for such in fact it was) was beyond doubt a result of paganism, and the Church continually protested against it. Dr. Routh has produced passages from S. Irenæus and Tertullian, proving that the custom was known in their times.[1] The Councils of Elvira in Spain, of Ancyra, and of Nice, issued decrees against it; it called down the indignant remonstrances of S. Basil, S. Jerome, and S. Chrysostom; and hardly yielded at last to a stringent enactment of the code of Theodosius. S. Cyprian had been consulted by a brother Bishop, as to how he should treat those who were guilty of this offence in his own diocese; one of whom was a Deacon, whose crime he had met by excommunication. S. Cyprian accordingly held a Council on the subject, and in the 4th Epistle (of Bishop Fell's edition) gives as his decision that the guilty parties should undergo penance, and then either resume their profession of celibacy or marry, as seemed best in each case. Of the excommunication of the Deacon, he thoroughly approved. There were present at the Council, four Bishops, in whose names with S. Cyprian's the letter runs, and some Presbyters. The perusal of the pages of history which contain the account of the *συνεισάκτοι*, and other offences of the like kind,

[1] Reliquiæ II. p. 508. Ed. 1814.

may well make us thankful that among our manifold sins against faith and unity, the common law and the magistrate step in, and summarily relieve us from the necessity of either enduring, or by personal effort endeavouring to put an end to those crying sins of practice which roused the indignant protests of some of the greatest Fathers of the early Church, and which they were left to cope with and repress as they best could.

A Council of forty-two Bishops asserts that those who had sacrificed in persecution should be put to penance, and only received to communion when at the point of death. Its decision was conveyed to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, and is contained in the 57th Epistle, referred by Bishop Pearson to the year 252.

In a Council of sixty-six Bishops (held, according to Bishop Pearson, A.D. 253) S. Cyprian decided that certain of the lapsed who had been too easily restored to communion, should not on that account be deprived of it again: that baptism should, if needful, be given to infants before the eighth day: and that none should be debarred from it.

'The decision of this Council,' says Pusey, 'was worded so exactly on the guilt and remission of original sin, "as though" S. Augustine says,[1] "through the Providence of God, the Catholic Church were already confuting the Pelagian heretics."'—P. 66.

A Synod of thirty-five Bishops was held in the year 253-4, on the case of Basilides and Martialis; two heretical Bishops, of Spain. They had been of that class of lapsed which were termed *libellatici;* and Basilides had deceived Stephen, Bishop of Rome, into communicating with him and restoring him to his see. The people, however, appealed to S. Cyprian, who, in his 67th Epistle, enters into the matter at length, and reverses the decree of Stephen. The Epistle stands in the name of thirty-six other Bishops, and is directed to Felix the Presbyter, the people of Leon and Asturias, and Lœlius the Deacon of Merida.

'On the case of the lapsed, there are distinct accounts of at least four Councils; on heretical Baptism, there are at least seven. All these are of Bishops only; except that during the vacancy of the see of Rome, the Presbyters of the city took part in the first Roman Council on the lapsed.'—P. 66.

We now come to the Councils on Baptism, which are more especially connected with the name of S. Cyprian. The first of these was held in the year 255; and consisted of thirty-two African Bishops. In the 70th letter they send their decision to the Bishops of Numidia, who had met in Council, and inquired of them whether those who had received heretical baptism, should be baptized when they joined the Church. The Synod affirms that they ought to be baptized, inasmuch as the

[1] Ep. 166, ad Hieron. § 24.

Baptism of heretics is in truth no Baptism at all. It does not fall within our present undertaking to discuss the propriety of the decision here arrived at. We shall merely observe that the above rule was repeated in the following year by a Council consisting both of African and Numidian Bishops. It was conveyed to Pope Stephen in the 72nd Epistle; and, as we find from the 74th, the result was that Stephen renounced S. Cyprian's communion. In consequence of this act, S. Cyprian lost no time in fortifying his own opinion by that of other Bishops of his provinces. He accordingly assembled in the same year, a third and much larger Council. Of this, the acts are still extant. It was composed of Bishops from the provinces of Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania, to the number, as Bishop Pearson says, of at least eighty-seven. Present with them were their Presbyters and Deacons, and several of the laity. The last were, doubtless, as Dr. Pusey observes, 'the inhabitants of Carthage itself.'

'It is remarkable,' he says, 'that S. Cyprian does so frequently refer to the people in the single case of the lapsed, or of hearing causes before them, whereas he does not allude to them in any other case whatever. They are mentioned, as being *present* at the Council of Carthage, as they were invited to be present at discussions whereby they might gain instruction. But the contrast is very striking, that throughout the question of the restoration of those who had denied the faith, mention is made of the Laity and of their judgment; throughout that as to heretical Baptism, there is no reference whatever to them. Plainly, because S. Cyprian wished for their concurrence as to the restoration of offenders. The question of heretical Baptism was a matter of doctrine, in which the laity were not to concur in judging, but were to be taught.'—P. 87.

As regards Dr. Pusey's account of the acts of S. Cyprian, we can only say, if any of our readers are at all perplexed by the works which have recently been published to disprove the genuineness of his writings, and to throw doubt even over his existence, these pages of Dr. Pusey's will surely clear the question up for them. Can it be believed for a moment, that a nameless forger or romancer could have indirectly developed a character and described a course of actions such as are found in the writings of S. Cyprian? A character consistent in every respect with itself, and on which, if on any presented by history, truth and nature are stamped with an indelible impress? And, this done, that he could also have succeeded in deluding his own age, and all future times into the belief that the names and actions invented by him were facts of history? When S. Augustine said to S. Jerome, only a century and half later, that the expressions of the Council of sixty-six Bishops were as exact as if through the providence of God, the Catholic Church were already refuting the Pelagian heretics; was it in truth that he was commenting on the expressions of some writer who had

such a marvellous gift of catholic definition, and yet remained unknown? And is no weight to be ascribed to the fact, that S. Augustine states these writings to have been S. Cyprian's? And if they were produced, as has been said, with the view of aiding the development of the power of the see of Rome; to assert which, however, appears to us to be viewing the third century through the medium of the nineteenth; it seems very little likely that the author would have written passages of the 'De Unitate' as they *were* written; or have made his bold assertion at the opening of the third Council on Baptism, of the independence of each particular Bishop in his own see; or have resisted Stephen as far as he did, on the question. And it is remarkable, and we think fatal to this theory, that the only pope of S. Cyprian's time who showed any inclination to push his prerogatives to an extreme length was Stephen, who renounced his communion: of whom S. Cyprian speaks with due severity in his letter to Pompeius; and against whom he in fact called the third Council mentioned above.

We now come to the question between S. Dionysius of Alexandria and Sabellius. Dr. Pusey says that the condemnation of the latter was pronounced in Council; and S. Athanasius, in his treatise on the faith of S. Dionysius, tells us, that when he first heard of the heresy, he sent for its authors, and endeavoured to persuade them to cease their evil teaching. This might have been done in a Diocesan Synod; and, perhaps, the letters which he wrote to Ammonius, Euphranor, and others, when he found his efforts vain, might have been Encyclical; the result of one or more Synods, addressed to the Bishops of the province. The cause was carried to Rome by certain of the Church of Alexandria; and S. Dionysius was accused to his namesake of that see of holding that humanitarian doctrine which was afterwards called Arianism. Dionysius of Rome called a Council on the subject in the year 262.[1] We learn from S. Athanasius that Dionysius of Rome sent letters to him acquainting him with the matter of which he was accused. In reply, he composed two works which he termed His Confutation and Defence.[2]

Such is S. Athanasius' account of the matter. But it should be observed that the history is not without its chronological difficulties. Eusebius in his History, and Eutychius, the Alexandrian chronicler, have so arranged the period of the Episcopates of the Dionysii as would render the whole account, if we credit them, simply impossible. In his Chronicon, indeed,

[1] S. Athanasius, Councils Arim. et Seleuci, § 43. Ed. Bened. Harduin Concil. Tom. i. Newman's Arians, chap. i. Sect. 5, p. 140.

[2] S. Athanas. De Sent. Dionys. Alexand. Tom. i. § 13, p. 198. Ed. Bened.

Eusebius puts the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria from the fourth of Philip (A.D. 247, Pagi) to the eleventh of Valerian and Gallienus (A.D. 263 Pagi), thus giving to his Episcopate a period of 16 (17) years. To Dionysius of Rome he gives from the eighth of Valerian and Gallienus (A.D. 260) to the first of Aurelian (A.D. 269), thus making them to have been contemporary bishops for the space of three years;—a period quite sufficient, no doubt, for the correspondence which S. Athanasius relates to have passed between them. But in his history he puts Dionysius of Alexandria from the third of Philip (A.D. 246) to the twelfth of Gallienus (A.D. 264), (which would give him a period of eighteen years); and he commences the Episcopate of Dionysius of Rome at the earliest in the eleventh of Gallienus, which was just before the first Council of Antioch on Paul of Samosata, and but one year previous to the death of Dionysius of Alexandria; a space of time too brief for the communications described by S. Athanasius to have passed between them.[1]

Eutychius in his Chronicle has put them much further apart, concluding the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria long before the commencement of that of Dionysius of Rome; for he puts the former from the second of Maximinius (A.D. 236) to the first of Valerian (A.D. 253), giving to him, like Eusebius in his Chronicon, seventeen years; and the latter he places from the first of Aurelian (A.D. 270) to the third of 'Marunus,' who must be Probus (A.D. 278).

S. Athanasius' account will probably be considered far more trustworthy than that of Eusebius or Eutychius; and if so he proves, by the way, that in this instance the chronology and arrangement of Eusebius' 'Chronicon' is superior to that of his History. Baronius puts the Council of Rome, which judged Dionysius of Alexandria, in the year 263, a date which Pagi corrects to 262. To the Episcopate of Dionysius of Rome he gives the years from 261 to 272 inclusive, following, with little variation, Eusebius' Chronicon; and that of Dionysius of Alexandria he dates from 248 to 266. Pagi says that Dionysius succeeded to the see of Alexandria in the year 247, and sat seventeen years, *i.e.* to 264, and he thinks that the Pontificate of Dionysius of Rome extended from 259 to the close of 269.[2]

The Councils which condemned Paul of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch, next demand our attention; and none of those held before the Council of Nice are of more importance to the student of ecclesiastical history. Paul succeeded Demetrius. His elevation to the see he seems to have owed to the influence

[1] So Bp. Pearson, De Successione, Diss. I. cap. X. § iv.
[2] Vol. I. Ann. 258, § vii.; 259, § x.; 271, § ii.

of the Jewish Zenobia, the wife of Odenatus, king of Palmyra. His heresy was twofold, as regards the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation. He denied that the Son and Holy Ghost were separate persons from the Father and each other, and he said they were *in* the Father, as a man's thought is in his heart.[1] He also thought that Mary did not conceive and bring forth the Word, because she is not before the Word, but that she was the mother merely of a man, who had his beginning from her, and was not before her. This man, he said, was endowed with grace above all men; was called the Son of God for his singular goodness, having been advanced to the title ἐκ προκοπῆς, and was even inhabited by God; that is, not by the Divine Word or Son as a Person, but as a mere influence only. He held that Christ was one, and the Word another.[2] He did not acknowledge the descent of the Son of God from heaven, but said that Jesus Christ was from below.[3] 'He denied,' says S. Athanasius, 'that the Son was before Mary, and held that he took his origin from her.'[4] This, of course, involves his denying the Godhead, and the Person (or hypostasis) of the Son.[5] He agreed, then, with Sabellius in teaching that there was only one Person in the Godhead, but differed from him in denying that God took to Himself human nature. Sabellius said the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, being one Person under different names, when one took flesh they all took it. Paul denied that God was incarnate at all, saying that an influence merely of God dwelt in the man, Mary's merely human Son. In distinguishing between the Son of Mary and God the Word, he would have anticipated Nestorius, had he held a *Personal* existence of the latter. This, however, he denied. Yet there is a protestation against Nestorius, addressed to the Clergy of Constantinople, containing a long and elaborate comparison of his doctrine with that of Paul.[6] In his doctrine of Christ's promotion to the Sonship for His personal merit and advance in holiness, he preceded Arius, who held that Christ was not the Son of God by nature, but was chosen to be such for his moral superiority to other men, so that He possessed nothing which might not have been bestowed on any other man. 'S. Peter and S. Paul,' said Arius, 'had they equalled Him in this respect, would have been all that He was.'[7] 'I myself,' said Paul, 'might be Christ if I would.'[8] He is said by the Fathers who condemned him to have renewed the heresy of

[1] S. Epiphanius, Her. 65, § 1. [2] Ephrem. Syrus, quoted by Routh, Reliquiæ.
[3] Euseb. vii. 23. [4] De Synod. Arim. et Seleuc. § 16, Ed. Bened.
[5] Epiphanius, as cited before.
[6] Harduin, i. p. 1271, &c. Conf. p. 1335, where the monks assert much the same thing. [7] Theodoret, Hist. i. [8] Mosheim, De Rebus, &c.

Artemas, the follower of Theodotus, who was excommunicated by Victor, in a Council, as has been thought, of fifteen Bishops. In denying the Pre-existence and Divinity of Jesus Christ, it has been supposed that he adopted a low and Judaistic tone to please his patroness Zenobia; but Philaster goes so far as to say that he taught her to judaize. S. Augustine tells us that the Photinians (predecessors of the modern Socinians) renewed his doctrines, as he renewed those of Artemas.[1]

Thus there are two separate lines of heresy ascribed to him, as he agreed with Sabellius, and as he followed Artemas, and preceded Arius; and some insist most on one, and some on the other. S. Athanasius puts his humanitarianism most prominent;[2] S. Hilary lays the greater stress on his Sabellianism;[3] Bishop Bull follows the former, even speaking doubtfully of his agreement with Sabellius;[4] Petavius takes as his guide the latter;[5] Theodoret,[6] S. Augustine,[7] and Suidas[8] confine themselves to his humanitarianism.

It soon came to the ears of the Eastern Bishops that Paul was holding these heretical opinions, and they accordingly proceeded without delay, despite the power of his patroness, to judge him in Council. Eusebius, who has preserved an account of their acts, tells us that the heads of the 'Churches assembled 'against him in haste as against one who was committing depre-'dations on the flock of Christ.' The aged Bishop Dionysius of Alexandria was invited to attend, but excused himself on the plea of age and declining strength. He wrote, however, a letter to the Council, 'a few days,' as S. Jerome says, 'before his death.' Among Paul's judges were S. Gregory Thaumaturgus of Neocæsarea, Firmilianus of Cappadocia, and Helenus of Tarsus, with an innumerable host of priests and deacons. The result of the Council was, that Paul promised to amend his teaching, and thus escaped deprivation. It is doubtful whether there were held at this time more Synods than one, or (as appears more probable from the words of Eusebius, vii. 28), more than one Session of the Synod, *πάντων οὖν κατὰ καιροὺς διαφόρως καὶ πολλάκις ἐπὶ ταυτὸ συνιόντων, λόγοι καὶ ζητήσεις καθ' ἑκάστην ἀνεκινοῦντο σύνοδον.*

It is certain that Paul did not make good his promise; and accordingly, about four years afterwards, a final Council was held on him. The first proceeding of the Bishops was to ad-

[1] De Hæres. 49. For the fullest account of his doctrines see Mosheim, De Rebus, sec. iii. § 35; Routh's Reliquiæ; Newman's Note on S. Athan. De Synodis, Oxford Translation, vol. viii. p. 165, &c.
[2] De Synodis Arim. et Seleuc, § 45.
[3] De Synodis, § 81.
[4] Defensio, Sect. II. cap. i. § 9.
[5] De Incarnatione, Lib. I. cap. x. § 2.
[6] Hær. Fab. II. viii.
[7] De Hæres. 44.
[8] *ψιλὸν ἄνθρωπον εἶναι τὸν κύριον ἐβλασφημήσε.* In verb. 'Paulus.'

dress to him a letter descriptive of the faith which they held, and which had been handed down from the time of the Apostles. In this they dwell on the Godhead of Christ, His eternal pre-existence, His creation of the world, His relation to God as a Son, and not as a creature, and His miraculous Incarnation. Finding, however, that these statements were of little avail, they then proceeded formally to judge him; and by the ability of Malchion the priest, (who took the part against him in the Council which Origen, as we have seen, had previously taken against Beryllus,) his artifices were exposed, and his heresy fully detected. The Council now passed on him the sentence of deprivation, and appointed Domnus in his room. Their synodal letter, which is given by Eusebius, stands in the name of the Bishops who were then present, the Priests, among whom is specified Malchion, and the Deacons. But the sentence which deprived him of the see proceeded evidently from the Bishops alone. They dwell at length in this letter on his secular and unecclesiastical habits, as well as on his heresy. We learn from it that among other gross scandals in which he indulged was that of having *συνεισάκτοι*. If not the only ecclesiastic, he was the only Bishop, most probably, who ever polluted himself with the society of these degraded persons. Two of them formed a permanent part of his household.

How many Councils in all were held on this question it is impossible to say. Eusebius seems to imply that there were at least three; two at which Firmilian was present, and a third to which he was on his way when he died.[1] The first was held in the year 264 (5) (the twelfth of Gallienus), in which Dionysius of Alexandria died.[2] The last could not have been later than in 269,[3] because its synodal letter, which is extant,[4] was addressed

[1] Hist. VII. 28, 30.

[2] Pagi, ad Ann. 265, § ix.; Valesius on Eusebius, vii. 29; Petavius, Doctrina Temporum. In his 'Ratio Temporum' he puts it in 263. Baronius puts it in 266, mistaking that year for the twelfth of Gallienus.

[3] Pagi, Ann. 271, § ii. Tillemont. Petavius puts it in 270, both in his 'Doctrina' and 'Ratio;' Baronius in 272, mistaking the year of Paul's ejection from his see by Aurelian, for that of his condemnation in Council by the Bishops. But Bp. Pearson, in his Dissertations on the Succession of the early Bishops of Rome, takes altogether a different view, and one in which he is, we believe, quite alone. He thinks that Dionysius was made Bishop of Rome in 259, a year before Paul succeeded Demetrius at Antioch, according, as he thinks, to Eusebius (vii. 27), and not in 261, as he says in his Chronicon. Then he supposes there was only one Council at Antioch, which was begun in the year 262, and lasted till 265, when Paul was condemned (Dissert. I. cap. x) Against this opinion are the facts:— 1. That Eusebius mentions not fewer than three Councils, as we have said; and, 2. That the synodal letter was addressed to Dionysius of Rome the year of his death (Pagi, Ann. 271, § 2, Burton's Lectures), which event Pearson himself, with others, puts in 269. It could not have been held as late as 272, in which year Baronius places it, because Dionysius had then been dead three years.

[4] Euseb. Hist. vii. 28, 30.

to Dionysius of Rome, who died at the close of that year. The Greeks commemorate Firmilian on the 28th of October; between that day, then, and the 26th of December, on which Dionysius died, the Council appears to have been held. Paul retained forcible possession of his see till the year 272, when the emperor Aurelian conquered Zenobia, and took Antioch, on which the Bishops appealed to him to remove Paul. He left the settlement of the case to the Bishop of Rome, Felix, the successor of Dionysius, who, of course, decided in favour of Domnus.[1]

There is one thing which renders this Council especially remarkable. It is that the term *ὁμοούσιος* was rejected by it; that term which the Nicene Council adopted as best expressing the primary doctrine of our religion, the Godhead of the Son, and which S. Athanasius spent nearly fifty years of persecution and affliction in defending. The Council of Antioch has thus, to the enemies of our holy faith, cast an opprobrium on the Council of Nice and its Creed, and, what is of much more consequence, on the doctrine that Creed expresses. To the weak it has proved a source of no slight perplexity, and to the lukewarm it has given occasion to consider the Councils generally as of little real benefit to the settlement of disputed questions; thus affording grounds, at least at first sight, for a fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith to be looked upon as nothing more than an open question. We who are accustomed to consider the term *ὁμοούσιος* through the Creed of Nice, are

[1] It might be thought that these questions of chronology would be in some degree elucidated, if not wholly decided, by the Alexandrian History of Eutychius; but it is not so. In this portion of his history he has only added to the mass of mistakes, amounting, in fact, to a perversion of history, which abound in his pages. He tells us that Dionysius was made patriarch of Alexandria in the second of Maximinus (A.D. 236), who sat for seventeen years. Maximus succeeded him in the first of Valerian (A.D. 253) who sat eighteen years, *i.e.* till the first of Aurelian, though he actually delays his death till the fourth of that emperor. To Maximus he gives as successor, Neron, a name unknown in the list of the Alexandrian patriarchate. Next he makes Domnus, the successor of Paul, to have *preceded* him at Antioch, placing him from the eighth of Valerian (A.D. 260) to the twelfth, and to Timothy, his successor, he gives from the twelfth of Valerian to the first of Claudius (268), when he was succeeded, he says, by Paul. Paul, according to him, sat eight years, *i.e.* from the first of Claudius (A.D. 268) to the second of Probus, (277). Lastly, he puts Dionysius of Rome from the first of Aurelian (270) to the third of Probus (or, as he terms him, Marunus) A.D. 278. According to this account, it is clear that no Council could have been held at Antioch at the time Eusebius describes, *i.e.* at the end of the Episcopate of Dionysius of Alexandria, and the first or second year of that of Dionysius of Rome. Accordingly, we find in Eutychius the singular statement, that Paul died in possession of the See of Antioch, and that *after* his death, but not before, a Council of fifteen bishops (a number which he seems to have taken by mistake from Eusebius, such being the number of names mentioned in the Synodal letter [Euseb. vii. 30] with the exception of Malchion the priest) was held on him, in which he and his followers were condemned.

apt to look doubtingly on the Council of Antioch for having rejected it. To vindicate this Council, therefore, we must inquire what was its intention in so doing. That it intended to deny the doctrine itself afterwards laid down at Nice, Θεὸς ἐκ Θεοῦ, ὁμοούσιος τῷ πατρὶ, we cannot for a moment believe. The names of Helenus of Tarsus and Hymenæus of Jerusalem are alone a sufficient guarantee for this; and it accused and condemned Paul for reviving a heresy of which this denial was the essence. Did the Council, then, reject the term in question either as not understanding it to express this doctrine, or, perhaps, as thinking that it actually expressed some other? What sense, in other words, did the Council affix to the term when rejecting it?

The question is, no doubt, one of moment; nor can it be wondered at if the ἀντιλόγια of the two Councils should have caused some offence to the weak and hostile; but we think that a careful examination will show that the Council understood the term in a sense of its own, though that was not, perhaps, critically speaking, a correct one: and thought that they were best affirming the doctrine of our blessed Lord's Godhead when they rejected the word, and, at the same time, deposed Paul for his denial of the doctrine.

S. Hilary[1] says that the Antiochene Council rejected the term ὁμοούσιος because Paul used it 'malo sensu.' Petavius says it was held by him in a Sabellian sense, to show that Father and Son were one Person, and therefore it was that the Council forbade it. But Bishop Bull proves from S. Basil and from the nature of the case, that the term itself is quite opposed to the idea of Sabellius, whose heresy would rather be expressed by ταυτοούσιος than by ὁμοούσιος. S. Athanasius, as having been present in the Council of Nice, in which doubtless (as Bull says) the rejection of the term by the Bishops of the Council of Antioch was thoroughly examined, is, on the whole, the best authority on the subject. Now he affirms, in his work 'De Synodis,' that Paul did not use the term, but rather constructed from it a sophism to destroy the doctrine of the Catholic fathers who did use it, and for this reason it was that they forbade it. He tells us that the Dionysii held it:—

'They' (he says) 'who deposed Samosatene, took One in Substance in a bodily sense, because Paul had attempted sophistry, and said, "Unless Christ has of man become God, it follows that He is one in substance with the Father; and if so, of necessity there are three substances, one the previous substance, and the other two from it;" and therefore, guarding against this, they said, with good reason, that Christ was not One in sub-

[1] De Synodis.

stance. For the Son is not related to the Father, as he imagined. But the Bishops who anathematized the Arian heresy, understanding Paul's craft, and reflecting that the word 'One in substance' has not this meaning when used of things immaterial, and especially of God, and acknowledging that the Word was not a creature, but an offspring from the substance, and that the Father's substance was the origin and root and fountain of the Son, and that He was of very truth His Father's Likeness, and not of different nature, as we are, and separate from the Father, but that, as being from Him, He exists as Son indivisible, as radiance is with respect of light, and knowing, too, the illustrations used in Dionysius' case, the "fountain," and the defence of "One in substance," and before this the Saviour's saying, symbolical of unity, "I and the Father are one," and "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father:" on these grounds, reasonably asserted on their part, that the Son was One in Substance.

'Yes, surely, each Council had a sufficient reason for its own language; for since Samosatene held that the Son was not before Mary, but received from her the origin of His being, therefore the assembled fathers deposed him and pronounced him heretic; but concerning the Son's Godhead writing in simplicity, they arrived not at accuracy concerning the One in substance, but, as they understood the word, so spoke they about it. For they directed all their thoughts to destroy the device of Samosatene, and to show that the Son was before all things, and that, instead of becoming God from man, God had put on a servant's form, and the Word had become flesh, as John says. This is how they dealt with the blasphemies of Paul; but when the party of Eusebius and Arius said, that though the Son was before time, yet was He made, and one of the creatures; and as to the phrase, 'from God,' they did not believe it in the sense of His being genuine Son from Father; but maintained it as it is said of the creatures; and as to the oneness of likeness between the Son and the Father, did not confess that the Son is like the Father, according to substance, or according to nature, but because of Their agreement of doctrines and of teaching; nay, when they drew a line and an utter distinction between the Son's substance and the Father, ascribing to Him an origin of being, other than the Father, and degrading Him to the creatures, on this account the Bishops assembled at Nicæa, with a view to the craft of the parties so thinking, and as bringing together the sense from the Scriptures, cleared up the point, by affirming the "One in Substance;" that both the true genuineness of the Son might thereby be known, and that things generated might have nothing in common with Him.'—*De Synodis Arim. et Seleuc.* § 45, O T.[1]

Paul, in fact, said: 'Unless He has become God from man, He is *consubstantial with* the Father:' and the Bishops of the Council, to show that He had not become God from man, (but man from God) said, 'He is not consubstantial.' We see how their conclusion follows from the premiss: but not the justice of the premiss itself as first put forth by Paul. In a word, as Bishop Bull says, Paul formed an argument from this word to

[1] The words of Athanasius are: 'Εἰ μὴ ἐξ ἀνθρώπου γέγονεν ὁ Χριστὸς Θεὸς οὐκοῦν ὁμοούσιος ἐστι τῷ πατρί,' which the Benedictines, Bull, and others, rightly render 'Si Christus non ex homine Deus factus est, *ergo* Consubstantialis *est* Patri.' But Fleury, translating the οὐκοῦν as if it were οὔκουν, has given a negative which is not in S. Athanasius. He says, 'Si Jésus-Christ n'est devenu Dieu d'homme qu'il était, il n'est donc *pas* consubstantiel au Père,' and the error is repeated both in our English quarto, and in the Latin translations of his work.

oppose the divinity of Christ; and, therefore, the Antiochene fathers caused it to be suppressed.

Bull thinks that it was Paul's assertion in the Council that the word ὁμοούσιος involved division of the Divine essence into two parts, of which one makes the Father and another the Son; and, therefore, that some Divine substance existed prior to both Father and Son, which was afterwards divided into Father and Son; and that it was to prevent this idea that the Antiochenes refused to allow the term ὁμοούσιος to be used.[1]

S. Athanasius makes it clear that the ultimate object of the fathers of this Council in rejecting the term in question, was one and the same with that of the Nicenes in affirming it; to fortify and to protect from question the doctrine of the Godhead of the Son. The Antiochenes may have been incorrect in the meaning which they affixed to the term, and hasty in rejecting it; or they may have too readily fallen into the sophism which Paul spread for them; but their doctrine itself is not to be assailed.

The next Council of note after that of Antioch on Paul was held at Illiberis or Elvir. There are two cities of this name, one in the south of France, which must not be confounded with the Illiberis at which the Council was held, and the other the scene of the Council, a city of the province of Bœtica, near Grenada.[2] It is now destroyed, and the see is transferred to Grenada.[3]

The exact date of the Council is unknown. Baronius and Dr. Pusey put it in A.D. 305. Pagi is doubtful. Some ancient MSS. put it as late as the reign of Constantine and the Council of Nice. But this seems too late; for more than one of the Canons of Arles, in the year 314, are evidently taken from it. A.D. 313 is, on this account, the date assigned to it by Harduin, and by the late President of Magdalen, from him.

The heading of the Council in Harduin is as follows:—'When the twenty-six Bishops had taken their seats, the 'Deacons and all the people standing by, the Bishops spoke.' Then follow the Canons, (eighty-one in number,) on which we shall shortly say a few words. Among the Bishops present was Hosius, who also presided at the Council of Nice, and who drew up with his own hand that Creed which the Church Catholic has ever used since his time. Several had been Confes-

[1] S. Basil supports him in this view. His words are: 'They (the Antiochenes) said that the word ὁμοούσιος involved the idea of essence, and the things which are of it; so that the essence, divided, applied the term ὁμοούσιος to those things into which it was divided.'—Routh, Reliq. ii. 489.

[2] Cabassutius, de Conciliis, fol. p. 76. Fleury, book ix. § 13.

[3] Carolus a Paulo, p. 182.

sors in the persecution of Maximian. Gibbon, who never loses an opportunity of displaying his hatred to Christianity, says on this Council,—

'The Councils of Ancyra and Illiberis were held about the same time, the one in Galatia, the other in Spain; but their respective Canons, which are still extant, seem to breathe a very different spirit. The Galatian, who after his baptism had repeatedly sacrificed to idols, might obtain his pardon by a penance of seven years; and if he had seduced others to imitate his example, only three years more were added to the term of his exile. But the unhappy Spaniard, who had committed the same offence, was deprived of the hope of reconciliation, even in the article of death; and his idolatry was placed at the head of a list of seventeen other crimes, against which a sentence no less terrible was pronounced. Among these we may distinguish the inexpiable guilt of calumniating a Bishop, a Presbyter, or even a Deacon.'—Vol. ii. p. 174.

It should be borne in mind in answer to the above words, that while the East had been exposed to continual persecutions, the West, under the mild rule of Constantius Chlorus, had enjoyed a long peace. There is nothing to show that this Council was held before Spain was formally given to Constantius, in 305; but even had it been two years earlier, when, under the persecution of Diocletian and the government of Herculeus,[1] the Christians in Spain probably suffered heavily, still the long calm they had enjoyed made apostasy a much heavier offence in them than it would have been in the Easterns; and as such, it surely required a more severe treatment. The fathers of the Council in fact wished less to punish that sin for the past, than to prevent it for the future. And this argument is infinitely more weighty, if the Council was held *after* A.D. 305. Apostasy was threatened under the idolatry of Maxentius, the son of Herculeus, and of the sons of Constantius; and it was the duty of the Council, as far as possible, to guard against the danger. The overlooking of this characteristic of the times has induced Bellarmine and Baronius to consider the Council guilty of a tendency to Novatianism, from the severe nature of the Canons: but Berard on Gratian justly observes that this is not of much weight, and does not invalidate the authority of the Council.

It was ruled in the Council that those who sacrifice shall never receive Communion, even at their death; nor shall virgins dedicate, who have broken their vows; nor those twice guilty of adultery; adulteresses living and dying in sin; and some others. Christians are not to receive idol sacrifices, on pain of five years' excommunication; and are, if possible, to have no idols in their houses (Cans. 40, 41). Any one approaching the idol of the capitol to sacrifice to it, or even to look at it, is to be excommunicated for ten years. The twenty-seventh Canon

[1] Walchius de Christ. sub Dioclet. in Hispan. Persecutio, § 52.

makes mention of *συνεισάκτοι*. The explanation of the severity of some in these times given by Pope Innocent I., who lived scarcely a century later, seems to have been intended by him, as Baronius says, to apply to this Council, and appears to be quite satisfactory. He says, as quoted by Baronius (A.D. 305, § 41), that because of the frequent persecutions of these times, (*i.e.* in the East and in Africa, under Herculeus, but not in Spain before 303 or after 305) Communion was denied the lapsed, to prevent them from becoming indifferent to that sin, through too much ease and security as to being restored: but when the persecutions had ceased, and the Church again enjoyed peace, then they gave Communion to the dying, lest they should seem to follow the heresy of Novatian, and refuse them all pardon. The latter paragraph probably refers to some period subsequent to the Council. Baronius also admits that the Bishops of the Council, when denying to the lapsed all Communion even at their deaths, differ from Novatian in admitting them to repentance, which the Novatians always refused to do. We may add also that a doubt has been raised as to whether the word Communion here means the reception of the Holy Eucharist alone, or Absolution, and the whole Church system, and distribution of the means of grace.

In Pope Innocent's letter on the Council, it undoubtedly means the latter.[1]

In the year 305, a small Council of Bishops was held in Cirta, of Numidia, under Secundus, Bishop of Tigisis and Primate of Africa, to elect a Bishop of the See in the room of one lately dead. The Council is remarkable for a singular scene, which is related, not without humour, by S. Augustine and Optatus. The Church had been destroyed in the late Diocletian persecution, and the Council was held in a private house. Secundus accused the Bishops, one after another, of having been traditors in the late persecution; that is, of having delivered up the Sacred Volumes to the persecutors; and they had all, in turn, pleaded guilty, and been ordered by him to stand aside. When Secundus was so ill-judged, or so unfortunate, as to accuse another Bishop, named Purpurius, of the somewhat more heinous crime of a double murder perpetrated on his two nephews, Purpurius, who was a man of firmer nerves than the rest, far from betraying any fear or hesitation, instantly and fiercely admitted the deed; avowed himself ready to repeat it on any who offended him, and advising Secundus not to tempt him to say more, ended by accusing him of the very charge he had previously brought against the rest. It was now Secundus' turn to quail;

[1] Baronius, ad ann. 303, § xlii.

and he was glad to take the advice of his nephew Secundus, to leave such a question to the judgment of God. 'I know,' he said to his uncle, in no very flattering terms, 'that they ought 'to leave you, and pass sentence against you, and you will then 'be the only heretic.' The opinion of two other Bishops, who had not been accused, agreed with that of Secundus the nephew. Secundus then said, 'You know, and God knows. Sit down.' Then they all sat down, saying, 'Deo Gratias.'[1]

'Strange as the scene,' says Dr. Pusey, 'is in itself, it illustrates the fact, how, in the synods of Bishops held to elect Bishops, inquiry was made by the Bishops into the mode of life of the person elect.'—P. 96.

The Donatist Councils next require our attention. There was a Council of seventy Donatist Bishops held at Carthage, in which Cæcilian was judged and condemned unheard. This Council has no day or consular names affixed to it, to enable us to ascertain its date. Baronius places it in 306, which appears to be correct. A Council was held at Rome (A.D. 313), by direction of Constantine, on an appeal to him of the Donatists.[2] It consisted of Miltiades, the Bishop of Rome, and nineteen Bishops, three of whom were Gallicans, of Autun, Cologne, and Arles. They sat for three days. The Donatists appealed to the Council of Seventy, and its condemnation of Cæcilian; but Miltiades refused to receive its judgment, because Cæcilian was condemned in his absence; in the end, Cæcilian was acquitted, and the Donatists condemned.

But this Council was not decisive. Donatus of Casæ Nigræ, from whom the schism originated, but who is not the Donatus from whom it derived its title, appealed to Constantine; and he, according to their desire, caused a Council to be assembled at Arles. Constantine himself did not attempt to decide the question. S. Augustine, in his 105th Epistle, addressed to the Donatists, says: 'Know 'that your first fathers brought the cause of Cæcilian before 'the Emperor Constantine; but because Constantine did not 'dare to judge in the cause of a Bishop, he delegated to the 'Bishops its discussion and definition.'[3] Constantine wrote to the Bishops to come to him: his letter to Chrestus of Syracuse is still extant. He directs him to take a public carriage and come to Arles with two of 'the lower throne,'[4] *i. e.* Priests;

[1] Baronius, A.D. 303, § v. [2] Euseb. Hist. x. 5. [3] Tom. ii. p. 299, Ed. Bened.

[4] 'Presbyters were allowed to sit together with a Bishop in the Church (which privilege was never allowed to Deacons); and their seats were dignified with the name of thrones, as the Bishop's was, only with this difference, that his was the high throne, and theirs the second throne ..... By this we may understand what Constantine meant in his letter to Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, when, giving him a summons to the Council of Arles, he bid him also bring with him two of the second thrones, that is, two Presbyters.'—Bingham, vol. i. book ii. chap. xix. § 5.

and three servants. Chrestus obeyed the mandate, bringing with him a Priest and a Deacon. The Bishop of Rome also, Silvester, the successor of Miltiades, sent as his representatives two Priests and two Deacons.

The whole number of Bishops present, according to S. Augustine, was 200.[1] The result was, that Cæcilian was acquitted, and the Donatists condemned a second time. The Council of Arles composed twenty-two Canons, which, with a Synodal letter, they sent to Sylvester. The eighth Canon allows the Africans their own custom of re-baptizing; but directs that, on the return of a heretic to the Church, he shall be asked the Creed; and if it be found that he was baptized in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, they shall only lay hands on him: otherwise, he shall be baptized. This Canon may have been intended to apply to the Donatists, as well as other heretics; for S. Augustine expressly tells us that Donatus soon changed the schism into a heresy. 'Donatns,' he says, 'held not Catholic opinions on the Triuity; but, 'although he believed One Substance, he thought the Son less 'than the Father, and the Holy Ghost less than the Son.'[2]

'S. Augustine calls this Council,' says Dr. Pusey, 'a Plenary Universal Council—a Council of the Universal Church. The Bishop speaks of "the present authority of our God"—of their own judgment as "the judgment of God and the Church."'[3]

But it can hardly he termed an Universal Council in the strict sense of the word, because, numerous as were the Bishops present, they were wholly Westerns: Gaul, Italy, Africa, Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, Britain, sent each its representatives; but the East sent none. The Donatists appealed from the Council to the Emperor, who judged the question in person in a Council at Milan, the resnlt of which was, that the Donatists were again condemned.

There was another Donatist Council of 270 Bishops, on the question of re-baptizing traditors. Baronius puts it in the year 308; but Valesins, and Pagi from him, consider it to have been held much later. It was held at Carthage; and, 'the 'question having been discussed for seventy-five days, to 'the exclusion of all other matters, it was decreed, that those 'who had given up the Scriptures, guilty as they were of an 'exceeding sin, should, if unwilling to be baptized, be admitted 'into communion as innocent.'[4] From this time, Donatus held

[1] Book i. Cont. Epist. Parm. referred to by Dr. Pusey. Fleury says 33. x. § xiv.

[2] De Hæres. § lxix. Theodoret says that Apollinaris was the author of the idea of different degrees in the Holy Trinity. Her. fab. IV. viii. Of course, they mean an Essential, and not a Personal inequality.

[3] Pusey, p. 98.

[4] Page 288.

communion with the traditor Bishops for forty years; and we have seen, from the Council of Cirta, what a disgrace to Christianity and the Church, men of this stamp were likely to be. Finally, Gratus, Bishop of Carthage, held a Council in that city in the year 348, and peace was for the time restored. Thirteen Canons were framed relating to the irregularities of the Donatists.[1]

In the same year as that of the Council of Arles (A.D. 314) were held three other Councils: at Ancyra, in Galatia; at Neocæsarea; and at Laodicea, in Phrygia. The Council of Ancyra published twenty-five Canons, most of which bear reference to the restoration of those who were lapsed in the late persecution of Maximinus. These Councils are very remarkable, from the fact that their Canons, with those of the Apostles, form the groundwork of the Canons of the Universal Council of Nice; as those, again, are the foundation of the Canons issued by the other general Councils. Thus the Canon law is, in fact, the legal system of the whole Church of all ages, and of all countries. The Canons of Ancyra are of a much milder tone than those of Illiberis. The latter name at least seventeen different offences for which no communion was to be given, even at death: Ancyra only contains one. But on many other points, the same or like laws are prescribed. The nineteenth of this, like the twenty-seventh of Illiberis, forbids the abuse of *συνεισάκτοι*. Eighteen Bishops were present, most of whom were afterwards at the Council of Nice. Neocæsarea laid down fifteen Canons, which are almost exclusively Canons of discipline for the Clergy. Nineteen Bishops signed them; ten of whom were also present at Ancyra.

The next great disturbance in the Church was that caused by Arius. Arius had been an abettor of the schismatical Bishop Meletius; and he began to give utterance to his own distinctive heresy about the year 315. The Synods which were held in connexion with this question from that year to the Council of Constantinople, in 381, are almost without number. Alexander, the Bishop of Alexandria, was declaring the faith in a diocesan Synod, when Arius interrupted him with objections to his doctrine.[2] Alexander assembled another Synod, in which to judge the matter fully; and when no conclusion was arrived at, he called it a second time, and gave judgment against Arius.[3] Arius, who had himself held unlaw-

[1] Page 285.

[2] *πότε παρόντων τῶν ὑπ' αὐτῷ πρεσβυτέρων καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν κληρικῶν· κ. τ. λ.*— Socrates, I. v.

[3] Sozomen, after a statement of the beginning of the dispute, says that Alexander held two Councils of his diocese on the subject, and after his excommuni-

ful Synods,[1] appealed to the Bishops of Syria, some of whom had formerly been his personal friends. They met in Synod, and reversed the decision of Alexander. On this, Constantine—acting on the same principles as those which he had followed in the Donatist dispute—called the first great Œcumenical Council, the Council of Nice.

Baronius and the Ultra-montanists assert that it was Silvester and not Constantine, who called the Council; but, unfortunately for them, the authors from whom we learn that there was a Council at all, tell us, plainly and unmistakeably, that it was convoked by Constantine. Sozomen says that Constantine, on the first news of the dissension, gave Hosius commission to go to Egypt, to put an end to the disputed question; and that when he found this impossible, he convened the Council of Nice;[2] and Socrates, in the preface to his 5th Book, says, that the emperors, from the time of their profession of Christianity, have exercised a weighty influence on the affairs of the Church; and that the greatest Councils were, and still are, convened by their authority. Richer, a Gallican, admits this; and in confutation of Andrew Vallius, who had said that the Bishop of Rome alone has power to assemble an Œcumenical Council, 'juridicè et auctoritativè;' and that where emperors are said to assemble Councils, it is to be understood that they only do so as the executive officers of the Pope, and law ecclesiastical;[3] he proves that on Constantine devolved the duty of appointing the time, and giving notice to Bishops to attend (which he certainly did in the Council of Arles); because to the civil magistrate belongs the *jus gladii* to compel the submission of the refractory; secondly, that he assembled the Council; and thirdly, that he presided at it;—alluding, doubtless, to his presence, when he sat on the chair or throne of gold, as described by Eusebius,[4] and at the head of the assembly, as related by Socrates;[5] fourthly, that he confirmed its decrees;[6] *i. e.*, as he

cation of Arius, and when the Syrian Bishops had taken up his cause, many other Councils were held in Egypt. Book i. chaps. 15, 16. Alexander says in his Encyclical letter, that he had anathematised Arius in Council with 100 Bishops.—Socrates, I. vi.

[1] Theodoret, Hist. i. 1.

[2] I. xvi., and Theodoret, Hist. i. 6.

[3] It is difficult to believe that this is gravely asserted even by an Ultra-montane of Constantine and Silvester at Nice. If the emperor were the executive officer of the Bishop of Rome in the calling of Councils, how strange it is that he should have authoritatively bidden his own head and source of authority to send representatives of himself to the Council of Arles!

[4] Life of Constantine, iii. 10.

[5] i. 19.

[6] So Peter Marc, de Concordia, Lib. II. cap. x. § ix. But he says that when on the subject of the confirmation of Councils, we must distinguish between the

writes, the emperors are said properly to confirm a Council when they issue an order that the subjects of discussion should be brought to decision; which can only be done by a power of assembling that the Church has not by divine law; and so the Popes and other Patriarchs are rather said to conclude than to confirm the acts: '—

'It was indeed,' says Dr. Pusey, 'a wonderful Assembly. "There were at that time," Theodoret says, "many, eminent for Apostolic gifts; many too, who, according to the Divine Apostle, bore about in the body the marks of the Lord Jesus. James of Nisibis both raised the dead to life, and did very many other miracles. Paul, Bishop of Neocæsarea, had experienced the fury of Licinius, his hands powerless, the red-hot iron had destroyed the power of motion; others had their right eyes dug out; others hamstrung in the knees, of whom was Paphnutius. A crowd of martyrs might be seen gathered in one." Others specify Potamon, Bishop of Heraclea, who lost one eye for the testimony of Jesus Christ; Spiridon, Bishop of Trimithus, who wrought miracles; Leontius, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, gifted with a prophetic spirit; Amphion of Epiphania, Hypatius of Gangra, Confessors; and Nicolas of Myra, even then distinguished for piety. S. Alexander of Alexandria, S. Eustathius of Antioch, S. James of Nisibis, Hosius, were in every way eminent. Macarius of Jerusalem was also a distinguished maintainer of the Nicene faith.'—P. 104.

Hosius was president; and Silvester sent two of his Presbyters to represent him. S. Athanasius, then a Deacon, attended his Bishop, Alexander, and on him depended chiefly the defence of the faith.

'Lay dialecticians,' says Dr. Pusey, 'are mentioned on both sides; on the Arian, the Bishops Eusebius of Nicomedia, Theognis, and Maris. "Against these," Socrates says, "Athanasius contended nobly;" and mentions it as the ground of the subsequent grudge of the Arian party against him. Sozomen says that "many of the Bishops who then met together, and the clerks who followed them, being powerful in disputing, and practised in these methods of discourse, distinguished themselves;" but he too specifies the one Deacon, S. Athanasius.

'Yet, whether those of the Bishops who had intellectual gifts were more or fewer, it was not on account of those gifts, but for their office sake, that they alone had a decisive voice. It was by permission that the laymen spoke in the Synod; yet a simple layman, an aged Confessor, was allowed to speak. Clergy who followed the Bishops, distinguished themselves in discussions on the faith. Spiridon, on the contrary, "had been a shepherd, before he was, for his piety, made a shepherd of men; and even as a Bishop, in his great humility, he fed his sheep still." Yet Laymen, or Deacons, or Priests, though possessed of the same (or even, as S. Athanasius, greater) theological knowledge or acuteness, or however eminent for holiness of life and sufferings for Christ, for which Bishops

---

things pertaining to faith, and to discipline. The rule of the former belongs not to Secular Princes, but to Bishops. It is the part of princes to enforce the decrees of Bishops, and to follow up their punishments.

[1] Richer, de Conciliis, vol. i. p. 22. The emperor ratified the Council of Constantinople also. Dr. Pusey, p. 322.

also were eminent, had no voice in the decision. The Bishops alone decided, as having alone the Commission from our Lord. They came not as disputants, but to hear witness to the faith which they had received.'—P. 106.

Again :—

'It is difficult to embody in words the influence of this Council on the subsequent history of the Church. The subsequent General Councils are grounded upon it. After the struggles of fifty-six years, against the Eunomians, or Anomæans, Arians, or Eudoxians, Semi-Arians, or Macedonians, the impugners of the Holy Ghost, Sabellians, Marcellians, Photinians, and Apollinarians, the second General Council, at Constantinople, in its first Canon, knits itself on to that at Nicæa. "Let not the faith of the three hundred and eighteen fathers who met at Nicæa in Bithynia be abrogated, but let that remain firm, and let every heresy be anathematised." After which the Council specially anathematised those abovenamed. The Fathers of the Council of Ephesus, in the like way, affirm "the faith of the three hundred and eighteen (of Nice) and the one hundred and fifty" (of Constantinople).

'It would be long to recount how purely and religiously all the Fathers reverenced the Nicene Council, as an oracle from Heaven. To this, as an inviolable law, Athanasius ever appeals, whether his contest be with Arius, Asterius, or Eusebius. With this Hilary upbraids Constantius, the deserter of his father's faith, and contends that it is the test and rule of all other Synods. Epiphanius extols it as the anchor of the tossed Church. To this, as to a fortress of the Faith, Ambrose leads Gratian, who, on the eve of war, had asked him concerning the faith. Why recount individuals? An Œcumenical Synod, whatever they would do or discuss, professed at the outset that they willed to tread in the footsteps of the Nicene Faith. They are like great stones built upon the foundation of Nice. The kings of the Goths in Italy and Spain, of the Vandals in Africa, Constantius and Valens, Roman Emperors, throughout the whole world, arrayed against the Canons of Nice, prætors, soldiers, armies, provincial Synods, the large Councils of Bishops at Rimini and Seleucia. Yet all these were not so much hostile engines to destroy it, as trophies of victory for endless glory; God thereby attesting that the faith of Nice, which such might of floods, winds and storms could not shake, was founded and settled on the firmest rock. "Pleas for Councils," said the Bishops at Ariminum, "will not longer circulate about. The Bishops of Nicæa having anticipated them once for all, and done all that was needful for the Catholic Church." '—P. 109.

The acts of this Council were chiefly the declaring of the faith, the regulating of the keeping of Easter, and the enacting of Canons of discipline for the whole Church. These, which are twenty in number, are many of them repetitions or re-assertions of former Canons; especially those of the Apostles, Arles, Ancyra, and Neocæsarea: and more than one of them are in turn re-asserted by subsequent Councils.

'"They relate," says Dr. Pusey, "mostly to the discipline of the Clergy, or those who should be admitted to Holy Orders; but some exclusively relate to the Laity. All were everywhere received; and Provincial Councils held themselves bound to do nothing against any Canon of the Council of Nice. The whole Church obeyed whatever it bade or forbade." '—P. 112.

The third Canon prohibits *συνεισάκτοι*. The thirteenth

undoes the too severe rule of Illiberis, directing that the dying shall certainly receive communion. But the two Canons to which we would more particularly call the reader's attention, are the fifth, which orders the holding of Synods in each Eparchy or Province biennially, and the sixth, which lays down the rights of Primates, or, as they were then termed, Metropolitan Bishops.

The immediate cause of the biennial Synods being ordered, was to examine into cases of Excommunication. The Canon says, as regards those who are excommunicated, whether of Clergy or Laity, by the Bishops of an Eparchy or Province: 'Let the judgment hold according to the Canon which forbids that those who were rejected by one, should be received by another.' Francis the Jesuit's translation of the Arabic version of the Canons as given by Harduin, allows the excommunicated, if unjustly excommunicated, to be received by the 'Patriarch or Archbishop,' who, however, must inform the Bishop of what he has done. This Arabic version, however, is clearly of a much later date than the Greek; for the terms 'Patriarch' and 'Archbishop' are both subsequent to the Council of Nice. These Canons seem to be a compound of the Nicene and Sardican. The fifth Nicene Canon clearly re-enacts the thirty-first of the Apostles, which rules, 'If any Priest or Deacon be excommunicated by his Bishop, it shall not be lawful for him to be received by any other than the Bishop who excommunicated him, except by chance he who did it should die.' This direction was anticipated by Illiberis, Canon fifty-three; and Arles, Canon sixteen; and was repeated by Antioch, Canon six (A.D. 341). Its rule for the holding of Synods is a repetition of the thirty-sixth Canon of the Apostles, which was afterwards repeated in the twentieth of Antioch. The eighth Canon of the sixth in Trullo[1], which was re-affirmed by the sixth of the second Council of Nice,[2] alters the rule so far as to require the Synods to be held only yearly: between Pasch and October; while Nice orders the first Synod to be held before Easter; and the Apostolical Canon and the twentieth of Antioch direct the first to be held after it. Berard, who is greatly concerned at this breach of uniformity, (for he thinks that it reflects either on the Nicene fathers for making a law which necessity soon required to be altered; or on the Antiochenes for presuming to change the rule of an Œcumenical Council:) supposes that the Nicene fathers may really have intended the first Synod to have been held at the time directed by the Apostolic and Antiochene Canons: namely, during the forty days of Pentecost. But this is disproved both by the plain language of the Greek, and by the ex-

[1] Beveridge, Pandect, i. 166. [2] Ibid. p. 295.

planations of the ancient Canonists. The Greek says, πρὸ τῆς τεσσαρακοστῆς: and the translation of the Arabic "ante quadragesimam, secunda hebdomada post festum Epiphaniæ."[1] Zonaras, moreover, says decidedly that the Nicene fathers altered the time named by the Apostolic Canons from the fourth week in Pentecost to the season before Lent.[2] These Synods were rather for the discussion of Ecclesiastical business, and subjects touching the discipline of the Church, than for the settlement of matters of faith, which were ruled either in National or Œcumenical Councils.[3]

The sixth Canon of Nice has caused much dissension amongst theologians of all classes. To those who draw their conclusions from the terms of the Canon, it appears to treat the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome as contained within certain limits; whilst others contend against that conclusion; and maintain, either that it rules nothing on the subject whatever, or that it extends rather than diminishes the powers possessed in the days of the Council by the Patriarch of the West. The English of the original Greek version is as follows:—

'Let the ancient customs hold good of Egypt, Libya, and Pentapolis, that the Bishop of Alexandria have authority over all these places, since this is also the custom with the Bishop of Rome, and likewise in Antioch, and other provinces, to preserve their rights for the Churches. And let it be plainly understood that if any one is made Bishop against the consent of the Metropolitan, such an one this great Synod has decided ought not to be a Bishop. And if when the common voice of all is favourable and according to the Ecclesiastical Canons, two or three oppose it through private contention, let the voice of the more part hold good.'

A version presented by the legate of S. Leo to the Council of Chalcedon as that of the Council of Nice, differs essentially from the above. It begins as follows:—

'The Church of Rome has always had the first place; Egypt also has (the custom) that the Bishop of Alexandria should have authority over all, as is customary also with the Bishop of Rome.'[4]

But the assertion that these were the original words of the Canon is certainly untrue, for the Council neither uttered nor sanctioned them. This is evident from an inspection of the Eastern versions of the Canons, which, although they certainly cannot be considered as literal representations of the original Canon, yet on the point in question agree most remarkably both with it and with each other. The Maronite version; the old Latin; that of Dionysius Exiguus; and Isidore the Merchant's, refer to the metropolitical powers of the Bishop of Rome as then existing. The Arabic and Melchite versions speak as if in some measure bestowing them on him, or at least

[1] Harduin.
[2] Beveridge, Pandect, i. 65.
[3] Richer, as quoted by Routh, Opusc. i. 404.
[4] Harduin, ii. 638.

sanctioning his possession of them. The Arabic, which is identical with the Alexandrian, is worded very strongly:—

'Let the ancient custom which we relate, and which the ancient fathers commemorated, obtain among all who are in Egypt, Libya, Pentapolis, and Barce: that they should obey the Bishop of Alexandria, and that he should have power over them, as he is President of the Council; for the Bishop of Rome is also bound by this custom, and it is right that he should have power over his regions and provinces, and whatever is near to Rome; and that he should be the Principatus over the Synod, both in sitting and speaking, over all who are present.'[1]

The version of Rufinus, which is very important in the question, runs as follows:—

'Let the ancient customs hold good both at Alexandria and in the city of Rome, that the former, on the one hand, may have the care of Egypt; and the latter, on the other, that of the Suburbicarian Churches.'

The meaning of the words 'Suburbicarian Churches' has given rise to fresh questions. The expression is also found in two copies of the Canons published by Sirmond and Justellus, and is no doubt equivalent to the expressions in the Eastern versions of 'the regions round about Rome,' those 'nearest to it,' 'under it,' and the like. Valesius considers the Suburbicarian Churches to include the whole West.[2] Peter Mare thinks they were the Churches of 'the four regions which, with some 'cities added, form the whole Metropolis of Rome, consisting 'of sixty-nine bishoprics.'[3] Baronius extends it to Italy, to Africa, and to Egypt: in a word, to all those regions which were obliged to pay the city the yearly tribute.[4] Launoy considers the Suburbicarian Churches to be co-extensive with the Suburbicarian provinces; which he thinks were ten in number: and in which, he says, were more bishoprics than in all the provinces that were subservient to the Bishop of Alexandria. Bellarmine, whom he quotes and refutes, says that the Bishop of Alexandria governed his own province, because the Bishop of Rome permitted him to do so before the Council, or did it by him: but this, as Launoy says, is utterly contrary to the meaning of the Canon, and the most distant from truth of any of the opinions on the subject.

'Rufinus,' says Cave, 'has put the case beyond all question, who, in his short paraphrase (for, for a translation we may be sure he never intended it) of the sixth Nicene Canon, tells us, that, according to ancient custom, as he of Alexandria had in Egypt, so the Bishop of Rome had the care and charge of the Suburbicary Churches.'[5]

---

[1] Beveridge, Pandect. ii. 50.
[2] Observationes, lib. iii. cap. vii. ad fin.
[3] De Concordia I. cap. iii. § vii. cap. vii. § vi. Beveridge, Pandect. tom. ii. in Conc. Nic. p. 57.
[4] Baronius, Ann. 325, § 135. [5] Dissert. on Ch. Government, chap. iii, § 4.

Beveridge agrees with him. In his notes on the 36th Canon of the 6th in Trullo, which follows the Councils of Constantinople and Chalcedon, in regulating the orders of the Patriarchates, he has given from an ancient MS. in the Bodleian, a copy of the Greek 'Notitia Episcopatuum,' in which the provinces and bishoprics belonging to the five patriarchates are all numbered. To Rome is given no more than six provinces, containing 101 sees, of which the Suburbicarian province contains twenty-two sees.[1] In fact, in those times, the Church and State were formed on the same model:[2] and as the Prefect, or Vicar, of Rome had under him a district extending for 100 miles round the city, called the Suburbicarian Regions, which were four in number[3] (or, as Sirmond and others say, ten); so it appears that, at the time of the Council, the jurisdiction proper of the Bishop of Rome extended over the Churches of the province within 100 miles round the city. The distinction of Rome and Italy is continually observed in the Church as in the State, *e.g.*, the case of Paul of Samosata and Domnus was referred by Aurelian to the Bishops of Rome and Italy.[4] The Council of Sardica distinguishes between the two. Rome was the capital of the Suburbicarian Regions, and Milan of Italy. Rejecting, therefore, the arbitrary doctrine of the Ultra-montanists, which distinguishes between the limited powers of the Bishop of Rome, as Bishop of a City, and Metropolitan or Patriarch of a Province, and his unlimited jurisdiction as Primate of the whole Church; we must confess ourselves to be in that category in which it pleases the editor of Gratian to place us, viz., that of those 'heretics,' as he terms them, (though he should have remembered that an opinion

[1] Charles à Paul gives in his 'Geographia Sacra' a version of the same work, but it is singular that, in his copy, the account of the Romish Patriarchate was so obliterated as to be illegible, 'leaving somewhat more,' as Cave says, 'than a hare 'suspicion, that he himself, or some before him, had purposely rased the manu-'script, lest the nakedness of the country, the thinness and smallness of the Roman 'Diocese, in comparison of others, should be discovered.'—*Dissert. on Church Government*, Chap. iii. § 7.

[2] Council Chalcedon, Canon 17. 'If any city be by the imperial authority 'renewed, or be hereafter renewed, let the order of the Ecclesiastical Dioceses 'follow the civil and popular types.' The Sixth Council in Trullo, Canon 38, repeats this direction verbatim.

[3] Codex Theodos. Lib. xiv. tit. vi. c. 4. 'Two things are plain beyond all 'just exception. First, that the jurisdiction of the City Prefect reached an hun-'dred miles about Rome. Secondly, that the Urbicary and Suburbicary Regions 'lay chiefly, and in all likelihood, entirely within that compass, and derived that 'title from their vicinity to the city, and their immediate dependence upon the 'government of its provost.' He concludes that the jurisdiction of the Bishop was co-extensive with that of the prefect." 'The jurisdiction, then, of the Bishop 'of Rome being of equal circumference with that of the Roman Provost, must 'extend to all the city-provinces that lay within a hundred miles round about it.' —*Cave, Dissert. on Church Government*, Chap. iii. § 3.

[4] Cave, Dissert. on Church Government, Chap. iii. § 5.

on a point of discipline like the present does not make 'a heretic,') 'who say that by this Canon the primatus of the Roman 'Church is altogether disproved, since no other authority of the 'Bishops of Rome is asserted than belongs to the Bishop of 'Alexandria or Antioch, or any other province; that, as the 'Bishop of Antioch or Alexandria, or any other metropolitan, 'can develop no other or greater jurisdiction than that which is 'peculiarly assigned to the same in their province, so also the 'authority of the Roman Pontiff is circumscribed by the bounds 'alone of the Roman Province or Roman Patriarchate.'[1] It cannot honestly be questioned that the meaning of the Canon as framed by the Nicene fathers was that the Bishop of Alexandria should have authority over Egypt, Libya, and Pentapolis, as the Bishop of Rome had over the Suburbicarian Churches. Rufinus, as Cave says, could not easily be mistaken in his version, for he was born only twenty years after the Council, and was a native of Italy and a Presbyter of Rome.[2]

This Canon repeats the 23d of the Apostles (which, however, as having been framed earlier, calls the 'metropolitans' of Nice simply *οἱ πρῶτοι*), the 9th of Antioch, and the 2d and 3d of Constantinople.

The Council of Nice was held in the year 325. Events had long been culminating towards the holding of such a general Council, and at last the Church was ready, and it was held. Subsequent Councils had little to do, but to affirm, perhaps, some particular truth, and to repeat the Creed and decrees of Nice.

The whole Church was represented by Bishops from every quarter of the then known world, to the number of 318. She found a champion in Athanasius the Deacon, and a mouthpiece in Hosius, who even then might have been described as 'the aged.' Those who held another creed than hers were but few, and from one province only, viz., Antioch. The Council has decided for ever the faith and practice of the Church; and the influence of those 318 fathers, many of them without a name, is felt to this day throughout the whole world, and by every individual Christian,—felt as vividly as if they had met but yesterday; nay, far more vividly, for their words are the exponents of the one faith which is from God Himself; and which, therefore, can never alter or perish, but must ever remain as it was, and bring forth its fruits to the end of time.

Hitherto we have laboured to strengthen (if we might on any point) the hands of the author of the work before us. The abstract question of the existence of Councils may be said to

[1] Gratian, Tom. i. p. 91. [2] Cave's Dissert. on Church Government, Chap. iii.

terminate with that of Nicæa. The secular power, in the person of the Emperor, approved them, and, ever since, the lawfulness of the holding of them has been questioned by none. We have carefully traced the history of every Council of importance before Nice, to prove that this was connected with the Apostolic Council of Jerusalem, and might appeal to that as its grand type and warranty; but now our circumscribed limits warn us to be more comprehensive. Nearly one hundred Councils are mentioned by Dr. Pusey as having been held between those of Nice and Constantinople; and we can only say a few words on some of the most important of them. But this is of less moment, as by far the greater number of them are meetings of heretics, endeavouring, first, to find out what in truth were their own doctrines, and then to set them up for general acceptance. They failed at the outset; never agreeing in any one definition long enough for it to take root even among themselves. The Church suffered much at their hands, but mingled not in their acts; and, when she had again a fair opportunity of raising her voice, it was not, like the Arians, to form any new creed, but simply to re-assert that which she had given to her children fifty-six years before.

How differently does S. Hilary speak of the doctrine of Nice, and of the Arians! Of the former he says,—

'I call the God of Heaven and Earth to witness, that, when I had heard of neither (*homoousios* and *homœusios*), I always held both; that by the former the latter should be understood. Regenerated long ago, and having now spent some years in the Episcopate, I never heard of the icene Creed until I was banished; but to me the Evangels and the Apostles signify the meaning of *homoousios* and *homœusios*.'[1]

Of the heretical Councils, on the contrary, he says,—

'We determine yearly and monthly creeds concerning God; we repent of our determinations; we defend those who repent; we anathematize those whom we have defended; we condemn our own doings in those of others, or others in us; and, gnawing each other, we are well-nigh devoured one of another.'—*Dr. Pusey*, p. 116.

So S. Athanasius,—

'Every year, as if they were going to draw up a contract, they meet together, and pretend to write about the faith, whereby they expose themselves the more to ridicule and disgrace, because their expositions are rejected, not by others, but by themselves. They dissent from each other, and, whereas they have revolted from their Fathers, are not of one and the same mind, but float about with various and discordant changes. And, as quarrelling with the Council of Nicæa, they have held many Councils themselves, and have published a faith in each of them, and have

[1] De Syn. § 91. S. Hilary is endeavouring to take the 'Homœusios' in a Catholic sense, as far as possible, but his testimony to the universality of the *doctrine* of Nice far surpasses the mere text.

stood to none; nay, they will never do otherwise; for perversely seeking, they will never find that wisdom which they hate.'

They were Councils, as Dr. Pusey says,—

'Not *of* the Church, but against the Church. They could not but fail; because they were arrayed against that Faith, against which our Lord has promised that the gates of Hell shall not prevail. The Truth of the God of Truth was pledged against them.'—P. 116.

Of the same, S. Gregory Nazianzen speaks in words which the enemies of the Church have turned against her,—

'I, if I must write the truth, am disposed to flee all meetings of Bishops; for never saw I a Council brought to a useful issue, nor remedying (but rather increasing) existing evils. For there are always contentions and love of pre-eminence (think me not troublesome for so writing) beyond all words; and one who would set others right may more readily himself incur the charge of guilt, than amend theirs. Wherefore I have retired within myself, and thought quietness the only safety for my soul' —P. 350.

They who read these words should bear in mind, that S. Gregory, until the Council of Constantinople, had had experience only of Arian Councils; and therefore they contain no reflection on the Church, but are a very severe comment on the doings of the Arians; showing how their consultations caused only confusion, and their efforts came at last to nothing. S. Gregory's mind perhaps inclined, too, rather to despondency than to hopefulness, and he seems to have possessed almost a prophet's foresight of the coming separation of East and West.

χαίρετε μοὶ ἱερῆες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ἰόντες
χαῖρε μοι ἀντολίη καὶ δύσι μαρνάμεναι'[1]

were his parting words to Constantinople.

But to think that a General Council can do its work in a day, or in a single generation, is to expect too much from any merely human agency; and is besides, perhaps, to take an imperfect view of the mercy and long-suffering of God towards those who are in error or heresy, and who may, in His inscrutable wisdom, and even at the cost of some amount of trial to the body at large, have their day given them in which to amend. Had S. Gregory flourished in the days of the Council of Nice, he might still have said those words; yet though the Council, as far as concerned the Arians themselves and their conversion, failed, yet it afterwards had a success which was far greater, for it brought back the Churches to the true faith. In like manner, the Council of Constantinople, till after S. Gregory was taken to his rest, also failed; but ultimately, it too was

[1] Carm. IX.

found to have done its work. Nice, indeed, did not silence the Arians or convert them, but it struck the death-blow to Arianism; and Constantinople eventually put an end to the heresies of Apollinaris and of Macedonius. And who can say what place in the Church those heresies might have held, even in our days, so far removed from their authors, had those Councils never been held, or had they uttered a doubtful or a self-contradictory voice? S. Gregory does but show us the infirmity and imperfection which must, more or less, attend every effort of mere man. These apart, or after they had died out, because it was God's work, and not man's only, that was done, his work remains for ever unshaken and secure.

The Semi-Arian, and latterly the Macedonian Councils, bear, in general, a very close resemblance to each other. They were composed of the Bishops of those parties who met chiefly for the purpose of framing creeds. They were very numerous, so that scarcely a year passed in which some Council of the party was not held; and their acts have received a most crushing exposure in S. Athanasius's work, 'De Synod. Arim. et Seleuc.' The Catholic Councils, on the other hand, were of a totally different character; they had nothing aggressive in them; they met simply to preserve the rights and doctrines of the Church, and to protect the persons or vindicate the fame of some of her champions. We will select the following of each class on which to make a few remarks:—Tyre, held A.D. 335; Antioch, A.D. 341; Sardica, A.D. 347; Arles, A.D. 353; Milan, A.D. 355; Ariminum and Seleucia, A.D. 359; Alexandria, A.D. 362; Constantinople, A.D. 381.

No more complete exposition of the spirit of the Arians can be found than that which is shown in the acts of the Council of Tyre. It was composed of sixty Arian and forty-seven Egyptian Bishops. The Emperor sent Dionysius, a man of consular dignity, to superintend the proceedings, and especially to maintain good order.[1] The great effort of the Arians was to obtain the condemnation of S. Athanasius. With this view they charged him successively with murder, sacrilege, and violence to a female; and when these were disproved, they sent six of their own number to the Maræotis to obtain testimony against him there. Athanasius protested against this unheard of injustice in vain, for Dionysius was too much in the interest of the Arians to give heed to him. The Arian Commissioners, when they arrived at the Maræotis, were met by Philagrius, the Prefect of Egypt, who was an apostate, with a band of

[1] Eusebius, 'Life of Constantine,' iv. 42. *Ὁς τῶν πραττομένων, ἐξαίρετως δὲ τῆς εὐταξίας κατάσκοπος παρέσται.* Our authority for the following account of the Council of Tyre is chiefly S. Athanasius's 'Apology against the Arians.'

heathen soldiers; and they proceeded at once to the most lawless atrocities; ill-treating the Clergy, abusing the sacred virgins, and endeavouring, by every kind of violence, to extort accusations of Athanasius. The Clergy of Alexandria demanded to be present at their pretended judicial proceedings; but this act of justice was peremptorily denied them. Thereupon sixteen Presbyters and five Deacons of the city met together, and drew up a protest against their whole conduct, a copy of which, lest the Arians should suppress it, they sent to Palladius, an officer of the Emperor's palace.

At the same time the whole number of Presbyters and Deacons of the Maræotis wrote to the Council at Tyre, testifying that of their own knowledge the charges against Athanasius were false, and condemning the violent proceedings of the Arian delegates, since they had refused their testimony, and instead, obtained it of the people, relying on the terror of Philagrius, and supporting all their designs by the sword. With this they also addressed Philagrius himself, and Palladius and F. Antoninus, also officers of the palace, re-asserting the falsity of the charges against their Bishop, and entreating them to inform the Tyrian Commissioners of his innocence and of his enemies' disregard of truth.

The Egyptian Bishops, also, who were at Tyre, drew up a protest to the Council against this persecution of Athanasius. They declared themselves the objects of a conspiracy; remonstrated against a commission of open and avowed enemies of their Bishop and of the catholic doctrine having been sent to inquire into his conduct, without any representatives from their own body to render the investigation just and impartial; and ended with solemnly adjuring the Council to take no part in the doings of the Eusebians. They next sent a protest to Dionysius, in which, after having, as before, dwelt on the unjust proceedings of their enemies, they sought from him a condemnation of the whole matter. Finding this of little use, they wrote to him again, and this time in a more decisive strain. They demanded that the question be referred to the personal adjudication of Constantine himself. Alexander of Thessalonica, an orthodox Bishop of much weight, also wrote to Dionysius in support of his brother Bishops.

Dionysius, not venturing to slight this appeal to the Emperor, wrote to the Arians, identifying himself with them and their proceedings, and complaining of the consequences that had followed their slighting his advice in sending to the Maræotis, Commissioners chosen by themselves alone, instead of by the united voices of the Council.

The Commissioners, meanwhile, had wholly failed to obtain

any testimony against Athanasius; yet, on their return to Tyre, the Arians proceeded to condemn and deprive him of his see. This decision was not only flagrantly unjust, but, for three reasons, invalid. In the first place, S. Athanasius, as Patriarch of Alexandria, was in no manner accountable to them, or subject to their jurisdiction; and he himself said, it was *only* the Emperor's express command that induced him to meet them in Council at all. Secondly, they had proved no offence whatever against him. Lastly, he was not in presence to urge his own cause; and it had previously been ruled in the Council held at Rome against the Donatists by Miltiades the Bishop, that a sentence pronounced against a Bishop in his absence was, as such, null and void. The Catholic members of the Council, who would have done S. Athanasius justice, were numerically too weak; but it is related that an aged confessor, Paphnutius, who was present, seized Maximus, the Bishop of Jerusalem, by the hand, and said, 'Let us depart hence, as it 'becomes not confessors who have lost their limbs in the cause 'of religion to unite with wicked men.'

Constantine, meanwhile, had summoned the Council to Jerusalem to the dedication of a church which he had lately built there; and he then directed the Bishops to consider the case of Arius, who since the Council of Nice had been banished. Arius soon after received a summons to court, and went thence to Alexandria, where Athanasius resolutely refused to receive him. The Emperor referred the case to the Bishops at Jerusalem, who gave it in favour of Arius. Athanasius thereupon went to Constantinople and appealed to the Emperor in person, who immediately summoned the Bishops from Jerusalem to give an account of their actions. Six only ventured to face Athanasius; but these, by accusing him to the Emperor of having encroached on the royal prerogative at Alexandria, succeeded in gaining against him the sentence of banishment. He was sent to Triers, in Belgic Gaul, from whence he did not return till after the death of Constantine.

Such was the final issue of the Council of Tyre. The history of the Church presents nothing more dark and iniquitous; and its blackness is infinitely increased by the fact that it was the doing, not of heathens who were ignorant of the truth, or who might even have honestly believed that they were serving its cause in oppressing the new faith, but of men who bore the chief rule in the Church of God. Their subsequent Councils were chiefly occupied in framing creeds; but to construct one which should at once express the truth, and differ essentially from that of Nice, was impossible in itself; and to the achievement of which, in consequence, they never could even approximate.

The next Council especially worthy of remark is that of the Dedication of Antioch. Dr. Pusey's account of it is as follows:—

'"Eusebius contrives that a Council should be gathered at Antioch, on pretence of the dedication of a church, but, in truth, to overthrow the faith of the Homoousion. In this synod ninety (or ninety-seven) Bishops met from different cities."[1] In this synod the twenty-five canons were framed, rejected by Innocent I. as "composed by heretics," but received by the Council of Chalcedon as the "righteous rules of the Fathers," and placed in the Codex of the Canons of the Universal Church. But the Council had an Arian side also. "When all the Bishops had met, and the Emperor Constantius was also present, the more part (of the Bishops) were indignant, and vehemently accused Athanasius of breaking a sacerdotal (*i. e.* episcopal) law which themselves had framed, and resuming his see, before he was permitted by the synod."[2] They set Gregory the Arian in his place. "They published also two Creeds, which they set over against the Nicene; the first very negative, the second fuller, avoiding the use of the word 'Consubstantial' of the Son, and containing the Arian statement that the Holy Trinity are 'three in substance, and in agreement one;' yet using other expressions whose obvious sense is orthodox. This is the Creed known as 'the Creed of the Dedication.' The synodical letter is directed to their like-minded and holy fellow-Bishops in the Provinces, and says, "What was decided, amid much consideration, by the united judgment of all of us the Bishops, collected together out of different provinces, at Antioch, we have brought to your knowledge, trusting to the grace of Christ and the Holy Spirit of peace, that ye will also conspire with us, as virtually present and helping with prayers, or rather united with us, and with us present in the Holy Spirit, consulting and defining the same as we, and sealing what has been decided aright." The subscriptions extant preserve the names of twenty-nine Bishops, subjoining, "and the rest out of the provinces of Palestine, Phœnicia, Cœlo-Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Cilicia, Isauria; and they enacted as follows," &c. (the twenty-five canons).'—*Pusey*, p. 129.

This account of the Council of Antioch is the only one in the course of his work on which we wish that the author had been more full and explicit: for as it is, he appears to have given a partial account of the Council, and so far to have fallen into error. It is, we are aware, quite a matter of opinion; but there is so much difficulty in the accounts which tell us that there was only *one* great act of the Council, and that of Catholic and Arian Bishops together; and so much probability in the opinion of those who hold that there were more than one, the Arians acting by themselves; that we cannot but greatly incline to this view of the case. We are aware that S. Athanasius, and the historians Socrates and Sozomen, speak as if the Council had been merely composed of Arians, and that what was done in it was done at once and by universal consent of all the Bishops present, without distinction. We freely acknowledge that these are objections of no little weight to the modern opinion; but, on

[1] Socrates, ii. 8. [2] Soz. iii. 5.

the other hand, there are positive facts unalluded to by the authorities cited above, which, as appears to us, can be explained on no other supposition than that there either were two Councils, or, what is more probable, that the Arians met in session, and did their own work—that of depriving S. Athanasius and ordaining his successor—by themselves, apart from the rest of the Council.

For (1,) Pope Julius, in his letter to the Council, clearly implies that the above, and other irregularities and acts of violence of which he complains, were the work not of the whole Council but of a small portion of it only; *i. e.* of course the Arians.[1] (2.) S. Athanasius' own account suggests that there may have been more done in it than he had any knowledge of; and, (3,) traditions of Arian dishonesty were in existence, as we presently see, after his death. Schlestrate has treated the matter in all its bearings in a work dedicated to it; but our readers will be contented with the lucid and well-weighed digest of its chief points given by Pagi, under the year 341, and which is as follows.

There were ninety, according to S. Athanasius,[2] or, as S. Hilary[3] says, ninety-seven Bishops present, forty of whom, Palladius the disciple of S. Chrysostom declares to have been Arians.[4] There is clearly no reason why such a number may not have met among themselves more or less often, before or after the others had left the city. S. Athanasius says they published different letters, one of which thus began:—'We have not been 'followers of Arius; how shonld Bishops such as we follow a 'Presbyter?'[5] This, as Pagi reasonably urges, is not so likely to have been the question of a number of Bishops who had never been thought guilty of Arianism, as of those who knew that they were suspected of that heresy, and had to clear themselves of it. Though again, it is possible, as Baronius suggests, that these words may have been written to identify themselves, as far as possible, in men's minds with the orthodox party, and thus prevent the odium which would attach to their acts as those of known or avowed Arians, from falling on their own body.[6]

The Council issued three Confessions of faith. To add a creed to that of Nice would show conclusively that it was purely an Arian Council, did not S. Hilary tell us that its object was not to oppose the Arians but a suspected Sabellian who was among its members. Schlestrate and Pagi think, and no doubt rightly, that this was Marcellus of Ancyra. The first creed was attached to the letter, the beginning of which we have cited

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. § 34. [2] De Synodis, § 25. [3] De Synodis, § 28.
[4] Pagi. [5] De Synodis, § 22. [6] Ann. 341, § xviii.

above. The second or Lucian's creed (so called) has the words applied to Christ, 'Unvarying image of the Godhead, substance, will, power, and glory of the Father,'—expressions which, in Pagi's opinion, stamp it as a Catholic creed: but there are reasons unmentioned by him, why Catholic Bishops would scarcely have adopted a creed of Lucian's. The fourth was the composition of Theophronius, a Bishop present; it is more decidedly Arian than the former; and there is this additional evidence that it was the production of that party, that it concludes with an anathema on, among others, Marcellus of Ancyra. Marcellus had been present at the dedication,[1] and was then in communion with S. Athanasius, Julius of Rome, and the other Catholic Bishops of Christendom. Would, then, Catholic Bishops have anathematized one of their own body, who, if suspected, was as yet uncondemned? If not, was not this the creed of an Arian faction acting independently, and, in fact, in opposition to the rest of the Council?

But that there was either a second and Arian Council, or some tampering with the acts of the Catholic one, appears more strongly from the canons. These are twenty-five in number, and have always been received by the Church at large. S. Athanasius was deprived by the Council of Tyre; and if the canons of Antioch were framed by orthodox Bishops, they were either unacquainted with the true nature of that Council and the spirit of the Arians, or they were unfaithful to the cause of a suffering brother Bishop; for the canons of Antioch do, in fact, support that iniquitous act perpetrated at Tyre. The fourth canon orders that a Bishop who has been deprived by a Synod, but afterwards performs any part of the service, shall never be restored by another Synod, nor have any place of defence; and the twelfth, that a Bishop who has been deprived, if he trouble the Emperor with his cause, shall be judged by a greater Synod of Bishops, and submit to their sentence, whatever it be; and if he slight them, and still appeal to the Emperor, he is never to be restored again.

But when, sixty-two years later, S. Chrysostom was on his second trial at Constantinople, Theophilus of Alexandria sent him a canon which directed that a Bishop deposed by a Synod should only be restored by another Synod; to which S. Chrysostom made the remarkable answer that this was not a canon of the Church, but of the Arians who came to Antioch to overthrow the Nicene Consubstantial faith, and who constructed that canon from hatred to S. Athanasius.[2] This information he had most probably gained in Antioch itself. Indeed, Socrates and Sozomen relate things of this Council which cannot be believed

[1] Pagi.

[2] Socrates, vi. 18.

of a body of Catholics. They tell us that its real object was to calumniate Athanasius and abolish the Homoousian doctrine.[1] And we know from S. Athanasius himself, that the Catholic Bishops took no part with those who committed the flagrant outrages on justice and ecclesiastical discipline, of his deposition, and the ordination of Gregory in his place. They were the acts of the Arians alone, Gregory being considered by all but themselves as a hireling and a heathen.[2]

S. Athanasius was deposed at Antioch for having acted contrarily to a canon which the Arians themselves then framed, in resuming the duties of his office without the consent of a Synod, after his deprivation at Tyre.[3] This canon has been supposed to be the twelfth, or, as we should rather say, the fourth; but Palladius, S. Chrysostom's disciple, who cites it in his Life of S. Chrysostom, gives a version which differs from either: it is as follows:—

'If any Bishop or Presbyter who has been deposed, whether justly or unjustly, shall of himself without a Synod return into the Church, let him not have a place of excuse, but be altogether expelled.'[4]

Pagi tells us that the same canon is also cited by Metaphrastes, in his Life of S. Chrysostom, and by George of Alexandria, who calls it 'adulterina et falsi nominis scriptura.'[5] It is certain that it contains additions to the original canons of Antioch, which say nothing of just or unjust condemnation, nor of banishment, as the penalty of returning without a Synod. Pagi thinks that Eusebius, with the Bishops of his party, at or after the close of the Council, altered the fourth and twelfth canons, and from them framed the one by which they condemned Athanasius, and which is that given above from Palladius. Cabassutius urges in favour of the Catholicity of the Council, that it makes honourable mention of Nice, and was confirmed by Chalcedon, and admitted into the Codex of the Roman Church, and received by the African, Gallican, and British Churches: but he is compelled to confess that the canon condemned by Innocent, who, when writing to the Clergy of Constantinople on the case of S. Chrysostom, also rejected it,[6] and by S. Chrysostom, is not of the number of Antiochene canons, and was probably framed by the Arians when they deposed S. Athanasius and put Gregory in his place. Berard, on Gratian, urges that the Council is well spoken of by S. Hilary. Beveridge tells us, on the authority of Socrates, that 'when S. Chrysostom objected to that canon, the Bishops refused to receive his plea;' that is, they simply refused to hear him: they did not attempt to reply

[1] Socrates, ii. 8. Soz. iii. 5.
[2] Athanasius ad Solitarios.
[3] Socrates, ii. 8.
[4] Pagi ad Ann. 341. § xxiv.
[5] Pagi ad Ann. 341. § xxv.
[6] Baronius Ann. 341. § xxxi.

to or disprove his objection to the genuineness of the canon. Beveridge lays much stress on S. Hilary's favourable mention of the Council, and on the fact that Julius of Rome, in his letter to the Easterns, speaks of them as brothers, and does not term them heretics; and, lastly, on the reception of the canons by the Church at large. But he does not attempt to disprove or account for the fact that there was a forged or altered canon in S. Chrysostom's time; of which it is quite possible, nay, it is more probable than not, that S. Hilary was not cognizant; and it seems strange that he should have forgotten that Julius implies, in his letter to the Council, the reverse of that which he (Beveridge) states. S. Athanasius and Marcellus, who had been accused to him as being of unsound faith, he acquits of all error,[1] and at the same time condemns those to whom he is writing not only of uncanonical actions,[2] but also of outrages and persecutions without parallel;[3] showing clearly that he was quite aware to what class of persons he was writing, *i. e.* not only (if at all) to Catholic Bishops,[4] but also to men whom, to say the least, he suspected of holding heretical opinions,[5] and who had proved themselves capable of resorting to any means, however unholy, by which to gain their ends.[6] Yet if he wrote to the Bishops of the Council at all, he must surely have addressed them as he did, and not otherwise. They were but suspected followers of Arian doctrine—they were not heretics formally condemned in Council.

But the strongest fact in proof that there were held at this time not two Councils, but one only, of which however the acts were at some time or other tampered with, is the reception of its canons by the Church at large, and the absence of all mention by contemporary historians that there were two Councils: a fact which could hardly have escaped mention had it been so.

A few months after the Bishops met again, and drew up a fourth creed, which they sent by four of their own body to the Emperor Constans in Gaul.[7]

Whilst the Council of the Dedication was sitting at Antioch, Julius was holding one at Rome. The letter already alluded to was addressed by him to the Easterns. The Council sat in the church of Vito the Presbyter, and S. Athanasius was present: Julius, Bishop of Rome, examined the accusations of the Arians, and the acts of the Council of upwards of a hundred Bishops of Egypt, Libya, Pentapolis, and Thebais, held in the year 340, in S. Athanasius' favour—pronounced him free from all blame, and received him and Marcellus of Ancyra, who as

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. §§ 23. 32. [2] § 29. [3] §§ 31. 35.
[4] § 26. [5] § 32. [6] § 33.
[7] S. Athanas. de Synod. Arim. et Seleuc. § 25.

we have seen, was suspected of Sabellianism, into full communion.[1]

Again, a Council was held at Milan, A.D. 345, and another at Cologne about the same time, against the Arians: and in 347 a large Council was held at Sardica, as a rallying point of the West. 'The Western Bishops,' says S. Athanasius, 'who were 'present, were in number one hundred and seventy, more 'or less;'[2] 'but,' says Gratian, 'he, after his acquittal by it, 'sent round a written statement of the fact to the Bishops 'who were not present, Orientals and Occidentals alike, who 'readily subscribed it, and thus the number who ratified its 'decrees were (as S. Athanasius also informs us) above three 'hundred.'[3] The Council was attended at first by seventy-six Arians; but they soon left it, and formed themselves into a Council at Philippopolis.

The Council of Sardica issued twenty canons, which are well known in Ecclesiastical history. The third, fourth, and fifth give the Bishop of Rome the power of decision in disputed matters ecclesiastical, either in person, or by legate a latere.

'This was the first impulse,' says Dr. Pusey, 'to appeals to Rome. But it differed very much from the system engrafted upon it. 1. What it granted was a revision of a cause, not strictly an appeal. The deposed party, in this case, remained deposed, though no successor was appointed to him. 2. The cause was heard where it happened, not drawn to Rome. 3. It was mainly decided by the Bishops of the neighbouring Province, the legate of the Bishop of Rome, if sent, only judged *with them*. 4. Presbyters were allowed an appeal to the neighbouring Bishops, not to Rome.'[4]—P. 143.

It is a fact which has caused some doubt as to the reality and worth of this Council, that its canons were not known to be those of Sardica till S. Augustine's time, at the earliest; nor were they generally received in the West, till Dionysius Exiguus incorporated them into his Codex Canonum. They had previously been cited by Bishops of Rome as Canons of Nice. Zosimus added the Sardican Canons to the Nicene, when he wrote to the African Bishops, claiming, on the authority of the first and third, to receive the appeal of the Priest Apiarius against his Bishop. The African Bishops demurred, not having these in their copies of the Nicene Code, and therefore not knowing them to be such. Afterwards, when they discovered that they were not Nicene, they rejected them. They had no knowledge of the Council of Sardica, for the Donatists had substituted for it the Acts of the Council of Philippopolis.[5] Du Pin says:—

'The canons of the Councils of Sardica were never received by the Catholic Church as general laws. They were never put into the code of

[1] S. Athanas. Apol. § 1. [2] Arian. Hist. § 15. [3] Apol. § 1.
[4] And. v. Richer. Conc. Sard. tom. i. s. iv. p. 46.
[5] Fleury, book xxiv. § vi.

the canons of the Universal Church approved at Chalcedon. The East never received them, neither would the Bishops of Africa own them. The Popes only used them, and cited them under the name of the Council of Nice, to give them the greater weight and authority.' [1]

The most ancient Codex Canonum of Rome comprehends them under the one title of Nicene.[2]

Socrates and Sozomen inform us that from this time the former concord of East and West was broken; the boundary of the two was henceforth the mountain Tisouci, between Thrace and Illyria; the Mons Succorum, of which we read in Ammianus Marcellinus. Sozomen tells us that, notwithstanding the numerous dissensions and heresies by which the Eastern Church was afflicted, the majority of its members were, in his opinion, true to the doctrine of Nice.[3]

Our account of these Councils would be very imperfect without some allusion to those of Arles (A.D. 353) and Milan (A.D. 355). At the former, all the Bishops but Paulinus of Treves were induced, by the threats of Constantius, to condemn Athanasius; and at the numerous Council of 300 Bishops, held two years after at Milan, when the overbearing violence of Constantius had subdued the great majority of Bishops present into repeating that coudemnation, Hosius, Liberius of Rome, S. Hilary, Lucifer of Cagliari, Paulinus, and Eusebius of Vercellæ, were among the few who stood firm. They refused to acknowledge the acts of the Council of Tyre, and rested on those of the Synod of 100 Bishops in Egypt, the Councils at Rome, and of Sardica. Banishment was their penalty. The subsequent fall of Hosius and Liberius is too well-known to need narration here. Nothing probably has stamped the character of Constantius and of the Arians with a deeper and more enduring brand than the tortures practised on Hosius, then aged one hundred years, to compel from him a reluctant acknowledgment of their Communion, and a snbscription to their Creed. His enemies had not confidence to go without the testimony of the most aged Bishop of Christendom, nor even the worldly wisdom to see that their cause would lose infinitely more by the infamy attaching to their persecution of one so inoffensive, so reverend from age, and so ill able to bear up against bard usage, than it would gain by his assent, even had it been willingly conceded. Under their prolonged persecution he fell; but he died soon after, abjuring the beresy of Arius, and professing the Catholic faith of Nice. His fellow-countrymen, with their wonted severity towards the fallen, refused bim communion, but he was acquitted by a Synod of

[1] On Council of Sardica, Hist. of Fourth Century.
[2] Cabassutius. [3] Socrates, ii. 22; Sozomen, iii. 13.

Gallicans.[1] In nothing does S. Athanasius more show his greatness of mind and heart than in the gentle and indulgent manner in which he speaks of the fall of this venerable confessor. When even the great S. Hilary uses of him expressions vehement and even cruel, S. Athanasius speaks in the true language of Him who, when His disciples would have called down fire from heaven to consume His enemies and theirs, heard them with a rebuke, and told them they knew not of what spirit they were.[2]

---

1 Dr. Pusey, p. 167.

2 S. Athanasius speaks of him as 'Hosius' (the holy), 'truly so called;' compares him to faithful Abraham, and devout Daniel, and calls him the father of the Bishops. Of his fall he justly lays the real blame on Constantius, whom he calls a modern Ahab, a Belshazzar, a forerunner of Antichrist; godless; unholy; without natural affection. 'He feared not God,' he says, 'nor regarded his father's love for Hosius, whose great age he reverenced not ..... he used such violence towards the aged man, and confined him so straitly, that at last, broken by suffering, he was brought, though hardly, to hold communion with Valens and Ursacins' (two noted Arians), 'though he would not subscribe against Athanasius.' —*Arian History*, § 45.

S. Hilary is hard and fierce, and wanting in due allowance. 'Deliramenta Hosii,' 'blasphemiæ Hosii,' are scarcely words to be used of one who had years many more than enough to have been his father. Lucifer of Cagliari, the author of the unhappy schism which bears his name, has in his 'Libri pro Athanasio,' and especially in his 'Moriendum esse pro Dei Filio,' many passages of strong though scarcely tutored eloquence. In the following he addresses Constantius in terms which modern times would scarcely understand as applied to an emperor, even in defence of the Faith itself. 'Absit a nobis hæc amentia, ut falsum vero 'anteponamus, aut aliqua nos oblata per te felicitas illiciat regni tui; inanem 'gloriam tibimet serva, omnemque stolidissimi cordis tui prudentiam tibimet 'retine et comparibus tuis, quibus te morum conjunxit similitudo; relinque 'nobis stultitiam nostram, cum nos Christum dei filium verum esse filium 'confitemur, cum eundem unius esse substantiæ cum patre defendimus, cum 'nos propter eum ne ejus divinitatem negemus interfici cupere profitemur; 'relinque nobis hujusmodi stultitiam quid ut hanc amittamus das operam, quid 'impugnandam putas posse a te veritatem, ignorans quod vi sua valeat; unde 'etenim contra fremitus atroces, asperosque tuos cruciatus invicta virtute populum 'dei conspicis resistentem, nisi quia hæc sit quam defendimus, apostolica atque 'evangelica fides. Hi resistunt tuæ crudelitati, hi tuam calcant rabiem, quorum 'spes æternæ immortalitatis, et vita cœlestis est, quorumque ardor in cupidinem 'perpetuæ lucis accenditur, et salus de promissa lætatur beatitudine.' That the Arians proved themselves worse persecutors than the fiercest of the Pagans, may be seen in the account given by Eusebius of Vercellæ, of his sufferings at their hands, as recorded by Baronius, A.D. 356, §§ 92—102.

How out of all place are sacred subjects in the hands of such men as these!—how deep a wound is struck, not merely to reverence, but to common propriety, when they presume to discuss and settle the deep things of God as men having a zeal for truth and a love for His service! That they could employ themselves with religious subjects at all, devoid, as they were, not merely of grace and holiness, but of all common humanity and decency, shows that they must have taken up religion simply as a means of worldly advantage to themselves, or as giving them power over others. Hence their readiness, as a body, to fall in with any form of faith that was dominant at the moment. What could they, whose hands were red with their brothers' blood, have to do with the essence of God, the nature and manner of existence of His Son, His humanity, or any other mystery or act of divine condescension? How did such apply to them? What share could they have in them? But about this they cared nothing whatever; the moment they began to do so they must have ceased to be the ruthless persecutors they were.

It was in the year 359 that the emperor convened the Council, which he meant to be composed of Bishops of every nation, and therefore to be final and decisive. For the convenience of the attending Bishops it was divided into two; the Westerns, meeting at Ariminum, in Picenum of Italy; and the Easterns at Seleucia of Isauria. The Council of Ariminum was the first assembled. Four hundred Catholic and eighty Arian Bishops were present. The emperor had given Taurus the Prefect charge not to dismiss the assembled Bishops until they had agreed in one confession of faith, promising him the consulship if he succeeded.[1] He was himself, according to S. Jerome, present at the Council.[2] The Catholic Bishops peremptorily refused to sign an Arian Creed which had been confirmed in the presence of Constantius, and ratified that of Nice; they also condemned the Arians, Ursacius and Valens, Germinius, Auxentius, and Caius; after which they sent ten legates to the emperor to inform him of their decision, and to beg to be dismissed to their homes. The Arians also despatched a like number from their own body.

Meanwhile the Council of Seleucia was composed of about 160 Bishops, of whom S. Hilary was one. Leonas and Lauricius were the emperor's representatives, and acted the same part as Taurus at Ariminum, or Dionysius at Tyre. Socrates gives an account of four days' session. The Semi-Arians, he says, numbered 105 Bishops; the Arians 19; and the Egyptians, with the exception of George, who had been thrust into Athanasius' place, were orthodox. S. Hilary says that he found in the Council, 'tantum blasphemorum quantum Constantio placebat;' and his account of the doctrine received at it fully bears out his words.[3] He was questioned as to the faith of the Gallican Churches, which the Arians had accused of Sabellianism, as they were wont to do of all who held the Nicene doctrine. He proved them to be sound. Then, says Sulpicius, the Council proceeded to the question of faith. The dominant party adopted the Creed of the Dedication of Antioch, and having excommunicated some Arians who were present, sent ten of their number to Constantius with an account of their acts, to whom also went those who were condemned. These, through the ability of Acacius, gained the emperor's ear, and soon after called a Council at Constantinople, at which the delegates from Ariminum were present; when they ratified a Creed that forbids the use of both the terms 'essence' and 'hypostasis.'

---

[1] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lv.

[2] Note on Sulpicius, ii. § lv. Sulpicius is the best authority on this Council, and his account of it is very elegantly composed.

[3] S. Hilary, lib. contra Constant. § 12.

The representatives of Ariminum had now arrived at Adrianople, where Constantius then was. He kept them a long time without any reply, and when at length he wrote to the Council, he laid the blame of his silence on his preparations for the war.[1] And now befell that mischance which is so graphically described by Hooker:—

'At length it was perceived that there had not been in the Catholics, either at Ariminum or at Seleucia, so much foresight, as to provide that true intelligence might pass between them what was done. Upon the advantages of which error, their adversaries, abusing each with persuasion that the other had yielded, surprised both.'[2]

The emperor overbore the legates from Ariminum, and made them subscribe an Arian Creed, with which he sent them back, charging Taurus not to dissolve the Council till the members had also received it. The Council at first refused communion to the legates; but being at length wearied out, they put forth a Creed framed by Phæbadius and Servatio, two of the Bishops present, in which Arius was condemned, and in which the Son of God was declared not equal with the Father, but without beginning or time; to which Valens added, —'He was not a creature like other creatures.'[3] And on this the Council was dissolved.

But Valens and Ursacius soon began to boast that they had not denied the Son to be a creature, but to be like *other* creatures; *i.e.* they had, in fact, asserted and not condemned the heresy of Arius. Then it was, as S. Jerome says, that 'the condemnation of the Nicene faith was proclaimed, and the 'whole world marvelled that it was Arian!'[4] The like stratagem was practised on the legates of Seleucia with the like result. Those who refused to obey the emperor were punished by bonds and starvation; many were banished. S. Hilary called on the Arians to a discussion of their faith before the emperor, a challenge which they would by no means accept. He himself was sent back to Gaul, where he held many Synods with the view of recovering those who had been deceived by the Arians at Ariminum.[5] The Latin fathers, as soon as they had reached their dioceses, discovered the deceit that had been practised on them at the Council, and at once rejected the Creed which they had there signed, and replaced that of Nice in its stead.[6] Thus after the excommunication of Saturninus and Paternus, who alone opposed him, 'S. Hilary,' as Sulpicius relates, 'became the means of delivering Gaul from the 'profanation of heresy.'[7]

There had always been an uncertainty in the use of the

[1] Soc. ii. 37. [2] Book v. chap. xlii. § 5. [3] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lix.
[4] Contra Luciferianos. [5] Sulpicius Severus, lib. ii. § lx.
[6] Jerom. cont. Lucif. [7] Sulpicius, lib. ii. § lx.

terms *Hypostasis* and *Ousia*. The original Nicene Creed uses them as synonymes to express *Nature*, and it has been supposed that *Hypostasis* was taken by the Westerns to signify much what the Easterns expressed by *Ousia*. In the year 362, a Council was held at Alexandria, at which S. Athanasius presided, and this point, with others, met consideration. The meaning of those who said there were three *Hypostases*, and of others who asserted that there was only one, was carefully examined; and when it was found that they differed only in the meaning they affixed to the word *Hypostasis*, and that they confessed an indivisible unity and a consubstantial Trinity in the Godhead, they were readily received to communion. From this time the word *Hypostasis* gradually came to be confined to express *Person*, and *Ousia* to express *Nature*. This, however, was not immediate; and all who are conversant with the pages of S. Cyril of Alexandria will remember that he not seldom uses the word *Ousia* for *Hypostasis*, thereby even causing to some the suspicion of his having been an originator of Monophysitism. Theodoret appears to have been the first who laid down accurately and formally the difference between those terms as afterwards understood. Dial. De Sancta Trinitate. See the passage beginning Τί σημαίνει ἡ οὐσια καὶ τί ἡ ὑπόστασις.

The Council, under the wise and benign government of S. Athanasius, who, as having been the firmest to endure, was also the most tolerant of the fallen, gave remission to all who had been deceived by the craft of the Arians, and who had suffered violence at their hands.[1] The Council also condemned the heresies of Macedonius and Apollinaris, both of whom, twenty years after, were condemned at the General Council of Constantinople.

To the account of that Council we are compelled to hasten on. It was held in the year 381. It was convoked for three reasons, 1. To re-assert the Creed of Nice; 2. To appoint a Bishop of Constantinople; 3. To put an end to the heresy of Macedonius. This heresiarch and his followers had gradually supplanted the semi-Arians. Their heresy was a necessary result of that of Arius, who, indeed, is said to have anticipated it.[2] It denied the Godhead of the third person of the Holy Trinity, and taught that he was a creature of a creature. S. Athanasius refuted it in his four letters to Serapion, and 'De Trinitate et Spiritu Sancto.' S. Basil, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, and Theodoret in his third, fourth, and fifth dialogues, have all vigorously opposed it; and not only that, but to all who are teachable, or even open to mere reason, they have for ever closed the question; proving with unanswerable force, that

[1] Athan. Tomus ad Antiochenos, § 5, 6. Epist. ad Rufinianum.
[2] Theodoret, Hær. fab. iv. v.

while Holy Scripture distinguishes the Holy Ghost personally from Father and Son, it ever places Him essentially as God with Both. Macedonianism, however, is so closely connected with the heresy of Arius, and follows from it so certainly, that it is still the case, and we may be sure that it will be to the end of time, that wherever the one is found, even in its least offensive form, the other can never be far distant.

Constantinople, since the death of Paul the Bishop, in 350, had been the prey successively of many of the worst heresies of the time. Paul's see had been usurped by Eusebius of Nicomedia, the most violent and unprincipled of the Arians; to him succeeded Macedonius; and Macedonius was followed by the Arian Eudoxius. Evagrius, an orthodox Bishop, filled the see for a short period, but was banished by Valens. The city was then distracted between the factions of the Novatians, Arians, Macedonians, and Apollinarists; and when the few orthodox asked S. Gregory to come and be their Bishop, he, not without reluctance, assented. Maximus, a Cynic, imposed on him so far as to get ordained by him, and then, with the support of Peter of Alexandria, S. Athanasius' successor, disputed the see with him; but he was soon compelled to leave the city; and the emperor, to whom he appealed, banished him. One of the first acts of the Council was to confirm S. Gregory in the see.

One hundred and fifty-one Bishops assembled, of whom thirty-six were Macedonians. Among the Catholics were S. Gregory Nazianzen, S. Gregory of Nyssa and S. Peter of Sebaste, brothers of the great S. Basil, and S. Cyril of Jerusalem. A difficulty soon arose on the subject of appointing a successor to Meletius of Antioch, who had lately died; and S. Gregory, finding there was much opposition to himself and his appointment, especially among the Bishops of Egypt and Macedon, acted on a resolution formed long since, and resigned the bishopric. Nectarius, a Catechumen, was chosen in his stead.

The Council framed eight Canons.[1] The first ratifies the Acts of Nice, and condemns the heresies of the Anomœans, Arians, Semi-Arians, Sabellians, and Marcellians. The fourth places the Bishop of Constantinople next to the Bishop of Rome. The rest regard some points of discipline which were of more importance at the time than since. The Synodal letter addressed to Damasus of Rome and the Western Bishops, dwells on the long and cruel persecutions the authors had undergone at the hands of the Arians; and then condemns the heresies of Macedonius, Eunomius, Arius, and Apollinaris. Apollinaris held

[1] Beveridge, Pandect. Harduin makes only seven, incorporating Beveridge's eighth into his seventh.

that our Lord had a body with a soul; but he distinguished, says Theodoret, between soul and intellect (ψυχὴ καὶ νοῦς), and denied that our Lord had the latter; or, in fact, a *reasonable* soul; saying, that the Godhead sufficed for the performance of the part of the mind, or of reason. Arius, before him, had for the same reason, held that our Lord had a body without a soul. The Apollinarians were sometimes called Dimæritæ; for the Church has defined the Lord's human nature to consist of three component parts—σῶμα ψύχικον—νοῦς—θεότης, and does not allow their ψυχὴ to be a separate part; while they sometimes denied all ψυχὴ, like the Arians, and did not acknowledge any νοῦς; and hence, have received that appellation. The fathers of the Church sadly lamented the fall of the once great and good author of this heresy; but they did not the less resolutely oppose it. S. Athanasius, shortly before his death, composed two books, and wrote to Epictetus, Adelphius, the Antiochenes, and others, on the subject. S. Gregory Nazianzen's fifty-first oration is directed against it. S. Basil, S. Ambrose, S. Epiphanius, Theodoret, and others, ranked themselves as its opponents. The heresy did not last many years; and, as we learn from S. Epiphanius, degenerated into a kind of Judaism. The Council wrote also to the emperor, giving an account of its acts, and begging him to confirm them.

At the same time was held a Council at Aquileia of Bishops of the West, under S. Ambrose, as Bishop of Milan and Metropolitan. They condemned Palladius and Attalus, an Arian Bishop and Priest; and, having received an imperfect account of what had been done at Constantinople, and thinking the ordination of Nectarius of Constantinople and Flavian of Antioch, irregular and uncanonical, they requested the Emperor to call a general Council at Alexandria. In a second letter, written after Maximus the rejected Bishop of Constantinople had joined them, they expressed their wish to change the place to Rome.

On this Theodosius assembled the Council at Constantinople a second time, and wrote to S. Ambrose and the Westerns to inform them more exactly of the matter. They in reply excused themselves, if in their former letter they had, as the Easterns thought, exceeded their province. A Council assembled at Rome invited the Constantinopolitan Bishops to join them; and it was either at this time or (as Dr. Pusey has given good reason to think), some time later,[1] that Damasus wrote to the Easterns the confession of faith against Apollinaris, and Timotheus his disciple, which we find in Theodoret, and in which he

[1] Page 342.

condemns 'those who say that Christ had any imperfection either of Godhead or of Manhood.'[1] The Easterns excused themselves from taking so long a journey as that to Rome, on the ground of the great inconvenience which would be caused by their absence for so long a time from their dioceses. They defended the ordinations of Nectarius and Flavian as according to the Canon; and they sent to their brother Bishops their Creed and Canons. These were fully and formally approved; and from this date the Communion of East and West was again, for the time, renewed. Heresy was banished; peace was restored; and the Church was once more at unity in herself.

The Councils of the Primitive Church bear upon the subject of our own Convocation, chiefly, perhaps, in an indirect manner. We have seen that the early Councils were composed of Bishops and Priests, and sometimes Deacons; the laity being now and then tolerated in them, but having no voice in their decision. Latterly, since the days of Constantine, emperors convoked and ratified them; but even they repudiated all right to influence their debates, or to give any decision as to the points at issue; and when Constantius at Milan overawed and threatened the Bishops, his conduct was protested against by the Church. Minor questions would probably settle themselves, or rather, would be settled for us, should the time ever arrive when the Church again possessed a real effective Convocation. The 'lay element' is, no doubt, one of the difficulties of the matter. The introduction of the laity in America is said, we believe, not to work badly on the whole; but it seems clearly an innovation on the custom of antiquity; and as such it may, possibly, in the end, prove a source of discord or danger. Probably, with ourselves, the best way would be to grant them a voice in the election of Proctors; though this might, in one respect, be attended with inconvenience. For, unless all the licensed Priests of the diocese, unbeneficed and beneficed alike, were admitted to the same privilege, the laity would have a direct power over the affairs of the Church, which the greater number of the Clergy themselves had not. A distinction would thus be raised which would be invidious in itself, and would put each party in a false position, of which the result might be mutual suspicion, and possibly in the end to the great evil of both, estrangement.

Our readers may be glad to see a few of the chief subjects on which the Councils framed canons, what customs they laid down for observance, and how they punished offences. This may

[1] Theodoret, Hist. v.—x.

also, in some degree, illustrate the work for which we have to thank Dr. Pusey.

I.—Metropolitans.

To ordain Bishops, or confirm their ordination	Nice, 4; Antioch, 19.
Bishops of neighbouring provinces to be present at his ordination	Sardica, 6.
No ordination valid without his consent	Nice, 6.
He and the Bishops of the Province not to act without the consent of one another	Antioch, 9.
The same as the Primates of	Apostolic Canons, 33.
Rights and powers of Metropolitans	Nice, 6; Constant. 2.
Metropolitan of Constantinople second to Rome	Constantinople, 4.
Bishops not to appeal to Court without his knowledge	Antioch, 11.
Priest or Deacon deprived by a Bishop may appeal to him	Sardica, 15.
To have charge of biennial Synods	Antioch, 20.
His presence to constitute a full Synod	Antioch, 16.

II.—Bishops.

To be ordained by two or three Bishops	Apostolic Canons, 1.
„ by seven, or three at least	Arles, 20.
„ by all Bishops of the Province, or at least three, the rest consenting by writing, and the Metropolitan confirming	Nice, 4; Antioch, 19.
Not to be ordained immediately after Baptism	Apost. Can. 79; Nice, 2.
Not to assume a See without a Synod	Antioch, 16.
Not to be ordained Bishop till he has filled the inferior ranks	Sardica, 10.
Not to be translated	Sardica, 1, 2.
If guilty of simony to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 28.
Not to ordain laymen of other dioceses without the Bishop's permission	Sardica, 15.
If ordained Bishop, but not taking charge of the See, to be excommunicated	Apost. Can. 35; Ant. 17.
If not received by the people, to retain the rank, but the Clergy of the city to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canon, 35.
„ to return to the presbytery of his native place, and be provided for by Synod	Ancyra, 18.
Not to leave their dioceses:—	
1. For spiritual affairs—as to ordain elsewhere	Apost. Can. 13, 14; Arles, 2; Nice, 15; Ant. 13, 21; Constantinople, 3.
If they break this rule to be deprived, unless invited by the Metropolitan	Apost. Can. 34; Ant. 13.
„ to be admonished	Sardica, 15.
Not to teach elsewhere, or be deprived	Apost. Can. 14; Arles, 21; Nice, 16, Antioch, 3.
Not to be absent more than three Sundays, or be deprived	Sardica, 11, 12, 16.
Bishop or Clergy leaving their own parish and remaining away, to be deprived	Antioch, 3.
Not to invade other dioceses	Antioch, 21.
2. For secular affairs:—	
To traffic	Apost. Can. 6; Illib. 18.
To war	Apostolic Canon, 82.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, not to leave their wives	Apost. Can. 5; Illib. 33.
Bishops making strange offerings at the altar to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 3.

Not communicating without reason, to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canon, 8.
Not to communicate with Jews, or be deprived	Apost. Can. 63, 69, 70; Ant. 1; Illib. 49, 50.
„ or with heretics and condemned, or be excommunicated	Apost. Can. 10, 11, 17, 44, 45; Antioch, 2.
Commendatory letters, none to be received without them	Apost. Can. 12, 32; Ant. 7.
„ the Bishop to examine them	Apost. Can. 32; Illib. 58.
Confessional Letters	Illib. 25, 81; Arles, 9; Ant. 8.
Laws of Bishops going to Court	Ant. 11; Sard. 7, 8, 9.
Bishops to hold Synods twice a-year:—	
The first in the fourth week of Pentecost, and the second on the tenth of October	Apostolic Canon, 36.
The first before Lent—the second in Autumn	Nice, 5; Constant. 8.
The first in the third week of Pentecost—the second on the tenth of October	Antioch, 20.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, not baptizing into the Holy Trinity, to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 48.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, baptizing with one immersion, to be deprived	Apostolic Canon, 49.
Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to take no money for baptizing	Illib. 48.
Bishops accused to be judged by a Synod	Apost. Can. 73; Antioch, 14; Constantinople, 8.
Bishop accused, if not attending the Synod when summoned, to be sent for by two Bishops, and if still contumacious, to be judged	Apostolic Canon, 73.
If the Bishops of his province cannot decide the question, the Metropolitan shall summon the Bishops of the next province	Ancyra, 14; Constant. 8.
Accusers of Bishops, laws concerning	Constantinople, 8.
„ no heretics can be such	Apos. Can. 74; Const. 8.
„ never to receive Communion	Illib. 75.
„ only to receive Commun. at death	Arles, 14.
Bishop condemned by all the Bishops of his province, shall have no further judgment	Antioch, 15; Sardica, 14.
Bishop who deprived a culprit can alone receive him again	Illib. 53; Antioch, 6; Sardica, 13.
The person deprived to be received in the place of his deprivation	Arles, 16.
Priests sacrificing may keep their rank, but not minister	Ancyra, 1.
Deacons sacrificing, the same, but may not be promoted	Ancyra, 2.

III.—Crimes depriving Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

Adultery, perjury, and theft	Apost. Can. 24; Illib. 19; Neoc. 1.
Baptism irregularly received	Apost. Can. 46, 48, 49.
Breaking Canons	Sardica, 20.
Denying Christ	Apostolic Canon, 61.
Eating in taverns not by necessity	Apostolic Canon, 53.
Erastianism	Apostolic Canon, 29.
Forging	Apostolic Canon, 59.
Gambling	Apostolic Canons, 41, 42.
Insulting Bishops	Apostolic Canon, 54.
Insulting Kings	Apostolic Canon, 83.
Making schism	Apostolic Canon, 36.
Mocking the afflicted	Apostolic Canon, 56.
Not receiving penitents	Apostolic Canon, 51.
Bishops or Priests not supplying the poor Clergy	Apostolic Canon, 58.

Not teaching	Apostolic Canon, 57.
Robbing Churches	Apostolic Canons, 71, 72.
Sacrificing	Ancyra, 1, 2.
Self-mutilation	Apost. Can. 22; Nice, 1.
Simony	Apost. Can. 28; Illib. 48.
Sin, confessing or discovered in it	Nice, 2, 10.
Striking	Apostolic Canons, 26, 64.
Usury	Apost. Can. 19; 43; Illib. 20; Nice, 17.
Chorepiscopi:	
May not ordain Priests and Deacons *e mero motu*	Antioch, 10; Ancyra, 13.
May ordain readers, sub-deacons, exorcists	Antioch, 10.
May give commendatory letters	Antioch, 8.

IV.—Causes preventing Ordination.

1. Marriage	Neocæsarea, 1.
Twice married	Apostolic Canon, 16.
Marrying widows, prostitutes, two sisters, niece.	Apostolic Canons, 17, 18.
Singers allowed to marry	Apostolic Canon, 25.
Deacons, if giving notice at ordination	Ancyra, 10.
Clinical Baptism	Illib. 24; Neoc. 12.
Adultery	Apost. Can. 16; Illib. 30.
Heretics returned	Illib. 51; Nice, 10.
Freedmen of Pagans	Illiberis, 80.
Slaves without consent of masters	Apost. Can. 81; Illib. 80.
Mutilated wilfully or by disease, or naturally deformed	Apost. Can. 20, 21, 22, 76, 77; Nice, 1.
Sacrificers	Ancyra, 3, 12.

V.—People.

1. Adultery. To be excommunicated for it five years	Illiberis, 69.
" " seven years	Ancyra, 20.
" If repeated, never to be received in communion	Illiberis, 3, 7, 47.
Adulterers never to be ordained	Apost. Can. 60; Illib. 30.
Women not to leave their husbands	Illiberis, 8.
Men not to leave their wives	Apostolic Canon, 47.
Woman with an adulterous husband not to marry another, or never communicate	Illiberis, 9.
Woman married to an adulterer never to communicate	Illiberis, 10.
Other laws on the subject	Neoc. 1, 4, 8; Illib. 64, 65, 70, 72, 78.
2. Baptism.	
No rebaptism	Apostolic Canon, 46.
No baptism with one immersion	Apostolic Canon, 49.
Heretical baptism null	Apostolic Canons, 45, 46.
Heretics baptized into the Holy Trinity not to be re-baptized but confirmed	Arles, 8; Constantinople, 7.
Heretics, if not baptized into the Holy Trinity, re-baptized	Apost. Can. 48; Arles, 8.
Laics at sea may baptize	Illiberis, 38.
3. Catechumens.	
General laws about their baptism	Illib. 11, 39, 42, 45, 68; Neoc. 5; Arles, 6; Nice, 14.
Energumens, ditto	Apos. Can. 78; Illib. 29, 37.
4. Excommunicate.	
Bearers of arms in peace	Arles, 3; Nice, 12 (for 13 years).

Charioteers	Arles, 4; Illib. 62.
Players	Arles, 5.
5. Fasts.	
General laws	Apost. Can. 65, 68; Illib. 23, 26.
6. Festivals.	
Easter to be celebrated at one time, and not with Jews	Apost. Can. 7; Arles, 1; Antioch, 1.
Pentecost to be fifty days after Easter	Illiberis, 43.
7. Marriage.	
Christians not to marry pagans, heretics, Jews, or Idolators	Arles, 11; Illib. 15, 16, 17.
Marriage of brother and sisters-in-law prohibited	Illib. 61, 66; Neoc. 2.
The divorced to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canon, 47.
Violence to females	Apost. Can. 66; Ancyra, 11, 25.
8. Murder.	
A mistress killing her slave wilfully, excommunicated for seven years	Illiberis, 5.
,, accidentally, excommunicated for five years	Illiberis, 5.
Wilful murder, no communion till death	Ancyra, 22.
Accidental murder, no communion for five years	Ancyra, 23.
9. Miscellaneous.	
Canonical books enumerated	Apostolic Canon, 84.
No lights in cemeteries	Illiberis, 34.
Women not to watch in cemeteries	Illiberis, 35.
No pictures in churches	Illiberis, 36.
Those seeking death not counted martyrs	Illiberis, 60.
The church to be a sanctuary	Sardica, 7.
Not to communicate with the excommunicate	Apostolic Canon, 9.
Not to pray with the excommunicate	Apostolic Canon, 10.
Communicating with Jews, to be excommunicated	Apostolic Canons, 63, 70.
Robbing Churches	Apostolic Canons, 71, 72.
Return from heresy and apostasy, communion in ten years	Arles, 22; Illiberis, 22, 46, 51.
Sacrificers, without violence, no communion	Illiberis, 1, 3, 55, 59; Ancyra, 4, 5, 6, 7.
Sacrificers, by violence, not to be excommunicate	Ancyra, 3, 6.
Sacrificers, by violence, often; no communion for seven years	Ancyra, 8.
Sacrificers, Christian, may receive communion in five years	Illiberis, 40.
Sacrificers compelling others also to sacrifice shall receive communion only after ten years	Ancyra, 9.
Idols not allowed in Christian houses under pain of excommunication	Illiberis, 41.
Traditors excommunicated	Arles, 13.
Causing others to sacrifice	Ancyra, 9.
Not to be absent from Church more than three Sundays	Illiberis, 21.

NOTICES.

'DIVORCE and Re-Marriage' (Masters), is the title of a very good sermon, preached by Mr. D. A. Beaufort, of Warburton. We may say the same of Mr. Cowan's 'Christian Marriage Indissoluble' (Skeffington), which is even better. We select them, however, not so much because they are useful sermons; for their use has passed away; but for other reasons. The Divorce Bill, is the Divorce Act; and the fact that it is so, is, in our judgment, the most serious event which has happened in the history of the later English Church. We are not now speaking of the mere dangers, both to religion and to society, which must attend the relaxation of the law of Marriage. There is not one of our readers who requires this lesson to be impressed upon him. All that Christian eloquence in debate, especially of Mr. Gladstone,—all that practised experience in Parliament, such as that of Lord Redesdale,—all that grave and trusted piety, like Mr. Keble's, (we acknowledge with thankfulness his important 'Sequel to the Argument,' &c. (J. H. Parker), which has already commended itself to the whole Church),—all that the testimony of experience, as opportunely produced by Mr. H. Drummond in his republication of Baron Von Gerlach's 'Speech in the Prussian Chamber,'—all that the appeal of such laymen as Mr. Henley, Sir Wm. Heathcote, Mr. Hope, and others, in Parliament,—and, beyond and above these things, all that the Protest of more than nine thousand of the Clergy and an unexampled mass of petitions could do in the way of arresting the decision of Parliament, has been found unavailing. Chiefly because Lord Palmerston had nothing else to produce in the way of legislation, the Divorce Bill has been carried; and it is with little satisfaction that the Church notes what votes, in the last extremity of the case, in the House of Lords introduced that disastrous measure on the Statute Book. We are, however, now concerned with the future: and that future is one which requires the very gravest consideration. Undoubtedly, the whole connexion of the Church with the State not only will be altered, but is altered by this legislation. The law of the State and the law of the Church are at issue. As far as this consideration goes, the so-called 'Concession' goes for nothing. A particular clergyman will not be punished because he refuses to do an act which his Church forbids: but the State has authorized and legalized an act which the Church forbids; and moreover, the State will punish any clergyman if he does not surrender his church for a purpose which he believes and knows to be scandalous, unholy, and profane. For ourselves, we cannot see how any clergyman who signed the Protest can himself marry divorced persons: nor can we see how any man of honour and feeling can permit his church to be used for a purpose which he himself considers forbidden by the word of God and the law of the Church. It must then come to this, not only that the clergy will not themselves marry divorced persons but that they will not surrender the keys of their churches for this purpose. Then comes the collision. But, as said the Baron Von Gerlach,

'this defiance of the law is sacred: it is the germ of Divine right.' This, however, is a state of things which it is very painful to forecast: but we see no help for it, unless the next session gives us some new legislation on the subject. The 'concession to the Clergy,' it will be observed, is the most insidious and fatal blow which could have been offered to the Church. It actually destroys not only the whole parochial system: but, as far as the exclusive rights of the Church to the fabrics are concerned, it implies a principle which, sooner or later, must, if not cancelled, surrender the parish church to the use of all denominations. The parish church is not the property, and peculiar, and freehold of the incumbent, but is for the general religious uses of the parishioners. This is the principle. Parliament has the right to say what are the general religious uses of the parishioners. If incestuous and adulterous marriages are religious uses, then, *à fortiori*, Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. If the parish priest must give up his church for the Rev. Mr. Coupler to marry some noble or vulgar adulterer or adulteress, why should he not surrender it for the religious ministrations of those excellent persons whom the Bishop of Norwich invites as his brethren and fellow ministers to the palace, and whom the Dean of Canterbury recognises in the most solemn way as sharers in an equal office with himself? This, let the clergy remember, is what the 'concession' means; and this doubtless is what Sir Richard Bethell intended it to mean. There are, however, two distinct duties towards which attention should be concentrated. The one is as regards the State; the other as regards the Church. To attempt to repeal the present Act we consider not a very practical course. Rather, as things are, we should say that the next best thing would be for the State simply to recognise the civil marriage; in other words, to introduce into England exactly what obtains in many continental countries. The State recognises only the civil contract; and leaves all religious professions to administer or not to its own members its own religious sanctions. If it be said, this is a separation of Church and State, the answer is, that that fact is already accomplished. The Church has the right, independently of the State, to settle upon its own principles its own law of Christian marriage. The State, again, has the right to legalize for civil purposes whatever unions it pleases: but has no right to call upon the Church, or upon any other religious body, to superadd its sanctions. That is to say, the State must content itself with the civil aspect of marriage alone. As regards the Church, it is a painful consideration that, considering the votes which were given in the House of Lords, we are not likely at present to act otherwise than individually and by such voluntary and irregular associations as the times will permit. But unquestionably serious counsel ought to be taken. The Protest of the nine thousand clergy shows a spirit and earnestness in the question which is not likely to end in mere acquiescence in the law. If the clergy choose to be awake to their duties and responsibilities, the freedom of the Church is in their own hands. It perhaps but wanted an assault like this to assure us as to our real position. We should counsel, therefore, that in every legitimate mode, by mutual counsel, by ruri-decaual meetings, by means of the Church Unions, and in all clerical societies, the first and engrossing subject of discussion should be the duties and calls resulting from the Divorce Act. We are not prepared

to say what those duties are; but most distinctly we urge upon the clergy to ascertain and settle what they are. We believe that the Church little knows its own strength. The Protest to which we have alluded certainly enlightened ourselves, and, we may add, surprised the country, as an instance of general soundness and spirit in the majority of the English clergy: and with this evidence of what we are, it is our own fault if after all even this Divorce Act is not overruled for good to the Church. A pressure upon our pages compels us to postpone most of our shorter 'Notices' this quarter; but the paramount importance of this subject induces us to give it prominent, and, had need been, exclusive attention.

Mr. C. H. Davis, of Wadham College, Oxford—we have not examined the Clergy List for his benefice—rather reminds us of that simple old lady who professed to be vastly edified by the cheering words, 'Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign,' because they happened to occur between the covers of the family Bible. Mr. Davis is possessed with a mania for making Prayers, and he extends a genial impartiality of affection to whatever looks like a prayer. His 'School-room Lecture Liturgy' (Seeley), is a specimen of his amiable and injudicious temper. We believe him to be an earnest and religious character, but only utterly ignorant of the *rationale* of a Prayer-Book. All is fish that comes to Mr. Davis' net. He says that he thinks the proposed alterations in the Prayer-Book of 1689 were 'mischievous,' 'meagre and verbose,' and 'utterly subversive of doctrine,' yet he has worked them up into his 'School-room Lecture Liturgy.' He is the soundest of all Protestants, yet he does not scruple to borrow from the old Missal, and for Saints' Days he suggests the magnificent 'Almighty and ever-blessed God, we yield Thee most high praise and hearty thanks.' With a quiet contempt, or rather ignorance, of what belongs to the divers orders of the Christian hierarchy, he proposes to use in his Confirmation Class the Episcopal Benediction, 'Defend, O Lord, these Thy servants;' and 'to secure a pleasing variety' in his school-room services, he suggests the use of 'certain portions of the actual Communion Service.' In a prayer for the beginning of a new year he forms a cento from the Collects, the Burial Service, and other sources; his principle, as he himself announces it, being 'to patch them up to form 'complete and perfect collects, by the combination of perfect collects taken 'from Holy Scripture, and from other parts of our Prayer-Book.' In one place, Mr. Davis' devotion to 'our national Church' leads him to a curious statement of doctrine. In a 'Prayer to be used on the vacancy of a Bishopric,' he parodies the Ember Week collect thus: 'Almighty God, our 'Heavenly Father, who hast purchased,' &c., 'and at this time so guide 'and govern the minds of those *to whom Thou hast given power to appoint* '*another Bishop* in Thy Church, that they may faithfully and wisely make 'choice,' &c. For the statement which we have italicized, Mr. Davis refers to Rom. xiii. 1, and John xix. 11, which are very curious proofs of a Christian sanction to Lord Palmerston's exercise of the Regale. The joke, however, is carried too far. 'Thou couldest have no power at all against 'Me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered 'Me unto thee hath the greater sin.' This is John xix. 11: Mr. Davis' scriptural proof of the *congé d'élire*. The appointment of Bishops by the

Prime Minister is a power given unto him analogous to that by which Pilate condemned our Lord to death. Mr. Davis is a wag: but he should not introduce High Churchmanship of this very extreme type into a prayer.

We can speak with nearly unqualified approbation of Mr. C. Yonge's 'History of England' (Rivingtons). To say that it supplies a gap in our school books, is saying little. It does more. It gives, for the first time, a really readable and compact summary of history, pervaded by right principles, never condescending to the conventional claptrap which represents some sovereigns, such as Elizabeth, models of perfection: but in a calm and level style, without the affectation of what is called the philosophy of history, which so often disdains the difficult necessity of dealing with facts, it illustrates the progress of civilization with a conscientious adherence to annals. It ranges from the earliest and mythical traditions, to the Crimean war: and yet it is written to scale.

Mr. Carter's 'Life of Bishop Armstrong' (J. H. Parker), shows eminently the truth of the old heathen maxim about early death. Bishop Armstrong, with a vivid perception that his hour of work was a very brief one, laboured under the intense, and, in his case, consuming stimulus of the approaching night. It met him fuller of triumphs than of years; and it has been given to but few to have received such successes as the establishment of the Penitentiary work, and the Tracts and Sermons for the Christian Seasons. To those who knew the first Bishop of Grahamstown, few things are more striking than his rapid spiritual development: God was visibly training him for Himself. Without much apparent promise, and with a certain reserve of character, there were few possessed of deeper stores of general information, of kindly wit, of large charity, of sound principle, and, which his life consistently displayed, of working powers. The present biography, an able and affectionate composition, will be especially welcomed by our readers: for it is a satisfaction to recal the assistance which, on several occasions, we received from Bishop Armstrong, as a contributor to the *Christian Remembrancer*, especially in connexion with labours which, with many others, we shared in rousing public attention to,—the Penitentiary work.

The Bishop of Tasmania's 'Cruise of the *Beacon*' (Bell & Daldy), is not only an interesting sketch of missionary work executed in a simple, business-like, active spirit, but is a monograph of a neglected spot, very interesting geographically and geologically,—Bass's Straits. Some pretty sketches, Bishop Nixon's own work, we believe, illustrate the singular vegetation and basaltic rocks of this hitherto neglected spot.

In connexion with the Colonial Church, we desire to call special attention to 'Proceedings of the first Church of England Synod for the Diocese of Melbourne: edited by Mr. R. Perry.' (Rivingtons.) We cannot say that either in Church or State the first struggling attempts at constitutionalism are altogether satisfactory. But to say they are without hope would be both premature and unwise. Much difficulty must, from the nature of the case, attend the formative process in Synodical meetings; and Australian society is precisely that in which what people call individualism,—to give

it the civillest name,—is not likely to be backward in asserting itself. But while we are unable to endorse the sanguine views of the unqualified admirers of these mixed assemblies, in which some of our contemporaries expand, we are glad to see much of the English spirit, both in the way of Church principles, and of a solid practical spirit, in the members. What is really important is, that we seem to see indications that the mere fact of meeting in Synod forces even a Bishop whose Churchmanship was not of the most vigorous character, upwards.

An amusing, and we ought to add, a well-principled, letter has been printed, being a 'Reply to the Westerton Committee,' &c. by Mr. R. Tomlins. (Masters.)

'A Calendar of Lessons, for Every Day in the Year' (J. H. Parker), by Earl Nelson, supplies, on an excellent principle, a lectionary companion, so to speak, to any system of family worship. 'The testimony shadowed forth for each week by the Epistle and Gospel,' is carried out 'by appropriate selections from the different books of the Holy Scriptures.' Headings for each week are prefixed, chiefly suggested by Mr. Isaac Williams's 'Sermons for Sundays and Saints' Days,' and designed, like the old Antiphons or Benedictions, to strike the key-note of the passage. The passages for the week always include an historical example of the subject of teaching. Such a Calendar has long been wanted; and the pains bestowed on the present one ought to render it widely acceptable to Churchmen.

A third edition of the same noble author's 'Book of Family Prayers' (J. H. Parker), has also appeared. We have seen no reason to depart from the opinion we expressed of it some years ago, that it is the best manual of the kind which we possess. Its leading characteristic, it may be remembered, is the adoption of a distinct topic for each day of the week. This is the great point. But its contents and plans are also (we speak from experience) such, as, with variations easily introduced, bear the test of time and of continual use.

A 'Selection from Bishop Ken's Poems' (Hamilton), is a pleasing evidence that in these 'spasmodic' days there are some who, in sweet and simple religious thoughts, can forget the ruggedness of the verse, and that dulness which we fear marks the majority of Bishop Ken's poetry.

Mr. F. H. Dickinson's able letter, 'Convocation and the Clergy' (Ridgway), though advocating conclusions which are at issue with principles enounced in these pages, deserves and will command great attention as the production of a conscientious and thoughtful layman, whose many labours in the Church demand our respect. Mr. Dickinson, too, speaks with the experience of one who has studied the subject: and in the future of the English and Colonial Church, hints and cautions such as Mr. Dickinson's are never out of place. Both in his case and in that of Mr. Henry Hoare, who is doing good service in the same direction, we must take care not to disregard the wise counsel of friends. In such laymen is an element of strength and hope which the Church must turn to good account.

'The Last Days of the Rev. W. Ewbank' (Hayes), is the work of his

companion in travel, Mr. Skinner, late of S. Barnabas, Pimlico. It is a graceful and interesting sketch, and is not only valuable as an evidence of the amiable writer's really sympathising spirit, but shows how, amid many and serious differences, two minds, both penetrated by real religious earnestness, can coalesce. Apart from this value, the topographical notices of the Sinaitic district have their interest. Mr. Ewbank died in the desert under very sad circumstances, while on the road to Jerusalem.

Mr. Darling has commenced the second part of his 'Cyclopædia Bibliographica.' This is a catalogue of books arranged according to 'subjects,' and promises to be equal in importance and accuracy to the two handsome volumes of the Theological Catalogue, according to 'authors,' which we have already spoken of with warm commendation.

We often have to thank Mr. Brudenell Barter for an honest, outspoken indignation, not only thoroughly characteristic of himself, but very useful to us all. He says, and says very intelligibly, what many of us think, but are too refined, or have too many over-sensitive friends, hearers or readers, or social connexions, among whom the rough and ready style of the rector of Burghclere would cause something worse than ear-tingling. Mr. Barter follows up his warning on the 'Progress of Infidelity' (Masters), and he illustrates its advances by what has happened 'in London during the spring of 1857,' especially by the progress of the Divorce Bill, by the 'Exeter Hall preachments,' and by the countenance given at Lambeth and elsewhere to the Evangelical Alliance. It may be that Mr. Barter has not a very delicate way of saying a thing: but we say it at once, we should like to see some of his faithful and zealous spirit in more influential quarters. Here is a passage, which is at least intelligible:—

'Some few years since I found it to be my duty to examine the teaching 'of Mr. Smith, the high priest of the Mormonites, and of his proselytes 'especially on the subject of Holy Matrimony; and in reading lately the 'debates in our House of Lords, I have been very much struck with the 'similarity of the arguments on this subject, used by Mr. Smith and his 'friends, with the reasoning of the Chancellor of England and the noble 'Lords who have voted with him, including some Bishops, in the matter 'of the Divorce Bill. They attach the same perverted meaning to passages 'from Holy Writ, and they treat with equally arrogant and supercilious 'contempt the authority of Christ's Catholic Church. Let none of these 'men venture to speak lightly of Mr. Smith's talents or success: he 'exercised greater power than any of them ever had, or are likely to have 'on the human mind; he assembled his congregations as nearly as possible 'on Lord Shaftesbury's model; ... and persuaded them, by the force of his 'eloquence, to give up their relations and friends, and even life itself, in 'order to follow him. Rather let those members of our highest House of 'Parliament who have used the same arguments with Mr. Smith, and 'manifested the same spirit, take shame to themselves, that whereas he did 'it consistently, professing to teach a new religion of his own, they have 'done it inconsistently, professing at the same time to hold the Catholic 'Faith, and to be members of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.'—Pp. 7, 8.

We make another extract:—

'The policy of the first King of Israel and of the preachers in Exeter 'Hall, is characterised by the same short-sightedness, the same presump- 'tion, or, to use one comprehensive term, by the same irreverence. They 'both violate the customs of God's Church; on this count they are equally 'guilty: the one violates it with regard to the persons who are appointed 'to minister in holy things, the other with respect to the places appointed 'for their ministrations. They both have apparently good intentions, and 'the defence of their transgressions is the same,—namely, the expediency 'or the necessity of the deed: and if such excuses are to be of any weight 'in the matter, it is manifest that on these grounds stronger reasons may be 'advanced in favour of the sacrifice than of the preachments. For Saul 'had apparently no choice, in his utmost need, between offering no sacri- 'fice to God or offering it himself; whereas, the preachers in Exeter Hall, 'however great their conviction of the necessity of those preachments may 'be, have a choice between the aisles of their cathedrals, and the uncon- 'secrated buildings which they have preferred. By giving the preference 'to the latter, they have not only violated the custom of God's Church, 'but they have plainly signified their indifference to the sacred character 'of those holy edifices which were raised by the piety of our forefathers 'for the glory of God and His Christ.'—Pp. 4, 5.

With an eye keenly alive to immediate necessities, Mr. Ridley, of Hambleden, is among the first to ask, and to answer, the question, 'What can we do with our Fellow Subjects in India?' (Mozley). Under this title he has printed a seasonable and practical tract.

We desire to recommend, as quite a model of biblical commentary, the two volumes, 'Plain Commentary on the Psalms,' published by Mr. J. H. Parker. Founded chiefly on St. Augustine, it admirably combines the devotional and practical elements: and, while breathing of ancient piety, such good sense has guided the general construction of the Commentary, that it does not, which is sometimes the case with patristic books, look so much like an antiquarian curiosity as a living manual.

INDEX TO VOL. XXXIV.

(NEW SERIES.)

ARTICLES AND SUBJECTS.

K.

P.

S.

T.

SHORTER NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.