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ART. I.—*The History of British India, from* 1805 *to* 1835. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A., F.R.S. Vol. iii. 8vo. 1848.

ON the 30th of August, 1838, the princely city of Oodypore was the scene of a terrible solemnity. About mid-day a prolonged discharge of artillery from the fort announced the unexpected decease of Maharána Juwán Singh; and, as is usual in tropical climates, preparations for his obsequies immediately commenced. The palace-gate was thronged with the expectant populace. Something, however, in the excitement of their voices and gestures, boded the approach of a spectacle more thrilling than mere pomp could render even a royal funeral. It was not the dead alone whom the eager crowd were waiting to see pass from among them. Sculptured in startling abundance on the tombs of their rulers, the well-known effigies of *women's feet** gave ghastly assurance that a prince of Oodypore would not that day be gathered to his fathers without a wife, or a concubine, sharing his pyre. The only question was—how many? It was known that the youngest of the two queens came of a family in which the rite was rarely practised; while the suddenness of the Maharána's death had given but scanty time for any of his inferior women to mature so tremendous a resolution. Great, therefore, was the admiration of the multitude when they learnt that immediately on the fatal tidings reaching the Zenána, both the queens and six out of seven concubines had determined to burn. The seventh, a favourite, had excused herself on the plea—which, characteristically enough, was at once admitted—that 'she felt none of the inspiration deemed necessary to the sanctity of the sacrifice.'

It next became the duty of the chief nobles to address the ladies with the forms of dissuasion. But to these they quickly put an end by an act that rendered retreat impossible:—loosening their hair, and unveiling their faces, they went to the gate of the Zenána, and presented themselves before the assembled populace.

* The distinctive memorial of a Suttee. The feet of each victim are represented in relief, with the soles outwards, on the face of the mausoleum.

All opposition to their wishes now ceased. They were regarded as sacred to the departed monarch. Devout ejaculations poured incessantly from their lips. Their movements became invested with a mysterious significance; and their words were treasured up as prophetic.

Meantime the pile had been prepared. The eight victims, dressed in their richest attire, and mounted on horseback, moved with the procession to the cemetery. There they stripped off their ornaments and jewels, distributed gifts to the bystanders, and lastly, mounting the pile, took their places beside the corpse. As the Maharána had left no son, his nephew, the present Sovereign, applied the torch. The crash of music, the chanting of the priests, and the cries of the multitude arose simultaneously, and the tragedy was consummated. 'The father of one of the queens' (concludes the native report) 'had been present during the whole. He is here immersed in contemplation and grief, and his companions are comforting him.'

Perhaps at this point some of our readers may feel puzzled by the recollection that Lord William Bentinck is celebrated in numberless works as having put down all atrocities of this kind some twenty years ago. And true it is that he did so as far as his authority extended; but within that limit, as Mr. Wilson's clear narrative shows, the operation was necessarily confined. In other words, out of about 77 millions of souls, this prohibition reached directly only the 37 millions who were British subjects; indirectly, perhaps about 19 millions more, consisting of the subjects of native princes in whose internal management we had some voice; while there remained not less than 21 millions, the subjects of states which, though our allies, could be in no degree reached by the legislation of 1829. The kingdom of Oodypore, or Meywar, was of the last class. The only notice, therefore, that the Governor-General of 1838 (Lord Auckland) could take of the horrors above detailed was by way of private communication. The Resident at Oodypore was instructed to explain *unofficially* the horror with which the British Government had heard of the tragedy, and of the prominent part in it played by the new Sovereign himself. The Resident's opinion was at the same time asked, as to the most suitable compliment to be paid to those nobles who had sought to dissuade the ladies from their resolution, and the answer was noteworthy. Lord Auckland was informed that the personages in question would simply feel 'disgraced' by any tribute which should imply that their dissuasions had been meant for aught but decorous forms!

Such was the veneration in which up to a date so recent the sacrifice of Suttee was held by a vast proportion of our allies,

allies, and such the acquiescence with which the British Government perforce regarded its celebration. Within the last seven years, however, the rite has occasioned one of the most remarkable movements recorded in Eastern annals. Never before, within historical memory, had the Hindoos exhibited the phenomenon of *religious change*. During that brief period an agitation has sprung up which has led more than half the great independent states to repudiate a sacrifice regarded by their forefathers, not only as sacred, but as a standing miracle in attestation of their faith. So extraordinary an exception to the inveterate tyranny of tradition would demand investigation, were it only as a psychological problem; but how much more is this the case when the wonder is known to be the work of a single British officer! We owe to the late lamented Chairman of the Court of Directors the means of presenting our readers with the first authentic account of this triumph of skill and energy.

Strange to say, the movement originated in the very stronghold of the rite. Among the states who gloried in the readiness of their women to brave this supreme test of conjugal devotion, none exercise a wider influence over Hindoo opinion than the small knot of powers on the north-west frontier, who occupy the provinces known collectively as Rajpootána. The respect paid throughout India to the blood of the Rajpoots—(literally *the progeny of princes*)—is well known. Matrimonial alliances with their chiefs are eagerly sought by princes of thrice their territorial importance. A race of soldiers and hunters, their figures and faces are eminently handsome and martial; their voices loud; and when they laugh, it is with a hearty burst like Europeans — in broad contrast to the stealthy chuckle of the Bengálee, or the silent smile of the reserved Mussulman. Unlike those, too, they scorn the pursuits of the desk; and even agriculture has only become common among them since the tranquillization of the frontier has diminished their opportunities of obtaining military service among their feudal lords. Whatever a Hindoo knows of chivalry or nationality, he deems to be exemplified in this model race. Since, therefore, Rajpoots were renowned for the frequency of their suttees, the great independent states thought it beneath their orthodoxy to return any other answer to the remonstrances of the British Government against the rite, than that 'it would be time enough for them to prohibit it, when Rajpootána led the way.'

This they doubtless thought was to postpone a change indefinitely. Many, in truth, and pitiful were the instances which seemed to forbid the hope that Rajpoots would ever consent to take the lead in such a course. One of these has already been

given. A second—the last with which we shall pain our readers—must be added, because it illustrates the chief difficulty with which the friends of abolition had to contend. It was the belief of those officers who had acquired the longest experience in Rajpoot affairs, that every attempt on the part of the British Government to remonstrate against Suttee had been followed by an increase in the number of the sacrifices. This opinion—which, whether right or wrong, naturally carried weight with the Government, and had caused the discouragement of any active interference in the matter—was supposed to receive a further corroboration in the occurrence we are about to narrate.

Early in 1840 the Political Agent, or chargé d'affaires, at the Rajpoot court of Kotah had ventured on his own responsibility to break through the cautious reserve thus prescribed, by apprising the chief of that state, that the British Government would be greatly gratified to hear that his Highness had abolished Suttee throughout his dominions. 'My friend,' replied the prince, 'the customs alluded to have been handed down from the first fathers of mankind. They have obtained in every nation of India, and more especially in Rajpootána; for whenever a sovereign of these states has bidden farewell to life, the queens, through the yearnings of the inward spirit, have become Suttees,* notwithstanding that the relatives were averse to the sacrifice, and would have prevented it altogether. It is not in the power of a mortal to nullify a divine, though mysterious, ordinance.' With true Oriental complaisance, however, his Highness proceeded to promise his best efforts to undertake the impossibility. 'Since,' he concludes, 'it will afford the English Government peculiar pleasure, I shall take such measures as lie in my power to prohibit the practice.' It appears that nobody except the officer to whom it was addressed attached any value to this plausible assurance. The veteran diplomatist who at that time superintended our relations with the Rajpoot states was even led to augur from it some fresh outbreak of religious zeal in favour of the rite.

About 3 P.M. on the 29th October, 1840, a Brahmin, by name Luchmun, died at Kotah, and his widow declared her intention of burning with the corpse. The permission of the reigning prince had in the first instance to be obtained. Now, therefore, was the time for testing the value of the pledge which he had given to the chargé d'affaires. His Highness absolutely declined to use his authority. The chief constable was, indeed, sent to address the

* 'The term Suttee, or Sati, is strictly applicable to the person, not the rite; meaning a pure and virtuous woman; and designates the wife who completes a life of uninterrupted conjugal happiness by the act of Saha-gamana, accompanying her husband's corpse. It has come in common usage to denote the act.'—Wilson, iii. p. 265.

ordinary

ordinary dissuasions to the woman, and to promise her a livelihood in case she survived; but the victim, as usual, was resolute. To the offer of a maintenance she is reported to have answered —'There are a hundred people related to me—and I have no such thoughts to annoy me. I am about to obey the influence of God.' The sight of her infant son did not shake her. All the marvels which the arts of the priesthood conjure up on such occasions, were employed to convince the populace that it was the will of Heaven that the sacrifice should proceed. 'It has been usual'—naively wrote the Kotah minister in his exculpatory account of the catastrophe to the chargé d'affaires—'it has been usual, on a disposition to burn being evinced, to confine the individual in a room under lock and key; and if these efforts should be frustrated by the voluntary bursting of the locks and doors, it was a sure sign that her intention was pure and sincere, and that it was useless to oppose it. *This test was applied on the present occasion, and both locks and doors flew open!* Moreover, it was known that a *Suttee's words for good or for evil would assuredly come true*, which of itself deterred any spectator from interfering. Your Agency messenger brought her to the palace and took her by the hand; though, as she was regarded as dead to the world and all its creatures, this ought not to have been done. He was told to take a guard and dissuade her if he could, but he did not succeed.'—The chief constable soon obtained sufficient warranty of the strength of the woman's determination to satisfy him of the propriety of ordering the pile. Twenty pounds of sandal wood, and twenty more of cotton rope, together with faggots and flax, were accordingly put together in haste by the river side; and the funeral procession was on the point of commencing, when the Resident sent a servant of his own to make one more effort to dissuade the victim. The messenger found the Brahmins plying her with camphor, and was wholly unable to overcome the natural and artificial exaltation which she exhibited. Moreover, the crowd were impatient at what they deemed so pertinacious an opposition to the Divine will, and bore the woman off to the palace, in order to obtain the chief's prohibition of any further attempts of the kind. The messenger had the courage to accompany them. On being admitted to the presence, he reminded his Highness of his late promise to the Resident; but his remonstrances were quickly neutralized by an adroit hint to the prince from a native courtier, 'that if the widow's purpose were thwarted, she might utter some imprecations fatal to the state!' On this his Highness declared that he would stand neutral in the matter — 'he would neither assent nor dissent—the messenger might do his best.' The Brahmins and crowd of course interpreted

preted this as it was meant; they jostled the emissaries of the chargé d'affaires, and even threw out threats against that officer himself, in case of any further interference. Musicians now came out from the palace to assist at the ceremony; a sumptuous dress and ornaments were presented to the woman; and thus decorated and attended, she was conducted to the place of sacrifice. Secret orders to use despatch had in the mean time been sent by the Prince; and so well were these obeyed, that within three hours of Luchmun Brahmin's death his widow had shared his obsequies.

It is true that cases are on record in which, at the supreme moment, women have lost courage, and, starting from the pile, have torn off their sacrificial garlands, and cried aloud for mercy! Unhappily, too, it is not improbable that on such occasions the fatal belief that a suttee's resolution once voluntarily taken is irrevocable, may have caused the bystanders to thrust the victim remorselessly back into the flames; or if, from British interposition, a rescue has been effected, the woman has, it may be, survived only to curse the pity which, to save her from a few moments of pain, has deprived her, as she deemed, of ages of happiness. These things have been; but, with very rare exceptions, the Suttee has been a voluntary victim. Resolute, undismayed, confident in her own inspiration, but betraying by the tone of her prophecies—which are almost always auspicious—and by the gracious acts with which she takes leave of her household, and by the gifts which she lavishes on the bystanders, that her tender woman's heart is the true source whence that inspiration flows, the child-widow has scarcely time to bewail her husband ere she makes ready to rejoin him. She is dressed like a bride, but it is as a bride who has been received within the zenána of her bridegroom. Her veil is put off, her hair unbound; and so adorned and so exposed, she goes forth to gaze on the strange world for the first time, face to face, ere she leaves it. She does not blush or quail. She scarcely regards the bearded crowd who press so eagerly towards *her*. Her lips move in momentary prayer. Paradise is in her view. She sees her husband awaiting with approbation the sacrifice which shall restore her to him dowered with the expiation of their sins, and ennobled with a martyr's crown. What wonder if, dazzled with these visionary glories, she heeds not the shouting throng, the ominous pile? Exultingly she mounts the last earthly couch which she shall share with her lord. His head she places fondly on her lap. The priests set up their chant—it is a strange hymeneal—and her first-born son, walking thrice round the pile, lights the flame. If the impulse which can suffice to steel a woman's nerves to encounter

so painful a death, and to overpower the yearnings of her heart towards the children she may leave behind her—if such an impulse is, even to the eye of philosophy, a strange evidence of the power of faith, and of the depth and strength of tenderness—surely we may well conceive how the superstitious Hindoo should trace in it more directly the finger of God himself. They, we are persuaded, will best cope with this superstition—for they alone will comprehend the grounds on which it rests—who, content with the weapons of truth, will own, that love, and beauty, and death—terror, wonder, pity—never conspired to form a rite more solemn and affecting to the untutored heart of man.*

The confirmation that the Kotah case appeared to give to the current opinions on the danger of interference, had naturally caused an official neutrality on the subject to be prescribed more strictly than ever to our Residents at native courts; and a complete inaction was the order of the day. Not to multiply instances of this policy, we may mention that in 1842 Lord Ellenborough expressly declined to sanction an offer made by the chargé d'affaires at Hyderabad, to procure from its Mahomedan ruler a prohibition of the rite.

It was in the midst of this general despondency that Major (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Ludlow, chargé d'affaires at Jypore, conceived the idea of assailing the superstition in its stronghold. His scheme was simple and not new—qualities which are the best evidence of the difficulties that had hitherto prevented its execution. Long ago, Oriental scholars, both native and European, had shown that the rite was not only unsanctioned, but inferentially forbidden, by the earliest and most authoritative Hindoo scriptures. Nay, Colonel Tod in his book on Rajpootána had actually indicated this anomaly in Hindoo doctrine as the best point of attack for abolitionists to select. Yet though that valuable work was published in 1829, and though the author, from the position he long held as chief diplomatic officer in the country he so well describes, had the amplest opportunities for carrying out his own suggestion, it was reserved for Major

* 'I have heard,' says Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, 'that in Guzerat women about to burn are often stupefied with opium. In most other parts this is certainly not the case. Women go through all the ceremonies with astonishing composure and presence of mind, and have been seen seated, unconfined, among the flames, apparently praying, and raising their joined hands to their heads with as little agitation as at their ordinary devotions. The sight of a widow burning is a most painful one; but it is hard to say whether the spectator is most affected by pity or admiration. The more than human serenity of the victim, and the respect which she receives from all around her, are heightened by her gentle demeanor and her care to omit nothing in distributing her last presents, and paying the usual marks of courtesy to the bystanders; while the cruel death that awaits her is doubly felt from her own apparent insensibility to its terrors.'—*History of India*, i. 361.

Ludlow,

Ludlow, in 1844, to put it to the test of practice, and to vanquish the obstacles which had hitherto confined it to the dream-land of speculative benevolence.

The explanation of this previous inaction is not difficult. Scholars, it is true, had proved Suttee to be an innovation and a heresy; but it was an innovation of 2000 years' standing, and a heresy abetted by the priesthood since the days of Alexander. Though unnoticed by Menu, the supplementary writings with which the Hindoos, like the Jews, have overlaid their primitive books, are profuse in its praise. Above all—let the force of the appeal from the more recent to the primitive code be what it might—it could not but be attended with suspicion when proceeding from religionists who equally repudiated both the one and the other. It is no matter for surprise that Englishmen should have hesitated long to assail with the delicate weapon of theological criticism a rite thus strong in remote antiquity, in venerated records, in a hierarchy at once ignorant and unscrupulous, and in the associations with which innumerable traditions of womanly courage and constancy had ennobled it in the eyes of the Hindoo people.

His resolution once taken, however, there were circumstances in Major Ludlow's position not unfavourable to the enterprise. He enjoyed peculiar opportunities of intercourse with the nobles of the court to which he was accredited. The prince of Jypore was a minor, and the government was carried on by a council of regency, over which the Major presided. Not only did he thus possess a more direct voice in the administration than his post of chargé d'affaires would have given him, but he had already so used this vantage-ground as to dissipate to an extraordinary degree the jealousies likely to be excited in his native colleagues by any interference with their domestic customs. He had even contrived to bring the other Rajpoot states to combine with Jypore for an object not wholly alien from that which he had at present in view. Then, as now, the abuse which he had undertaken to assail concerned their zenánas; and his bitterest opponents were likely to be found amongst the priests.

Old maids, as our readers have probably heard, are sadly depreciated in the East. A Rajpoot girl who remains long unwedded is a disgrace to her house; but that was not the only danger which but a few years ago her father had to fear. Should he succeed in finding her a husband, the chances were that the family estates would be hopelessly encumbered in providing the gratuities claimed by the priests and minstrels who were certain to flock to the nuptials. No Rajpoot is above the dread of satire and imprecations; and those worthies notoriously dispensed their blessings and

and applauses, or their curses and lampoons, according to the price at which their services were retained. The result was that their favour was purchased at almost any cost. 'The Dahima emptied his coffers on the marriage of his daughter,' ran a favourite distich of these venal bards, 'but he filled them with the praises of mankind.' The Rajpoots at large were not disposed to be Dahimas, nor yet to brave the scandal of housing marriageable daughters. They found refuge from the dilemma in infanticide. Parents reared just so many girls as they could afford to marry off, and destroyed the rest. The criminality of the practice was, indeed, acknowledged. Rajpoot decorum demanded that it should be veiled in secrecy; but that was all. A trifling penance absolved the perpetrator. Nobody dreamed of dragging such affairs into publicity. If a son was born, the fact was announced to inquirers with exultation; if a daughter, the answer was —*Nothing!* and those who came to congratulate went silent away. It must not be supposed that this system had grown up to such monstrous maturity without some degree of resistance on the part of the native rulers. It appears that here and there, and at various periods, a Rajpoot prince had sought to reach the evil by sumptuary enactments in restraint of nuptial gratuities; but that fear of the reproach of their kinsmen in neighbouring communities had invariably deterred his subjects from taking advantage of the remedy.

Major Ludlow conceived that he saw his way to improving on these precedents. He conjectured that if the various states throughout Rajpootána could be brought to agree to a *common* scale of such largesses, apportioned to the revenue of the bride's parents, with uniform penalties for all demands in excess, the problem might be solved. Nothing, however, is harder than to bring the tenacious principalities of Rajpootána to act together on any subject. What could seem more so than to bring them to work in concert on a question involving points so delicate as the largesses to be dispensed on their daughters' weddings, and the comparative claims of their minstrels and priests?—It was certain, too, that, failing this agreement, no measure of the kind could be demanded of them by the British Government without a breach of the treaties that secured the freedom of their internal administrations. In spite of these obstacles Major Ludlow obtained permission to do his best, on the single condition of using no direct solicitation towards the chiefs. His first efforts were thus confined to his brother diplomatists, and such native deputies as resided at Jypore for the purpose of communicating on plunder-cases. The latter, gradually coming into the idea, promulgated it among their respective governments; and by this indirect process he at length succeeded in obtaining the enactment

enactment of an international sumptuary law which has rid Rajpootána of a most frightful scourge and stigma.

Never probably before, since the origin of the Rajpoot States, had their jealousies and divisions been even temporarily suspended. But the advantage of this concert was rendered palpable to them by their delivery from a ruinous system of extortion, with all its frightful and unnatural results. They were aware that the merit of this social, rather than political, reform, was due to Ludlow's private exertions; and thus between him and themselves there sprung up a relation on such subjects, which the antipathies of race and religion very seldom allow of among Englishmen and Hindoos. What, then, if he could avail himself of these aids to accomplish an infinitely harder undertaking? He had rid the Rajpoots of a practice which their consciences condemned. Could he rid them of one to the full as terrible, which they revered? He had rescued her child for the mother. Could he rescue the mother for the child? It was doubtless much for an Englishman to hope to tear aside the prescriptive sanctions which for twenty centuries had elevated the Indian widow's cruel martyrdom into the holiest of mysteries; but if the shock was ever to be given, it was now, and at Jypore. The resident Vakeels would communicate it to all the Rajpoot States; and whenever Rajpootána should lead the way in breaking through 'the traditions of the elders,' Hindostan at large was tolerably certain to follow.

The hour, the place, and the man, all favoured the design. One lion, however, there was in the path. Major Ludlow could not hope that the permission given him to use his personal influence with the convention of Vakeels to promote measures against female infanticide, would be extended to any similar undertaking against Suttee. The acknowledged criminality of the one practice and the reputed sanctity of the other made here all the difference; and we have already alluded to the belief on the part of the British authorities, which so many facts had seemed to substantiate, that the efforts of our diplomatists in the independent states to check the rite had tended only to an opposite effect. As an essential condition therefore to success, and on pain of having his operations summarily suspended, Major Ludlow was compelled to work unseen. He determined, if possible, to induce two or three trustworthy and influential natives to undertake the cause; to ply *them* with the critical objection drawn from the older Scriptures; and by declaring his own resolution to remain neutral till public opinion had declared itself, to excite in them the ambition of taking the lead. He found a person admirably adapted to his purpose in the Financial Minister of the court at which he was accredited.

accredited. Seth Manick Chund belonged to a sect whose distaste for destruction in all its forms is singular even in the East. The Oswal tribe do not wilfully slay the meanest animal. Carrying out the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to its logical result—viewing in every insect a possible human intelligence, and as yet blissfully ignorant of the revelations of the oxy-hydrogen microscope—their priests carry besoms to sweep the ground on which they tread, and cover their mouths with gauze, to avoid the scandal of inhaling their ancestors, or of crushing them wholesale under foot. One result of this tenderness for life in every form is that they disapprove of Suttees. To the Financial Minister, therefore, and to his own head Moonshee, Major Ludlow communicated all the arguments he thought likely to be of use; and thus charged, they betook themselves to the High Priest of Jypore.

Warily, and as if on their own account, they pressed this important dignitary with the omission of all mention of Suttee in the Code of Menu; with the inferential prohibition of the rite in the denunciations contained in that work against suicide; and with its promise to widows *living* chastely of eternal felicity with their husbands—whereas even the writings which countenanced the sacrifice, limited the duration of its recompense to the comparative *bagatelle* of forty-five millions of years. In addition to these objections, already familiar to Oriental scholars, Major Ludlow supplied his emissaries with two others at least as efficacious. Pope's Universal Prayer embodies, it appears, a favourite sentiment of Hindoo moralists:—

> 'What conscience dictates to be done,
> Or warns me not to do;
> This teach me more than hell to shun,
> That *more than Heaven* pursue.'

But the Hindoo divines assert, not only that the love of goodness for its own sake ought to *prevail* over the hopes of posthumous reward, but that the slightest intrusion of an interested motive is fatal. What more easy than to apply this dogma to the poor widow bent on earning by a cruel death her own and her husband's salvation? Her devotion was represented as a mercenary calculation of profit and loss. She did but mock the Deity with the unclean sacrifice of a selfish bargain. Was the martyr's crown her aim? She had forfeited it by that very aspiration!

Major Ludlow wound up these arguments by a shrewd appeal to national pride. Suttee (urged his emissaries), unwarranted by Menu, was the evident invention of some degenerate race, whose women were worthless, and whose widows, if they survived, would bring reproach on the memory of their lords. To such it might be left. The honour of Rajpoot husbands was in safer keeping;

and

and the fair fame of their daughters was aspersed by the mere retention of so disgraceful a security!

The High Priest received these representations with surprising candour. In less than six months he was induced to put forth a document, in which he adopted all the theological arguments, and declared authoritatively that the self-immolation of widows was less meritorious than their practising 'the living suttee of chastity and devotion!' This was evidently half the battle. Major Ludlow now personally entered into the contest, so far as to cause the manifesto to be shown at his residence to the various Vakeels who came there to transact business; and these in their turn communicated its contents to their masters. A religious agitation sprung up and spread widely. At the same time there could be little doubt that, let the impression produced by the High Priest's decision be what it might, no man of rank—least of all a Rajpoot Sovereign—would be anxious to proclaim himself the first convert.

To iterate day by day the same arguments—to be ever on the stretch to discover methods of rendering them more efficient—to confirm the wavering—to encourage those who were already compromised as abolitionists—above all, to keep within the delicate line that severed his private advocacy of the High Priest's dictum from his official adhesion to it—here was an arduous combination of aims; and the Major knew that if he failed in any one of them, a quick and mischievous reaction of public opinion would render the object of all his toil more distant than ever, and expose him to the censure of his own Government. But what then? It was the old alternative of every man wiser and braver than his fellows; the criterion would be success. If he did not win the palm of a benefactor of his race, he must be content to be reproached as a meddler whose untimely zeal had but injured a noble cause.

Within a few months of the issue of the High Priest's manifesto, that personage died. Never, not even during his last sickness, did he receive the slightest message or civility from Major Ludlow. So important was it deemed to give no ground for the imputation of a secret understanding between them. While, therefore, it was part of the good fortune attending this enterprise that the High Priest should have left the scene in the odour of sanctity before he had leisure to retract or modify his opinion, it was probably due to Major Ludlow's caution that the public faith in the honesty of the manifesto remained to the last unshaken.

And now the fruit of all this untiring energy began to appear. One by one the members of the Council of Regency declared themselves in favour of the legal prohibition of Suttee, though they did not as yet think proper to pledge the infant sovereign to so critical a measure.

a measure. Most of the nobles connected with the Court were avowed abolitionists, and three of the tributary provinces of Jypore actually issued enactments against the rite. Their example was followed by several petty neighbouring states.

Major Ludlow believed that the time was come for bolder measures. Every thing depended on the utmost publicity being given to the adhesions he had already received. Great as was the general respect for the deceased High Priest's authority, the timid were not likely to be converted except in good company, and, as has been said, the timidest of all in a matter of Rajpoot orthodoxy would be the Rajpoot sovereign. He was aware, indeed, that rumour had already befriended him in this respect. The resident Vakeels had, as a matter of course, kept their masters throughout Rajpootána well acquainted with the progress of the strange agitation at Jypore. But those functionaries had no access to the letters which, in his capacity of President of the Council of Regency, he had from time to time received from the leading abolitionists; and such documents, forming collectively a very imposing record of opinion in high places, had now accumulated in his hands. These he resolved to turn to account. He sent copies of the whole correspondence to two or three of his brother diplomatists in Rajpootána, in order that they might communicate it to the Courts to which they were attached. The result was his first and only check. His official superior, apprised by the circulation of these documents, took alarm and arrested the whole proceeding. The mortification to Ludlow must have been great; but there remained so much to be done, and by means so foreign to the routine of official experience, that we can scarcely be surprised that the first impression inspired by the promulgation of the plan was one of distrust. When, however, a year had passed without any evil resulting from the agitation of the subject, the able superior who had thus felt it his duty to interpose his authority, so far withdrew his opposition as to issue a circular to the chiefs, urging, on the grounds already taken, not indeed the prohibition of Suttee, but the imposition of penalties on all persons abetting the widow in the rite.

Happily the event surpassed these cautious advances, and proved how little Major Ludlow had overrated the strength of the movement. In eight months' time from the issuing of the circular (August 23rd, 1846) *the Council of Regency at Jypore led the way among the great independent Rajpoot states in declaring Suttee penal on all parties engaged in it, principals as well as accessories.* Lord Hardinge, then at Simla, at once caused a notification of this event, coupled with an expression of thanks to

to Major Ludlow, to be published in the Government Gazette (Sept. 22, 1846); and so vast and so swift was the effect of this example, and of the prominence thus judiciously assigned to it, that before Christmas his Lordship was enabled to announce the prohibition of Suttee by eleven out of the eighteen Rajpoot principalities, and by five out of the remaining sixteen free states of India! Of the whole territory then exempt from internal control, more than two-thirds were gained over to the cause of abolition within four months from the Jypore proclamation.*

To persons unacquainted with the influence of Rajpootána on Hindustan, so sudden an interruption of the torpor of ages must have appeared too momentous to be ascribed to the seemingly simple measures at Jypore which it immediately followed. It was as if Major Ludlow had thrown a pebble from the shore, and the ice of an arctic sea had riven before him. Yet

* The following table gives, we believe, with a tolerable approach to accuracy, a view of the progress of the cause of abolition among those states which have the control of their internal affairs:—

Abolitionist (18). *Rajpootána.*	Square Miles.	Non-Abolitionist (16). *Rajpootána.*	Square Miles.
Jypore	13,427	Meywar	11,784
Kotah	3,102	Jodhpore	34,132
Jhálawar	1,287	Ulwur	3,235
Boondee	2,291	Bikaneer	18,060
Jessulmere	9,779	Kishengurh	724
Banswarra	1,440	Bhurtpore (Jaut)	1,946
Purtabgurh	1,457		
Doongurpore	2,005	Total	69,881
Kerowlee	1,870		
Sirohee	3,024	Baroda (Mahratta)	5,525
Dholepore	1,626	Katteewar (Rajpoot)	19,424
Ameer Khan (Mahomedan)		Bhopal (Mahomedan)	6,772
		Cutch (Rajpoot)	7,396
Total		Dhar (Rajpoot)	1,465
		Sawuntwarree (Mahratta)	935
Hyderabad (Mahomedan)	88,887	The four protected Sikh States	16,602
Indore (Mahratta)	4,245		
Rewah (Rajpoot)	10,310	Total area	128,000.
Bundelkund	16,173		
Gwalior (Mahratta)	32,944		
Cashmere about	1,500		
Total area	197,000		

Kotah did not give in its adhesion until the following March; while Indore is now stated to have prohibited the rite so long ago as the reign of Hurree-Rao Holkar. That enactment had, it is allowed, remained unheard of elsewhere down to the date of the proclamation at Jypore; but this may be explained by the slight importance likely to be attached by Hindoos in general to the religious proceedings of a community of Mahrattas. The Sikh empire, since (with the exception of Cashmere) annexed to our dominions, is included among the five abolitionist States out of Rajpootána, alluded to in our text.

never

never did a train of events less deserve to be ranked as mere coincidences. If any further proof were necessary, we might point to the fact that the state of Gwalior, in proclaiming Suttee penal, expressly cited as its authority the edict from Jypore; while nearly every abolitionist sovereign assigned as the grounds of his adhesion the very arguments that had obtained the Jypore high-priest's sanction. The recognition of Major Ludlow's services by his own immediate superior was hearty: 'The last Political Agent,' wrote Colonel Sutherland to the Government, 'was, I believe, as little prepared for the abolition of Suttee at Jypore as I was on my return to that capital in May, 1846; and it is almost exclusively to Major Ludlow's influence that we are indebted for the first promulgation of the law prohibiting Suttee in a Hindoo principality.' * Major Ludlow's aids were, a superior utterly incapable of petty jealousies, and ready to abandon his own anti-abolitionist views directly abolition appeared possible; a variety of British officers residing at other native courts, eager to forward the good work when once begun; a Governor-General capable of appreciating the lustre which such an achievement would cast on an administration already bright with military glories; and last, not least, a Court of Directors ever prompt in the recognition of great services.

Our narrative is concluded. It would be a strangely superficial view that saw in it nothing but a skilful series of measures by which a certain annual saving of female life has been effected, to the gain of Eastern morality, and to the credit of the chief actor. The great fact it teaches is, that *the Hindoo mind is capable of advance even in the department where its immobility has been deemed most absolute—traditionary faith.*

More than threescore years have passed since Burke thus described our Indian Empire:—

'With us, are no retributory superstitions by which a foundation of charity compensates through ages to the poor for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments, which repair the mischiefs that pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools. England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument either of state or beneficence behind him. Were *we* to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by anything better than the ourang-outang or the tiger.'

Doubtless when this eloquent invective was uttered many of

* Governor-General's Agent for Rajpootana, 11th September, 1847.

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the 'monuments' desiderated by the orator were due at our hands; and great and valuable have been the efforts since made in recognition of the debt. But Burke himself did not dream of *moral* memorials, of records traced in the faith and customs of the people. It may be questioned, indeed, whether he did not hold them superfluous. 'This multitude of men,'—he said of the natives of India on the same occasion—'does not consist of an abject and barbarous populace, but a people for ages civilized and cultivated—cultivated by all the arts of polished life whilst we were in the woods.' There, in truth, has lain the difficulty of their making any further advance. It was this very polish—a polish of luxury rather than of civilization—a polish of surface incompatible with growth—that, like the glittering cement encasing the Pyramids, preserved the primeval institutions of Hindustan through twenty centuries of rapine and subjection, proof alike to the whirling wastes of barbarism and the keen assaults of Western intellect. It was the inveterate complacency, sprung from this very idea that they possessed most of the arts of peace when the rest of mankind were 'in the woods,' which had convinced them that nothing remained to add to their mental stores, and that to arrange and adorn their existing materials was for ever their only duty. Nay, so absolute was this state of optimism that no one custom or tenet was held less indisputably excellent than another, for all derived their importance from the common sanction of antiquity. A change in a Hindoo's food or his faith, in his *poojah* or his porridge, was equally odious to him—equally a reflection on the infallibility of his forefathers,—to question which were indeed 'confusion worse than death.'

That the semibarbarous conquerors from northern Asia, whose 'retributory superstitions' Burke has eulogised, should have been able to break into so compact a system, was not, perhaps, to be expected. India rather influenced them than they India, and, like a voluptuous mistress, enervated each in turn—till he resigned her to some hardier captor. But even the European invaders who were saved from such a fate, if by no other cause, by this—that their physical constitution precluded them from settling on the soil—even they, with all the energy which a constant recruiting of the governing class from the West has secured to their respective dynasties, had never, until the period of our narrative, broken one of the links in the ancient chain of Hindoo *dustoor*. The distressing failures of our own missionaries are notorious. 'How,' wrote the zealous but truthful Henry Martin, after more than a year's fruitless labour on that impracticable soil—

'How

'How shall it ever be possible to convince a Hindoo or Brahmin of anything? . . . . Truly if ever I see a Hindoo a real believer in Jesus, I shall see something more nearly approaching the resurrection of a dead body than anything I have yet seen. This last week a Brahmin came three or four days following, and stayed an hour or two each time. I told him all that God had done for mankind from the beginning; the evidence of Christianity, the nature of it, the folly and wickedness of their religion; in short, every topic that could affect a human being. At the end of all he was exactly as at the beginning: *the same serene smile denotes the absence of all feeling.*'—*Journal*, p. 536.

And again, a year and a half later: 'Were the Hindoo woman you mention a true convert, she would be a rich reward for a life's labour; but alas! I doubt of every Hindostanee Christian in Hindostan' (*Ib.*, p. 628). This opinion seems to have been shared by Sir James Mackintosh. 'He thought that little was to be apprehended and little hoped for from the exertions of the missionaries' (*Ib.*, p. 706). It is true that by dint of unflagging efforts the pioneers of the Gospel in the East have attained, in Southern India especially, a degree of success which would have astonished Martin. But the sum of conversions, when viewed with reference to the number of our subjects, is as a drop in the ocean. And how, in effect, can a people who conceive themselves to be living in a very atmosphere of miracles, celestial and diabolical, attach adequate importance to the evidence of those wonders by which the divine origin of Christianity is attested? On the other hand, if they are to judge us by 'our fruits,' what are the qualities likely to attract their regard? In our preachers they see none of that terrible asceticism with which the naked fakeer or self-torturing jogee successfully challenges their reverence. The exposure of our women's faces, the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes in our social meetings, our dancing, our unscrupulous diet, are, each of them, features which, however innocent in themselves, shock that material morality which the natives best appreciate. They admit, indeed, our veracity, justice, and energy, and that 'beaver-like' faculty which one of our own satirists has seized as the principal national attribute. That it is our destiny, for some inscrutable purpose, to make our penknives bristle from pole to pole, to run a girdle round the earth with our printed yarns, and to fight, if need be, for these objects like Roostums, or scheme like Faridoons—all these things are admitted by the natives, and the contemplation of them fills them with wonder and awe. But alas! no less true is it that none of these things move their envy. If, therefore, success in teaching the Hindoo a higher and truer civilization is possible at all, our first efforts must be directed

towards convincing them of the defects of their own system, rather than of the merits of ours—when they can appreciate the last, the battle will have been won. Eight years ago, to a proposal even thus limited, nobody could have been blamed for objecting with Henry Martin, 'How shall it ever be possible to convince a Hindoo of anything?' But who can say that it is hopeless *now*, when half the states of Hindostan have been brought to repudiate a rite which was held holy by their race for full three centuries before the Christian era? True, the arguments which have effected the change have been of a kind that left the validity of their ancient books unassailed—nay, the doctrine of one series has been abandoned mainly, if not solely, on account of its incompatibility with still older and more venerated authorities. But it is surely needless to point out the consequences of admitting reason, in what guise soever, into the domain of tradition. Call it mere comparative criticism, if we will—the truth remains equally obvious, that criticism, once sanctioned in any form, will in the end detect something more than the discrepancies between rival records. Let us then appreciate our vantage-ground. The small end of the wedge is inserted—how are we to drive it home?

In the first place, we should suggest the importance of making the significance of the movement in its bearings on the fallibility both of tradition and of the priesthood, as apparent to the whole Hindoo family as it is to ourselves. Let the present generation be made to understand, however much the effort may cost them, that they have, in fact, declared and proved themselves wiser than all their predecessors since the date of the Shasters. Let them perceive that it is not only harmless but good to exercise reason—at any rate for the purpose of reviving the primeval wisdom of the Code. And we may fairly hope that Hindoo intellect, having once exercised its wings so far, will not fold them up for ever afterwards in serene contemplation of the age of Menu.

In the next place, let us guard against relapse. Before now there have been native rulers, more enlightened or less devout than their subjects, who have endeavoured to put down the most cruel among the Hindoo rites. But whatever effect their enactments may have had during their own reigns, the flood of popular superstition invariably rolled back afterwards, and their laws soon sank into matters of history. To avoid this danger, our Government should be constantly on the watch to see that its abolitionist allies carry out their own proclamations. Marks of favour might reward every display of zeal in this direction; while reactionaries might be made to understand that we regarded their adhesion

adhesion to the cause of humanity as in some sort a compact with ourselves.

Finally, there is now before us in Rajpootána an excellent opening for educating the higher classes of natives in the independent states of Northern India. The schools at Agra and at Calcutta are too remote for their benefits to reach these influential provinces. We possess in Ajmere, situated as it is in the midst of Rajpootána, a small tract of territory admirably adapted for the purpose. Not only is it advisable, in choosing a site for such a foundation, to prefer the vicinity of a race who influence the mind of Hindostan more widely than any other—but it also happens that the Rajpoots are more likely than any other of our allies to accept the benefits of education at our hands. This is due in part to the confidence which our respect for their liberties, ever since we first rescued their country from the Mahratta yoke, has inspired; in part, to the increased facilities for making pilgrimages to distant shrines afforded by our roads—which, by familiarizing them with the superior fertility and order of the British territory, have already stimulated in them a degree of curiosity as to the secret of our success. Great numbers of Rajpoots have accepted vaccination from us at the risk of offending one of the direst divinities in their Pantheon—Matajee, the *goddess of small-pox!* Above all, they have now been the first to co-operate with us in putting down Suttee. Such are the tokens both of greater independence of spirit, and of amity towards ourselves, which have satisfied those most competent to judge that the higher Rajpoots would gladly lead the way in making use of a college at Ajmere. The only educational experiment hitherto made there was at a period when our relations, both at Jypore and Jodhpore, were on the most unfriendly footing. Of course it failed. But under no circumstances would it have availed for the objects now indicated. What is wanted in the first instance is not so much a school for the lower orders, as a college to which the chiefs can send their sons, accompanied by something of that state and retinue which native nobles consider essential to their rank. The lecturers should be gentlemen—men of habitual courtesy. Honorary privileges connected with the foundation might be placed within reach of the leading Rajpoots, who would in all probability forward the scheme in proportion as it appeared to identify them with the Supreme Government. Finally, no religious instruction must be attempted. This proviso is essential. You may write Christianity or any other faith on the *tabula rasa* of a savage mind; with a people, not in the infancy of barbarism, but in the decrepitude of a precocious civilization, you have to unteach before you can teach; and an interval must occur between

the two processes. The direct extrusion of one religion by another absolutely distinct, after the fashion of the pellets of a popgun, is too rare and exceptional to be anticipated anywhere, least of all in India. Nor can the miraculous extension of Christianity in primitive times be so good a guide to us here as the local experience of our own propagandists. There is, we fear, almost of necessity, a sceptical period that supervenes on the tearing up of the old belief which has wound its roots round all a man's thoughts and associations; and he is happy in whose life the truth can spring from the soil so disturbed by the eradication of falsehood. It is perhaps possible that our efforts to educate the Hindoos may not do more than destroy idolatry in one generation; and that the intolerable want of *something to hold by* will not necessitate the adoption of Christianity in its place till the next. Be that as it may, we must remember that the choice is not between religious and secular education for the Hindoos, but between secular education and none at all. We must do what we can to give that enlightenment which will be adequate to discover the deformities of error, and *then* perchance our pupils may learn to see the beauties of truth.

We do not envy the man who can see nothing in the career thus opening before England in the East but hazard to her empire. 'Once teach the natives,' say these reasoners, 'the absurdities of their divisions of caste and creed, and we shall lose the chief security for our power.' It is enough to answer, that England holds her possessions of God, not of the devil; and that the world has never seen a satanic counsel answer in the long run. The future may be dark, but it will not be dangerous, so long as our conduct is guided by the principle that Morals and Policy cannot be antagonistic. What, in fine, has been our experience in India? One by one the worst reproaches in its administration have disappeared; extortion, corruption, and cruelty are matters of the past; and, in the same degree, the loyalty of our native subjects, the deference of our allies, and the confusion of our enemies have become more and more conspicuous. It is thus, and not by the selfish calculations that marked its origin, that our Eastern empire has grown to be a wonder of the world. Like a coralline island, its foundations were laid by petty agencies, working for ends they knew not of. But the storm and the sunshine, and the dews of heaven, have descended on the harsh superstructure, and softened and ripened it into a generous soil, needing, of a truth, abundant husbandry, but already rich with increase and full of promise.

ART. II.

ART. II.—1. *The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, viewed in connexion with Public Events and the Spirit of the Times in which he lived.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 2 vols. 1830.

2. *The Prose Works of the Right Rev. Father in God, Thos. Ken, D.D., sometime Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells; to which are added some of his Letters (never before published), and a short Account of his Life.* By W. Hawkins, Esq., his Executor. The whole collected by J. T. Round, B.D. 1838.

3. *Prayers for all Persons who come to the Baths for Cure.* By T. Ken, &c. *With a brief Life.* By J. H. Markland, F.R.S. 1849.

4. *The Life of T. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells.* By a Layman. 1851.

IF Mr. Bowles were alive, we should feel ourselves restrained from noticing his book, not merely by our general respect for his character, but by a sense of the thorough honesty, simplicity, and kindliness which appear in every page of the volumes themselves, nay, even by gratitude for the amusement which we have derived from their strange medley of contents. But now that the good old poetical Canon has been laid in the cloisters of Sarum, we may say, we presume, without fear of causing pain in any quarter, that it would be difficult to name a more unfortunate attempt at biography than his so-called Life of Ken. The book is indeed about everything but Ken. Recollections of the author's school and college life—rhapsodies on the principle of toleration—scraps of original poetry—disquisitions on the Calvinistic system—defences of the Church Establishment, of the Universities, and of Public Schools—assaults on 'Useful Knowledge'—eulogies of friends—details of quarrels with adversaries now long dead or forgotten;—such are, for the most part, the materials. And not only this—but the few incidents of Ken's own story scattered through the text are really not *related* at all. Mr. Bowles in all cases assumes that these are already known to the reader—he alludes to them again and again before reaching the stage to which they belong—and when at length we expect to meet with a sober detail of the facts, we are usually put off with some pages of reflections, or our Yorick hurries us away to some other matter which has little or no connexion with Ken.

Mr. Bowles was led to take up his subject by personal circumstances and attachments, not by any interest in the serious questions which are involved in it. He had been at Winchester School—so had Ken. He had been at Oxford—so had Ken. He was a divine and

and a poet—and Ken united the same characters. One of his brethren in the chapter of Salisbury was Dr. Hawes, a descendant of Ken's sister, and of his earliest biographer Hawkins. He had been a schoolfellow, and he continued to be an acquaintance, of Thomas, second Marquis of Bath—representative of the nobleman who gave the Bishop an asylum in his evil day. But of the history of the non-jurors he neither knew anything when he undertook the task, nor essayed to learn anything as he proceeded with it. If he had looked even into the most obvious sources of information, he would not have printed, as if entirely new to the world, a manuscript list of the deprived clergy far more imperfect than that which had appeared upwards of a century before—in the Life of Kettlewell. We must not, however, waste our space in criticising a book which was published more than twenty years ago—when the doings of 1828 and 1829 were recent and the Reform Bill unpassed; when some right reverend Fathers were still at college, and distinguished senators in the nursery. Suffice it to say, that, if Ken was to have a worthy biography, it was too evidently yet to be written.

In the mean time the Bishop's merits have not been forgotten. First, he received the somewhat equivocal honour of a canonization, in the Tracts for the Times—one of the Roman offices for the festivals of confessors being adapted to the anniversary of his death. Next came Mr. Round's excellent edition of the prose works, including the old Life by Hawkins, and some Letters never before published. Then single works were reprinted—some of them accompanied by sketches of the author's life. Of these sketches the latest and the most considerable is that by Mr. Markland, of which we need only say that it is such as might have been expected from him—distinguished by good feeling and good taste, by copious knowledge and sound judgment. And lastly, we have now to welcome a new and ample biography by 'A Layman'—a gentleman of the name of Anderdon, as we gather from one of Mr. Markland's notes. (p. 45.)

On taking up this last *Life*, we were struck at once by the writer's manifest love for his subject, and by the labour and care which he had bestowed on it; but (to confess the truth) our impression was that we had got hold of a rather weak, sentimental, euphuistic book. In the opening sections there is an affectation of quaintness and phrase-making—obviously imitated from Walton, and no less nauseous in the copy than pleasing in the original. From Walton, too, has been borrowed the practice, not admirable certainly in any modern writer, of relating and describing imaginary things, as if they were unquestionable facts.

facts. Then there are continual digressive preachings, without any novelty either of matter or of manner, often palpably mistaken, and all in a tone which appears to us very unlikely to do good at a time when every hint of defects in the Church of England is caught up by many persons as an argument in favour of Rome.* But Mr. Anderdon improves as he advances. From weeping over violated rubrics, he rises to discuss in a manly style the questions which his subject brings before him. He writes more naturally and more vigorously. His tone towards the Church becomes changed. And at length we leave off with a conviction that although he too often allows himself to be imposed on by the pretensions of a party, and to echo its peculiar cant, he is really at heart a sincere Anglican—not unworthy of an association with the name of Ken. We hope that he will have the opportunity of revising his work, and that he will use it largely—reversing the precept *qualis ab incepto.*

Thomas, the son of John Ken—a London attorney, descended from an ancient Somerset family—was born in 1637, at Little Berkhampstead in Hertfordshire. When four years old, he lost his mother; his half-sister, who supplied her place, became in 1646 the second wife of Izaak Walton; and when John Ken died, five years later, it would seem that the care of the boy devolved on the worthy Angler, who was his senior by nearly half a century.† Ken had already been a year at Winchester—a name which calls up in Mr. Bowles many amusing reminiscences of his own school-days, and gives Mr. Anderdon an opportunity of reproaching the present age, as compared with that in which William of Wykeham founded his colleges and restored his cathedral. At Winchester, Ken laid the foundation of a lifelong friendship with Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, who was to be more than once his companion in suffering for conscience-sake.

* If anything could have an effect on the obstinate wrongheadedness of such persons, we should recommend to them a pamphlet on 'The Working of the Church in Spain,' by the Rev. F. Meyrick, of Trinity College, Oxford. It is chiefly made up of letters from correspondents in Spain, who are certainly not chargeable with having taken out from England prejudices *against* Romanism.

† A genealogical table is given by Mr. Bowles, and there is a fuller one at the end of Mr. Markland's volume, but both omit a nephew and two nieces of the Bishop—the children of his brother John. The nephew's death is alluded to in one of Ken's letters (*Prose Works*, p. 94). One of the nieces, who also died before her uncle, is mentioned by Mr. Anderdon, p. 42, as having been baptised at Woodhay. The other, as Hawkins informs us (*Prose Works*, p. 25), 'married to the Honourable Christopher Frederick Kreienberg, resident of his Electoral Highness of Hanover in London.' If any descendants of this last lady exist, they are the sole representatives of the Ken family,—the line of Anne, wife of Izaak Walton, having ended in Mr. Bowles's friend, the late Dr. Hawes, Canon of Salisbury.

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In 1656 he was elected to New College. 'Great was his sorrow,' says Mr. Anderdon, 'when in the retired chamber of Francis Turner he heard of the tauntings and scoffs by which holy ordinances were dishonoured in the highest seats of orthodoxy.' If this were not so very positively stated, we should have thought that a youth who had been brought up at Winchester under Puritan authority could hardly have been ignorant that Oxford too was in similar hands. The days of the most violent rigour, however, were over. The Common Prayer was privately read in a little congregation, of which we would gladly suppose that Ken became a member. And, although the organs and the choristers were still silenced, we find that he was one of a musical club, which also numbered Wood among its members. 'Thomas Ken, a junior of New College,' says Antony, 'would be sometimes among them, and sing his part.' At Oxford he made two friends, who were to influence his later life—Francis Thynne, a pupil of the learned and pious Hammond, and George Hooper, in the sequel famous as a scholar and divine.

In May 1661, Ken took the degree of B.A., and it would seem that about the same time he entered into holy orders, since he was presented in 1663 by Lord Maynard to the rectory of Little Easton in Essex. Here he found in his patron a noble-minded cavalier, and in Lady Maynard an example of saintly character which furnished, many years later, the subject for a beautiful funeral sermon—one of our few specimens of his most eminent talent.* After holding this parish two years, he removed to Winchester, where he was elected fellow of the college, and became chaplain to Bishop Morley. This prelate, although a Calvinist, had been a loyal and favoured servant of Charles I. When Oxford was occupied by the sectaries, his doctrinal opinions procured him an offer of leave to retain

* In connexion with Ken's testimony to Lady Maynard's devotion, Mr. Anderdon discourses very oracularly on the neglect of daily service in country parishes, and throws all the blame on the clergy (p. 35). Now every one who has looked into the matter must know that daily service never has been and never was supposed or intended to be universal, either before or since the Reformation. If Ken observed the rubric literally at Easton, where 'the church is just without the limits of the park' (p. 33), and where he could reckon on the great man's household as regular attendants, this proves nothing as to general obligation. By all means let daily service be celebrated whenever a congregation can be gathered; but Mr. Anderdon must know little of country life if he supposes that this is commonly the case. As for the assertion at p. 40, that 'Bishop Morley exacted a strict obedience to the rubric in regard to daily prayers throughout his diocese,' it is sufficiently refuted by the fact that one of his clergy is celebrated as an extraordinary person for 'walking every day in the week to read service in the parish church' (p. 49); and by the extract from the Bishop's will, p. 141, where he speaks of the Vicar of Farnham as obliged by *special foundation* to 'read the Common Prayer morning and evening daily,' and provides an *endowment* for similar service in another parish.

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his canonry of Christchurch, without being subjected to any test or subscription; but he preferred poverty and exile. At the Restoration, his fidelity had been rewarded with the bishopric of Worcester, from which in 1662 he was translated to Winchester. At the palace there Ken found his brother-in-law Walton, now again a widower, established as a constant guest. Mr. Bowles tells us (on the authority of family tradition from Dr. Hawes) that the Bishop's hospitality was a requital of assistance and shelter in the day of the Church's affliction; and he draws a pleasing picture of Piscator, strolling about Winchester as 'the favourite old man' of the schoolboys—such as he himself remembers the father of Public-orator Crowe, and 'poor Tom Warton.'

Morley bestowed on his chaplain a prebend at Winchester, the living of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight, and that of Woodhay in Hampshire. Contrary to the practice of the age, Ken gave up Brightstone on being presented to the other parish, as he was resolved not to undertake any pastoral care to which he could not apply himself in person. In 1672 he resigned Woodhay to his college-friend Hooper—probably with a view of being at liberty to attend more closely on the Bishop. It would seem to have been at this time that he entered on a course of preaching at a church in Winchester where 'there was no preaching minister'—the endowment, probably, being too small to secure the services of an incumbent whose accomplishments extended beyond reading prayers and homilies. His eloquence drew crowds of hearers, and his labours were rewarded by the conversion of many Anabaptists.

In 1674 was published the 'Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College'—an admirable little work, which in sixty years went through twenty-four impressions, and still retains its popularity. It was accompanied in the later editions by Hymns for Morning, Evening, and Midnight; two of which, although in an abridged form, and with needless variations of the words,—besides having found their way into our churches,—'are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings,'* and 'have been translated into the languages of the antipodes.' †

In 1675 Ken made the tour of Italy with his nephew, the younger Walton, whose skill as a draftsman is celebrated by Cotton in his continuation of the Complete Angler. It was the year of jubilee. Mr. Anderdon elaborately pictures the multitudes which flocked to the holy city, and is as warm in celebration of their faith as if pilgrimages were always purely what

* Macaulay, Hist., i. 432. † Markland, p. 106.

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they profess to be. This is one of the passages in the earlier portion of the 'Layman's' book which we hope to find altered in another edition; surely it is not impossible to depict the supposed feelings of devout Romanists without running out into admiration of their superstitions. Ken's travels drew on him a suspicion of Popery—for which there never was the slightest ground; indeed, the result of his observations was altogether opposite—that 'if it were possible, he returned rather more confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion than he was before.' (*Prose Works*, p. 4.) But assuredly he would never have thought to clear himself from the imputation of Romanism by drawing (like Mr. Anderdon) a contrast between the English and the Roman communions altogether to the advantage of the latter, and then subjoining, as it were condescendingly, a formal profession of his adhesion nevertheless to 'our Mother Church, in whose bosom we have been regenerated.' Not a few things of the like stamp call for the author's revision—and are indeed, as we have intimated, at variance apparently with his own more deliberate opinion.

After his return from Italy Ken lived peacefully at Winchester, until in 1679 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange. The office had been held by Hooper, who found, as Ken now did, the pious and gracious disposition of the English Princess insufficient to counterbalance her husband's cold harsh manners, his private immoralities, and the tone generally of his court. Ken felt himself bound to remonstrate with William on his conduct towards the Princess; and the dislike which he incurred by this honest discharge of duty was heightened by the firmness with which he insisted that Count Zulestein, the Prince's illegitimate uncle, should perform a promise of marriage under which he had seduced one of the maids of honour—the niece of Ken's first patron, Lord Maynard. William threatened to dismiss the chaplain, and Ken was very willing to go; but for the sake of appearances, he was requested to remain a year longer. During this time he was treated with increased respect; at the end of it he gladly returned to Winchester.

As things then stood, the disagreements with the Prince of Orange were not likely to do Ken disservice with Charles II.—uncle to both William and Mary. Immediately on his arrival from Holland in the autumn of 1680 he was appointed one of the royal chaplains. About this time the Court paid frequent visits to Winchester, chiefly for the sake of hunting in the New Forest. In 1683 Charles laid the foundation of a new palace there; but while it was in progress there was a difficulty in lodging the sovereign and his train—including his seraglio. On one occasion

occasion Ken's prebendal house was marked out for Nell Gwyn. He highly resented such a pollution—declaring 'that a woman of ill repute ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman—especially the King's chaplain.' Nell 'was forced to seek other lodgings;' and it is said that the Dean, more complaisant than the Prebendary, added to his residence a small building for her especial accommodation.*

In July, 1683, Ken received a very complimentary invitation from Lord Dartmouth to accompany him in an expedition to Tangier. It has been supposed that in accepting it he was influenced by the hope of relieving Christian captives in Africa; but this is evidently a groundless conjecture. The fleet sailed from Portsmouth on the 10th of August, and after it had put out to sea the object of the voyage was made public. Tangier, which had come into the possession of the British crown as a part of the dowry of Charles's queen, was about to be abandoned. Vast sums of money had been squandered on the improvement of its fortifications; and these works Lord Dartmouth was now commissioned to destroy.

The expedition has found its chronicler in one of Lord Dartmouth's council—to wit, Mr. Samuel Pepys—the same whose reputation as an able and efficient public servant has in our time been somewhat unfairly obscured by the disclosure of his foibles in the famous Diary.† The outset was full of hope. Pepys congratulates himself on the prospect of 'going in a good ship, with a good fleet, under a very worthy leader, in a conversation as delightful as companions in the first form in divinity, law, physic, and the usefullest parts of mathematics, can render it—namely, Dr. Ken, Dr. Trumbull, Dr. Lawrence, and Mr. Sheres; with the additional pleasure of concerts (much above the ordinary) of voices, flutes, and violins; and, to fill up all, good humour, good cheer, some good books, and a reasonable prospect of being home again in less than two months.' (i. 326.) And Evelyn writes to him with a pleasant affectation of envy—'You leave us so naked at home that, till you return from Barbary, we are in danger of becoming barbarians. The heroes are all embarked with my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Pepys; nay, they seem to carry with them not a colony only, but a college, nay, a whole university; all the sciences, all the arts, and all the professors of them too.' (*ib.* 327.)

* Mr. Bowles (vol. ii. p. vi.) gives, from the information of Bishop Huntingford, a more highly coloured and less probable Williamian version of the story—that Nell took possession of Ken's house during his absence, and that, 'finding her deaf to entreaty, he was obliged to order a portion of the roof to be taken off!'

† The Tangier Journal is in the first volume of Pepys' 'Life, Journals, and Correspondence,' London, 1841; a distinct work from the *Diary*—to the success of which we no doubt owe its appearance.

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These hopes, however, were but poorly realized. Of Lawrence, the physician, the record says nothing more; Sheres, the *savant*, who had been at Tangier before, was found to have caught too much of its morality in more ways than one; Trumbull, the civilian, proved to be a poor creature, always wishing himself in Doctors' Commons, and so utterly useless that at last his companions were glad to send him home; the absence from England was four times as long as had been expected; the African climate proved very unhealthy; and the society of Tangier was intolerable.

'What a chaplain,' says Pepys, 'did the Admiralty send to my Lord Dartmouth in the Grafton!—a little, deaf, crooked fellow, full of his design of going a hunting with my Lord.' It would seem that this worthy was superseded by the chaplain whom Dartmouth had chosen for himself, for we hear nothing more of him. The outward voyage, which lasted five weeks, passed not unpleasantly. On the Sundays Ken read prayers and preached; and his sermons at sea as on shore had usually the good fortune to please Mr. Pepys, whose criticism in such matters, as our readers may perhaps remember, was severe if not always judicious. Even here indeed we meet with a notice that 'Dr. Ken made a weak sermon' (i. 384); and at another time praise and blame are thus mixed—'Dr. Ken made an excellent sermon, full of the skill of a preacher, *but nothing of a natural philosopher, it being all forced meat.*' (i. 363.)

The supper-table was enlivened by a series of discussions on the subject of spirits between Ken and Pepys, which, although on one occasion the disputants waxed 'very hot,' appear to have been amicably conducted. Pepys took the sceptical side, and we have little doubt that he got beyond his depth; but Mr. Anderdon and Mr. Markland must allow us to suspect that Ken may have been a little too credulous. Much of the good Doctor's time was now devoted to the composition of a poem on the history of St. Edmund, the royal martyr who gives his name to the pleasant town of Bury. The biographers, in speaking of this epic, all indicate horror of its tediousness. Both Bowles and Anderdon seem to have been afraid even to re-open the book in order to ascertain the number of cantos; for one states it as fourteen and the other as twelve, while Markland rightly says thirteen. We do not pretend to know much of what is in these cantos; the arguments read like a burlesque, and the verses, where we have looked at them, are no better. The subject, although taken from old Saxon history, and surrounded with a strange machinery of fiends and angels, is made to bear on the settlement of our ecclesiastical matters at the restoration of Charles II. Edmund in his exile has a vision of the Ideal Church,

Church, and is commanded to reform the *Anglian* in accordance with it. A synod is held at Bury. Romano, the advocate of the papacy, 'sly Proteo,' who seems to be meant for Shaftesbury, and other personages good and bad, have each his say; and at last the Anglo-Saxon Church is happily established on a basis which exactly agrees with the Common Prayer Book and the Thirty-nine Articles. No one, we imagine, will dispute Mr. Anderdon's opinion (p. 131) that it would have been well if the epic, like its hero in one stage of his adventures, had been committed to the bosom of the deep.

Tangier was under the government of Colonel Kirke—soon to earn lasting infamy in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. The corruption in matters of administration—the frightful immorality and disorder of the place—filled Ken with dismay. The Pepysian Journal notices on Sunday, September 30, 'A very fine and seasonable but most unsuccessful argument from Dr. Ken, particularly in reproof of the vices of this town. I was in pain,' adds Mr. Pepys, 'for the governor and the officers about us in church; but I perceived they regarded it not.' The 'loose company at table,' when the restraint of Lord Dartmouth's presence was removed, sometimes drove the councillor and the chaplain to dine together in private; and they talked 'on the viciousness of the town and its being time for Almighty God to destroy it.' Again, on October 28, there was 'very high discourse between Dr. Ken and me on the one side, and the governor on the other, about the excessive liberty of swearing we observed here. The Doctor, it seems, had preached on it to-day.' Ken succeeded, however, in thwarting Governor Kirke's attempt to appoint a worthless fellow, brother of his Excellency's mistress, to the chaplaincy of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's ship.

In April, 1684, Ken again landed in England. Walton had died during his absence, at the age of ninety, leaving him a seal-ring, which he himself had received as a bequest from Dr. Donne; and within a few months he had also to lament the loss of his patron, the pious and munificent Morley. By this, however, a way was opened for Ken's own advancement to the episcopate, as the successor of Mews, who was translated from Bath and Wells to Winchester. The appointment was creditable to the King, for it is said that without solicitation he bestowed the see on Ken, as 'the little fellow who refused to give poor Nelly a lodging.'

On Jan. 25, 1684-5, he was consecrated at Lambeth; and within little more than a week, he was summoned, with other prelates, to attend the death-bed of Charles. Both as being 'the most in favour of all the bishops,' and as the most persuasive speaker, he seems to

to have been allowed by his elder brethren to take the lead in the solemn scene. For three days and three nights we are told (*Prose Works*, p. 5) he watched without ceasing by the royal bed; and nothing can be finer than his appearance even in the narrative of Burnet, if we omit the detractory statements which are exposed by the evidence of more accurate reporters. 'Ken,' says Burnet, 'applied himself much to the awaking of the King's conscience. He spoke with a great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired, as those who were present told me. He resumed the matter often, and pronounced many short ejaculations and prayers which affected all present.' He urged the King to receive the Holy Communion, which he refused, on pretence of weakness; the real reason we need not mention. He prevailed with him to order the Duchess of Portsmouth out of the chamber, and to beg pardon of the Queen. Who can believe, with Burnet, that one who had thus faithfully and searchingly done his duty at that awful time, would have pronounced the Church's absolution over the dying sovereign, unless he had had grounds sufficient for his own conviction that there was a penitent heart to receive it?

Ken had hardly entered on his diocese when it became the scene of Monmouth's invasion. It is said, that immediately after the rout of Sedgemoor the bishop interrupted a military execution, and told the general, Lord Feversham, 'My Lord, this is murder in law: now the battle is over, these poor wretches must be tried before they are put to death.' Mr. Macaulay (i. 632), while he fully allows that the story is in keeping with Ken's character, questions its possibility—on the ground that the Bishop was in the House of Lords on the Thursday before the battle and with Monmouth in the Tower on the Monday after it, and that 'there is no trustworthy evidence' of his having been in Somersetshire during the interval. Mr. Markland replies that on the Thursday in question (July 2) Parliament broke up; that Ken may have then considered it his duty to hasten into his disturbed diocese; that the date of the supposed remonstrance with Feversham was five days later (July 7); and that there was ample time for returning to London by Monday, July 13. To us this reasoning seems satisfactory; but Ken can well afford to spare any credit which is liable to be contested, and we should be very willing to suppose, with Mr. Anderdon, that the hero of the story was stout old Bishop Mews, who, having been a soldier in earlier life, resumed that character at Sedgemoor, and may have been erroneously spoken of by the relator of the incident as still Bishop of Bath and Wells (p. 193). Be this as it may, Ken's conduct after the suppression

suppression of the rising was truly admirable. More than a thousand of the rebels were imprisoned in the gaols at Wells and other places of his diocese. Forgetting the injuries which they had done him on their march, when they stripped the lead from the roof of his cathedral, defaced the ornaments, and all but profaned the altar by a carousal—he visited and prayed with them in their prisons 'night and day' (*Prose Works*, p. 31); he supplied them with food to the extent of his own means, and prevailed on others to join in the charitable work. And when Jeffreys and Kirke were engaged in their atrocious campaigns, he wrote a pathetic and earnest letter to the King, praying—in vain—that a stop might be put to the frightful butchery by which the highways of Somersetshire had been already rendered loathsome.

But before this he had been employed, together with his old friends Turner (now Bishop of Ely) and Hooper, to prepare Monmouth for death. At the Duke's request Dr. Tenison was also summoned to attend. The conversation which took place on the day of the execution is recorded, and the behaviour of the divines has been blamed as harsh and inconsiderate. Monmouth himself had requested them to accompany him, although he knew their sentiments from the conversation of the preceding day. Were they not to deal sincerely and plainly with a grievously mistaken man on the brink of eternity? Were they to let him pass from the world in the belief that they saw no wrong in rebellion and adultery? We need not seek a separate apology for Ken in the circumstance that he 'acted in the devotional part only' (*Prose Works*, p. 21). Against the censures of contemporary faction, and of later party historians, we may content ourselves with quoting the opinion of Mr. Macaulay (i. 621): —'The divines appear to have only discharged what was in their view a sacred duty.'

Ken now set vigorously to work in the offices of his new station. His diocese was, as the late insurrection had shown, a stronghold of sectarian ignorance. He therefore bent himself to counteract the evil by the publication of simple tracts, intended to instruct and confirm his flock in the doctrines of the Church; by constant visitation and preaching; by promoting the establishment of parochial schools and libraries, and pressing on his clergy the duty of public catechising. In order to assist them in this work, he put forth his 'Practice of Divine Love,' a devotional exposition of the Church Catechism. 'He had,' says Hawkins, 'a very happy way of mixing his spiritual with his corporal alms. When any poor person begged of him, he would examine whether he could say the Lord's Prayer or the Creed.' With a view 'to rescue the idle from

from vicious practice and conversation, and the industrious from the oppression of the tradesmen, who grew rich by their labour, making them a very scanty allowance for it'—he conceived the project of building a workhouse at Wells; but it failed through want of encouragement. (*Prose Works*, pp. 6, 9.) Every Sunday, when at Wells, he invited twelve poor persons to dine with him in his hall; 'always endeavouring, while he fed their bodies, to comfort their spirits by cheerful discourse, generally mixed with some useful instruction' (*ib.* p. 8). To his clergy he was a father. He carried on an intercourse with them which in these days of multiplied episcopal duties must unhappily be given up as impossible.

Among the more public matters which engaged the Bishop's attention, was a collection for the Protestants who had been driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The reader need hardly be reminded of James's tortuous behaviour on the occasion; how deeply he was annoyed by finding that, just as he was labouring for a toleration of Romanism, the intolerance of his religion was so violently exhibited in the nearest of continental kingdoms; how he endeavoured to gain credit with his subjects by professing compassion for the sufferers; how he privately congratulated the French king, recalled a proclamation which had offended him, and caused a book by a French Protestant minister to be burnt at the Royal Exchange: how, after having issued an order for a general collection in aid of the refugees, he endeavoured to lessen its effect by delay, and by charging the clergy to content themselves with reading it, and to abstain from preaching on the subject. Ken was not a man to lend himself to such artifices. His spirit was thoroughly stirred by the barbarous proceedings of Louis. Immediately on receiving the royal letter, he issued a Pastoral to his clergy, earnestly recommending the collection. He led the way by contributing the greater part of a fine of 4000*l.* which opportunely fell to him; and in Lent 1686-7 he preached in London a sermon 'in which he exhorted to constancy in the Protestant religion, and detestation of the unheard-of cruelties of the French, and stirred the people to a liberal contribution. The sermon,' adds Evelyn, 'was the more acceptable, as it was unexpected from a bishop who had undergone the censure of being inclined to Popery, the contrary whereof no man could show more.' We have already alluded to this charge, in connexion with his travels. It was also supposed to be countenanced by his ascetic life, by his celibacy, and by some passages in his devotional writings, which he altered on discovering how they had been misunderstood.

By this time he had attained great repute as a preacher. The King

King himself pronounced him the best on the Protestant side. Burnet tells us 'that he had a very edifying way; but it was more apt to move the passions than to instruct; so that his sermons were rather beautiful than solid, yet his way in them was very taking.' (ii. 441.) It might, perhaps, have been difficult to steer clear between the censure here conveyed and that which the writer had just pronounced on the opposite manner of Bishop Gunning. Of Ken's three extant sermons, two relate to the circumstances of the day. The coolest reader of the present age cannot but admire the clear and fluent eloquence, the fervour, and the unction—(a rare quality in orthodox English sermons)—by which they are distinguished. Add to this, the preacher's character, look, voice, and gesture, and the general excitement of the time; and we may imagine with what feelings he was heard as he applied the history of afflicted Judah to the circumstances of the English Church, surrounded by enemies, Romish and Sectarian. But perhaps the reports of the sensation which he raised when handling the topics that agitated all minds are a less strong testimony to his popularity than the fact that, when he was to expound the Catechism in the chapel of Ely House, the Princess Anne was obliged to bespeak a place that she might hear him. (*Prose Works*, p. 208.)

He was now irresistibly drawn into the stream of public affairs. James—contrary to the advice of the Pope himself, and of all but a few blind zealots and faithless counsellors—had openly entered on the course which roused the spirit of the nation against him.* We need hardly even touch on the more public parts of the story—fresh as they must be in the recollection of every reader from that late work which—questionable or even false as we may often think it, in views, in statements, and in the arts of composition by which the effect is produced—is undeniably among the most animated and the most engaging of all historical narratives.

In the summer of 1687 the King visited Bath, and announced that on a certain day he would 'touch for the evil.' The eccle-

* In connexion with this subject we turned with natural curiosity to the last edition of Dr. Lingard's History. Perhaps, if it had been revised a few months later, the author—whose death has been announced since this article was written—might have found occasion to draw yet more strongly the distinction between the 'ultra' and the 'moderate' parties of his communion—to dwell still more emphatically on the vexation with which the 'moderate Catholics' saw the troubles brought on them by the vanity and insolence of Father Petre and the overweening presumption of recent converts.

We may as well take this opportunity of saying, that Dr. Lingard's ultimate revision of his work seems to have been most elaborate. As far as we have been able to examine the text (10 vols. 8vo. London, 1850), he has neglected nothing, either of authority or argument, that had emerged in the interval from his preceding appearance before the public. Mr. Macaulay has a full share of the Doctor's attention.

siastics of his train availed themselves of the occasion; they made bold to take possession for the nonce of the Abbey Church, and decorated its altar after the Romish fashion. The Bishop happened to be absent at Wells. As he had received no formal notice of the royal intentions, and as performances of the same kind had taken place in other churches, he thought it advisable not to interfere with 'the healing;' but on the following Sunday he appeared in the pulpit of Bath Abbey, and, in a sermon on the parable of the Samaritan (which was the gospel for the day), he earnestly warned his hearers against confounding the duty of joining with aliens from the Church in works of mercy and the sin of countenancing religious error.

The great controversy between England and Rome was now at the height. Ken took no part in it; he probably felt that he had not the talents of a controversialist, and he knew that his Church was abundantly furnished with able champions. His printed contributions to her cause are of another kind—a Pastoral, in which he exhorts his clergy to meet the evils of the time by a diligent discharge of their public duties and by the cultivation of personal religion—and a sermon preached at the Chapel Royal, in Lent 1688, and published after his death. Evelyn describes the excitement on the delivery of this sermon; how the administration of the Holy Communion, which concluded the morning service, was 'interrupted by the rude breaking in of multitudes' eager to hear the preacher of the afternoon; how the Bishop 'preached with his accustomed action, zeal, and energy, so that people flocked from all quarters to hear him.' The distress of the Church is represented under the figure of the chosen people oppressed by the Babylonians and Edomites; he exhorts his hearers to patience, stedfastness, and trust in God; and from the deliverance of Judah he assures them that thus they shall triumph over all their enemies. Reports of the sermon reached the King, and Ken was 'closeted' and questioned. He answered, 'that if his Majesty had not neglected his own duty of being present, his enemies had missed this opportunity of accusing him;' whereupon, says Hawkins, he was dismissed.

Within a few weeks, the King's 'Declaration for Liberty of Conscience,' which had been issued a year before, was again sent forth, with an order that the Bishops should require their clergy to read it from the pulpit of every church. Ken was among the prelates who attended the call of the primate, Sancroft, to consult on the emergency. He took part in drawing up the petition to the King, and was one of those who presented it. When James insisted that the document 'raised a standard of rebellion,' he replied in the spirit of his late discourse—'We are

are bound to fear God and honour the King. We desire to do both. We will honour you; we must fear God.' And when the King went on to say that he would be obeyed in the publishing of his declaration, Ken answered 'God's will be done.' With the Primate and five other Bishops he shared in the stirring scenes of the imprisonment, the trial, and the acquittal (June 29, 1688).*

The next personal notice of him is on the 28th of September, when we find him among the Bishops whom James, alarmed at the rumoured movements of the Prince of Orange, summoned to Whitehall. They found, however, that if the King had meant anything by the invitation, he had changed his mind before their interview with him; and Ken did not scruple to say, that 'His Majesty's inclinations towards the Church, and their duty to him, were sufficiently understood and declared before, and would have been equally so if they had not stirred one foot out of their dioceses.' A week later, the Bishops again waited on James, for the purpose of tendering their advice on the position of affairs. They presented a paper suggesting that he should retract the measures by which he had wronged the Church and exasperated his people; and that he should summon 'a free and regular parliament.' He thanked them for their counsel, and promised to follow it in some respects; but he declared himself determined not to call a parliament.

When William landed, Ken was at his episcopal city. On the approach of the troops, he set off to join James at Salisbury; but, finding on the way that the King had returned to London, he withdrew to his nephew Walton's rectory, near Devizes.

After the unhappy King's retirement, the Convention Parliament met in January, 1688-9. The scheme of a regency was proposed, among others, as one which would at once save the consciences of those who had sworn allegiance to James, and enable them to conform to a new order of things. We need not here inquire whether this scheme, if adopted, could have been found practicable for the purposes of government; we mention it because it was that which appeared to Sancroft and other prelates to offer a solution of their difficulties. The Primate himself kept aloof from the Convention. Ken was regular in his attendance at its sittings. He took, it seems, no part in the debates—(indeed, we are not aware that he ever spoke in parliament);—but he was one of the minority against conferring the crown on William and Mary; and, after joining in a protest, withdrew from the house.

* By the way, Mr. Anderdon, in relating the committal of the bishops to the Tower (p. 289), quotes, as if from Wordsworth, two well-known lines of Rogers's 'Human Life.'

And now came the great question on which his after life was to depend—could he transfer to the new sovereigns the allegiance which he had sworn to James?

The line which he took was peculiar. He had joined in an address of thanks to William for his interposition; he was willing even to submit to him as King; yet he considered that the terms of the old oath forbade him to take the new one—and for the sake of good conscience cheerfully sacrificed his all. But from the beginning he viewed his case as one of merely *personal* disability. He advised all who could conscientiously take the oath to do so; he commissioned his chancellor, who had himself taken it, to institute and collate in his stead. His whole affection was with the Church, although he felt himself excluded from its service; he regarded the idea of a schism with horror.

Burnet, with the vulgar impertinence of a nature unable to apprehend anything purer or higher than itself, thought proper to write to him in the end of 1689 a remonstrance on what he considered as the inconsistency of this course. He presumed to tell him that 'some were so severe as to say that there was somewhat else than conscience at the bottom of his refusal.' The answer (*Prose Works*, pp. 18-21) is a beautiful specimen of calm and dignified rebuke; but it would appear to have had no other effect on the bustling Whig Bishop than that of establishing a lasting grudge which mixes with all his notices of Ken.

Hooper, now rector of Lambeth, was more likely to have an influence over his friend. One evening, while on a visit to him, Ken appeared to be convinced by his arguments in favour of the oath, but next morning he begged that the subject might not again be mentioned; 'for,' he said, 'should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world.' A letter from Turner to Sancroft amusingly shows how Ken's defection was dreaded by the more decided nonjurors:—

'I must,' he writes, 'no longer in duty conceal from your Grace, though I beseech you to keep it in the terms of a secret, that this very good man is, I fear, warping from us.....I apprehend that parson of Lambeth has superfined upon our brother of B. and W.; and if he lodges again at his house, I shall doubt the consequence; for which reason I'll come over on Saturday morning to invite him to my country house.'—*Anderdon*, p. 366.

On the trial of the seven bishops, a friend asked Sir John Bramston 'whether he had ever seen the Hall so full?' The old Cavalier, who remembered the breaking out of the Great Rebellion, answered, 'Yea, and fuller, when the cry was, *No bishops, no magpies!*' (*Autobiography*, p. 311). The cry was now changed again.

again. It was suggested in an abominable pamphlet that the bishops should be 'De-Witted' by the multitude—who had lately knelt in the water to receive their blessing, and by their zeal to congratulate Sancroft and Ken, as the primate's coach conveyed them from their trial, had made the way from Westminster over London Bridge to Lambeth a journey of several hours.*

But in higher quarters there was a better disposition. Those who scrupled at the new oath of allegiance were for the most part the same prelates who had endured imprisonment and disgrace for the Protestant cause, and who again and again, by speech and writing, had urged on James the doing of justice to his people and to the Church. Their merits were remembered, and there was a reluctance to deprive them; but unhappily the spirit of Ken did not animate the majority of his brethren—they refused repeated proposals of an accommodation. In the end of 1690 Turner was found to be concerned in a plot for restoring the dethroned king by the aid of France, and was obliged to abscond. One more application was made, in the hope that Sancroft and his brethren would disavow all connexion with the plot; but it was in vain, and the government found itself obliged to put the depriving act in execution.

The ejection of Ken was delayed from the difficulty of finding a divine willing to occupy the place of one so universally respected. Beveridge refused the see; Kidder, dean of Norwich, was at length, and not without some artifice, persuaded to accept it. He submitted, with many misgivings; and long after he declared that he 'had often repented of his accepting, and looked on it as a great infelicity.' His consecration took place on the 30th of August, 1691.

On hearing of this 'successor, or rather supplanter,' Ken protested against the intrusion from his pastoral chair in the cathedral, declaring that he 'esteemed himself the canonical bishop, and should be ready on all occasions to perform his duties.' He, therefore, ought to have been excepted by Burnet from the assertion that the deprived prelates 'never stood upon their right,

* The Biographia Britannica gives us from one of Sancroft's letters a characteristic notice of Ken at the time when the excitement against the bishops was at its height:—'It grieves me to have missed (when I was so nigh it) the seeing of my reverend brother of Bath and Wells. *I am not surprised to hear that his innocency and courage was so bold as to appear openly, but am, I confess, that he did it safely.*' Mr. Anderdon again quotes a 'sprightly letter' which Sancroft wrote to Lloyd:—'Though London is a great wood, where he that would hide himself may most probably be concealed, yet our friend is a very remarkable person, and one universally known and acquainted, and should he travest himself into what habit he will, or spread a patriarchal beard, or cover all with any sort of peruke you can fancy, still there will be something that may discover him. Not of late only, but of old, the *παράσημον* of the vessel was in the prow or *beak* (Acts xxviii. 11).'

nor

nor complained of wrong in any public act or protestation.' Mr. Bowles indulges in a picture of his departure from the palace of Wells, which we (like Mr. Anderdon) are glad to borrow :—

'Surely it would be no stretch of imagination to conceive that, on the draw-bridge, as he passed on leaving the abode of independence and peace, a crowd of old and young would be assembled, with clasped hands and blessings, to bid him farewell. Mild, complacent, yet dignified, on retiring with a peaceful conscience from opulence and station to dependence and poverty, as the morning shone on the turreted chapel, we naturally imagine he might have shed one only tear when looking back on these interesting scenes. Perhaps his eye might have rested on the pale faces of some of the poor old men and women who had so often partaken his Sunday dinner, and heard his discourse in the ancient hall—he might have remarked at the same time some child holding out its little hymn book; then, and not before, we may conceive—

> Some natural tears he dropt, but wiped them soon.
> The world was all before him, where to seek
> His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

We have already had occasion to notice some instances of the generosity which distinguished Ken through life. Although his income must have been ample almost from the time when he left Oxford, he never saved anything for himself. When nominated to his see he had been obliged to borrow the funds for taking possession of it; and now that he was deprived, the sale of all his effects, with the exception of his books, produced only 700*l*. But, says Mr. Anderdon, God had provided for him 'a covert from the tempest, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The friend of his youth, Thynne, now Viscount Weymouth, invited him to accept a shelter at Longleat; and, in order to relieve him from the sense of dependence, he took the 700*l*. into his own hands, and allowed him an annuity of 80*l*. For twenty years Longleat was the deprived bishop's home; his residence there being only varied by visits to his nephew, Walton, and to other friends within an easy distance.

'Longleat-house,' says Mr. Anderdon, 'deserving rather the name of a palace, rises amid natural slopes and hills, crowned with hanging woods; the ornamental gardens, enriched with plants brought from every climate, are still arranged in the antique fashion in which they probably existed at the time of Ken. Endless walks and rides are cut through the woods; they offer at each turn some fresh bower of solitude, or opening of the landscape. These "shades benign," as Ken calls them, might well give him rest; they abound in every requisite for the peaceful abode of a "retired Christian." . . . . The room which he inhabited is at the top of the house, far removed from the noise and bustle of the noble hall, so well known as the scene of old English hospitality

hospitality. It is an apartment of most ample dimensions, filled with books, of which some were his own,* and others belonging to Lord Weymouth, the overflowings of the great library below. In this retirement he lived, and wrote hymns, and sang them to his viol, and prayed, and died. His principal companion was probably Mr. Harbin, the family chaplain, of whom he often makes mention in his letters.'

Kidder, the new bishop of Bath and Wells, was a man of learning, and of many estimable qualities, which at an earlier time had won for him the patronage of Archbishop Sancroft and of the excellent Robert Nelson (*Markland*, p. 91). But his principles as to Church matters were low and lax. Although we may well believe his profession that he entered on his episcopal office with a sincere desire to do good, his administration of the diocese was unhappy From Longleat, which is on the borders of it, Ken sorrowfully watched the undoing of his own work; he felt that he could never resign his claims to 'a latitudinarian traditour, who would betray the baptismal faith.'

On the other hand, there was much to distress the good recluse in the proceedings of his nonjuring brethren. He, as we have seen, rejoiced in the deliverance of the Church from the oppressions of the late reign; he thought that the difficulties of the new oath affected such persons only as had sworn allegiance to King James; he wished all to conform who could honestly do so. But others took a different view; they represented the great body of the Church as schismatical and apostate, and resolved to keep up a distinct communion of their own. Sancroft, soured by age and misfortune, and influenced by men more violent than himself, executed, in 1692, a deed by which he *transferred* his metropolitan powers to Lloyd, deprived Bishop of Norwich. It was resolved to continue the succession; King James was requested to select two from among the nonjuring clergy for elevation to the episcopate. The Pope was consulted, and approved of the scheme. The exiled King left the selection to Sancroft and Lloyd, who chose respectively Hickes, deprived Dean of Worcester, and Wagstaffe, formerly Chancellor of Lichfield; and on St. Matthias' day, 1693-4, these two were consecrated by the deprived Bishops of Norwich, Ely, and Peterborough—the Archbishop having died in the preceding November. The consecration was not generally known until some years after. Great efforts had been made to obtain the concurrence of Ken; but he steadily refused, believing that 'the project of a succession originated in a political influence which could intend no good towards the Church.' (*Prose Works*, p. 51.) The deprived

* Ken bequeathed to Lord Weymouth 'all my books of which my Lord has not the duplicates.' (Bowles, ii. 306.)

Bishop

Bishop of Gloucester, Frampton, also declined to share in the measure.

In April, 1695, died John Kettlewell, who had been ejected from the vicarage of Coleshill in Warwickshire. Ken declared of him 'he was certainly as saintlike a man as ever I knew;' and, with the exception of the Bishop himself—if even *he* is to be excepted—there is no one among the nonjurors who has a higher claim to be remembered with reverence and love. Eminent, like Ken, for holiness of life, he was his inferior in eloquence, but superior to him in learning and general ability. He had not, like Ken, an opportunity of serving the Church in a conspicuous station, or earning a name in history; but at the age of forty-two he left behind him works which fill two folio volumes, still prized by every student. His inclination would have led him to confine himself to practical and devotional subjects; but the circumstances of the time forced him to become a controversialist; and rarely indeed has controversy been written in so thoroughly religious a spirit. There is no attempt to display his powers, or to gain an advantage over his opponent; he writes with the single aim of satisfying his own conscience and those of others; every line seems to be penned in the remembrance of the hour of death and the day of judgment. Kettlewell was buried at Allhallows Barking, in the same vault which had contained the remains of Archbishop Laud until at the Restoration they were removed to Oxford. This was the only occasion on which Ken is known to have officiated publicly after his deprivation. He appeared in his episcopal robes, and read not only the burial-office, but the evening-service, including the prayers for King William and Queen Mary. So Wood states (*Athen. Oxon.* iv 442); and if the prayers for the King and Queen had been omitted, it would surely have been noticed by Kettlewell's nonjuring biographer, who tells us that Ken read the *whole* evening service.

A short time before his death, Kettlewell had drawn up a scheme for the relief of the deprived clergy. He proposed that a fund should be raised, and should be entrusted to the administration of the Bishops, who would thus be enabled to exercise a superintendence over the lives of the clergy, to restrain them from giving way to the temptations of need and idleness, and to put a stop to the impositions which worthless or pretended nonjurors had begun to practise on the charitable. He suggested that the Bishops should appeal to the public in a pastoral letter; and in July, 1695, the document appeared, bearing the signatures of Lloyd, Frampton, Turner, Ken, and White, each of whom designated himself as Bishop of his late diocese, while they were collectively described as 'now deprived.'

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In consequence of this, the five were summoned before the Privy Council, and Ken has left an account of his examination. He had not waited for the formal citation, but twice of his own accord endeavoured to obtain a hearing. Mr. Anderdon is disposed to complain of it as an indignity that he was not admitted until the third time, when the warrant had been duly served on him. The Council, however, may have been occupied by other business, or may not have known of Ken's attendance, or may have been prevented by form from giving him an earlier audience. He himself mentions his voluntary attendances not by way of a grievance, but in proof of his willingness to meet all charges, and as a reason why he should be allowed to go in peace. Still less are we able to see any ground for the outcries of nonjuring writers against the whole proceeding—which have been echoed by the late historian of the party.* Surely the Pastoral implied, as the Council said, something like 'a pretence of authority'—'a claim of ecclesiastical jurisdiction,' which might well form the subject of inquiry—more especially as the King, for whose sake the subscribers had been deprived, was still alive and had not relinquished his claims. When admitted to examination (April 28, 1696) Ken was treated with the respect due to his character. His candid answers proved that there was no design beyond the avowed purpose of charity; and 'the Council thought proper to drop the affair as easily as could be.'

By the death of White in 1698, and that of Turner in 1700, Lloyd, Ken, and Frampton were left as the only survivors of the deprived Bishops. Hickes now held the position of a leader among the more vehement section of the nonjurors. He was a man of great ability and energy, learned, as far as the learning of the age extended, in the Gothic and Northern languages, an accomplished divine, and a skilful controversialist; but he appears to have been wanting both in judgment and in temper. He had been chaplain to Lauderdale in Scotland during the primacy of the ill-fated Sharp; and the dark fanaticism of the Covenanters had the effect of driving him into exaggerated opinions on the opposite side. He is charged with the inhumanity of having refused to intercede for the life of a brother who had been noted as a furious preacher among the Puritans, had been concerned in Monmouth's rebellion, and was one of the persons for sheltering whom Alice Lisle was condemned by Jeffreys. (*Routh in Burnet*, iii. 63.) When deprived of the

* See pp. 165–187 of A History of the Nonjurors, by Thomas Lathbury, M.A., London, 1845;—a work which, whatever its short-comings, deserves thankful acknowledgment as that of an honest, sincere man, and moreover (strange to say) as the only attempt to relate the whole story.

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deanery of Worcester, Hickes made himself obnoxious to Government by posting on the door of his cathedral a protest against the intrusion of his successor; in consequence of this he had for a time been obliged to abscond, and we read of him as figuring in a military disguise. (*Life of Kettlewell*, p. 182.) His consecration as a bishop has been already mentioned.

Ken now wrote to Hickes (*March* 7, 1700-1), briefly mentioning the inconveniences which had arisen from the separation, expressing a belief that the time for a reunion with the Church was come, and requesting him, with a view to this end, to confer with the most eminent of the nonjurors, and with some members of the lower house of convocation, including the prolocutor, Hooper. (*Prose Works*, 48, 50.) The answer is not preserved, but we may imagine its purport. The characters and the tendencies of the two men were opposite. Ken from the beginning was earnest for closing the breaches of the Church; Hickes busied himself in the discovery of pretexts for further widening them. With him originated the ritual innovations which became known by the name of 'The Usages.' When time and change had removed or impaired the original grounds of the separation, these 'Usages' became for those who espoused them a new and an insurmountable hindrance to reconciliation with the Established Church; for if they were, as was asserted, *essential*, there had been no valid administration of the Eucharist since the abrogation of King Edward's first Prayer Book in 1552; but they rent the nonjuring communion with internal schisms, and hastened its extinction.

The death of the dethroned King, in September, 1701, would have been regarded by many of the nonjurors as a deliverance from their scruples as to the oath of allegiance. But unhappily, Louis XIV., by recognising the son of James as King, provoked the English Government to enact a new oath of abjuration, in which William was acknowledged as 'lawful and *rightful* King,' the 'Pretender's' title was utterly denied, and an engagement was made to defend William and the Protestant succession against him and all persons whatsoever. Ken would now have been willing to swear allegiance to William, but the new oath was so framed that he could not accept it. He writes to Harbin, Lord Weymouth's chaplain, 'Let me know whether it will be *enforced*. It is an oath *I shall never take*. I will rather leave the kingdom, as old and infirm as I am.' (*Prose Works*, p. 54.)

On the death of King William, in March, 1701-2, Lloyd wrote to Ken, expressing regret that for some years he had been deprived of his 'correspondence and brotherly affection,' and requesting his presence at a conference in London. Ken in his answer denies that

that there had ever been any estrangement on his part, but says that 'he cannot imagine that his counsel and assistance can be worth a London journey; which is consistent neither with his purse, nor convenience, nor health, nor inclination.'* He expresses an earnest wish that some means of ending the schism may be devised; and he returns to this subject in later letters. In one of these (p. 58) he speaks of himself as greatly distressed by some alterations which had been made in the service at the chapel of Longleat, and which obliged him to discontinue his attendance there. These alterations, no doubt, were connected with the prayers for the Royal family; but it does not clearly appear in what they consisted.

After the accession of Anne, he was repeatedly solicited to resume his old diocese. Kidder, who had never been happy in it, was willing to make way for him by accepting a translation; but Ken's growing infirmities combined with his scruples of conscience to determine him against a return to public life.

In November, 1703, a fearful storm swept over the island. Defoe, in his very striking account of this visitation, reckons the damage done to property at 4,000,000*l.*; and states that about 8000 persons perished. Ken was then at his nephew's at Poulshot. He writes to Lloyd: 'The house being searched the day following, the workmen found that the beam which supported the roof over my head was shaken out to that degree that it had but half an inch to hold, so that it was a wonder it could hold together.' Within a day or two he learnt that a part of the palace at Wells had been blown down, and that Kidder and his wife had been buried in the ruins. He could not be but struck by the coincidence as to time and cause; but while he was devoutly thankful for his own preservation, he expresses pity for Kidder; and there is no hint that, as too many would have been ready to do, he regarded the bishop's death as a judgment for having supplanted him.

The see was offered to Hooper, who had lately been consecrated to St. Asaph. He declined it, on the ground that he 'could not eat the bread' of his old friend, and entreated the Queen to restore Ken. She thanked him for the suggestion, and authorised him to make the offer. Ken expressed warm gratitude to her Majesty, but declared that he could not return to such a change: he urged Hooper to accept the bishoprick, and offered to resign all his own claims to him. Finding him immoveable, Hooper at length complied; and Ken had the satis-

* Prose Works, pp. 55, 56. Ken writes of himself as if reporting the words of another person. This is one of many expedients, such as the addressing his letters to his correspondent's wife, by which the good bishop, clumsily enough, endeavoured to guard against the risk of being called in question for them, if intercepted.

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faction of transferring his rights to his oldest friend, in whose character and orthodoxy he had the fullest confidence—a confidence amply justified by Hooper in an episcopate of four-and-twenty years, during which he refused translation both to London and to York.

The more violent nonjurors were now enraged against Ken. It appears that some of them were even personally rude to him. Lloyd was daunted by their clamour, and attempted to retract or qualify the approbation which he had expressed when the cession was first proposed. Ken's temper was moved: he reminds Lloyd of his former words, and blames him for having added to the exasperation of the extreme party by showing letters which were intended to be private. In the next letter he apologises for his warmth, and declares that every day increases his satisfaction in the step which he had taken.

Poor as he was after his deprivation, Ken had always retained his old practice of charity. His personal expenses had been limited to the cost of 'a mean habit, and a poor horse to carry him about.' The rest of his scanty annuity was given to the poor and the afflicted, including the deprived clergy of Scotland as well as of England. Hooper was bent on improving his friend's circumstances, and, on accepting the see of Bath and Wells, desired leave to retain the chantership of Exeter, with the intention of paying over the income to him. As the Bishop of Exeter objected, the Queen desired Hooper to yield, and conferred on Ken a pension of equal amount. To one who had long had only 80*l.* a-year, the addition of 200*l.* must have been wealth; but Hooper knew him so well that he thought it necessary to insist that he 'should lay out something for himself; and from that time,' we are told, 'he appeared in everything according to his condition.' *

In 1708 died Robert Frampton, ejected bishop of Gloucester. Pepys bears repeated testimony to his abilities as a preacher in his earlier days; and he appears to have been a man of singular meekness and humility. On his deprivation, he retired to a parish which he had held with his bishoprick. He was allowed to reside in the parsonage, attended the church, and publicly catechised the children. In 1710 he was followed to the grave by Lloyd. The most distinguished of the nonjuring laity, Nelson and Dodwell, acting on principles which the latter had laid down in some published treatises, now applied to Ken, as the only survivor of the extruded prelates, inquiring whether

* He received also, shortly before his end, a legacy of some 500*l.*, which enabled him to leave help to several afflicted friends.

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he claimed their obedience. His answer was that he made no such pretension; that he had steadily opposed the consecration of successors in the episcopate; and he added, 'I apprehend that it was always the judgment of my brethren, that the death of the canonical bishops would render the invaders canonical, in regard that schism is not to be always.' On this Nelson, Dodwell, and the rest of the more moderate spirits, returned to the communion of the national church. The later fortunes of the schism —adorned as it was by the talents and learning of such men as Hickes and Collier, Spinckes, and Brett, and Lindsay—need here be only alluded to with sorrow and pity.

Ken's life had long been a preparation for death. Mr. Bowles (ii. p. 276) mentions a touching circumstance—that the small Greek Testament which was his constant companion opens of itself at the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and Hawkins tells us that for many years he 'travelled with his shroud in his portmanteau, as what, he often said, might be as soon wanted as any of his other habiliments.' At length, in his seventy-fourth year, the summons came. While on a visit in the neighbourhood of Sherborne, he was seized with a palsy which confined him to his chamber from November, 1710, to the middle of the following March. He then set off towards Bath, intending to take Longleat in his way; but on reaching the mansion which had so long been his home, he felt that he must go no further. When told by his physician that he had but two or three days to live, he answered, 'God's will be done!' He put on his shroud with his own hands, in order that his body might not be stripped after death: he prayed for his friends, and gave them his blessing; and on the 19th of March he expired, peacefully and without pain. His will contains the well-known declaration: 'As for my religion, I die in the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of east and west: more particularly I die in the communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all papal and puritan innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross.'

At sunrise, on the second day after his death, his body was laid, according to his own directions, in the churchyard of Frome Selwood, as being the nearest parish within his diocese, 'without any manner of pomp or ceremony, besides that of the order for burial in the liturgy.' His grave was long marked by no other memorial than an iron grating, shaped like a coffin, and surmounted by a mitre and pastoral staff; but in 1844 a fund was raised for the purpose of doing honour to his memory by some more worthy monument. The iron grating is now inclosed in a small Gothic structure; the chancel of the church has been restored and

and decorated; and a window, commemorative of the saintly bishop, has been added by the munificence of the Marchioness of Bath.*

The life of Ken presents to us a remarkable instance of a man whose tastes were all for the cultivation of sanctity in retirement, and for the discharge of humble duties, called by circumstances to take a conspicuous part in the history of his time. There was assuredly no affectation in his frequent references to the calling of Amos—'no prophet, neither a prophet's son,' but 'caught up from among the meanest of the herdsmen.' He was evidently one who could have been content to serve God in a country parish all his days, without ambition of honours or distinction: he did not seek promotion, but was sought out by it. He rose by means which would have seemed likely to be a bar to his rising; he was promoted for discountenancing the vices of his sovereign, and that not in the way of violence or forwardness, which might perhaps have suggested his promotion as a means of silencing him, but simply by a firm resistance when they came across his own path. In his episcopal position he impressed two kings—both men of profligate morals, and of a creed different from his own—by the perfect simplicity and uprightness of his character. With an earnestness 'like a man inspired' he urged repentance on the dying Charles; he remonstrated with James again and again, boldly, yet respectfully, and patiently endured his displeasure. He was neither uplifted by popularity nor dejected by the loss of it. When, for conscience sake, he had resigned rank and wealth, and had submitted to the severance of the ties which bound him to his flock, the same singleheartedness continued to be his characteristic. He kept aloof from the zealots who mixed up with their cause other considerations than those for which *he* had embraced it; he opposed their mistaken measures; and, in the consciousness of his own rectitude, he was content to bear their insolence and scorn. Towards Charles at Winchester, and on his deathbed—towards William at the Hague—towards the brutal Kirke—towards James during the bloody scenes of 1685 and in the changeful days of 1688—he bore himself with uniform courage in the discharge of his duty. Over his grave it might have been said as truly as over that of Knox, 'Here lies he that never feared the face of man!' How vast was the contrast in all things else!

Many good people are ready to cry out against any criticism on the intellectual qualities of a holy man. To us this seems to indicate not a true admiration of the saintly character, but a distrust of its value. Surely, if we had a thorough appreciation of

* See Appendix to the Memoir by Mr. Markland, who was among the chief promoters of the fund.

sanctity,

sanctity, we should think *it* a sufficient title to reverence, without claiming for the possessor of it other gifts to which he had no pretensions. When, therefore, Mr. Macaulay tells us (vol. i. p. 632) that Ken's 'intellect was indeed darkened by many superstitions and prejudices; but his moral character, when impartially reviewed, sustains a comparison with any in ecclesiastical history, and seems to approach, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue'—we do not care to dispute the justice of the first clause in the sentence, coming as it does from a writer who would probably be ready to pass the same censure on many of the most venerable among his own contemporaries. On the contrary, we look on it as giving a higher value to the striking eulogium which follows; and the more because we must regard Mr. Macaulay's estimate of his personal impartiality as nothing better than an amusing delusion.

The Bishop's writings are chiefly valuable as illustrations of his character and history. During his lifetime he made hardly any pretensions to authorship. The only works which he sent forth were composed in the discharge of his duty towards those committed to his care—not for the purpose of 'showing himself to the world.' The peculiar bent of his mind appears remarkably in his exposition of the Catechism. It is appropriately entitled 'The Practice of Divine Love:' the object is not to give a formal statement of the Church's doctrines, but to turn them all into prayer and praise. In this and in his other devotional writings we may trace many remembrances of earlier prayers—derived, probably, through our own Andrews and Laud, from the Fathers of the Church and the ancient liturgics; but Ken has shed over all his own spirit of tenderness and love. A general characteristic of his writings is the union of a high religious standard with a compassionate and experienced allowance for the frailty by which it is too likely that the attainment of such a standard may be hindered. In the holiness which he prescribed and practised there was nothing forbidding. His life was ascetic; but we are told that his 'temper was lively and cheerful,' and his conversation 'very facetious and entertaining.'—(*Hawkins*, in *Prose Works*, p. 3.)

If there was any vanity in the good man's heart, it would seem to have been on the subject of his poetical skill. He expresses, indeed, a belief that his verses are open to the assaults of criticism; but he must have thought something of them, for he left them for publication, and they fill four thick volumes. The contrast is strange and surprising between the clear, free, harmonious flow of his prose, and the barbarous, cramped, pedantic language, the harsh dissonance, the extravagant conceits, which disfigure the

the great mass of his verses. Mr. Anderdon has tried the ingenious experiment of reducing some passages from metre to prose, and no doubt they gain considerably; but there is no getting over the fact that these four volumes are altogether a mistake. Mr. Bowles traces this to the influence of Cowley, whose 'Davideis' was evidently the model of the 'Edmund,' as his odes were of the lyrical pieces:—

'Ken's faults in poetry arose from his rejecting his own feelings of simplicity and nature, and proposing to himself a model of false imagery and affected diction. Always intent on this artificial model, he sacrificed his native good sense; turned from what is simple, sublime, and pathetic; shut his eyes to all that is most interesting in rural scenery and external nature; and even in addressing Heaven under the intense feelings of devotion, appears affected and artificial. . . . If he had only followed his own native feelings, he would have been an interesting, if not pathetic or sublime, poet.'—*Bowles*, ii. 300.

The most interesting of the poems are those which relate to the author himself, such as the one in which he draws a parallel between his own history and that of St. Gregory of Nazianzum, and the 'Anodynes of Pain,' which are peculiarly touching, as having been the actual means of soothing the acute bodily sufferings of his later years, when he was compelled to abandon study and seek relief in the cultivation of poetry and music.

On the great question of Ken's life—that of the oath of allegiance—opinions have been and will be divided. To us it appears that the Scriptural precept of obedience to 'the powers that be' dispenses with the necessity of inquiring into the original right of an existing Government; that the only question is, whether the Government have that amount of establishment and security which will justify us in regarding it as properly *being*. When a doctrine resembling this was advanced by Sherlock and others after the Revolution, Kettlewell asked, by way of objection, 'How much time, and how much quietness, must go to settlement?' (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 256.) We should reply that *there* is the very difficulty of the case—but that it is a difficulty which must be faced; that the answer, where it is required, must be made by every man for himself, on a conscientious review of all the circumstances which he is able to include in his consideration. Ken made no scruple of submitting, or even adhering, to the government of William and Mary. But he thought that the new oath which was tendered to him was incompatible with that which he had sworn before; and with such a man, those very reasons of temporal advantage which would have influenced many to comply had exactly the opposite effect. How striking were his words to Hooper:—

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'Should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world!' With such a feeling, undoubtedly he did well to decline the oath; and, while we think that his scruples were mistaken, we rejoice that he declined it, and that he was not alone in that sacrifice of everything to conscience.

But he never condemned others for the compliance which he was himself unable to make. He kept aloof from all political intrigues. Through misapprehension, misrepresentation, and obloquy on both sides, he held on his wise, moderate, and straightforward course, seeking the peace of the Church, and finding in the exercises of a holy life support and comfort throughout all his troubles. We are well pleased in quoting these words from Mr. Anderdon:—

'If at any time men of tender consciences, in their aspirations after some ideal perfection, be tempted to swerve from their obedience to the Church of England, let them study the writings of humble, simple-hearted, stedfast Bishop Ken—(stedfast, *because* humble and simple-hearted)—and they will find solid arguments to preserve them from "widening her deplorable divisions," and inspire them with his own firm resolves to "continue stedfast in her bosom, and improve all those helps to true piety, all those means of grace, all those incentives to the love of God," which He has mercifully afforded to them in her communion.'

It has been supposed by many that Ken was the original of Dryden's Good Parson, and we think the conjecture very probable. For not only is the 'parson' described as holding the opinions of the Nonjurors—a party from which no one was so likely as Ken to be chosen as a model;—not only do the general characteristics agree with those of the Bishop—but there seems to be a more particular reference to him in the description of the parson as a writer of *hymns*. We cannot quite make up our minds as to the bearing on this question of two letters in the Pepys Correspondence (vol. ii. pp. 254, 5), which were not published when Mr. Bowles wrote, and have escaped the notice of the later biographers. Dryden writes to Pepys (July 14, 1699), thanking him for having directed his attention to Chaucer's 'Parson,' and enclosing his own imitation. The Secretary replies, 'hoping from this copy of one good parson to fancy some amends made for the hourly offence I bear with from the sight of so many lewd originals.' On the one hand, it may be said that neither of the writers alludes to Ken; on the other, it may be plausibly argued that the allusion to him may have been understood between them; that Pepys, in speaking of the poem as the '*copy* of one good parson,' may mean that it was a portrait from the life; that he

may not only have pointed out the passage of Chaucer to the poet, but may have suggested that it should be adapted to the character of his old shipmate.

There are also, we think, among Dryden's lines some other hardly mistakeable allusions to the peculiar history of the Bishop. At all events our readers will not be sorry that we conclude with some of those beautiful couplets. Possibly, in these days, they may even be new to some of our younger friends:—

'A parish priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast:
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere;
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see,
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.
And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears,
A music more melodious than the spheres:
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sang the best.
The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered;
Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
A living sermon of the truths he taught.
'Such was the saint, who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face:
God saw his image lively was expressed,
And his own work, as in Creation, blessed;
The Tempter saw him too with envious eye,
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
'He took the time when Richard was deposed,
And high and low with happy Harry closed.
This Prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood;
Near tho' he was, yet not the next in blood.
He joined not in their choice—because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue;
Much to himself he thought, but little spoke,
And, undeprived, his benefice forsook.
'With what he begged his brethren he relieved,
And gave the charities himself received;
Gave while he taught; and edified the more
Because he showed 't was easy to be poor.'

ART. III.—1. *The Church and her Accuser in the far North.* By Investigator. Glasgow, 1850.
2. *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds.* By John Ruskin, M.A. 1851.

WHEN a sect has been long seated in one country, or when a nation has wholly or very generally adopted peculiar dogmas with the ardour of sectarianism, it is difficult to distinguish between the effects produced by the peculiar religious doctrines, and those which may result from national and local character; and this is doubly difficult where the creed and climate are congenial—where the people have embraced a faith so suited to their disposition that it would seem as if that suitableness must have been the cause of the choice.

Want of sun and want of animal spirits go naturally enough together, and it is not unnatural (as poor human nature is) that the man of dull spirits should think the lively something worse than frivolous. There is no church or sect which in so many words denounces gaiety of temper, face, and conversation, as unholy; but some religious bodies take so despairing a view of the position of man, that any show of lightheartedness is in fact considered as rash and daring profanity. According to them, this beautiful world is not given to be enjoyed. It is scarcely even a scene of trial. The dread sentence has already passed, and the immense majority are irrevocably doomed to an eternity the knowledge of which makes cheerfulness insanity. But for the other part—the minority—who are as confident of their own acceptance as of the condemnation of the multitude—how fares it with their present feelings and character? It might seem that in them we should find, not indeed absolute vulgar hilarity, but a perfect and sublime serenity, removed far out of the reach of the petty vexations, the jealousies, and heartburnings of the world. We might expect at least forbearance, pity, charity, mercy. But shall we presume to test their sincerity by the existence of these feelings? The whole question is of course regarding an inward consciousness of a divine revelation, or *afflatus*. Shall we test the presence of that consciousness by each man's conduct? Shall we know it by his works? It is an easy way to dispose of such questions to say that he who does not live up to his profession is dishonest—to brand the man who boasts an individual assurance of salvation and is yet uncharitable, grasping, worldly, as a mere pretender. But he who has studied human nature in the page of old experience, knows that in all ages there have been those who began by deceiving themselves.

He will admit that the thorough spiritual cheat—the *Tartuffe*—is only one shape, and not the most common, in which we see profession and practice at variance.

We are told, indeed, by the spiritual anatomists of those sects that speak familiarly of the most dread names and subjects, that what is 'born in' on the soul touching its future state cannot be false—that the acceptance of God's elect is declared to themselves in plain language. They leave out of view the disturbing forces. They choose to discount vanity, spiritual pride, the self-conceit of ignorance, the tricks of an over-excited imagination, the madness which prompted the mountebank Huntington to write himself *S. S.* (*sinner saved*), and which told the heavenly-minded Cowper of nothing but sure damnation.

To arrogate an exclusive favour with God is no new thing, nor confined to any country or sect. It is as old and universal as enthusiasm and human presumption. Always and everywhere there have been men who went up into the Temple and thanked God they were 'not as other men are.' But it is a subject which we think it useful to bring before our readers from time to time, as new pretenders spring up to monopolize all godliness, and take Heaven by storm. We feel that the *Quarterly Review* can do so without being suspected of sneering at genuine religion, in any shape.

That we take our modern instances from distant and obscure places—that we select our quarry from the outlying herd round the skirts of our manor—is for very obvious reasons, and God knows from no want of game nearer home. Merely premising then, that with change of names the story of superstition and spiritual pride may be told of any county from Kent to Cornwall—from the Land's End to John o' Groat's—we for the present cull our specimens from 'the far North.'

The northern division of our island has long been noted for a high-strained religious profession, and a claim of more than ordinary 'seriousness;' nor do any parts of Scotland exceed in this respect the Isle of Skye, or the wilder tracts of the peninsula beyond the Moray Firth. In morals and conduct and general intelligence, the natives of those countries do not differ materially from their neighbours. They are of both languages—for the peculiarity we are to notice is independent of race. It affects the Celt and the Teuton alike. The population of those two districts has been for a long time distinguished for a transcendental Calvinism, or, as they prefer to say, for ultra-evangelical tenets. There, perhaps more than elsewhere in Britain, is extant the spirit of the old Puritan, his presumptuous self-esteem, his hatred of prelacy, liturgies, *Erastianism*, and everything differing from himself.

himself. Some of his better qualities are there also; and faith as strong, piety as fervent, as entire submission to the Divine will, may be found in many of those modern Highlanders, as warmed the breasts of John Bunyan and Rutherford.

Like other people of cold climate and nature, they love the excitement of long and vehement preaching, and are capable of being roused by it to a dangerous frenzy, venting itself in scenes only short of the dreadful American revivals. But like their Puritan prototypes, while thus seeking the stimulants of spiritual exercises, they profess to distrust and despise all secular learning (*head knowledge* is their term), however dedicated to pious uses. Ordination of any sort has no value in their eyes, and thus the clever, talking, ranting, uneducated layman who possesses the 'gift of prayer' and has Scripture phrases on his tongue, is more acceptable with them in their 'fellowship-meetings' than the sober ecclesiastic who would try to instruct before exciting. This religious society has another curious feature. Its individual members not only think themselves entitled to assert generally their own acceptance with the Deity; but they measure with great minuteness their several degrees of progress in spiritual attainments; and take rank according to the indications of divine favour—according to the success of appeals to God—of struggles with the Devil; to use their own language, according to their 'experiences.' Each man is his own judge, and—what is more remarkable—the society in which he moves admits his judgment of himself. The self-constituted leaders of these religionists are known by the appellation of 'the Men,' and they distinguish themselves by a particular dress. In Skye they wear, even in church and at the administration of the sacrament, red, striped, or blue woollen night-caps—the colours marking different degrees of godliness; in Caithness their dress is a cloak, with a peculiar handkerchief tied over the head.

For the curious in this branch of natural history, we add such particulars of 'the Men' as we have been able to gather by diligent inquiry from 'sure hands.' Their *habitat* extends from Carrbridge, where the great Highland road plunges from the moorlands of Strathdern into the valley of the Spey, all along the north-eastern coast, quite round to Cape Wrath. Sutherland they pervade wholly. They are not so strong on the western coast of Ross as on the east side; and are not known in Lochaber, Glengarry, Moidart, or Arisaig, unless at Kilmallie of late. On the mainland fronting Skye, and we believe among the Saxon-speaking population of that island itself, they are pretty numerous under the name of 'Professors.' The cloak which 'the Men' wear in Caithness and Sutherland is considered apostolical; it

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formed part of the costume of St. Paul, who left his 'cloak' at Troas. It is of dark colour; generally of camlet. They never lay it aside in the heat of summer. We have not learned the authority for their various head-gear. It would seem that from whatever colour commencing, it culminates into white. The colours, whether in spots or stripes, are, we presume, symbolical of some partial remainder of human frailty—of the stains of earth; and it is only where all traces of the world are washed out that a handkerchief of unmixed white is blazoned. Alexander Gair, a catechist of very eminent sanctity, never appears in church or meeting without a pure white napkin tied over his head, with the ends hanging down.

We learn somewhat of the working of this singular society in Caithness from the very interesting and clever pamphlet of *Investigator*. It is understood to be the production of a most respectable clergyman of the established church of Scotland—a native of 'the far North,' though now beneficed in a more genial region. It is written indeed for a controversial purpose—in which we take no concern—but its facts have never been disputed; many of them we have ourselves verified; and the extracts and details which we select from it may be received with entire confidence.

Our author first introduces us to 'the Men' of a parish in Caithness, met in council at nine at night, to criticise the service of the Communion which had just taken place. One, a watchmaker, objected to an officiating minister who had spoken of 'Christ suffering a temporary hell for his people.' 'Temporary,' he maintained, meant 'trifling,' and so to speak of the Saviour's suffering was damnable doctrine. His authority was great, and the others concurred. The meeting sent a deputation to the manse, announcing their pleasure that the offending minister, who was to preach next morning, should be superseded; or otherwise that another and more popular should be set to preach from a tent (or wooden-booth) near the church door. After long consultation and hesitation, the poor parish minister was compelled to submit, and to adopt the latter alternative. The approved orator uplifted his voice in the tent just as the bell had 'rung in,' and the congregation speedily rushed from the church to hear him, leaving the man of unsound doctrine, who did not know that 'temporary' meant 'trifling,' to address empty pews—(pp. 19, 22).

The following passage refers to another gathering for a Communion in Caithness.

'The English attendance was large in itself, though it seemed small when compared with the vast multitude of Gaelic-speaking Celts, which covered

covered a large space of what was called the hill of Latheron, where the whole of the services of the sacramental Sabbath, including the dispensation of the elements, took place under the open canopy of heaven. From what I have been told, I am inclined to believe that this was emphatically *the occasion*, as it was styled, not for Latheron merely, but for a very wide district of the North.'—p. 22.

The service began about half-past eleven. The preacher was very popular. The initiatory or '*action* sermon,' delivered from a tent, lasted two hours and a half. To this succeeded an hour of 'fencing the tables,' wound up with awful threats against unworthy communicants.

'The effect speedily became manifest. Not an individual approached the table, which had been empty during the whole of the preliminary exercises. A few verses were sung, and a short address of some ten or fifteen minutes was uttered, in which the communicants were invited to come forward, but were at the same time given to understand that they had much better stay away. Another psalm followed, with the same result as before. Then came a fresh address, like the former one, to which there succeeded a little more singing; and so on, till it was long past four o'clock in the afternoon, and yet no one had taken his seat at the first table!— At last a commotion might be discerned in one part of the crowd. It was soon discovered to have its origin in the very slow, and indeed scarcely perceptible progress towards the communion-table of two or three of *the Men*, habited in their universally-recognised uniform of a camlet cloak and a spotted cotton pocket-handkerchief tied over the head. Onward they came, with half-closed eyes, and faces bent towards the ground. Their footsteps were tracked by male and female votaries, and the table was full. From that time till the termination of the service, about half-past eight o'clock in the evening, all went on quietly. The number of the table services seldom exceeded three or four, as not a tithe of the congregation ever dreamt of communicating. Last of all came the concluding address. The people dispersed—not to retire to their own homes for the night, but to take a little (occasionally, in truth, *not* a little) refreshment, before repairing to a meeting presided over by *the Men*, in which the proceedings of the day were discussed till long past midnight.'—p. 24.

Another authority, perfectly well informed, tells us,—

'The most remarkable feature in the proceedings of *the Men* is the meeting on Sabbath evening after the service in church is done. At those meetings great numbers of people congregate, young and old, male and female. The prayers and addresses are of an extraordinary and highly exciting kind, and are prolonged far into morning. It is too well known that much immorality is the consequence of such stimulants. Not a few young people of both sexes, of light and thoughtless character, frequent those meetings for no good purpose; and the scenes exhibited are frequently exceedingly derogatory to religion.'

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For the relation established between the pastor and the flock, take Investigator's description of one of the days of *preparation* for the Communion.

'The grand day of a communion week in a Highland parish was neither the Sabbath, nor the Fast-day, nor the Saturday, nor the Monday, but the day of *the Men*—the Friday. And I know few things so well calculated to enable a Lowlander to understand the true state of the Church in the northern counties during the *Ten Years' Conflict*,* and the preceding half century, as a short and simple detail of the incidents of a Communion Friday in the parish of Latheron, to which, as I have hinted, the people of most of the other Gaelic parishes looked, as, in respect of Sacramental proceedings, the model of all that was good.

'Permit me, then, to describe to you a scene which was of very frequent occurrence on the hill of Latheron, at the noon of the Friday preceding the Summer Communion. There is an assembly of some thousands of Highlanders seated in front of the large wooden erection which is called the preaching tent. You remark, in the distance, travelling towards the place of meeting, three ministers, who are engaged in earnest conversation. If you were to join their party, you would hear A say to B:—"Now, as you are to preside to-day, I hope you will make a point of not asking X to speak, for he has not been in any church since the last Communion which he attended, and that is about six months ago; I know he is to be at the meeting this forenoon, in order that he may have an opportunity of denouncing myself and my neighbour, as he did this time last year." "Well, as to him"—(you would find C exclaim)—"I don't mind so much, because I believe him to be a pious man upon the whole, though he never goes to church; but Y is to be there, whom I trust you will not think of inviting, as he is getting quite notorious for love to the bottle, and our Session had almost been compelled to inquire into his character in consequence of some dreadful stories that were abroad as to his licentious conduct; but we contrived to avoid pushing on the investigation, as we knew that all the pious people had such a warm regard for him that our taking up the case would have been almost universally ascribed to a desire of exposing the failings of the saints." "Ah!" Mr. B. would reply, "don't speak in that way, or I shall have no *leeberty* at the meeting; they are both men of great experience, and are of such tender consciences that, though they regularly appear at all the communion times, they have not gone to the table for several years; we have no communicants who can equal them in utterance, and, if I preside, I cannot but call upon them, so one of you had better take my place." "No, no," A and C would instantaneously respond, "you must have your usual post, the people all expect it, and now that we have told you our opinions, you must act for yourself." The conversation having ceased as the speakers approached the tent, you

* This means the long struggle about Patronage, which ended in the disruption of 1843—the great schism of the Free Kirk.

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would see them enter, and B would commence the services with a few verses of a psalm, and a prayer in which there were many marked petitions that there might be great *leeberty* that day, and that no one might be prevented by the fear of man from speaking what he felt. At the conclusion of the prayer, he would address a few sentences to the congregated multitudes, and would beg that if any of them had any case of conscience which he would like resolved, it should now be stated to the meeting, when some brother would endeavour to remove his difficulty. This request would bring up a person of very sombre aspect, in a distant part of the crowd, who would say that he had been much troubled to discover the marks of grace. The presiding minister, our friend B, would highly commend this *question;* would express his persuasion that there were only two or three there that ought to venture to *speak to it*, and would call upon a man sitting in front of the tent to give his opinion. He, instead of rising, would hide his face in his hands, and bow down his head towards the ground, exhibiting increased symptoms of unwillingness to speak, at each repetition of the request that he would let them have his mind. At length he would be abandoned to silence, and the same process, with the same result, would be gone through in the cases of two or three others. "Ah!" my dear friends," B would exclaim, "see how humble some poor creatures are when asked to speak at a meeting; there is many a carnal professor would give me half-a-crown if I would ask him!" It would seem to you that there was to be no lay oratory—but you would soon discover the contrary. B would look towards a person in the costume of The Men, and would beg of your acquaintance X to give the people his mind. Amidst the breathless silence and intense anxiety of the multitude, X would rise and declare that a word had been sent to him which he could not but speak, and it was, that whatever might be the marks of grace, none were to be found "in those big parish ministers"—(B was not a parish minister, but A and C were)—"who fed themselves and not the flock—those idle shepherds into whose flock the true sheep would not enter"—(he himself held a meeting in opposition to his parish minister, during the hours of public worship, every Sabbath, and many of his hearers were now around)—"those carnal worldlings, who, unlike the Apostles, wore boots"—(deep groans from the old women)—"and travelled in gigs!" (expressions of horror in every part of the meeting, all eyes being directed towards the tent in which A and C were seated). As soon as X had finished, B would invite Y to speak to the question, and you would see before you another of The Men, with a countenance on which sensuality and fanaticism had alike imprinted their broadest marks. He would begin by pointing to B (with whom he was exceedingly intimate), and protesting that "but for Jehoshaphat they should not have seen *his* face that day!—As for the marks of grace, many ministers nowadays did not know what grace was—it was all dry, hard morality with them—and they would cast out, if they could, a true child of God, and lay false accusations at his door, because he was a witness against their legal preaching. O ye devils!"—(at the full pitch of his voice)—"ye cannot make me silent; I will lift a testimony against you in

in this meeting, and will warn the simple lest they fall into your snares." Loud and long was the declamation which followed; and when it was concluded, B would sum up what had been spoken in a lengthened address, which was much more gratifying to The Men than to the ministers; and after prayers had been offered up by various persons in the congregation, who did not fail to drive home the nails entered by X and Y, the multitude dispersed, animated by a joy to which A and C alone were strangers.'—p. 26.

To this the author appends a note showing how now, as of old, the leaders of the Congregation vent their coarsest insults in that which they impiously call the prayer. 'I have heard,' he says, 'of a case in which a minister was compelled to listen to a petition by one of his hearers at a congregational meeting, praying that it might be revealed to the people for which of their sins God had allowed *him* to be their pastor' (p. 29).

It is not at church only that 'the Men' exhibit their costume and their solemn visages. In their peculiar garb they wander about among the country-people, repaying their entertainment by praying and expounding after their own manner—free from 'head learning.' But the chief scenes of their activity and glory are the 'fellowship meetings,' where crowds are drawn together, professing to compare their 'experiences.' These are the great schools for extempore preaching, praying, and prophesying; and, as they love to call it, 'speaking to the question.' Scripture language is applied to common things in most grotesque fashion, which does not to them seem either ridiculous or blasphemous. The great object is excitement. Whatever other effects they produce, these fellowship meetings are abundantly productive of spiritual pride.

The following paragraph gives us Investigator's view of the origin of the state of things we have been illustrating. Shrewd as he is, it will be pretty evident that he sees but half the cause:—

'*The Men*, I believe, are indebted for the commencement of their dynasty to that deficiency of pastoral superintendence which, till a very recent date, was universally admitted to exist in the Highlands,—to the long-continued dearness of the Gaelic Bible—and to the ignorance of the uneducated Highlanders. It was but little instruction that the minister of a Northern parish could supply to his parishioners, when they were living at a distance of ten or twelve miles from his church, and were scattered over a tract of country which, in the south, would have comprehended the greater part of a whole Presbytery. Hence arose the demand for catechists, to supplement, as it was pretended, the acknowledged lack of spiritual guides to the people. Persons were appointed to this office, and were commissioned to hold meetings for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures in those hamlets which were so far removed from the parish church as to render it impossible

possible for their inhabitants to wait upon the services of the sanctuary. The book which was handed to these individuals as the Bible was not the Gaelic but the English version; the former work being much more expensive than the latter, and Highlanders in the humbler ranks of life being unable to read in their native language. The catechists speedily discovered that their readings were vastly more relished by the imaginative and superstitious Celts when a few grains of enthusiasm and extravagance were added to what seemed to them the cold and constrained "letter of the Word." Accordingly, in translating from the English version which they held in their hands, they gradually deviated farther and farther from the literal meaning of the Scriptural expressions, till at length they might be said to "teach for doctrines the commandments of men;" since, instead of giving the Gaelic equivalents to the terms in the English Bible, they read out to their hearers, as the Word of the Lord, what was the concoction of their own wild and wayward fancy. In thus acting, they were safe from detection by the people, for they could not read for themselves, and knew nothing of the Scriptures except what they learned from their catechists—The transition was easy from reading and praying to expounding in public, and it was unscrupulously made. The catechists became lay preachers, and had regular meetings for the display of their oratorical powers at the ordinary hours for Divine service. Abandoning all those restraints which information and intelligence impose upon expounders of Scripture, they indulged in fantastic declamation, which charmed the semi-savage peasantry of the North, and made them crowd to their meetings, instead of attending at the parish churches. The consequences were what might have been anticipated. The catechists increased in number and importance. Some assumed the office from a regard to the respect and renown, and even reverence, with which its possessors were rewarded by the people. Others took it up with a view to the temporal profit which it secured in the shape of gifts of various kinds. Not a few became catechists that they might escape being craftsmen. And cases were of frequent occurrence, in which there could be no doubt that the motive was the same with that which prompts licentious hypocrites to go forth after their prey, clad in a long and closely-drawn cloak of seeming sanctity. The ministers were alarmed by all this, and offered some show of resistance. They were instantly calumniated as heterodox, ungodly, &c. &c.'—p. 30.

Our author is naturally indignant at the state of thraldom under which his brethren of the ministry, as well as their flocks, were reduced by those self-elected teachers; but we think his indignation carries him too far. He may justly call *The Men* ignorant—presumptuous—spiritual tyrants—even 'artful fanatics' (p. 82); but when he brands them as a body, as 'liars' (p. 32), sneers at the want of 'veracity, sobriety, and chastity of *The Men* in general' (p. 59); speaks of 'the besetting sin of impurity, in which many of them are known to wallow' (p. 32), and their public

public conviction of which sin scarcely injures their popularity; we are convinced that his zeal misleads him. It is scarcely possible that a population not generally depraved or degraded (like the anabaptists of old) should continue to yield allegiance in spiritual matters to sanctimonious profligates careless of disguising their crimes, or to vicious hypocrites, when their hypocrisy and real vice are exposed. That may happen in special cases; but, in general, the successful *Tartuffe* must affect morality as well as unction.

In examining the feelings and motives of these *Men*, it would be unjust to pass over evidence afforded by one of themselves. Alexander Campbell, a crofter in poor but not uncomfortable circumstances, in the island of Luing, was a leading *Man* in the north of Argyleshire, in the early part of the present century. His reputation for sanctity was very high, and the people of his district 'regarded his sayings as dictated by positive inspiration.' He himself does not assert so much, but he nevertheless has thought it his duty to leave 'a dying testimony of what God has done for his soul,' as well as a record of his acts and opinions, for the guidance of posterity. While yet alive he had put forth ('Printed for the Author.' Glasgow, 1826) 'The Dying Testimony of Alexander Campbell, late tenant in Kilchattan, parish of Luing'—leaving a blank for the date of his death, which in the copy we have used is filled in—9th November, 1829. Alexander's style and grammar are very bad—perhaps English was not his native language—and it is not always easy to gather his precise meaning. He does not propose to write a history of his life, but we gather a few of its events in passing.

'I was born August the 10th, or thereabouts, 1751, of honest parents, John Campbell and Margaret Campbell, of the family of Calder, tenants in the town and parish of Kilchattan, Luing. And as the word of God saith, Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come, Matt. xxiv. 42. In time past I was a cross boy, yet after all it was observed of me that I was not given up to play as other children, for it was observed of me also that, when other children would be breaking the Lord's Day in playing, I would be musing, of praising as it were of religion way, and they would in a mocking way say to me, "Put on the preaching eyes now;" for ever since I was a boy I had pangs of spirit, and conviction, that pricked my heart and conscience what to do, that I would be rolling myself in bed, as these were pricked in heart, Acts ii. 37, that pressed and tormented me to feel such blasphemous injections against God, feeling myself at enmity to him, Rom. viii. 7. . . .

'I stressed my hand by plastering the wall of the house, and I went to a physician to see if he could do anything for my hand; but it was for the worse, as the woman, in the Scriptures, who had the bloody issue, that suffered many things of many physicians, but was nothing

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the better, but rather worse, Mark v. 25, 26; so it was my case also, and my nature was to be avenged on the apothecary's clerk that gave me the medicines, for I was exceedingly the worse of them ever after, for these forty-seven years ago I have been troubled with a coldness in my loins, and my head, and whole body, that I could not be kept warm by clothes: when I would warm my one side at the fire the other would be cold; so that I may say, In thy cold who can stand?—Psalm cxlvii. 17. I was for being avenged on the apothecary's clerk, Malcolm M'Vicar, Balmanno's shop, Glasgow—but in the mean time this Scripture was impressed on my mind to forgive him, and that I would heap coals of fire upon his head, Rom. xii. 19, 20, 21. . . . .

'As I had no rest of conscience, I thought of giving a hint of my case to the schoolmaster of Killichattan, parish of Luing, James M'Intyre, he being more pious than some others, to see what he would say of my case, but he only made a sport of me. As soon as I gave him a hint of it, he cried on a vain lad, one of my neighbours, Duncan Campbell, smith, as he was passing by, upon the Lord's Day, to come and get sport of me; therefore I repented that I had given him a hint of it; and as the Scriptures saith, tell it not in Gath, lest the uncircumcised triumph, 2 Samuel i. 20. Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you: Matt. vii. 6. When the vain lad came in, then he told him of my case, and he made sport of me also.—I went to Mr. John Smith, the minister of the parish, to see what he would say to my case. He told me only to remember my Creator, that was all he said of my case. An old woman could have given me the same answer if I had given her a hint of my case as I did to him; she would say remember thy Creator also.—But there was none in the country could suit my case of conscience, and that I could rely upon, that would show me the marks of the people of God, but only a pious blind man that was ordered to go through the parish to examine the people by questions; and he said to me, that he did not know of any that could answer my case of conscience, since there was not such a one in the country as the late schoolmaster, John Campbell; that, if he were in the country, he would answer my case of conscience. Then I wrote to him frequently of my case, and he answered me exceedingly well, though the schoolmaster and the minister could not do it, as they had not exercise of conscience as he had.'

His care for his conscience soon turned into an eager concern for the soundness of the doctrine generally preached to the people. 'As I came to the light of the workings of effectual calling, I saw that the ministers did not preach of the new-birth, or comfort the people of God.'

He discovered that the 'Established Church of Scotland is of popish, Erastian principles.' The 'prelacy of the High Church of England' was no better. Patronage seemed to him, at first, the root of the evil. He got into trouble by protesting against the placing of a minister, and he and a small party fixed their protestation

protestation on the church door, each man driving a nail in testimony of his adherence. He was charged with the fact and admitted it. 'I also said that Mr. Donald Cargill excommunicated Charles the Second, and Dukes, and General Dalzel, &c., and they did not die a natural death. Mr. Campbell of Esdale said that Cargill did not suffer a natural death neither. I said to him—Ye may as well say that Christ suffered not a natural death also.' Alexander and his followers then 'came out from among them, and were as sheep without a shepherd.' It was not easy to find a sheepfold constructed to his mind.

'I saw it to be a duty to protest against the Established Church of Scotland, that its principles were false—as all tolerated sects are false in the principles they hold, in doctrine, worship, discipline, and government; and though they differed in head from the Erastian Church of Scotland, yet they were joined to it in tail. And they are also as other tolerated sects, of other gods, evil worship, and therefore we are to take heed that we are not ensnared by following them. That it was robbing of God's absolute power by tolerating King George the Third to the government of Britain, like Uzziah. So therefore I thought I would put in my testimony against hearing any of the tolerated sects, as well as against the Church of Scotland.'

For a time Alexander and his companions were contented with private meetings, but some of them thought they had found what they wanted in the sect which calls (or called) itself 'Reformed Presbyterian,' and he agreed to join that body, having first stipulated for 'liberty to reprove their ministers,' *which was conceded.*

There was no absolute perfection, however, even in the 'Reformed Presbyterians,' and Campbell was not a person to submit to any compromise of opinion. To abstain from work upon the fast-day appointed by the Established Kirk was 'complying with unlawful authority,' and their new minister was rebuked for advising it. 'When that unlawful war commenced between Britain and France, and we were called to courts anent being volunteers, then we had meetings anent that whether it was our duty to go to their courts.' A subject of great discussion amongst them was, whether or no it was allowable to have recourse to law in defence of property. This was settled by a reference to the constitution of their sect, which allowed it in cases of necessity. Campbell took up his testimony against their false principle, and again 'came out from amongst them;' and from thenceforward was not enthralled by any confession of faith, nor declaration of adherence to any particular church or sect. His influence over a wide district seems only to have been increased by these crotchets and vagaries; but in the peaceful absolutism of his reign there is nothing to record. He was reverenced and *feared* while alive,

alive, and canonized afterwards. It is affirmed that on the night of his death, some of his followers, looking towards his house, saw his soul carried upwards into heaven in a fiery chariot. But the authority on which we record this carefully adds, that 'many of the inhabitants of that district disbelieve it.' His 'Dying Testimony' appears to us so curious, that we shall transcribe as much as is at all fit for publication. Even in what we give, the readers of Burns will see sufficient coincidences with *Holy Willie's Prayer*:—

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against those who tolerate all heretical sects. I also bear testimony against the Church of England for using their prayer book, their worship being idolitrous. I bear testimony against the Popish Erastian patronising ministers of the Church of Scotland. This is a day of gloominess and of thick darkness. They are blindfolded by toleration of popery, sectarianism, idolatry, and will-worship.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony from first to last against the Reformed Presbytery; they are false hypocrites, in principles of adherance to the modern party, who accept of indulgencies in as much as that they are allowed to apply to unjust judges. They throw their malitia money into one purse with the Church of men; they in case of necessity bow to the image. It is evident they are not reformed when they will not run any hazard to a constitution according to Christ.

'I leave my dying testimony against my brother Duncan Campbell, by the flesh, and his wife Mary Omey, on account of a quarrel between their daughter and my housekeeper, having summoned her before a justice of the peace, who, having heard the case, did not take any steps against her. I therefore testify against them for not dropping the matter, as I did all that was in my power to do this. There is no agreement between the children of the flesh and spirit, as Paul said.

'I leave my testimony, as a dying man, against Duncan Clark, in saying that my brother's cow was not pushing mine; he was not present and therefore could not maintain it before judges. And my brother took his son who was not come to the years, and got him to declare along with them. They would not allow my house-keeper to have the same authority in neighbourhood with them, as she was not married; and that is contrary to the word, Better to be as I am, as Paul said.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the letter learned men, that are not taught in the college of Sina and Zion, but in the college of Babylon, 2 Cor. iii. 6, Rom. vii. 6. They wanted to interrupt me by their letter learning, and would have me from the holy covenant, Luke i. 72, and from the everlasting covenant, Isaiah xxiv. 5.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against King George the Third, for tolerating all denominations in the three kingdoms of Scotland, England, and Ireland, to uncleanness of popery, and as he himself

self reigned as a pope in all these three kingdoms, that his Churchmen trample under feet a covenanted land married to the Lord to the last posterity, that they will not have Christ to reign as head and king of the Church, Isaiah ix. 6, 7, and ought to have supremacy all in all, Eph. i. 22; Col. i. 18, and not mortal man as king of the Church and State, to the ruin of the souls and body of the people.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against paying unlawful tributes and stipend, either in civil or ecclesiastical courts, not according to the word of God, Confession of Faith, second reformation covenants, &c., if otherwise they shall receive the mark of the beast, Rev. xiii. 17.

'I leave my testimony against covetous heritors, who oppress the poor tenants by augmenting the rents, as John M'Andrew that was in Ardmuddy, that he fell over a rock, and judgment came upon him and he died, and Robertson and M'Lachlan, surveyors, that caused Lord Bredalban to augment the land, and oppress the poor, and grind the face of the poor tenants. Oppression makes a wise man mad, Eccl. vii. 7. And it is a double sin of George the Fourth, as in his Coronation oath he is bound not to suffer the poor to be oppressed, nor had Nehemiah, as he feared God, Neh v. 7. Suffer not the subject to be oppressed, for by mercy and truth iniquity is purged; and by the fear of God men depart from evil.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against unequal yoke of marriage, 2 Col. vi. 14; 1 Cor. vii. 39.

'I leave as a dying man my testimony against playactors and pictures, Numb. xxxiii. 52; Deut. xviii. 10–14; Gal. iv. 10.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against dancing schools, as it is the works of the flesh.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the low country, as they are not kind to strangers. Some unawares have entertained angels, Heb. xii. 12.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against women that wear Babylonish garments, that are rigged out with stretched out necks, tinkling as they go, Isaiah iii. 16–24, &c.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against gentlemen; they altogether break the bonds of the relation of the words of God, Jer. v. 5.

'I leave as a dying man my testimony against covetous heritors. And the word of God says that the labourers should labour no more than they are paid for; that poor tenants be obliged to go here and there, as the children of Israel were obliged to wander hither and thither to gather stubble, or else be beaten by the servants of Pharaoh. Exod. v. 10-14. That is the very way of poor tenants now, by proprietors and factors, and laws of the fat lawyers, as the Jews said, we have a law, John x. 7. N.B. As I could not pay that excessive rent that was laid on the place I had, I petitioned Lord Bredalbane, and there was a deliverance given me of a cow's grass and a house, the factor Craignour. John Campbell, lawyer at Inverary, would not give it, taken as an excuse that the hand of Lord Bredalbane was not in the deliverance,

deliverance, tho' it was the same when the clerk did it. That I was obliged to petition him a second time, that his factor, John Campbell, would not give me what he ordered, as it was not in his own handwriting, but his clerks. That his Lordship again gave it under his own handwriting, to give me the fourth of the place I was in. But John Campbell would not give it me unless I would get the certificate of the ministers and elders, as he knew that I would not ask that, as I came out of the church. I as a dying man leave my testimony against John Campbell, factor, for his unrighteousness, to put me off. I went to a friend, Mr. Peter M'Dougal, to see if he would certify me as a neighbour to the factor. As my housekeeper was of the same principle of religion of myself, she assisted me not only in the rent, but in other necessary things.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the tenants and people who give their sons as volunteer and malitia, in yielding allegiance to the proprietors, king, rulers, and governors, because they would be dispossessed if they would not grant their sons as soldiers, and break their staff of bread so that they are persecuted, so that the people do not take it to heart that it is unlawful to help the Pope and popish kings. When the Pope was put out of power, and popish kings out of their thrones, that King George helped them to be put on, contrary to the law and testimony and covenants of second reformation.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against the volunteers of Banff, for bragging that they stood and learned their exercise in spite of weather, was that not blasphemous presumptuous, as well as to speak in spite of God. And also the Ships that keep their course in spite of weather, that presumptuous sin, Psalm xix. 13. When God might do as he did to Cora and Abiram, that the ground was opened and swallowed them in a pit.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against men and women to be conformed to the world in having dresses, parasols, vain head sails, as vain children have plaiding on the top of sticks to the wind, that women should become bairns. So that men have whiskers like ruffian soldiers, as wild as Ishmael, not like christians as Jacob, smooth.

'I as a dying man leave my testimony against Quakers, Tabernacle folk, Haldians, Independents, Anabaptists, Antiburghers, Burghers, Chapells of Ease, Relief, Roman Catholics, Socenians, Prelacy, Armenians, Deists, Atheists, Universalists, New Jerusalemites, Unitarians, Methodists, Bareans, Glassites, and all sectarians.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

'*Secred.*

'It is marvellous to the most that I digged my grave before I died, sa Jacob and Joseph of Arimathea. Israel could not bury evil men with good men, 2 Chron. xxi. 18-20; Jer. xxii. 17-19. And I protest that none go in my grave after me, if he have not the earnest of this spirit to be a child of God as I am, of election sure, Rom. viii. 15, 16; 2 Peter i. 10, of the same principle of pure Presbyterian religion, the covenanted cause of Christ.'

'*Monumental.*

'Here lies the corpse of Alexander Campbell, that lived in Achanadder, and died in the year Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it, Eccl. xii. 7. The earth is not popish earth, nor popish prelates, nor popish Erastians either. I testify that the earth is the Lords, 1 Cor. x. 26; Psalm xxiv. 1. Also I testify against the heneous sin of doctors and men for lifting the dead out of their graves before the resurrection, Isaiah lvii. 2. Some mens sins go to judgment before them, and some after them, 1 Tim. v. 24. O God hasten the time when popish monuments be destroyed, Deut. vii. 5; and hasten the time when the Covenants be renewed, Gen. xxxv. 2. Away with strange Gods and garments.'

We have made these long extracts in vain—wasted our time and our readers' patience—if Alexander Campbell is not now thoroughly known to them in his inner man and almost in his bodily semblance. Who does not see his ungainly, perpendicular figure stalking up the passage of the village-church to the seat reserved for him, opposite the pulpit, that he may be in full view and hearing of the minister—his complexion bilious—his hair sleek over his brow—one hand disabled by his early accident, the other grasping his Bible, thumbed and worn in the Old Testament, chiefly at the thunders of the Law and the dealings of the Judges and Kings of Israel with the heathen? He takes his seat with grim, self-satisfied air, and watches every word and point of the service—preaching or praying—as an authorised censor or critic, not one to be benefited by the instruction of the college-taught—

'Yes! I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample:
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock—
A guide, a buckler, and example
To all thy flock!'

Alexander Campbell was not mad, and not without some ability, as his answer to Mr. Campbell, of Esdale, shows. And a mere impostor would have made no such revelations as some of those we have quoted. He was honest in his hatred for all who differed from him in doctrine—in his contempt for 'letter-learned men'—in the conviction of his own superior knowledge and sanctity. We believe he was honest when he spoke of himself as 'a child of God—of election sure'—although violating in every word and thought the humility, charity, and brotherly love of the Gospel!

To the letters of 'Investigator' which depict in detail these Highland

Highland prophets, we have joined at the head of this Article the quaint title of a hasty little brochure by Mr. Ruskin. That gentleman rushes in boldly where angels fear to tread. We shall not stop to criticise his *Procrustean* method of assimilating churchmen and dissenters. That they will ever voluntarily come together by the mutual sacrifices he dictates is merely 'a devout imagination.' But we wish to point out to Mr. Ruskin and his followers—if indeed there is anybody in the world who thinks quite with him—the danger they run, when they slight the clerical office, of letting the multitude fall under the spiritual dominion of men like Campbell. Let Mr. Ruskin be heard in his own eloquent language:—

'We conclude, then, finally,' says he, 'that the authority of the clergy is in matters of discipline large—in matters of doctrine, dependent on their recommending themselves to every man's conscience, both as messengers of God, and as themselves men of God, perfected and instructed to good works.' (p. 40.)

'To those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed; and thus, if any man will do His will, he shall know the doctrine whether it be of God. Any one—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brain, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at his word, and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset and the night come when no man can work. Beside such a man, God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils and teaches him that which no preacher can teach—no earthly authority gainsay. *By such a man the preacher must himself be judged.*' (p. 30.)

So thought Alexander Campbell, questionless, and many another enthusiast, placing blind confidence in his 'experiences.' Mr. Ruskin and such as he see no danger in this fanatic, nor appreciate the influence of his hallucinations; and it is not the man of education and accomplishment who is in danger: his peril at least is of another kind. But if the unenlightened yet pious people must rest on some support—must have their conscience kept by some one—there is no arrogant priest, no sly confessor, not the Jesuit of romance, that is not to be preferred to those blind guides, those self-constituted teachers, who prate of *their* experiences instead of the revelations of the Gospel—shaping a God and a judgment after the newest pattern of the conventicle, or out of their own teeming brains.

Of the awful nonsense spoken of as 'experiences,' we shall give a specimen from 'Investigator,' and we happen to know that it is not in any degree overcharged:—

'It is now upwards of twenty years since a gentleman from the south found himself, for the first time, in a Caithness manse, on the Saturday

before the dispensation of the communion. He was shown into a parlour, where several of the most popular of the Highland ministers were engaged in earnest conversation. A few minutes' attention enabled him to perceive that they were discussing the character of a person who, at the last Inverness circuit, had been sentenced to transportation for sheep-stealing. The observations of various of the reverend gentlemen indicated to the stranger that the convict either was, or had very nearly become, one of "the Men." He was surprised to find that a member of the clerical coterie was disposed to retain his good opinion of the sheep-stealer. But what was his astonishment when the friend of the criminal met a condemnatory remark of one of the brethren with the exclamation—"Well, well, whatever you may say of him, I know that he had *great experience*; for many is the night in which he wrestled with the enemy of souls, on the braes of Berriedale, in the form of a black sheep!" '—(p. 60.)

We must not omit the note to this passage :—

'The sheep-stealer's "experience" was greatly coveted by the intelligent and eloquent divine who stood forth as his defender. Many years after this incident, he said to a brother minister, "What is the best preparation for a Communion Sabbath?" The reply was rather sharp: "Hout, a good sleep on the Saturday night." Our convict's friend immediately exclaimed, "Wad na a good ticht warstle wi' Sautan be far better?" '

This Puritan form of government has other dangers besides the risk of such odious spiritual tyranny as that of 'the Men.' Its tendency is undoubtedly to break down moral obligations, the direct precepts of the New Testament, raising up a questionable substitute in the instigations of each man's own breast. It is not now distinctly taught or asserted that 'all things are lawful to the saints.' But while offences against morality are denounced as certain to bring upon all unregenerate men guilty of them the Divine vengeance, it is held (we speak it advisedly) that a person of great faith, according to his own account, and of extraordinary attainments, as his neighbours believe, in praying and prophesying, and generally of high devotional repute, may indulge in various sins, without endangering his everlasting safety or, of course, weakening his position as *a Man*. Not only may his *gifts* be so remarkable as to render it most improper to censure him for *failings*; but we fear that in too many instances the surrounding votaries, as well as the culprit himself, labour under the delusion that *crime* is venial in *the elect*.

We have already cited 'Investigator's' case of one of 'the Men,' sentenced to transportation for sheep-stealing, yet still holding his place in his neighbour's estimation as a religious light. The views of the modern Puritans, and even not unfrequently of their ministers, touching this matter, and the effect they are likely to have

on

on the morals of the district, will be in some degree illustrated by a few Scotch criminal trials of recent date, which are otherwise not without interest.

In the spring of 1830 the sequestered and wild district of Assynt, in Sutherland, was thrown into consternation by the disappearance of a travelling pedlar named Murdoch Grant, and by the subsequent announcement that he had been robbed and murdered. The crime was discovered, it seems, by means of a dream! Kenneth Fraser, a tailor, deposed that while asleep in his own home during the time when search was making for the missing body, a voice told him in Gaelic, 'The pack of the merchant is lying in a cairn of stones in a hole near that house.' The voice did not name the house, but the dreamer 'got a sight' of the house and the place of concealment. At all events, his information certainly led to the finding both of the pack and its master, whose body was lying in a lake called Loch-tor-na-eigin. When the corpse was dragged out of the loch, and about to be buried, all the people of the thinly-inhabited district crowded to see it, and to touch it, in proof of their innocence of the murder. Only one young man was observed to hang back. Little more than a century ago, Philip Standsfield (a gentleman of good condition near Edinburgh) was tried for the cursing and murder of his father; and it was stated in his indictment, and given in evidence as a proof of his guilt, that the dead body bled afresh when he touched it. The people of Assynt believed generally in that ordeal, and the young man in question was no sceptic. This was Hugh, the youngest and favourite son of Roderick M'Leod, tenant of the little farm of Lymmeanach. His father, a religious man, had hoped that Hugh might succeed him in his farm, and had given him the advantage of some education, at a serious expense. The boy, though gentle-tempered, did not turn out steady. He had tried to be a schoolmaster, but failed. He fell back on his parents, and suffered some privations from his love of dress! —a singular weakness for such a district. To gratify this taste he had committed several petty thefts, undiscovered; and at length he resolved to possess himself of the more than fabulous riches of the old pedlar. He tells the story himself, but it suffers by coming out of his native Gaelic through the medium of an interpreter. He had meditated the crime, he relates, for some days, and had made an appointment with Grant to meet him on Thursday, when he was to make some purchases of him. Before setting out on that day, M'Leod offered up a fervent prayer to God for pardon for the murder he was about to commit! (Did he pray also for success, and that he might escape detection?) He proceeds: 'I had watched the pedlar all Thursday, for the purpose

pose of taking away his life and robbing him. I slung my father's hammer—the handle of which I shortened for the sake of convenience—in below my great-coat. I knew where he had to pass: I got into a hole where I could see all without being seen.' He sat there for two or three hours; and while sitting in the cleft of the rock he again prayed—and persuaded himself of Divine mercy, applying to himself the pardon bestowed on the thief on the cross.

'When I saw Murdoch Grant coming along, I went to meet him with every appearance of friendship and kindness. I persuaded him to sit down, and said I had some purchases to make from him. Grant was going farther into the country, but the day being unfavourable he agreed to turn back. We came back together, resting occasionally, and sometimes I carried his pack for him. I was afraid to strike the blow, lest I should be seen. At length we got near Loch-tor-na-eigin: I was going first. I suddenly turned round, and with a violent blow under the ear felled him to the ground. He lay sprawling in great agony, but never spoke. I took the money out of his warm pocket, and put it into mine. There was about 9*l.* in all. I gave him two or three violent blows, and dragged the body into the loch, as far as I could with safety to myself. The body would not stay down, and I got a large stone and placed it on the chest. Even then life was scarcely gone, for the air kept bubbling up from the mouth. It was evening, but not very dark. I then threw the hammer into the loch, and returned and rifled the pack. I took the most portable things, and sunk the heavy goods in a moss-loch farther into the moor. After taking the money from the pocket-book, I buried it on the edge of a bank near where the body was thrown.'

He afterwards saw the body every day, in passing by the shore, for six weeks, and as the advance of summer rendered the loch shallower and clearer it became more and more apparent. After his arrest he resolutely maintained his innocence, and crowds of clergy who attended him were much edified by the style in which he discoursed of sacred things. At his trial he pleaded not guilty. The evidence was wholly circumstantial; and when the jury brought in their verdict, 'Guilty, the prisoner exclaimed, 'The Lord Almighty knows I am innocent. I did not think one in this country could be condemned on mere opinion.' His full confession, however, was made immediately after sentence. On the Sunday night preceding the execution several ministers entered upon religious exercises with the prisoner. Some refreshments being introduced, they *requested him to ask a blessing*, and he did so, holding forth for half an hour with a force, fluency, and correctness, which delighted all the company. The night before his death he slept well, and in the morning took breakfast as usual. He manifested no emotion, save for a moment

moment when the executioner pinioned his arms and took off his neckcloth. When asked if he wanted a cart, he said he could walk ten miles, if necessary. The day was wet and boisterous,—such a day, the criminal remarked, as that on which the murder was committed. He was hanged at the sea-shore, in presence of seven or eight thousand people. He ascended the gallows with alacrity, and addressed the crowd for a quarter of an hour, with enthusiasm and energy, in Gaelic. He sang a psalm, and expired saying, 'The Lord receive my spirit!' A sermon was preached on the occasion of his execution, when the preacher asserted his penitence and assured the congregation of his pardon as unhesitatingly as if he had wielded the keys of St. Peter.

Our next instance is from the southern side of the Moray Firth. Alexander Tulloch held the farm of Croft-head, Ballintomb, in the valley of the Spey. His family consisted of two daughters, and of the husband of one of them, named Peter Cameron, a young man of twenty-five, who assisted in the work of the farm. Tulloch, whose wife had been dead seven months, had announced his intention of marrying again, and at the same time informed Cameron that after he brought home his new wife he would no longer have room for his son-in-law in the house or farm. In these circumstances, on the evening of Friday the 16th of October, 1840 (his daughter, the wife of Cameron, being absent), Tulloch paid a visit to his intended, Mrs. Beatson, a widow, who dwelt in a wing of the old manor-house of Knockando. He stayed late, and took leave as the clock struck three on Saturday morning, in perfect health. He never reached home. At seven o'clock his maiden daughter, Isabella, went into his room, and saw that his bed had not been slept in. Upon the alarm being given, Cameron expressed great surprise, took breakfast, and then dressed in his Sunday clothes to go and seek for the old man; but before he had finished his toilet news was brought that Tulloch had been found dead. Croft-head is more than two miles from Knockando. The old road between the two places passes through wood the whole way, and crosses the burn of Ballintomb by a ford and footbridge, about a quarter of a mile from Knockando. Heavy rains for a day and night had swelled the stream. On Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, two country lads had observed in the wet road, at twenty yards from the ford, on the Knockando side, numerous marks of a scuffle; and when these marks were afterwards examined, there were found the footprints of one person with heavy hobnailed shoes, who had apparently stood for a long time shifting about under some hazel-bushes—then some spots of blood, and indications of a struggle

of

of two persons, one of them in the same hobnailed shoes, the other's shoes smooth-soled. Then the struggle appeared to cease, and a mark of dragging a heavy body began, which continued to the bank. About the time when the lads were passing, two girls descried the body of Tulloch in the bed of the stream, stuck on some large stones about 150 yards below the ford, and as far from where it falls into the Spey. The body was brought home. It was cut and bloody about the head. The shoes on the feet were smooth-soled, without nails. The police officers were sent for; but it is more than twenty miles to the county town, and they did not arrive till evening.

Night had come on before any important discovery was made. Between midnight and one of Sunday morning the whole party in the house, family and servants, under the charge of the police (twelve or thirteen persons in all), sat down to tea. Cameron was known for *a great gift*, and he was requested to ask a blessing on the meal. His prayer was more than ten minutes long. He alluded to the dreadful event which had called them together, and almost in sight of the mangled corpse of his father-in-law beseeched the Almighty to throw light on the mysterious crime. Upon afterwards searching Cameron's room were found his yesterday's clothes soaked with wet, and sand and water in the shoes, which corresponded to the hobnailed footprints near the ford.

Cameron made his escape during that night, took to the hills, and for some months of winter baffled the police. He used to sleep in barns, and kept on the heights during daylight. His haunts were known to many, but none gave information against the murderer. At length he was tracked, by a party of five officers, to a house in his own parish. He bolted from the house as they entered, and made for the hills; keeping up among the moorlands that stretch between the rivers Spey and Findhorn, he made a straight run of fifteen miles. Two of the officers kept him in view, and at last neared him. His wind had failed—he suddenly stood still, threw up his hands, and said, 'I can do no more: I am the guilty man.'

Upon being examined, he admitted having cut a bludgeon in the wood, waited for two hours under the trees in the rain, struck Tulloch with the club, struggled with him, and, when he thought him dead, dragged him to the burn.

While in gaol, previous to trial, he daily assembled his fellow-prisoners for worship, at which he presided, and used to put up long extempore prayers. At his trial he remained quite calm, his head leant upon his hands, until the jury retired for consultation, when he became considerably agitated. It was remarked that his sister-in-law, the daughter of the murdered man, could hardly

hardly be induced to give evidence. The excellent judge, Lord Mackenzie, told the jury that the evidence, though circumstantial, was complete. The jury, however, led by one of their number who had a crotchet against capital punishments, found the prisoner guilty of culpable homicide only! He was transported for life.

Our next case is both later and somewhat nearer home. It brings us, moreover, into contact with a community not Presbyterian, though ultra-Calvinistic. William Bennison was tried for bigamy and murder, at Edinburgh, in July, 1850. The trial was very long, and the evidence made up of minute circumstances, but no person who heard the trial or studied the report afterwards could entertain any doubt of the facts. It appeared that Bennison, then a lad of twenty, and one of the sect of 'Primitive Methodists,' married Mary Mullen, in Armagh, in November, 1838. He soon left her, came to Paisley, and there, in December, 1839, married Jane Hamilton. Some weeks afterwards he went back to Ireland, lived for a short time there with his first wife, and then carried her with him to Scotland. He avoided Paisley, and took her to Airdrie, where she immediately fell violently sick and died, probably by arsenic. Upon this he rejoined Jane Hamilton (to whom he brought some of the clothes of Mullen, as the clothes of a deceased sister), and they lived thenceforward in Leith-walk, beside Edinburgh. Jane Hamilton was a gentle, pious woman, of rather delicate constitution; she had one child by Bennison, a girl of seven years old at the date of the trial. Bennison was described by his pastor at his trial as a man 'excited in religious feelings.' He took a great interest in the welfare of the congregation; was eager to bring people to his chapel. He constantly attended 'class meetings,' and was much admired for his fluency. He visited the sick, and offered up prayers for them. In the spring of 1850 he appears to have become attached to Margaret Robertson, a girl of good conduct and of serious disposition, not yet a member of the Methodist communion. He used to walk with her; brought her to his chapel and to prayer meetings. Their conversation was always of religion. Soon after their intimacy commenced, Bennison bought half an ounce of arsenic. He told an acquaintance by and bye that his wife was taken ill, and that she had advised him to get another wife. The poor woman was made to take some portion of the poison in messes of porridge and of potatoes; she sickened immediately, and speedily died. Constantly associating all this time with Margaret Robertson, Bennison had prepared 'the dead clothes' and arranged for the funeral and mournings before his wife's death. When it took place he 'thanked God she had gone home—gone to

to glory.' He added placidly that he 'had seen many a deathbed, but never a pleasanter one.'

The jury, by an unanimous verdict, found him guilty of bigamy and murder, and, next day, when sentence of death had been pronounced upon him, Bennison asked leave to say a few words, and speaking from the bar said,—'I do not blame the court or the jury for their verdict, but I here solemnly declare before God and before all present that of the murder of my wife I am innocent. I do solemnly before God pray earnestly for those who came up yesterday against me. If they had spoken the truth—and, prisoner as I am, I could mention their names—if they had spoken the truth as to what passed both at the time of my wife's sickness and death, I would not have been a guilty man before you, my lords, this day. But here I can stand up and say I am innocent before God; and I pray God this night for those who have come up and stood there, declaring anything but the truth against William Bennison, as he can testify from his own conscience and his own soul. I do solemnly forgive them this day, and they know themselves what they have done.'

We may be thought to be dealing in subtleties when we say that this poor guilty wretch probably thought he had some warrant both for his charges of falsehood against the witnesses and his declaration of his own innocence. There is a wretched casuistry which allows men of Bennison's stamp to palter with others and their own conscience in a double sense. We have known a convict, while acknowledging his guilt, yet vehement and solemn in accusing of perjury the witnesses on whose testimony he had been convicted; one of them in particular, for swearing that he had bought vitriol in one shop while, as he said, he had bought it in another. In a recent case tried in the same court as Bennison's, it was proved that a woman had sworn falsely to the death of her son, in order to defraud some heirs of entail. It appeared that her conscience was tender, and to enable her to swallow the oath she boiled some indigo, and made her boy dip his garter in it, whereby it was coloured blue, and she then held herself free to swear 'she had seen her son *die!*' Upon this sort of logic, if the witnesses, while speaking the truth, as they undoubtedly did in essentials, made some mistakes in incidental trifles, the convict might vent his overcharged heart in accusing them of false swearing. In like manner, if the poison was not actually administered by his own hand—if some other handed the dish, or if by chance the poor victim took herself the mess previously drugged for her—we conceive it to be not impossible that a man like Bennison might work himself up to believe that he was entitled to deny being the murderer.

But

But it is not with such plays and tricks of conscience that we have here to do. These cases, and the last in particular, have been brought forward with a different view. We have said already that the evidence, though circumstantial, was complete, and no doubt could exist of Bennison's guilt. His trial was made the subject of an able article in the *Edinburgh Courant* (July 29, 1850). The editor says:—

'Among the many questions which the perusal of this remarkable trial may suggest, probably one of the first will be—How far was this man's religious fervour affected? Was he an impious unbeliever, secretly scoffing at the holy name which he so often invoked?—Or was his hypocrisy so deeply-grained as to make himself in some measure its dupe?

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us:
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias."

There is one conclusion to which, perhaps, we may be allowed to point, without much risk of our meaning or our motives being mistaken—the apparent frequency with which the sinful appetite that led Bennison to the commission of his crime is found associated with fanatical excitement. No one in Edinburgh can need to be reminded of the appalling story of Major Weir, who, in the words of one of his contemporaries, "at private meetings prayed to admiration," was "admired for his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture."* Bishop Lavington, in a work which is not now so fashionable as it once was, remarks that "many authors have shown a natural connection between enthusiasm and impurity"—a position which he illustrates by reference to many "fanatical sects, the Nicolaitans, Gnostics, Montanists, Valentinians, &c.," as well as to the more modern instances of John of Leyden and David George.† It were easy to enlarge a catalogue, in which the name of St. Theresa would not be the first, nor that of Lucky Buchan the last; and less public instances in point will probably occur to the recollection of most persons now living. The murderer Rush, it may be remembered, was in the habit of praying by the bedside of Emily Sandford; and it is remarked by the chaplain of Newgate, in his last report on the state of moral and religious instruction in that prison, that the few convicts who demand of him to be admitted to the most solemn mysteries of the faith are generally persons who are undergoing punishment for impure offences.'‡

We must hasten to a conclusion. We fear we cannot deny the occasional presence of some feelings akin to religion even in the commission of deadly crimes. It would not serve any practical

* Fraser's Providential Passages, 1670. MS. quoted in Mr. Wilson's interesting Memorials of Edinburgh, vol. ii. pp. 115, 116.

† Bishop Lavington's Enthusiasm, pp. 154, 299, 300, edit. 1833.

‡ Fourteenth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons, Part I. Home District, p. 2. 1850.

purpose

purpose to inquire how much of the religious semblance of those great criminals was genuine; what part was hypocrisy and what delusion; to fix the boundaries between enthusiasm and cant. Still less would it tend to edification, to drag into light the frailties of the *constitutionally* devout—to show the tendency (especially of certain diseased temperaments) to slide from an enthusiastic fervour of Divine love into the pruriency of human passion.

It is more useful to observe that the question of the alleged consciousness of Divine favour does not depend on nice distinctions. In that matter, in the belief of their acceptance with God, the worst of those great criminals (supposing them to have had the belief) was not more certainly mistaken than the ignorant and presumptuous bigots whom we have described in the beginning of this Article. M'Leod, in the cleft of the rock, praying before springing on his victim—Cameron leading the prayers of the family over the body of his murdered father-in-law—was not more assuredly alien from heaven than the fantastical Campbell, when, filled full of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he proclaimed himself to the world as 'a child of God—of election sure.'

Among a rational people, 'the Men'—the 'Professors'—those coxcombs of holiness—would soon fall into contempt, if they were not fostered by those who should teach the laity. They have, it is too certain, been all along encouraged by some of the Highland ministers—in whose opinion there cannot be too much preaching and praying, whatever be the quality, and who lend a willing ear to the blasphemies which these creatures utter as their 'experiences.' Such are the *divines* who put forward a convicted felon to lead the devotions of an assembly of pious people! With *them* argument would be useless. But those lay preachers have also been winked at by a large body of the clergy who disapproved of their practices, and yet would make no effort to put them down, from a weak fear of unpopularity.

We have waived the controversy to which *Investigator's* pungent production belongs. Our English readers will easily surmise that it refers mainly to *the Free Kirk*—nor will it surprise them to learn that THE MEN very generally joined their forces with the new sect—and that this circumstance is considered by *Investigator* as a very principal cause of its success in the comparatively barbarous regions of 'the far North.' We trust we shall, at all events, hear of no more *tampering* with the system of THE MEN on the part of any of the established clergy.

ART. IV.

ART. IV.—*Correspondance entre le Comte de Mirabeau et le Comte de la March pendant les années* 1789, 1790, *et* 1791, *recueillie, mise en ordre, et publiée par M. de Bacourt.* 3 tomes. Paris. 1851.

M. THIERS observed, in a note to the first volume of his History of the French Revolution, published upwards of twenty years ago, that the particulars of the conduct of Mirabeau towards all the several parties with which he had been connected were not yet accurately known, but that they were destined to be so. He had obtained, he said, positive information from the persons who were to publish these particulars—nay, he had himself seen the important document, in the form of a political confession of faith, which was the secret treaty of Mirabeau with the Court; but that he was not at liberty to print any of the papers, or even to name those who had the custody of them. He could only affirm what would be sufficiently demonstrated at no great distance of time.

After the lapse of a period far longer than had been suggested by M. Thiers, or contemplated by Mirabeau himself at the abrupt close of his tempestuous existence, the publication of the volumes now before us has redeemed this pledge, and placed before the world a large and certainly most curious body of evidence as to the secret political views of Mirabeau, and especially as to his relations with the Court, during the first period of the Revolution. Dark and hateful as were those days which let loose upon France and the world all the worst passions of mankind, they present an eternal subject of inquiry and meditation to him who would read the history of the world amidst the convulsions of this age. These volumes re-open the frightful prospect. They show that, of the greatest calamities and horrors, none were from the very commencement unforeseen. They show by what fatality those evils, though foreseen, were not averted. Above all—such is the suicidal blindness of vanity—they exhibit, stripped of every disguise, that profligate, ambitious, and irregular spirit, which burned like a meteor at the approach of this storm—eager for power, eager for luxury, eager for gold—mingling the coarse pursuit of sensual enjoyment with schemes for the regeneration of an Empire—at once a demagogue in one place, and a courtier in another — fanning the flame in public which he professed in secret to quench, and describing with infinite sagacity and unmeasured force the amount of the calamities which his own eloquence and example only rendered more terrific and inevitable. To reconcile these inconsistencies; to vindicate Mirabeau from the stain which rests upon his

his genius, and lowers his public career almost to the level of his private vices — and to present a definite apology for his tortuous policy and conduct—is a task beyond the power of the biographer. But a singular combination of circumstances has preserved, and now at length disclosed, materials connected with this eventful period which will reward the most deliberate study. Posterity may draw from the correspondence of Mirabeau with the Court what inferences it will, but these mysterious documents are now in their full extent, or very nearly so, before us. Nothing more real or more genuine has been rescued from the great convulsion which was so soon to overthrow the monarchy of France—nothing more vividly characteristic of the real spirit of that Revolution from its first commencement; of its authors, who worked a ruin far beyond their intentions; of its victims, who suffered evils so immeasurably beyond their deserts. A few months after the commencement of this short but momentous correspondence, he whose fervid and reckless nature addressed these appeals to the Court was already a corpse on the threshold of that labyrinth from which he saw and was to find no exit. The other parties to this occult transaction, who had engaged in it from attachment to the Queen, and with some hope of attaching Mirabeau to her service, were scattered over Europe, and were to revisit the Trianon no more. Louis XVI., lost in apathy, unconscious of his resources, and at times incredulous of his danger—Marie Antoinette, roused to efforts of which she had long seemed incapable, remained alone to face destruction. The life and death of Mirabeau, flung like an episode across the first act of the Revolution, foreshadowed the whole catastrophe. In England the sagacity of Burke already discerned the character of that pestilence from the false halo which had at one moment surrounded its approach; and that discovery rent asunder the ties between him and his political friends. In France Mirabeau had seen as far and feared as much. He, too, discovered nothing between the National Assembly and the future but the annihilation of the monarchy and the butchery of the King. But these forebodings seemed only to rouse him to greater ardour, to excite him to keener virulence, to stimulate his personal jealousies and his insatiable ambition, and even to mask the precautions he laboured to enforce on the Court in the disguise of the Jacobin Club. It was the strange fate of Mirabeau to denounce to the Court the hollowness of all the assurances on which it still relied against the Revolution, which he was urging forwards; and now, sixty years after the event, he denounces to posterity in these papers, destined for the private eye of Marie Antoinette, the hollowness of the scheme he

he affected to have made, and the worthlessness of the rivals whom he was endeavouring to supplant. Nor, if he relied on these papers for his justification with posterity, as he expressed it in the closing hour of his life, can he have been insensible to the fact that these memorials of his secret policy were the strongest condemnation of his public acts, and that the false popularity which surrounded the hero of the revolutionary Assembly must be stripped off before history could recognise in him the fidelity or the sagacity of a servant of the Crown.

The history of these papers is so singular, that it is requisite we should introduce to our readers the secondary personages of this romantic narrative before we proceed to examine the documents themselves. These volumes have been skilfully edited by M. de Bacourt, late Minister of France at the Court of Turin, and who formerly filled an office connected with the French embassy in this country. It was, we believe, upon the recommendation of Prince Talleyrand, who took an interest in the earlier stages of M. de Bacourt's career, that the late Prince Augustus d'Arenberg was induced to confide to this gentleman, about twenty years ago, the deposit he had himself received from Mirabeau on his death-bed. The Prince could not sanction a publication before the last actors in the scenes of 1791 should have disappeared; but he prepared a succinct narrative of the transactions in which he had been so deeply engaged; and this memoir forms the introduction to the present work. By an undeserved piece of good fortune, Mirabeau's posthumous vindication (if so it can be called) is placed under the care and produced upon the testimony of a man of illustrious rank and undisputed honour. He survived by half a century the events of 1791; he surveyed them in the maturity of years with an abundant store of contemporary evidence, in which he found more misrepresentation than fidelity or precision. He finally bequeathed his task to a gentleman worthy of his confidence; and in accomplishing at this distance of date the last intentions of Mirabeau, the turbid stream of that depraved life loses much of its impurity by the tranquil and transparent medium through which it comes down to us. At the same time the language of the Prince in his later years cannot efface the recollection of the part he was himself disposed to take in the outset of the Revolution. His attachment to the person of the Queen was strangely balanced by his intimacy with a man whose profligacy, obscenity, and utter want of honour were notorious to all Europe; and we are sometimes embarrassed to know whether the facility with which he passes over transactions of the most scandalous inconsistency with Mirabeau's personal engagements to himself and to the

the Court is to be set down to the account of simplicity or bad faith. He was certainly frequently made the dupe of his formidable ally; he was sometimes degraded into becoming his tool: whilst Mirabeau speculated on the integrity of his name and the depth of his purse.

'I have been placed,' says the Prince, 'on a theatre where the actors were extremely conspicuous; I have been intimately connected with some of the most celebrated of them. I have known Courts and the world. From observing the manner in which the esteem of mankind is distributed, and the motives upon which it is conferred—the facility with which it is sometimes caught by intrigants, whilst it is often refused to the good—I learned that it must often be taken at a lower value than is commonly imputed to it; but I have felt at the same time that the one thing needful was to be at peace with oneself, and to live within the domain of one's own conscience.

'For the last twenty years we have been inundated with Memoirs on the Revolution and the times in which I have lived. These examples would perhaps have deterred me from writing; but I am reminded that, if this indifference be allowable for myself, I have not the right to extend it to others; and that, possessing the means of confuting calumny, I should seem to sanction it if I withheld them from publication. But the supreme reason which has decided me is the engagement I had contracted with Mirabeau himself on his death-bed, to submit to posterity the evidence of the cause in which his memory is at stake, and to bear the testimony which is due from me to his energetic and loyal efforts to save his country and his King. I shall publish nothing in my lifetime; but at least these materials will be found after me, and I shall leave it to others to make a suitable use of them. Truth never comes too late for history.'—vol. i. p. 7.

The Count de la Marck, in early youth, and also in his later years, known as Prince Augustus d'Arenberg, was the second son of the head of the sovereign house of that name, born in Brussels on the 30th of August, 1753. His father had distinguished himself in the Seven Years' War, and became early in life a field-marshal in the Imperial service, and one of the original knights of the Order of Maria Theresa. His family was thus closely connected with the Court of Austria, then sovereign in the Low Countries; and, on the other hand, the last male of the great house De la Marck, his mother's father, offered to transfer to him a regiment of German infantry which had been raised by the Count's predecessors for the service of France in the time of Louis XIV. This offer was accepted for young Augustus, who accordingly took the regiment and with it the title, though not the estates, of the Count de la Marck, and passed into the military service of France, though as a prince of the Empire he was not, strictly speaking, a subject of that or any other power. The assent

assent of Maria Theresa was required to sanction this arrangement. It was the moment at which the archduchess Marie Antoinette was on the eve of concluding those brilliant nuptials which were the false harbingers of the greatest tragedy in the annals of kings. The young Austrian soldier was suitably recommended to the beautiful Princess who, like himself, had just adopted France as her home; and when he entered the gay society of Paris, where he was allowed, by special permission of the Court of Spain, to enjoy the rank of *grandezza*, which made him the equal of the highest class of French nobility (for his German rank would not have been recognised at the French Court), he easily obtained the regard and confidence of Marie Antoinette and of the circles which she honoured with the graceful intimacy of her happier years. He by and by married a great French heiress, and, having distinguished himself in an expedition to the East Indies, attained in every respect a very high position both at Paris and Versailles. It would be beside our present purpose, and it is somewhat beside the principal object of this book, to retrace the reminiscences of the polished but defenceless and improvident society of that period, upon which M. de la Marck dwells with natural predilection. The times already impending over it were such, that the least irregular Court which France had ever seen was about to be assailed for vices slanderously attributed to its chief ornaments; and the Sovereign who more than any of his predecessors had governed for the sake of his people, was already denounced as a tyrant and suspected as a traitor. But the life of the Court of France in the ten years immediately preceding the Revolution exhibited little that could prefigure that immense catastrophe. Even the Duke of Orleans is described by M. de la Marck as careless, weak, and humane, rather than as the deliberate enemy and ambitious rival of the Court, which he afterwards proved himself to be; and the cause assigned by M. de la Marck for this hostility—a mere breach of etiquette between one of the Austrian Archdukes and the French Princes of the Blood—is ludicrously inadequate to account for the abominable passions subsequently exhibited in the career of Philippe Egalité.

On one point, however, M. de la Marck is deservedly explicit. The *correspondence*, throughout its most interesting portion, exhibits Marie Antoinette in the light of a political personage. To her the counsels and appeals of Mirabeau were addressed, and it was by her influence alone that this friendly conspiracy for the salvation of the monarchy was to act upon the irresolute mind of the King. The adoption of such means, after the events of 1789, shows either to what shifts the friends of the Court were reduced,

or that insult and danger had at last roused in Marie Antoinette something of the spirit of her heroic mother. In the first years of the King's reign the Queen had shown a marked repugnance to interfere in politics, and she had on more than one occasion refused to lend her influence to sway the Cabinet or the King in favour of the policy of her brother, the Emperor Joseph. Thus at the outbreak of the war of succession of Bavaria in 1778, the Austrian Ambassador was instructed to demand of France the contingent of 24,000 men promised to the Imperial Court by the treaty of 1756. The Queen was appealed to by the envoy, but she refused even to mention the subject to the King. In 1784, when the affairs of Holland gave rise to an apprehension of war, Austria failed in like manner to obtain the active support of France, in spite of the most pressing appeals from the Emperor to his sister. Yet these very incidents were afterwards dressed up by all the arts of calumny--and the Queen was invariably represented as a foreign *intrigante*, ready to sacrifice the best interests of her adopted nation to the influence of her Austrian connexions. She had committed, indeed, the unpardonable fault of admitting to her society with marks of peculiar favour some of the foreigners who frequented the Court; but on M. de la Marck's pointing out to her Majesty that this predilection was liable to misconstruction, she replied, with affecting simplicity—*It is true: but they, at least, ask nothing of me.* Still more dangerous to the Queen was that rapacious and profligate society of the Polignacs, into which she was fatally drawn. But to that society the Austrian party at the Court had never belonged. Count de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador, rarely went there. Count de Fersen, who knew the Queen's real opinion of that circle, had always refused to join it. M. de la Marck speaks of it with unmitigated aversion.

It was not, however, in these frivolous and exclusive *salons* that M. de la Marck could ever have met Mirabeau, for the scandal of his vices was as undisguised as the violence of his opinions—and he had long been estranged, both in manners and habits, from the company to which he might from his birth have aspired. It was agreed, it seems, one day in the year 1788, that M. de Meilhan, the intendant of the province of Hainault, should bring Mirabeau to a dinner at the house of the Prince de Poix, eldest son of the Duc de Noailles, and then governor of Versailles. The party consisted of M. de la Marck, the Tessés, the Viscount de Noailles (younger brother of the host), and some other persons curious to meet Mirabeau. He entered, and, with some astonishment, La Marck saw in him a man ungainly in countenance and figure, overdressed, wearing a huge quantity of powdered hair, large coloured

coloured stone buttons to his coat, conspicuous for a profusion of bows, an excess of compliments, and, in short, an entire absence of that modest self-possession which belongs to high breeding and good taste. As the dinner proceeded, the conversation took a political turn, and Mirabeau recovered all his advantage by the vigour and eloquence with which he discussed the topics of the day. M. de la Marck naturally exchanged some remarks with him on the politics of Germany, with which Mirabeau was better acquainted than his countrymen usually are. In spite of the extreme difference of the characters of the two men, they attracted one another, and their acquaintance speedily ripened into a friendship, which remained unbroken till Mirabeau's death. That friendship is one of the few passages of his life which left him better than it found him, and still sheds some credit on his memory. It is obvious, however, that in spite of the sentiment Mirabeau affected at times to throw over it, he had mainly sought and cultivated M. de la Marck, as he did every one else, for the use he could make of him, and it was a connexion in which all the services were on one side and all the exactions on the other.

Strange relations these to have sprung up even in that strange time between so great a favourite of fortune as Count de la Marck and one who had so little to thank her for as Mirabeau:—the one a Prince of the Empire, associated by birth, feelings, and opinions with the nearest interests of the Court; the other an outlaw, whose talents might shake the world, but could scarcely open a door in Paris: the one opulent, refined, a consummate gentleman; the other profligate, unscrupulous, coarse in his manners, reckless in his conduct. For the existence—above all for the protraction—of such an intimacy between two such men these volumes do not account, though they show how often and how sorely it was tried. The one had genius, without being able to regain the broad track of honour or the station of duty; the other had virtue, but accompanied with boundless indulgence for the sins of genius, and (though his writing often shows remarkable talent) a want of practical penetration of which Mirabeau availed himself largely. Certain it is that through this eventful period they continued to live in constant intimacy, though their acquaintance brought neither to one nor to the other the political results each of them had anticipated.

The relations thus commenced in society were soon to be transplanted to a more agitated scene. Upon the convocation of the States General, M. de la Marck was elected, though he had never been formally naturalized, for the bailliage of Quesnoy, in which his wife's estate of Raismes was situated, and he sat, in fact, as

the representative of the nobles of that frontier district, most of whom (like the head of his own house) resided in the Austrian Low Countries. It was not, therefore, until after the union of the three orders* that Mirabeau met him in the National Assembly. Their conversation was resumed on friendly terms, and, shortly afterwards, M. de la Marck invited the hero of the Jeu de Paume to dine alone with him in his private apartments. Mirabeau accepted, saying, that with an aristocrat like himself, he should always get on well. In fact, the natural bent of Mirabeau's mind, and even of his vices, was essentially aristocratic; but he was the chief of those traitors to their order who in days of revolution let in upon the state the passions they despise and the pretensions they reject. The description of this interview deserves to be cited:—

'No sooner had Mirabeau entered the room than he said to M. de la Marck, "You are displeased with me, are you not?" "With you and with many others." "If that is the case, you should begin with those who live in the palace. The vessel of the state is struck by a most violent tempest, and there is no one at the helm." Mirabeau continued a long while in this strain, excited himself to fury against the faults already committed, and accused M. Necker of incapacity and ignorance. He maintained that it was shameful for this Minister not to have brought forward at the opening of the States-General a complete scheme of finance, adapted not only to cover the miserable deficit of 160 millions, but even to augment the revenue of the kingdom. He said that for such a country as France it was a mere joke to accomplish this object; but that it required deeper views and bolder conceptions than those of M. Necker, who was, in his opinion, altogether below his position. M. de la Marck, without discussing these weighty questions, contented himself with replying, "But what are you driving at, yourself, with the incendiary conduct you have adopted in the Assembly and out of doors?" "The fate of France is decided!" exclaimed Mirabeau—"The words Liberty and Taxes, voted by the people, have rung round the kingdom. We shall not get out of it without a government more or less similar to that of England."

'In the midst of all this declamation and abuse of the Ministers, he still professed good will to the monarchy, and repeated that it was not his fault if he was repelled, and compelled for his personal safety to make himself the leader of the popular party. "The time is come," said he, lifting his finger, "when men must be rated by what they carry in this little space under the forehead, between the eyebrows."

* It is singular that M. de la Marck barely alludes to the first steps of the Revolution, and especially to the decisive step of the union of the Three Orders—to which he himself, as a noble, assented, though it was in fact the immediate and violent subjection of the Upper Chambers to the Tiers Etat, and was accomplished by menaces and treachery which ought to have removed all doubt from his mind as to the line espoused by Mirabeau.

'M. de

'M. de la March vainly attempted to demonstrate to him that what he was saying neither justified nor excused the audacity of his revolutionary speeches; and that his eloquence, admirable as it was, was not worth the harm it did the country. "The day that the King's Ministers will consent to reason with me," answered Mirabeau, "they will find me devoted to the royal cause and the safety of the monarchy." "But what," rejoined his friend, "is to be the end of the present state of things?" "The ruin of France," answered he; "and if the country is to be saved, there must be no delay in employing the only means that can succeed. The present system is absurd, insane. The Assembly is left to itself; and it is supposed either that it can be subdued by force, as the aristocratic party have it, or brought round by the hollow and redundant phrases of M. Necker. What is wanted is, that the Government should seek to form a party in it by means of men who could influence, excite, or calm it." '—p. 93.

It was at the end of the month of June, 1789, *a fortnight before the attack on the Bastille*, that Mirabeau held this language, and at parting expressed to M. de la March his desire frequently to repeat their private interviews. Enough had already been said on this occasion to strengthen the profound apprehensions which the first blast of the revolution had excited in the minds best qualified to judge of it; and M. de la March saw the advantage to be derived from a close observation of one who was destined to act so amazing a part in it. From this conversation, and from every succeeding incident in the political career of Mirabeau, *in as far as it was connected with M. de la March*, it is easy to perceive that the great tribune of the people and chief revolutionary orator of the Assembly was playing in different spheres a totally different game;* and that his schemes were from the very outset of the revolution quite as much directed to the acquisition of ministerial power on the one side, as of popular influence

* We shall not attempt to adduce in detail the voluminous evidence of the numerous contradictions and inconsistencies which might be opposed from other sources to M. de la March's narrative. But at this very moment—the commencement of July, 1789—there is ample and authentic proof both from the language and the public actions of Mirabeau that he was playing a double game. It was at this same time that he said to M. Mounier, who related the interview which took place in one of the bureaux of the Assembly, and to M. Bergasse, who was present,—'Gentlemen, I met the Duke of Orleans yesterday and said to him, "Monseigneur, you cannot deny that we may soon have Louis XVII. instead of Louis XVI., and in that case your Royal Highness would be at least Lieutenant-General of the kingdom." The Duke of Orleans, gentlemen, answered me very curtly.' It was at this same time that he was seen working with Rugot and *Robespierre* to breed dissatisfaction in the Assembly at the King's assurance that the Assembly had nothing to fear from the troops; and when Mounier accused him of tampering with the army, he replied,—'My good fellow, I am as attached as you are to the throne; but what does it signify whether we have Louis XVII. instead of Louis XVI., and why do we want a baby to govern us?' Above all, on the 9th of July he produced the memorable address to the King demanding the dismissal of the troops from Paris, which was followed by the measures that covered France with National Guards, and by the attack on the Bastille!

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on the other. Acting partly on the fears and partly on the hopes of the Court; irreconcilable towards a Minister like M. Necker, whom he felt it necessary to remove; alternately servile and insolent to Lafayette and Montmorin, whom he hated and despised as much as he did Necker, but whom he hoped at times to convert into the instruments of his own devices; Mirabeau invariably exhibited himself to M. de la Marck, and is consequently exhibited in this correspondence, as a man eager to take the government on the footing of a constitutional minister, and resolved, if he should succeed in this enterprise, to devote himself to save the monarchy, in whose ruin he foresaw that the whole established order of things, the royal family, and probably he himself must perish. He was not ignorant of the enormous obstacles which his preceding history, his present violence, and his whole character presented to the execution of such a scheme. He more than once exclaimed to his friend how bitterly he lamented the injury which the immorality of his early life was doing to the State. He clung with the utmost tenacity to every chance which seemed likely to obtain for him the reluctant confidence of the Court; and we shall presently see to what a strange series of coadjutors and intermediates he successively committed himself in the hope of obtaining the direction of affairs under the shelter of some purer name. But, however eager he might be to pursue this track, on which, except from M. de la Marck, he met with little encouragement, he seems not to have felt that the chief barrier lay in his own conduct since the meeting of the National Assembly, in his suspected relations with the guiltiest instigators of those first days of bloodshed and insult to the Crown, and in the clear fact that if he meant well to the Court he was false to the people. With these considerations present to her mind, and heightened by the aspersions which identified the great orator with all that was most fierce and personally hostile to herself in the revolution, it is not wonderful that the Queen, to whom these appeals were mainly directed, recoiled from the offers of safety tendered by such hands. In September, 1789, M. de la Marck caused the Countess d'Ossun, a lady in waiting and a favourite of Marie Antoinette, to explain to her Majesty the object and intentions with which he continued to cultivate the friendship of Mirabeau. The Queen herself shortly afterwards took notice of this communication: 'I have never doubted,' said she, 'of your sentiments; but I think we shall never be so unhappy as to be reduced to the extremity of Mirabeau.'

It is not, therefore, to these volumes that we must look for the counterpart of the intrigues in which Mirabeau was here engaged; for

for unhappily the estimate we have long since formed of his character does not lead to the inference that because he had secretly adopted one line of policy he had *bonâ fide*—and entirely—abandoned the other. Certain it is, that throughout this period, and to the close of his life, even after Marie Antoinette had found herself forced to the painful extremity of listening to him, even personally, his language in public was to the last degree offensive and dangerous; sometimes his votes were hostile—even when he protected, his attitude was menacing. In a word, all the resources and exertions of his genius and his foresight were tainted with duplicity; and history will not acquit a public man of great crimes because they were perpetrated openly, whilst he was protesting in secret against the policy he continued to pursue.

On one point, however, M. de la Marck's testimony assumes a more direct character, and he certainly discredits, though we cannot think he satisfactorily disproves, the imputation on Mirabeau of secret relations, hostile to the Court, with the Duke of Orleans. Up to the middle of the year 1788, he affirms positively that these two personages *had never met*. The Duke, he says, requested him to make a dinner for the purpose of *introducing him* to Mirabeau. The party took place, but it was unpleasant; the principal guests were ill pleased with one another, and Mirabeau observed some days afterwards to his host, that as for the Duke, he 'neither liked him nor trusted him.' The question, then—accepting M. de la Marck's evidence *in limine*—is narrowed to this point:—whether, between the period immediately preceding the opening of the Etats Généraux and the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, the acquaintance of Mirabeau and Egalité had ripened into a political conspiracy? To that supposition M. de la Marck gives a decided negative. He states that at the very time when Mirabeau was suspected of drawing money from the Palais Royal, he was, in fact, so distressed that he threw himself on his own generosity for a loan of 50 louis. M. de la Marck placed such a sum at his disposal, not only on that but on several other occasions, only requiring of him a promise that he would not borrow elsewhere, and hoping that this friendly assistance might secure the independence of his opinions.

But he goes beyond these inferences:—

'In the conversations which I had every day with Mirabeau, I made him talk of the men who in those times seemed ready to march at the head of the revolution, if not to direct it. He had a sovereign contempt for most of them, and thought little of M. de Lafayette and the Duke of Orleans. Though it has often been repeated that he was led by the party of this latter personage, I can affirm, myself, that

that he never had intimate relations with the Orleans party. Laclos, who was the soul of it, knew men too well to give his confidence to Mirabeau; and from the opening of the States General, he had persuaded the Duke of Orleans that Mirabeau would be for the King. A short time before the days of the 5th and 6th of October, the Duke of Orleans came to dine at my house in Versailles with Count Mirabeau, and I clearly saw that there was a reserve between them which excluded the supposition of a secret understanding, for they had neither of them, at that time especially, any interest to deceive me. Indeed, a few days afterwards, I was confirmed in my opinion by a question of the Duke of Orleans, who asked me suddenly and abruptly, "When will Mirabeau serve the Court?" I avoided answering in such a manner as to prolong the conversation, and merely said, "At present, I think he has not taken the road to get there."'—i. 112.

We are compelled, by his own avowal, to impute to M. de la Marck less perspicacity than to Laclos, who 'knew men too well to give his confidence to Mirabeau.' It is not true that neither Mirabeau nor the Duke of Orleans had at that time any interest to deceive the amiable Count; for to deceive him was to deceive the Court, and the least appearance of intimacy on the part of Mirabeau with the Duke would have been a glaring contradiction to all the assurances he was constantly giving in private. If any such intimacy did exist, it would have been disguised under an appearance of reserve, and nowhere more carefully than at M. de la Marck's table, whom both parties knew as the Queen's attached friend.

The remainder of the passage relating to these events is, however, so striking and positive, that, without closer inspection, it would go far to remove the suspicion still lingering over them.

'The state of affairs became more and more alarming. Towards the end of September, 1789, Mirabeau was always repeating to me, in speaking of the Court, "What are those people thinking of? Don't they see the chasms opening beneath their feet?" Once, indeed, roused to more than ordinary exasperation, he cried out, "All is lost. The King and Queen will perish—you will see it. The *populace will scourge their corpses*"—and remarking the horror this expression caused me, he added, "Yes, will scourge their corpses. You don't enough understand the dangers of their position, yet they ought to be made known to them."

'Did his penetration already embrace the horrible events of the 5th and 6th of October? It would seem so; but it was not to me alone that he thus expressed himself; he concealed from no one his opinions and his fears. Hence his enemies, and, perhaps, many who were not his enemies, were led to say that he had prepared the movement of the 5th of October, and had played the chief part in it. The subsequent procedure of the Châtelet against Mirabeau was founded in great measure on conversations he had held before that catastrophe. In fact, the

the most profound obscurity still veils the true instigators of that event. On the 4th of October Paris was in the utmost fermentation; a report was circulated that the banquet of the guards was the commencement of a plot for the destruction of the Assembly. The morning of the 5th of October was, however, quiet at the Château. The King went out shooting, without paying much attention to the news from the capital; and he only returned in the evening amidst the shots which the mob of Paris was firing on the guards in the great avenue of Versailles.

'If Mirabeau had been guilty of the crime of which he was accused, it was in the morning of that day that he must have concerted with his alleged accomplices to direct the movement and avail himself of it; but, instead of assisting at those councils of attack and defence, *Mirabeau passed with me the day of the 5th October till six in the evening.* We dined together alone, and discussed the affairs of Brabant over a map of that country, though the greater part of our conversation turned on the dangers of the Court and the agitation then reigning in Paris. We were, however, still ignorant of the coming events of that day. All that Count Mirabeau said bore the stamp of that skill and vigour which the circumstances required, and it would have been well if the subject had been treated in the King's cabinet as it was by Mirabeau at my house. In all he said he spoke not the language of faction, but of a great citizen; and I affirm, from the bottom of my conscience, that this man was entirely a stranger, in his intentions as well as in his actions, to the intrigues which excited so violent an effervescence in the city of Paris.'—i. 114.

It would certainly imply an astounding amount of duplicity and artifice that a man actually engaged in the preparation of an atrocious conspiracy, then about to take a sanguinary vengeance on the Royal Guards for the boisterous loyalty they had displayed at the banquet of the 1st of October, should pass the very hours during which the mob of Paris, headed by its female fiends, was marching on Versailles, in discoursing with a faithful adherent of the Court on the perils instantly impending over the Royal family, and the mode of averting disasters of which he was himself the contriver.

The particulars related by M. de la Marck as to the occurrences of the 5th and 6th of October are greatly at variance with the accounts given by all other contemporary writers, and especially with the narrative adopted by M. Thiers. As to the 5th, this historian says:

'*Il était onze heures du matin; on apprend les mouvemens de Paris.* Mirabeau s'avance vers le Président Mounier: "Paris," lui dit-il, "marche sur nous. Trouvez vous mal, allez au château, dire au Roi d'accepter purement et simplement." "Paris marche?—tant mieux!" répond Mounier. "Qu'on nous tue tous—mais tous—l'état y gagnera." "Le mot est vraiment joli," reprend Mirabeau, et il retourna à sa place. La discussion continua jusqu'à trois heures, &c.'

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M. de la Marck affirms on the contrary:—

'Mirabeau passa avec moi la journée du 5 Octobre jusqu'à six heures du soir. Nous dînâmes chez moi tête-à-tête, &c. Ce jour-là donc, le 5 Octobre, après nos longues conversations sur les circonstances du moment, je conduisis Mirabeau à *six heures du soir à l'Assemblée, et c'est là que nous eûmes pour la première fois* connaissance de l'approche de la populace de Paris.'

Here is a flat contradiction of the assertion that the approach of the mob was known and commented upon in the Assembly at *eleven* in the forenoon. But M. de la Marck says *nothing* of the *morning sitting* of the Assembly, which had opened at eleven, and adjourned at three, to resume at six. Does he mean us to infer that he and Mirabeau were there together, and so spent the day in company, or that they spent it in private? The latter might be supposed, if it were not well known from the above anecdotes, and from other sources, that Mirabeau *was at the morning sitting*. If so, it is difficult to conceive how the events of Paris, which had been in preparation during the whole of the preceding day, should only have been known at Versailles—to Mirabeau especially—at six in the evening of the 5th; and if M. de la Marck be wrong on this essential point of the time, what weight is due to the rest of his story? It distinctly appears from all the other accounts we have been able to examine, that the mob began to arrive at Versailles between three and four o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th, and that *Mirabeau* had conveyed his knowledge of its approach to Mounier *four hours sooner*. All M. de la Marck's declarations to the Queen and to posterity in defence of Mirabeau rest on the incredible assurance that Mirabeau knew nothing of the approach of the mob till six in the evening. Upon this point, of such essential consequence to the whole theory of Mirabeau's conduct, as set forth by his friend, the narrative now before us stands quite alone, and seems irreconcilable with any supposition but a total failure of memory.

At six o'clock, however, according to the Prince, in the gathering dusk of an October evening, the first signs of the appalling night which was to follow were already perceptible, and the angry crowd rolled onwards towards the palace. Mirabeau entered the Assembly, where the King's message, implying his qualified acceptance of the projected Constitution and the Declaration of the Rights of Man, was then under discussion, and was vehemently attacked by Robespierre. Mirabeau rose, not to defend the Court, but to denounce what he termed 'those pretended fraternal banquets which insult the misery of the people, and throw sparks on materials already too combustible.' Pétion was called upon to sign and lay upon the table

table his denunciation of the proceedings at the military banquet. Mirabeau exclaimed, with terrific energy, that he regarded that denunciation as supremely impolitic; but that he himself was ready to furnish the details and to sign it—'provided the Assembly would declare that the person of the King is *alone* inviolable, and that all other persons in the State, whoever they may be, are equally subject and responsible to the laws.' The Assembly was electrified by this appeal, which was understood to cover a direct attack upon the Queen, and the denunciation was withdrawn. But not a word in that place and at that moment of dangers which were to end, ere morning dawned, in brutal massacre; not an attempt to support even the dignity of the Assembly, whose sitting was interrupted by the irruption of Maillard at the head of a band of infuriated viragos! On the following day the Royal family were dragged to Paris, and Mirabeau took the step, prudent in any case, of causing the Assembly to decree that it was inseparable from the person of the Sovereign. Yet at this very crisis Mirabeau applied himself to the composition of the first of the confidential papers intended for the use of the Court, which form the most curious portion of this collection; and on the 15th of October, the note of which we shall quote the most striking passages was placed by its author in the hands of M. de la Marck to be communicated to the King. It will be observed that it is dated two days after the sudden departure of the Duke of Orleans for England and Mirabeau's well-known speech, '*I* take *him* for my master? I would not have him for a valet.' At that moment all political connexion between the two personages—if any such had existed—(on which point Lafayette's language is most distinctly affirmative)—was undoubtedly broken, and we must express our conviction that at all events it was never renewed. Mirabeau's description of the deplorable position of the monarchy is extremely powerful and just:—

'The King was not free to come to Paris, and whether the Assembly was or was not free to follow him thither, it certainly had not the power to save him from going there. Is then the King free in Paris? He is so far free, that no other will entirely suppresses his own; but he is certainly not free to quit Paris; he is not free to choose the guards of his person; he has not even the direct command of the militia to whom his safety is entrusted. Nor can it be said that the personal safety of the King in Paris is complete. Placed as he is, the smallest accidents may compromise that safety, which is menaced by movements from without, by commotions within, by the divisions of parties, the faults of zeal, those of impatience, and, most of all, by a violent collision between the capital and the provinces. If Paris is powerful, it also contains great causes of disturbance. Its excited mob

mob is irresistible. Winter is approaching, subsistence is scarce, and a bankruptcy may ensue. What will Paris be in three months? Certainly a hospital, perhaps a theatre of horrors. Is it there that the Head of the nation can deposit his own existence and all our hopes?

'Still more fatal events are in preparation. The National Assembly, so ill-composed from the first, finds the confidence of the country in its labours daily decreasing. The best intentions cannot avert errors. The Assembly is borne beyond its own principles by the fatal irrevocability it gave to its first decrees, and, as it can neither contradict itself nor recede, its own power is an obstacle the more. The respect inspired by a great name and a great revolution seen from afar, and those hopes which are so necessary to a nation, still sustain it; but every day some portion of public opinion detaches itself from the grand cause which required the individual concert of all parts of the empire. A dark commotion is at hand which may blast in a moment the fruit of the greatest enterprise. The body politic falls into dissolution; a crisis can alone regenerate it. It requires a transfusion of new blood. The only way to save the State and the infant Constitution is to place the King in a position which may allow him to throw himself instantly upon his *people*.'—i. 367.

He then proceeds to discuss in the same strain the various expedients which suggested themselves for this purpose. To take post upon Metz or any other frontier would be to declare war on the nation and to abdicate the throne. To remove into the interior of the kingdom and summon the nobles to join the royal standard there, would be not less dangerous. The plan which Mirabeau proposed was to contrive the organization of a corps of 10,000 men on some point midway between Rouen and Paris, and that the Court should then leave the capital in the face of day, and retire upon Normandy, which was by position and character one of the most trustworthy parts of the kingdom, and might, in conjunction with Brittany and Anjou, present considerable military strength: that this departure should be accompanied by a proclamation addressed to the Nation against the tyranny of the mob of Paris, protesting that the King adhered to all his liberal intentions and engagements, and would fulfil them; that a new Assembly should shortly be convoked; and that the authority of the Crown was indissolubly united to the liberties and wishes of the People.

This document contains the substance of the advice Mirabeau uniformly tendered to the Court, and it must be supposed to express the opinion he really entertained at that time of the worthlessness of the Assembly and the brutality of the mob of Paris. To surround the King with a competent military force in the heart of Normandy was then the recommendation of him who

who had called for the dismissal of the troops on the 9th of July, and had *not interposed* to prevent the massacre of the guards on the 6th of October! But this Royal Exodus was to be accompanied by a declaration of policy in which it may fairly be inferred that he reserved to himself the largest share of actual power.

M. de la Marck was not a little embarrassed by the receipt of such a communication. The Queen was exasperated against Mirabeau for his language with reference to the banquet of the Gardes du Corps and the suspicions which connected him with the recent outrage on her person. The King was inaccessible. At length M. de la Marck requested a private interview with the Count de Provence (*Monsieur*); and was accordingly introduced to his closet at the Luxembourg in the dead of the night. His Royal Highness listened to La Marck's strange story, and read the paper—but replied that the Queen had not influence enough to decide the King to act in a question of this gravity, and that as for the King, his inherent weakness exceeded all belief. 'Figure to yourself as his character'—added the epigrammatic brother—'*balls of ivory oiled, which you try to keep together.*' After two hours' discussion the matter seemed hopeless, and we infer that this memoir never reached its destination.* Some further intercourse, however, took place between *Mirabeau* and *Monsieur* through the Duc de Lévis, and amongst the fantastic plans subsequently entertained and abandoned by Mirabeau for the formation of a Cabinet, in which he himself should take a leading part, one was to make the future Louis XVIII. nominal Prime Minister of Louis XVI.!

The ensuing weeks of November and December, 1789, were principally engrossed by the attempts of Mirabeau to come to an understanding with Lafayette in the construction of a cabinet based upon a coalition, and including the leading members of the revolutionary party. In spite of the aversion and jealousy which they entertained for one another, a serious attempt was made by Talon and other friends to bring them together. Several personal conferences took place between them, and a note exists in Mirabeau's handwriting which reveals the scheme of this coalition government. Necker was to be the titular Premier, the Archbishop of Bordeaux Chancellor, M. de Liancourt Minister of

* Camps, Mirabeau's private secretary, who had copied the memoir of the 15th October, was so alarmed at what he had done, that he was at one time on the point of divulging it to the National Assembly, by way of exculpating himself. M. Thiers has clearly been led into error when he affirms (vol. i. p. 180) that the direct negotiation between Mirabeau and the Court was commenced at this time; that is, in October, 1789. The attempted negotiation through *Monsieur* produced at that time no result; and M. de la Marck (who is M. Thiers's 'Prince Etranger') left Paris in *December* under the impression that it had altogether failed.

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War, Talleyrand Finance, M. de la Marck himself Marine, Mirabeau in the Cabinet without a portfolio, Target Mayor of Paris, Lafayette Marshal of France and Generalissimo for the re-organization of the army. These projects, however, were as evanescent as they were vague. Even as early as the 7th of November the Assembly had adopted the fatal resolution that none of its members could enter the Ministry during the whole period of the session. That resolution was avowedly aimed at Mirabeau, lest the influence of his parliamentary talents should be transferred to the service of the Crown. But that influence failed to procure the rejection of the measure most adverse to his designs. He ironically proposed his own personal disqualification, but the original resolution was put and carried against him, and from that moment the formation of a parliamentary Cabinet became impossible. No decision could more effectually contribute to aggravate the Revolution than this, which left the Assembly without ministerial leaders and the Ministry without parliamentary authority.

We return, however, to the direct relations of Mirabeau with the Court, as the most curious and novel part of the work before us. An interval of some months occurred—from the 15th of December, 1789, to the 16th of March in the following year—during which M. de la Marck repaired to Brussels to attend to his own family affairs in the Low Countries. He was summoned back to Paris by M. de Mercy, with whom he had so many points of connexion and sympathy. On his return he found Mirabeau more than ever discouraged by the aspect of affairs, irritated at the failure of his ministerial projects, indignant at the incapacity of the Government, jealous of his rivals in the Assembly, and tormented by his creditors. In this state of things M. de la Marck was at once informed by the Austrian ambassador that he had been sent for by order of their Majesties—that the King and Queen had resolved to claim the services of Mirabeau, and that they charged La Marck with the entire conduct of this secret negotiation, which was not to be divulged even to M. Necker, who had entirely lost their confidence. A private interview was arranged at M. de la Marck's house in the Rue St. Honoré between Mirabeau and M. de Mercy, at which the former repeated his earnest recommendation that the King should withdraw from Paris, but not from France. On the following day M. de la Marck was instructed to attend the Queen in the private apartment of Madame Thibaut, her first *femme de chambre*.

'The Queen began by saying that for about two months she and the King had taken the resolution of drawing nearer to Count Mirabeau, and that they had selected me for this purpose. She repeated what she had said

said some months before, that she had never distrusted my personal relations with Mirabeau; but she inquired, with a certain tone of embarrassment and curiosity, if I thought that Mirabeau had had no share in the horrors of the 5th and 6th of October. I assured her Majesty that he had passed those two days in great part with myself, and that we were dining together when the arrival of the Parisian mob was announced at Versailles. I added that I had wished at that time that the King's Ministers could have heard the opinions expressed at that *tête-à-tête*, and still more, that they could have acted upon them.

"You give me pleasure," answered the Queen, in a more confident tone; "I had great need to be undeceived on this point, for from the reports current at the time, I confess I had retained a horror of Count Mirabeau, which has not a little contributed to retard our resolution to apply to him to check, if possible, the fatal consequences of the revolution."

'At this moment the King entered. Without any preamble, and with his accustomed bluntness, he said, "The Queen has already told you that I mean to employ Count Mirabeau, if you think that it is his intention and in his power to be of use to me. What do you think?"—I frankly answered that I thought this measure was taken very late, and I pointed out the extreme impolicy of his Ministers, who ought from the opening of the States General (as they might then easily have done) to have rallied to the King's interests the deputies most remarkable for their talents, who had since become leaders of the revolutionary party. I said that Mirabeau himself had suggested some such overture, but that the Ministers had repelled him with an arrogant presumption which they certainly had no right to exhibit. I added, that the longer the remedy was deferred the more difficult it became to destroy the evil.—"Ah!" said the King, "there is nothing to hope on that head from M. Necker. All that is done by M. de Mirabeau must remain a profound secret from my Ministers, and I rely on you to secure it."—I was confounded by this answer. I could not conceive how the King could expect to employ a man like Mirabeau without the knowledge of his Ministers. Indeed, the advice and the acts of such a man could not fail to be in direct opposition to those of the Ministry, and what good could come of such a contradiction?—"Now, then," said the King, "how do you think Mirabeau can serve me usefully?"—I replied that I could only answer that question by referring it to himself, and I proposed that he should convey his suggestions to their Majesties in writing. The offer was at once accepted, and I retired, with leave to communicate with the Queen whenever I thought proper, but especially on the days when Madame Thibaut was in waiting.'—i. 147.

It could not escape a man of M. de la Marck's delicacy and discernment that this clandestine proceeding was not very honourable to those to whom such a proposal was made, or very likely to prove useful to those from whom it came. He perceived at once that it was in fear rather than in confidence

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that the King and Queen had at last consented to apply to Mirabeau—that they hoped to *buy* him rather than to *use* him—and thought more of extinguishing his hostility in the Assembly than of devoting his services to themselves and the State. Nevertheless, he resolved to persevere—in the hope that the advice which Mirabeau himself would address to the Queen might inspire their Majesties with sufficient reliance on him to induce them more openly and resolutely to act upon his opinion, and even to call him to power. The effect of this proposition, unflattering as M. de la Marck deemed it, was exceedingly striking on Mirabeau himself. His vanity was intensely gratified by this reluctant but spontaneous recognition of his power on the part of those who still wore the crown of France; and perchance M. de la Marck is not far wrong in his notion that, in the early part of the revolution, notwithstanding the violence of the speeches delivered in the National Assembly against the power of royalty, most of those daring haranguers might have become ardent royalists, if the King and his ministers had employed any art for drawing them over to their side. Mirabeau seems to have overlooked, with his natural impetuosity, the doubtful and limited nature of the task confided to him, or rather the utter inadequacy of the means compared with the magnitude of the enterprise. Under this impulse, however, he addressed to the King the paper dated the 10th of May, 1790, which pledged him—as strongly as words could do it—to the defence of the monarchy.

It was at this period that the pecuniary arrangements between Mirabeau and the Court were settled. The Queen had inquired what it would be proper that the King should do for his new adherent. It was proposed that his debts should be paid. Mirabeau said he could not tell what his debts were—and that he should be perfectly satisfied if he could rely on 100 louis a-month. At length a schedule of his debts was drawn up; some of them ludicrously characteristic of the strange vicissitudes of his life—for instance, his wedding clothes were still unpaid for. The whole sum, however, amounted to only 208,000 francs, 8350*l.*—no immoderate sum, M. de la Marck observes, for a man who had just come by his father's death into a landed estate of 2000*l.* a-year—if, indeed, *that was all;* but from Mirabeau's notorious irregularity in all such matters, and his utter indifference to the fate of his creditors, it is more than doubtful whether the schedule was complete. He still said that his debts were far too considerable to be paid, and that all he could expect was the 100 louis a-month. At the next interview which M. de la Marck had with Louis XVI., the King said that the debts (as per schedule) should be paid, and that Mirabeau should receive

6000

6000 francs a-month. Louis then placed in M. de la Marck's hand four notes of hand for 250,000 francs each, making in all one million (40,000*l.*), which were to be given to Mirabeau at the close of the session of the National Assembly, if he should have fulfilled his engagements. These bills were never made over to him, and after his death in the following year, M. de la Marck returned them to the King.

Such acts of munificence threw Mirabeau into a state of frantic joyous excitement, and he instantly discovered in Louis XVI. all the qualities of a great sovereign. The first use he made of this turn in his affairs was, regardless of all that could be said by his friends, or was said by his enemies, to quit his lodgings and set up a luxurious establishment, with cook, coachman, and all the external signs of an expenditure extravagantly beyond his known resources.

The immediate result of this arrangement was the letter addressed by Mirabeau to Louis XVI., dated the 10th of May, 1790, which has been alluded to by several writers as the royalist profession of faith of the great orator, and, indeed, had already been published by M. Barrière, but the solemnity of its language, and the peculiarity of the engagement thus contracted, entitle it to a place here:—

'*To the King.*

'Profoundly affected by the sufferings of the King, who has least deserved to feel the pangs of personal misfortune, and persuaded that if there be a prince in such a situation whose word may be trusted, that prince is Louis XVI., I am, nevertheless, so armed by mankind and by events against the touching impression of all human vicissitudes, that I should feel an invincible repugnance to play a part in this moment of partisanship and confusion, if I were not convinced that the restoration of the legitimate authority of the King is the first requisite of France, and the only means to save her.

'But I perceive so clearly that we are in anarchy, and that we are sinking deeper into it every day—I am so indignant at the idea that I should only have contributed to a vast demolition—and the fear of seeing any other head of the State than the King is so intolerable to me, that I feel I am imperiously recalled to public affairs when, wrapped in the silence of contempt, I imagined that I aspired to retirement. Here then is the profession of faith which the King has desired. He will himself deign to name the person in whose hands it shall be deposited, for the dictates of prudence forbid his Majesty to retain it, and this writing will remain for ever as a judgment upon me or a testimony in my favour.

'I engage to serve with my whole influence the true interests of the King, and, lest this assertion appear too vague, I declare that I hold a counter-revolution to be not less dangerous and criminal than it is chi-

merical in France to establish a government without a chief armed with the necessary powers to apply the whole public force of the country to execute the law. In these principles I shall communicate my opinion on passing events in writing, and I shall make it my chief business to place the executive power in its proper place in the constitution, which ought to be in its plenitude, without restriction or division, in the hands of the King.

'I promise the King loyalty, zeal, activity, energy, and a courage beyond all that has been imputed to me. I promise him all, in short, except success, which never depends on a single man, and which it would be culpable rashness and presumption to promise in the terrible disorder which undermines the State and threatens its chief. He must be a singular man who should be indifferent or unfaithful to the glory of saving both the one and the other, and that man I am not.

THE COUNT DE MIRABEAU.'

In spite of the rhetorical artifices of this piece, which wants the simplicity of truth, and looks like a case drawn up for ulterior objects, we do not believe that the professions of the writer were deliberately and entirely false. It is impossible to doubt that Mirabeau had long since conceived the most gloomy forebodings of the results of the revolution; and we think it likely enough that in his furious appeals to the popular party his true sentiments were in reality more disguised than in his secret communications with the Court. The negotiations just completed through M. de la Marck had flattered his vanity, inflated his hopes, and relieved him from his creditors. To inspire confidence in the Court towards the insidious and terrible ally thus enlisted in their service, was obviously the only mode of strengthening and perpetuating his influence. He already aspired to a sway more definite and positive than that which he wielded as the tribune of a popular Assembly and the hero of a Club. He despised cordially that Assembly which he fired day after day with eloquence not always in the best taste, or led by arguments which were as often sophisms as truths. The remnant of the executive power seemed almost within his grasp, and he flung himself upon it in the general wreck. Totally devoid of principle, he turned with equal indifference to either side, and his interest seemed to incline at that moment towards the Court. But that fragment of power was already chiefly held, and might hereafter be successfully disputed, by a man who up to that time represented more than Mirabeau himself the republican spirit of the Revolution. M. de Lafayette occupied in the streets of Paris, in the National Guard, and in the eyes of the public, the foremost place; Mirabeau had as yet scarcely extended his popular influence beyond the range of his parliamentary eloquence. All France was at the feet of Lafayette. The revolution

lution was in his hands. The patronage of the Crown was at his disposal. His presumption and his republicanism knew no bounds; and the arrogance with which he treated Mirabeau was equally preposterous. 'I have conquered,' said the tricolor General of the Parisian Guard to M. Frochot, 'I have conquered the King of England in his power, the King of France in his authority, the People in its rage; certainly I shall not yield to M. de Mirabeau.' Yet the struggle and the personal aversion of these two rivals were kept within limits. Mirabeau, on his side, was well aware that Lafayette was a man he either must conciliate by his advances or paralyse by his attacks. He tried to do both, and, with his usual audacity, both simultaneously.

'Oh! M. de Lafayette!'—he writes to the hated rival—'Richelieu was Richelieu against the nation for the Court, and though Richelieu did infinite harm to public liberty, he did a large amount of good to the monarchy. Be Richelieu over the Court and for the nation, and you will reconstitute the monarchy whilst you extend and perpetuate the liberties of your country. But Richelieu *had his Capucin Joseph;* do you too have your EMINENCE GRISE, or you will ruin yourself without saving us. Your great qualities require my impulse; my impulse requires your great qualities: and you believe little men, who, for little considerations, by little manœuvres, and for little objects, seek to render us useless to each other: you do not see that you must espouse me and trust me for the very reasons for which your stupid partisans have most abused me. Sir! you palter with your destiny.'—ii. 22.

It was on the 1st of June, 1790, that this letter was despatched to the General. On that same day Mirabeau penned his first note to the Queen—and in it we read:—

'What is to become of that man who has already, from a supple intrigant and a humble courtier, come to be a keeper of kings—if nothing stops him in his career? Master of the Parisian army, and by that army of Paris—master, through Paris, of a great part of the National Guards of the kingdom; able to dispose of the executive power—if the ministers are chosen by himself; thus, too, of the army—thus, too, of the legislature. If ministers devoted to his ambition refuse him no means of influence, will he not be the most absolute, the most formidable of dictators?'—ii. 27.

What can surpass these flagrant proofs of duplicity within seven pages of a work designed gravely, it seems, to act as the whitewasher of Mirabeau?

Another note, addressed to the Court on the 20th of June, was even more unmeasured in its language and arrogant in its pretensions:—

'It cannot be disguised that the political crisis is at its height, and

is alarmingly complicated. I do not think the throne, and still more the dynasty, have ever run a greater danger. It is no longer time to trust by halves, or to serve by halves. There is ample proof that Lafayette is equally ambitious and incapable. He will make himself generalissimo—that is, he will cause the post of generalissimo to be offered him; in other words, receive the *de facto* dictatorship from the nation, or what appears to be the nation. That is his whole scheme for the present. As for a plan, he has none. His means, he picks them up by hand day by day. His whole policy is to excite such a fermentation amongst our neighbours that he may be allowed to extend over the whole kingdom the influence of the mob (*de la Courtille*). The only resource against this state of things lies in the imbecility of his mind, the timidity of his character, and the narrowness of his head. The King has but one man, and that is his wife; the only security for her is in the restoration of royal authority. I trust she would not accept life without her crown, but I am certain she will not preserve her life unless she preserve her crown. The day will come, and that soon, when she must try what can be done by a woman and a child on horseback. That is for her a family resource (*une méthode de famille;*) but meanwhile we must be prepared, and not expect to get out of an extraordinary crisis by ordinary men or means. The Queen must speak to Lafayette, in the presence of the King, prepared and resolute, and say to him,—"Your functions entirely absorb your individual faculties, which can only be those of one man—and, while you are waiting to be strengthened by a new ministry, we shall be lost. We must therefore strengthen you. You have and we have the conviction that, besides his talent, M. de Mirabeau is the only statesman of this country; that no other has his completeness, his courage, his character. It is evident that he would not willingly assist in demolishing us; he must not be driven to that pass; he must be ours. To make him ours we must be his. He wants a grand object: great dangers, great means, a great glory. We are resigned or resolved to give him the confidence of despair. I demand that you shall unite yourself to M. de Mirabeau completely and entirely, so that we may say:—Those two men are ours: whatever is deliberated and agreed upon by them is our will, and that will must be executed, or we must perish.'"—ii. 42.

'That this rhodomontade should have been seriously addressed to the Court by Mirabeau, and an attempt made to place such expressions as these in the mouth of Marie Antoinette by the very man whom they concerned, is certainly one of the most startling specimens of impertinence and vanity that even the French Revolution ever exhibited to the world. But the attempt to bully and terrify the Court overshot its mark; and, on the other hand, all approach to a reconciliation with Lafayette fell to the ground. Shortly afterwards Mirabeau, in writing to M. de Segur, said that he defied M. de Lafayette to name a single instance in which he had not broken his promises to Mirabeau, or in which Mirabeau had not kept his promises to Lafayette. Before October

tober of the same year their relations had settled into permanent aversion and resentment, and thenceforth Lafayette is only mentioned in this correspondence under the nicknames of *Gilles le Grand*, *Jupiter-Scapin*, or the like. The Queen, however, did not express her disapprobation of the tone of the extraordinary communication just cited; and it was a few days after she had read that paper—on the 3rd of July—that a secret interview took place—the first and last—between Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette in the upper part of the gardens of St. Cloud. The Queen accosted him (as she afterwards informed Madame Campan) by saying:—'In presence of an ordinary enemy, a man who had sworn the ruin of the monarchy without perceiving its utility to a great people, the step I am now taking would be extremely out of place; but when I speak to a Mirabeau,' &c. Mirabeau quitted the Queen with the exclamation—*Madame! la monarchie est sauvée!* But in spite of the apparent intimacy which his relations with the Court had at this period acquired, and the vehement frankness with which he addressed the illustrious personages to whom these notes were transmitted, there is no indication that the conduct of either party was sincere. Mirabeau, in the receipt of a large pension paid at short intervals, and in the hope of acquiring more positive power by the overthrow of the ministry and the destruction of his rivals, was, we doubt not, earnest enough in his immediate proposals;—but there we halt as to him; and on the other hand, from first to last it would seem that his remonstrances and suggestions remained without effect; his advice had been asked, as an indirect method of paralyzing his hostility in the Assembly—but it was never taken; and from time to time he was irritated by the discovery that some agent of very inferior capacity, like M. Bergasse, had contrived to guide that perplexed and irresolute côterie which all his own eloquence and reasoning failed to move.

In the position which Louis XVI. had then reached, it is impossible to deny that the policy traced out by Mirabeau was infinitely preferable to the feeble palliatives of the existing ministry, who were drifting down the torrent, or to the abortive projects of flight and reaction put forward by the remains of the aristocratic party. Mirabeau strenuously advocated the formation of a nucleus of troops in some available part of France, either at Fontainebleau or at Rouen, sufficiently near Paris to take away the appearance of flight, sufficiently remote from the turbulent capital to restore the sovereign and the royal family to their personal independence. Disorganised as the army was, it was still possible to rely on the fidelity of a few regiments animated by the spirit of their officers, and Mirabeau had already observed the valour

valour and discipline of the Swiss Guards, which were by and bye to be vainly expended in the last fatal struggle of the 10th of August. He proposed to revive the office of Inspector-General of the Swiss troops, and to entrust that post to Count de la Marck himself, as an officer of unquestionable fidelity and ability. Alone amongst all the advisers of the Court, who professed any tinge of liberal principles, Mirabeau boldly avowed that he did not recoil from the prospect of civil war, since he regarded it as an evil of far less magnitude than the rule of mobs and the triumph of anarchy, and he foresaw that nothing but the regular action of military power could restore the authority of the crown. But he ardently, and in this instance successfully, resisted the peril of foreign war, and especially of war with England, when Spain, on the prospect of hostilities with reference to the Nootka Sound dispute, claimed the execution of the Family Compact. The appeal to foreign succour against the internal dangers of the royal family and the monarchy, which so greatly aggravated those dangers on the outbreak of the war, and became the heaviest of the charges against the Court, never entered into the plans disclosed by this correspondence: for it is worthy of remark, that although, throughout this transaction, M. de Mercy, the Austrian ambassador in Paris, and M. de la Marck, an Austrian by birth, were the principal agents of the Court, they uniformly and exclusively acted as Frenchmen should have acted, and in defence of purely French interests. If ever there was an 'Austrian Committee,' as it was termed, in the closet of Marie Antoinette, it was in 1789 and 1790, and it was composed of these two men. Long before the pretended disclosures of the Iron Chest, it had ceased to exist altogether, for both of them had left France: but even during the period of their greatest activity not a line is to be found which the most captious partisan could construe into an encroachment on the independence of the French nation. Mirabeau's uniform recommendation to the King was to endeavour to prepare military resources and some degree of popular support out of Paris and in the country: to retire *then* from the capital with his face towards the enemy; to form a government on national and liberal principles; to complete the constitution, but to put an end to the revolution; and to stake everything on the success of a scheme which, though hazardous, was better than sinking bit by bit, under the heavy pressure of necessity, into that abyss whose depth Mirabeau had already sounded.

The King distinctly intimated, at a still later period, that he regarded his statements as much exaggerated; but the advice given, and the force of reasoning with which it was supported, in spite of the blemish of occasional violence and exaggeration

of

of language, considerably raise our estimate of Mirabeau's political judgment. There is, we believe, no doubt that these papers were entirely written by himself. The drafts in his own handwriting are to be seen at this moment in the archives of the House of Arenberg at Brussels. The preparatory labours of his Genevese *aides de camp* for his speeches on questions of general interest in the National Assembly were of a different character, and it seems that none of those persons were cognizant of the extent of his relations with the Court. These writings, on the contrary, bear the stamp of his own genius—of his ardent resolution—and not unfrequently of his irritation at the manifest failure of all his suggestions. For, as has been already stated, this correspondence, continued during a period of ten months, was invariably and completely sterile—except indeed by its indirect influence on the public conduct of Mirabeau in the Assembly, where he might, and doubtless would, have become more bitterly hostile, if he had been thrown altogether and exclusively on his revolutionary associates.

On the 20th of September he wrote to M. de la Marck:—

'The reason we do not get on is not my occupations, absorbing as they have been for the last ten days, but the strange conduct of the Court towards me. It never profits by one of my counsels, and then calls me unprofitable. It is for ever aggrandising its enemy, without giving me any consecutive means of action or habitual instructions, and then affects to suppose this enemy is to be vanquished by me. This is pitiable.'—ii. 198.

And again more bitterly a month later:—

'I hardly know, my dear Count, why I send you these notes; but take them for what they are worth—here is another. These subjects for comparison with the masterpieces of Bergasse, and perhaps of Barnave and other great men, to whose hair, as of old to that of Nisus, the safety of the throne and of the empire is doubtless bound—these subjects for comparison are a mode of study not duller than a prison or more useless than a fairy tale. *Vale et me ama.*'—*ib.* 256.

But the 6000 francs a month kept him employed, and he exhaled his resentment in undoing his own work elsewhere. At that price success was an object of secondary importance.

M. de la Marck himself, who, in all that has been preserved of their direct correspondence, manifests thorough confidence in Mirabeau, did occasionally indicate some alarm and distrust, arising out of this state of things, in the reports which he addressed to Count de Mercy, after that Envoy had been withdrawn from Paris by the Imperial Government. Thus on the 26th of January, 1791—

'M. de Mirabeau is seeking to conciliate an apparent wish to serve with

with inaction, to drive others forward and to hold back himself, to have the merit of success without exposing his popularity to too severe a trial. We must not deceive ourselves; this man finds in his talents, in his mistrust, and even in his faults, subterfuges of dexterity by which he frequently escapes the nicest observation. . . . .

'M. de Mirabeau has been elected *chef de bataillon* in the National Guard*—and three days later a member of the administration of the department. He has accepted both these places, meaning subsequently to resign the former. He is now trying to be elected *procureur syndic* of the department. His popularity has really increased of late, *which makes me uneasy*: if ever he despairs of the government and stakes his fame on his popularity, he will be insatiable: and you know as well as I do, Monsieur le Comte, what popularity is in a time of revolution.'—iii. 30.

Such was the lame and unsatisfactory course of a negotiation which Mirabeau himself, in the most complete and elaborate of these documents, describes as a system of 'obscure intrigue and artful dissimulation;' for he who had shown himself most powerful to agitate and to destroy, proved himself powerless to save, and, in the course of the *imbroglio*, many of the provisions on which he affected to rely for the salvation of his paymasters, were so puerile as to merit our wonder. The only feasible measure to which the Court brought itself to assent was a journey undertaken by M. de la Marck himself to Metz and Strasburgh in February, 1791, for the purpose of seeing M. de Bouillé and the army on the eastern frontier of the kingdom, which was in truth the last hope of the monarchy. It is probable that the reports addressed by M. de la Marck to the King and Queen on his return to Paris, strengthened the idea of flight—which, when all other hopes had failed, was afterwards executed, but interrupted at Varennes. *Mesdames*, the King's aunts, actually attempted to make their escape on the 19th of February, contrary to the advice of Mirabeau, and were arrested at Arnay-le-Duc in Burgundy. When the news of this incident arrived, La Marck had been sitting up all night *drinking*, and forwarded the intelligence to Mirabeau, with an intimation that his own faculties were not perfectly clear. But the

* This election gave rise to one of the strangest communications of Mirabeau to the Court, for the National Guards were at that time the keepers, and almost the jailers, of the Tuileries, the officer on duty having the royal family under constant *surveillance*. Mirabeau affected to ask the Queen's permission to accept the post, insinuating that, while he was playing nine pins with the Dauphin, or picking up his ball, he should have ample opportunities of conversing with his Sovereign.

But, in fact, Mirabeau was always eager to be elected to everything. He was indignant when Bailly was chosen mayor of Paris in preference to himself; he continually aimed at the presidency of the Assembly—he intimated to Lafayette his readiness to accept an embassy to the East—he acted in the National Guard when named *chef de bataillon*—and probably would not have refused, on the first vacancy, to be sexton of the parish.

question

question having been discussed in the Assembly, Mirabeau obtained a vote in favour of the Princesses, who were consequently allowed to depart. On this occasion La Marck observes, in writing to M. de Mercy—

'The determination of *Mesdames* to start has proved, that if the King followed their example he would probably have the same success. He should only announce positively before hand that he means to go out of Paris, fix the day of his departure, and persist with energy in his resolution. *Il faudrait bien qu'on le laissât faire.*'

Yet, as it turned out a few days afterwards, a mere excursion of the Court to St. Cloud caused a riot in Paris; and indeed in the very same letter he speaks of M. de Lafayette's resolution 'to keep his prisoner'—for the King was the hostage of the monarchy held by the mob of the capital, and the dread of his escape was the constant bugbear of every club in the city.

Such was the state of affairs, with no definite plan and no prospect of a more vigorous course of action, when the man, who was the centre of these intrigues, was struck in mid career by the abrupt summons of a mortal disease. In the last week, during which Mirabeau attended the sittings of the National Assembly, a question was under discussion relating to mines and the rights of mineral proprietors in France, which was of the utmost personal importance to Count de la Marck. The Assembly seemed disposed to prohibit grants of mining leases. Mirabeau said to his friend—'If I do not defend sound principles in this matter, there will be an end of mining in France, and you will lose one of the chief parts of your fortune. If I do defend them, I shall crush our antagonists.' He spoke with effect on the 21st of March on this subject, his speech having been prepared by Pellene, one of his secretaries. The question was to come on again on the 27th, and, though already ill, he set to work again to produce the harangue that was to gain the victory.

'On the morning of that day,' says M. de la Marck, 'he came to my house before nine o'clock. His countenance was haggard, and he looked like a man on the eve of a serious illness. He got worse, and even at one time lost his consciousness. I did all I could to prevent him from going to the Assembly, but without success. He continually answered, "My friend, those fellows will ruin you if I don't go: I will go; you shall not keep me." Feeling himself too weak to walk, he remembered I had some old Tokay, which he had drunk of several times. He rang and himself ordered some of it to be brought him. He took a couple of glasses, and got into his carriage. I wished to accompany him, but he insisted I should not go that day to the Assembly. He begged me to wait at home till he came back to me. I was obliged to yield. About three o'clock he returned. As he came into my room, he flung himself upon a sofa and said—*Your cause*

cause is gained, and I am a dead man!—I cannot express what I felt at the moment, struck with terror as I was by the state of Mirabeau. In a few minutes I gave him my arm—led him to the carriage, got in with him, and drove to his house, which he never left more till he was carried to the grave.'—iii. 93.

The disease, which had on several former occasions threatened the life of Mirabeau and preyed upon his shattered constitution, now declared itself with extreme violence. From the first Cabanis, who attended him, entertained no hope, and Mirabeau himself seemed, from the expressions he made use of to his friends, to be fully prepared for the worst. M. de la Marck was constantly with him, and it was on the fourth day of his illness and the third before his death that he confided to him the whole collection of his papers, at that time of such momentous importance to the chief persons in the state. On the 2nd of April, 1791, at half-past eight in the morning, after a long and painful struggle, Mirabeau expired, at the age of forty-two. His loss was mourned by the people, whom he had so often misled, as a national calamity, and it was said that upwards of 200,000 persons escorted his remains to the Pantheon. Certain it is that of all the adventurers whom the earlier months of the Revolution had thrown before the world, Mirabeau alone at that moment seemed qualified to stride onwards in its rapid and terrible course. He had the good fortune to die before his popularity with the Assembly had undergone the test of ministerial power. He left, therefore, to both parties a sense of his vast abilities, augmented by the vague hopes which are apt to be excited by a career of unfulfilled renown. To the popular party it seemed, in the anarchy which speedily ensued, that nothing was wanting to the cause of liberty but that daring leader; to the Court, that the Revolution might still have been arrested by the counsels of such a convert. The character of Mirabeau, judged by his public acts, assisted by the strong light thrown on his private motives in this publication, justifies, in our opinion, no such favourable inference on either side. In the clubs and assemblies of the people there is ample evidence that he was playing a game widely distinct from his genuine opinions or his secret desires: in his relations with the Court he was met at every turn by the distrust which his own virulent language in public could not fail to inspire. But the real incentive was neither patriotism nor loyalty; it centered altogether in his own personal interests, and his conduct was turned either to the right or to the left by the merest caprice or by the basest impulses of resentment.

With such objects and such means of action, we can discover no evidence in support of the still not uncommon notion, that if the

the life of Mirabeau had been prolonged it would have fared otherwise with the French Revolution, and that even the monarchy might by his hands have been saved. We can discover no ground for supposing that his efficiency, the confidence of his employers, or the conjuncture of events would ever have become greater or more opportune than they had been during the last twelve months of his life. He might have prevented some disastrous mistakes, such as the flight to Varennes and the return of the Royal Family; but it was already beyond his reach to arrest the ravages of the monster he himself had invoked upon his country. In these respects the Correspondence now before us changes none of those conceptions of the man which we have on former occasions expressed: it leaves him in possession of the doubtful honour of genius fruitful only in destruction, and of dishonesty marking even his better actions as if they were crimes. On one point only it improves the aspect of his character by the apparent warmth and sincerity of several of his personal attachments, and especially of that for Count de la March himself: but even in their connexion we trace not a little of the selfishness and the unfair practices of his habitual course. He has left behind him the reputation of unrivalled eloquence, of daring worthy of a nobler cause, of a judicious sagacity in the discussion of many of the chief political questions of the day, and even of a desire to quench the conflagration he had kindled. But it was too late; the evil was beyond the control of any mortal power; and had he lived, he would have lived only to perish, like all his political confederates, in the fierce anarchy which avenged the monarchy upon the authors of the revolution.

Upon quitting the tempestuous atmosphere of France in October, 1791, Mirabeau's amiable correspondent (who had previously dropped, and never resumed, the title of Count de la March) entered the military service of the Emperor; and during the long years of revolutionary confiscation his only income was his pay as a general officer. On the fall of Napoleon Prince Augustus re-acquired a great part of his fortune, and, settling at Brussels, continued to live there in the exercise of most graceful hospitality until 1833, when he died at the age of eighty.

ART. V.—1. *Sir Thomas Browne's Works, including his Life and Correspondence.* Edited by S. Wilkin, F.L.S. 4 vols. 1836.
2. *History of the Religious Orders and Communities, and of the Hospitals and Castle, of Norwich.* By Mr. John Kirkpatrick. Written about the year 1725. 1845.
3. *The Antiquities of Norfolk; a Lecture delivered at the Norwich Museum.* By the Rev. R. Hart, B.A. 1844.
4. *The Vocabulary of East Anglia.* By Rev. Robert Forby, Rector of Fincham. 2 vols. 1830.
5. *Suffolk Words and Phrases.* By Edward Moor, F.R.S. 1823.
6. *Notices and Illustrations of the Costume, Processions, Pageantry, &c., formerly displayed by the Corporation.* Norwich. 1850.

TO the minds of most men the word *Norfolk* is suggestive merely of turkeys, partridges, and the four-course shift of husbandry; while to the ladies it conjures up visions of crapes, bombazines, lustres—all the endless combinations of cotton, wool, and silk. With those ideas there is an end of Norfolk to the world at large. This corner of Old England has no landscape of renowned beauty or grandeur to attract the tourist;—though in the wild, the curious, and even the romantic it may be richer than is suspected. It has not the thinnest vein of subterranean wealth resembling that which converts a sweet little Welsh valley, or a breezy Scotch upland, into a seeming Pandemonium. It is not enriched on the fiendish condition of having to breathe an atmosphere of diluted soot and coal-dust as a fine certain on the continuance of its prosperity, but is for weeks and months illumined by sunshine to which the white-lights of the Opera are but as shadows. Nor has it been made the scene of any remarkably glorious 'demonstration,' which would bring it prominently before the national eye in newspaper columns. It is a quiet, homely, regular-living province, decidedly open to the reproach of being some modicum of years behind-hand. It is little visited, except for straightforward business purposes. A few summer immigrants come from the adjoining inland counties, for the sake of Yarmouth jetty and its sandy beach. The musical festival brings down some outlandish amateurs, who, while in the fine old city of Norwich, doubtless fancy themselves at the ἔσχατα χθονὸς; and who would find their impression remarkably confirmed if they had the courage to penetrate as far as the *unfrequented* line of coast—to Winterton, Horsey, Salthouse, or Snettisham. An excursion thither is a most complete and exhilarating escape from the cut-and-dried well-behaved people whom *Eothen* describes as 'the sitters in pews.'

Should any stranger wish really to explore the sister provinces once

once so dear to Sir Thomas Browne, he cannot get on without some knowledge of their language, and therefore we have placed on our list two glossaries, both careful and also spirited works—for even glossaries may show *life*. Moor's was put together with great zeal and good-will, under the vivid impressions of a return home after twenty-years' absence in India. Forby, on the contrary, passed all his days within the boundaries of East Anglia; yet his Vocabulary, unluckily but a fragment, is enlivened with a heartiness that is no less delightful. The reverend author committed the imprudence of taking a warm-bath, to which he was unaccustomed, without the presence of an attendant; fainting, as supposed, he was found drowned. His friend and pupil, Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, has prefaced the posthumous work with a pleasing memoir.

Browne had made a slight beginning in his 'Tract viii.—Of Languages, and particularly of the Saxon Tongue.' In the course of it he observes:—'It were not impossible to make an original reduction of many words of no general reception in England, but of common use in Norfolk, or peculiar to the East Angle countries; which to effect, the Danish language, new and more ancient, may prove of good advantage.' But he uses some local terms *passim*, as *snast*, the burnt portion of the wick of a candle (iii. 178). Forby is only to be blamed for having spoken of his subject in an unduly apologetic tone. If, as he truly asserts, after much prolix and elaborate criticism by the annotators on the old poets, and especially Shakspeare, 'a difficulty often remained as it was found, which an East Anglian clown would have solved at first sight or hearing'—he *should* have seen no need to anticipate a cold reception—as if, being merely oral, and existing among the unlettered rustics of a particular district, *provincial language* were of little concern to general readers, of still less to persons of refined education, and much below the notice of philologists.' But the truth is, that Englishmen, instead of being proud of their county vernacular, as they ought, are mostly ashamed of it. An Italian, although he may use a perfect *bocca Romana* in polite society, would on no account forget his home dialect, whether it be the vocalic Venetian, the harsh and aspirated Tuscan, or the Neapolitan mish-mash of transplanted 'roots.' Dialectic Italian is not thought low and vulgar; it has its dictionaries, its standard works, and the patronage of the upper classes; but an educated Englishman, instead of being proud to converse with his rustic neighbours in their own idiom, would have it thought that he was born *nowhere*. If, in the warmth of debate, a phrase, or tone, indicative of his native spot escapes his lips, he blushes like a school-girl; as if he had uttered naughty words, and not the very language

language of Ben Jonson, Shakspeare, or Chaucer. The study of Moor should re-assure many such timid gentlemen. The weakness, too, is as ineffectual as it is unworthy. Not one man in a thousand but can be detected to *have had* a home, however much he may mince and Londonise his talk.

The Icenic archaisms collected by Forby are still alive and current in 1851. It is to be wished that some competent hand would set about supplying his omissions. He 'cannot forbear figuring to himself some plain, unpretending, old-fashioned yeoman, who has been unmercifully rallied upon his Norfolk or Suffolk talk, lighting by chance upon this book, and discovering that he speaks a great deal more good English than either he or his *corrector Bestius* was aware of.' Some of the Norfolk talk, however, is very tolerable French. Thus, *paryard*, the yard by the barn-door where the farm-animals are kept, though derived by Forby from *par* an inclosed place, is clearly the *pailler*, or *straw*-yard, which some Norman brought into the country. He could not mistake about *plancher*, a boarded floor, and refers us to the *planched* gate in 'Measure for Measure.' Some words in his list strike us as scarcely dialectic; *e. g.*, *poorly*, in the sense of ailing, and *onto*—upon. Others fascinate by their apt expressiveness, as *plumpendicular; laldrum*, an egregious simpleton, a fool and a half; *mush*, guardedly silent; *pample*, to trample lightly. A child *pamples* upon a bed in a garden newly raked, or upon a floor newly washed. A heavy-heeled fellow *slods* over either. Some expressions seem to be Malapropic rather than Icenic:—*e. g.*, *refuge* potatoes, a *currency* of air, and *circulating* windows. To *terrify* is not to frighten, but to tease, to annoy. Sheep are *'nationly terrifted* by the flies. A young woman on some proposition being made to her, replies, 'Sir, I ha' n't no *projections*.' Another suitor gains a hearing by the promise that he will not *contain* you long. An *entired* tradesman *inclines* having anything more to do with business: he 'oon't be *bull-ringled*, nor yet made a *hoss-fair* on no longer—that he *oon't*.

One grand characteristic of the East Anglian dialect, which cannot be divested of its ludicrousness even by classical authority, is the system of abbreviation, by which certain phrases are compressed almost into nothingness. A farmer's spouse will *procustize* my husband down to *m'usban*. Lord Wodehouse must submit to have his title smoothed into *Wuddus*. We can call to mind numerous utterances of Forby's examples, such as *muckup* for muck-heap, *sidus* for sideways, *wammel-cheese* for one meal (of milk) cheese, *shunt* for should not, *cup* for come up, and *k'ye thinder* for look ye yonder. '*Howstrew?*' (How is it true?) asks a sceptical listener: '*Strewsgodsn'ons!*' is the profane reply.

reply. But Shakspeare uses *dup* for do ope. *Doff* and *don* are still great staples with the modern-antique melodramatists. 'But all these,' says Forby, 'are tight, compact condensations of two, or at most three short words. Some are on a larger scale.' Take this. A girl employed on a task commonly allotted to boys, called herself a *galcobaw*—a word which might puzzle the most learned East Anglian philologist. It was found to mean a *girl-cow-boy*.

Although it is now more than two hundred years since Browne settled in Norwich, his name is still inseparable from much that must ever be of interest to both the city and the county. Besides his examples of the respectable if not venerable Icenic phraseology, there is his 'Account of Birds found in Norfolk' (iv. 313), enabling the naturalist to discover what species have been driven off by cultivation and increased population. Thus 'Cranes are often seen here in hard winters, especially about the champian and fieldy part;' *now*, they *never* make their appearance. His Ichthyological Discourse is worth referring to, if only for the record, 'Salmon no *common* fish in our rivers, though *many* are taken in the Ouse; in the Bure, or North river; in the Waveny, or South river; in the Norwich river but seldom, and in the winter. But four years ago, fifteen were taken at Trowse Mill, at Christmas' (iv. 384.) It is of *some* interest to know that two hundred years have not altered the character of certain local species. 'Oysters, exceeding large, about Burnham and Hunstanton, whereof many are eaten raw; the shells being broken with cleavers; the greater part pickled,* and sent weekly to London and other parts.' That he made even a brief list of Fossil Remains (iv. 454) shows that he was in advance of an age which supposed such things to be Nature's abortive failures. His *Hydriotaphia* arose out of 'The Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk.' The *Vulgar Errors* have been enriched by native materials; and the correspondence given by Mr. Wilkin is a very treasury of provincial antiquities, manners, and natural history.

Of the edition of Sir Thomas Browne, which cost Mr. Wilkin the labour of nearly twelve years, Southey often expressed his very warm approbation—and more than once he promised a reviewal—but died *re infectâ*. Were not the multiplicity of the laureate's tasks so well known, we might wonder, as well as regret, that he did not execute his project. His mind would have thoroughly sympathised with Browne's, in all that related to the *dulce est desipere in loco*. Both of them would assuredly

* As thus: 'Two neat pickles may be contrived, the one of oysters stewed in their own vinegar, with thyme, lemon-peel, onion, mace, pepper; adding Rhenish wine, elder vinegar, three or four pickled cucumbers.'—(iv. 453.)

interpret

interpret *locus* to be *any* passage or subject around which it was their pleasure to gambol and curvet. The 'Doctor,' in one of his freakish moods, would receive with an approving grin, rather than sift with stern criticism, Sir Thomas's speculation whether painters and sculptors are not wrong in representing Adam with the usual umbilical dimple—'seeing that he was not born of woman,' and, therefore, could not be impressed with the scar that is so ornamental to all the rest of mankind. Nor would he have quarrelled with the list of empirical remedies for the gout, which Browne drew up for the use of those 'unsatisfied with the many rational medicines;'—such as 'Wear shoes made of a lion's skin,' and, 'Try the way of transplantation; give poultices taken from the part unto dogs, and let a whelp lie in the bed with you;'—nor with 'Musæum Clausum, containing rarities of several kinds, scarce or never seen by any man now living:'—the very first of which, as a fair specimen, is 'A poem of Ovidius Naso, written in the Getick language; found wrapt up in wax, at Sabaria, on the frontiers of Hungary, where there remains a tradition that he died in his return towards Rome from Tomos, either after his pardon, or the death of Augustus.'—'Tis sweet to trifle now and then: Southey's trifling with Browne would have been a perfect Saturnalia of learned misrule.

Sir Thomas, then, though born in London (1605), belongs eminently to East Anglia. After a liberal education at Winchester and Oxford, he settled at Norwich as a physician, in 1636, and retained an extensive practice in the city and county to the end of his life. In 1641 he married 'Mrs. Dorothy Mileham, of a good family in Norfolk.' In 1642, his *Religio Medici* was surreptitiously printed, and therefore there appears to us a slight anachronism in Dr. Johnson's remarks—'This marriage could not but draw the raillery of contemporary wits upon a man, who *had just been wishing in his new book*, that we might *procreate like trees without conjunction*;'—and, 'Whether the lady *had been yet informed of these contemptuous positions*, or whether she was pleased with the conquest of so formidable a rebel, and considered it as a double triumph to attract so much merit, and overcome so powerful prejudices; or whether, &c. &c.' The correspondence shows that Mrs. Dorothy, amidst her domestic duties, was not likely to care two straws about what her man thought or wrote on such matters, so be it he did but keep the pot boiling respectably, and provided 'sheus,' 'cotts,' 'briches,' and 'manto-gowns' for the little Brownes, whether cuttings or seedlings, which she presented him with in not slow succession. In authorship she would allow him to be eccentric; but if, in family matters

matters, he resembled other every-day, good-sort-of doctors, she was satisfied and happy.

The splendid success of the *Religio Medici* most likely took Browne by surprise. Though possessed of a modest sense of his own ability and a respectable independence of spirit, he was far above the arrogance of vanity. It may be believed that most writers who eventually attained great popularity, although they might have some instinctive consciousness of the power within them, were yet unable to guess exactly how, or when, it would receive a public recognition. They just let their inspiration have its utterance. Nor (in many cases at least) could they subsequently tell with precision *what* it was in their writings which had fastened on them so universal a sympathy. The bond of attachment between an author and his reader may be too subtle for analysis. Perhaps granting even a superabundance of genius, with all the acquired skill of practice, disappointment would be the fate of him who determined to sit down, and compose, resolutely, a book which should *take*, as decidedly and confessedly as the Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, or the Religio Medici.

All Browne's subsequent works were written in Norwich; and not a few minor pieces, besides those already mentioned, are specially local. In 1671, he was knighted by Charles II., when on a visit at the ancient *palace* (always so styled) of the Howards in Norwich. Eleven years later he was seized with a colick, which, after having tortured him about a week, put an end to his life, on his birthday, Oct. 19, 1682—*anno ætat.* 76. He *did* lie buried in the church of St. Peter Mancroft.

Of those productions which take high rank in a formal list of *opera omnia*, the *Garden of Cyrus* (1658) is the least inviting, though eminently characteristic of its author, as is at once shown by the second title, viz. 'The Quincuncial Lozenge, or Net-work Plantation of the Ancients, artificially, naturally, mystically, considered.' Even Mr. Wilkin confesses that it has, by general consent, been regarded as one of the most *fanciful* of his works, and that the most eminent even of his admirers have treated it as a mere sport of the imagination. There are, as Coleridge says, 'quincunxes in heaven above, quincunxes in earth below, quincunxes in the mind of man, quincunxes in tones, in optic nerves, in roots of trees, in leaves, in everything.' The quinary theory of created things, as propounded by some few modern naturalists, would have been a great God-send to Browne; and Mr. Wilkin is seriously inclined to regard the Garden of Cyrus in a higher point of view than a mere *jeu d'esprit*. 'How far,' he asks, 'has he anticipated in this work those who have conducted their inquiries

quiries in the midst of incomparably greater light and knowledge?' (iii. 380.) But we may safely surmise, that the pentangular speculations of Messrs. Mackleay, Vigors, and Swainson are just as capable of practical use and strict application, as are the decussated whimsies of the amiable physician and philosopher of Norwich.

The Garden of Cyrus is so styled because

'all stories do look upon Cyrus as the first splendid and *regular* planter. According whereto Xenophon (in Œconomico) described his gallant plantation at Sardis, thus rendered by Strobæus—*Arbores pari intervallo sitas, rectos ordines, et omnia perpulchrè in quincuncem directa.* That is, the rows and orders so handsomely disposed, or five trees so set together, that a regular angularity, and thorough prospect, was left on every side; owing this name not only to the quintuple number of trees, but the figure declaring that number, which, being double at the angle, makes up the letter X:—that is the emphatical decussation, or fundamental figure.

'Now though, in some ancient and modern practice, the area, or decussated plot, might be a perfect square, answerable to a Tuscan pedestal, and the *quinquernio* or cinque point of a dye, wherein by diagonal lines the intersection was rectangular—accommodable unto plantations of large growing trees—and we must not deny ourselves the advantage of this order; yet shall we chiefly insist upon that of Curtius and Porta in their brief description hereof. Wherein the *decussis* is made within in a longilateral square, with opposite angles, acute and obtuse at the intersection, and so upon progression making a *rhombus* or lozenge figuration.'—iii. 388.

With this *lozenge* as his sole semaphore and guide, Browne starts at full gallop on his literary steeple-chase; if he halts a moment for refreshment it can only be at the sign of the Chequers. He gets more and more excited by the game, but diamonds are trumps at every hand. He finds even the Garden of Eden laid out in the Dutch style, and probably full of quincunxes. 'Since in Paradise itself the tree of knowledge was placed in the middle of the garden, whatever was the ancient figure, there wanted not a centre and rule of decussation.' iii. 393. Of course not; where there's a will there's a way to lozenges.

'The net-works and nets of antiquity were little different in the form from ours at present. As for that famous net-work of Vulcan, which inclosed Mars and Venus, and caused that unextinguishable laugh in heaven—since the gods themselves could not discern it, we shall not pry into it. . . . . Heralds have not omitted this order or imitation thereof, while they symbolically adorn their scutcheons with mascles, fusils, and saltyres, and while they dispose the figures of ermines, and varied coats in this quincuncial method. The same is not forgot by lapidaries, while they cut their gems pyramidally, or by æquicrural triangles. Perspective pictures in their base, horizon, and

and lines of distances, cannot escape these rhomboidal decussations. Sculptors, in their strongest shadows, after this order do draw their double hatches.'—iii. 396.

And so on, *ad infinitum* it *might* be. Browne stops only because he chooses to stop, not because he has run himself dry. There are digressions it is true, but not of wide circuit. We do not regret them when they contain passages like the following:—

'Light that makes some things seen, makes some invisible; were it not for darkness and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of the creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, or there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubims shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark *simulacrum*, and the light but the shadow of God.'—iii. 436.

But the moment the clock strikes five in any way, Browne is back again amidst his *sylva* of pentagons and lozenges. He nauseates 'crambe verities and questions over-queried,' and informs us that 'the noble Antoninus doth in some sense call the soul itself a rhombus.' This proposition is the sum of all things, and therefore, as he says, ''tis time to close the five ports of knowledge' on this transcendental matter. But we cannot even walk away from his symmetrical garden without being reminded, finally, that 'the incession or local motion of animals is made with analogy unto this figure, by decussative diametrals, quincuncial lines, and angles;' and that even in the motion of man the legs 'do move quincuncially by single angles with some resemblance of a V, measured by successive advancement from each foot, and the angle of indenture greater or less according to the extent or brevity of the stride.'

Far more valuable than the Garden of Cyrus is the Hydriotaphia—originally published also in 1658. This 'Discourse of the Sepulchral Urns lately found in Norfolk' is made the homely ribbon on which pearls of learning and bright gems of fancy are profusely strung. The disinterment of a few earthen vessels, containing the ashes of our Roman conquerors, is the spell which calls up a complete kaleidescope of sparkling visions, the changes and contrasts of which are inexhaustible. 'Time,' he says, 'which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. That great antiquity America *lay buried for thousands of years*, and a large part of the earth is *still in the urn to us*.'—When a writer is thus able to

stretch forth his *tentacula* in a thousand directions, it is quite impossible to follow him, or to compress him within the limits of a Review. From many treatises the cream may be skimmed; but when an essay is all cream, a taste here and there is the only way to convey an idea of the dish.

'That carnal interment was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate. God himself, *that buried but one*, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses. Others, by preferring the fiery resolution, politicly declined the malice of enemies. Which consideration led Sylla unto this practice; who having thus served the body of Marius, could not but fear a retaliation upon his own.'

Browne little suspected (in 1658) how shortly Cromwell was to afford a new instance of posthumous indignity. Again—

'Christians dispute how their bodies should lie in the grave. In urnal interment they clearly escaped this controversy. To be gnawed out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials.'

But on the other hand—

'When Alexander opened the tomb of Cyrus, the remaining bones discovered his proportion, whereof urnal fragments afford but a bad conjecture, and have this disadvantage, that they leave us ignorant of most personal discoveries.'—p. 479.

The passage is almost prophetic of the fate of Browne's own remains. Strange specialities touching cremation are also given in great abundance.

'To burn the bones of the King of Edom for lime, seems no irrational ferity; but to drink of the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality.'

'Some bones make best skeletons, some bodies quick and speediest ashes. Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus? The poisoned soldier (in Plutarch), when his belly brake, put out two pyres. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burnt Pompey; and if the burthen of Isaac were sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre.'

The Hydriotaphia contains many passages of a higher tone:—

'Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood, and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live.

'Who cares to subsist like Hippocrates's patients, or Achilles's horses in

in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *entelechia* and soul of our subsistences? To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?

'Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it would be a martyrdom to live; and unto such as consider none hereafter, it must be more than death to die, which makes us amazed at those audacities that durst be nothing and return into their chaos again.

'The particulars of future beings must needs be dark unto ancient theories, which Christian philosophy yet determines but in a cloud of opinions. A dialogue between two infants in the womb concerning the state of this world, might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next, whereof methinks we yet discourse in Plato's den, and are but embryo philosophers.

'Happy are they which live not in that disadvantage of time, when men could say little for futurity, but from reason; whereby the noblest minds fell often upon doubtful deaths and melancholy dissolutions. With hopes, Socrates warmed his doubtful spirits against that cold potion; and Cato, before he durst give the fatal stroke, spent part of the night in reading Plato, thereby confirming his wavering hand unto the animosity of the attempt. It is the heaviest stone that Melancholy can throw at a man, to tell him he is at the end of his nature; or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional, and otherwise made in vain.'

The *Christian Morals* (posthumous, 1716), though searched out by an archbishop and published by an archdeacon, hardly answer to the title which stands at their head. Those who refer to them for *Christian* morality, will find much that they did not go for, and be disappointed of much which they did expect. The treatise is not even a formal specimen of sound Gentile ethics, but a compendium of sensible maxims of worldly wisdom, such as might have come from a less insincere Chesterfield or a less cynical Rochefoucauld. 'Good admonitions,' says Sir Thomas, 'knock not always in vain;' but his taps are as feeble as the didactic lesson of grandmamma, 'Now, dear Johnny, be sure you be a good little boy!' Browne himself had a well-regulated, fully-employed mind, with passions of but slight intensity, and seems scarcely to have known the force of the ejaculation, 'The good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

'Rest not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not

not without thee. Make the quarrelling Lapithytes sleep and Centaurs within lie quiet. Chain up the unruly legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.

'Be not a *Hercules furens* abroad and a poltroon within thyself. To chase our enemies out of the field, and be led captive by our vices; to beat down our foes, and fall down to our concupiscences, are solecisms in moral schools, and no laurel attends them. To well manage our affections and wild horses of Plato, are the highest *Circenses*: and the noblest digladiation is in the theatre of ourselves; for therein our inward antagonists, not only, like common gladiators, with ordinary weapons and down-right blows make at us; but also, like retiary and aqueary combatants, with nets, frauds, and entanglements, fall upon us.'—iv. 70.

It is true, he adds, that in such combats 'not the armour of Achilles, but the armature of St. Paul, gives the glorious day, and triumphs, not leading up to capitols, but to the highest heavens;' but he immediately falls back into the old strain—'Let right reason be thy Lycurgus!' &c.; and the treatise proceeds as a pleasing hint-book for decent conduct, and not in the least as a manual of Christian morals, or a foundation of Christian strength. The *Letter to a Friend*, to which this is intended as a corollary and supplement, is far more edifying, as well as far more touching and beautiful.

With this knowledge of what Browne's *Christian Morals* are not, they are well worth looking into now and then for the shrewd, honest, practical notions they contain. As in his other works, metaphors and illustrations are produced in such rapid succession as almost to fatigue the reader's attention. It is a Chinese feast of a hundred little dishes, served in a hundred different ways, yet all rather stimulant than satisfying. One of his less decorated passages is as follows:—

'When thou lookest upon the imperfections of others, allow one eye for what is laudable in them, and the balance they have from some excellency which may render them considerable.

'Since goodness is exemplary in all, if others have not our virtues, let us not be wanting in theirs; nor, scorning them for their vices whereof we are free, be condemned by their virtues wherein we are deficient. For perfection is not, like light, centered in any one body; but, like the dispersed seminalities of vegetables at the creation, scattered through the whole mass of the earth, no place producing all, and almost all some. So that 'tis well if a perfect man can be made out of many men, and, to the perfect eye of God, even out of mankind.'

The following may be taken as a good specimen both of the style and temper of the writer:—

'Make not one in the *Historia Horribilis*; flay not thy servant for a broken glass; supererogate not in the worst sense. Be not stoically mistaken

mistaken in the equality of sins, nor commutatively iniquitous in the valuation of transgressions. Let thy arrows of revenge fly short, or be aimed, like those of Jonathan, to fall beside the mark. Too many there be to whom a dead enemy smells well, and who find musk and amber in revenge. But patient meekness *takes injuries like pills, not chewing but swallowing them down*, laconically suffering, and silently passing them over; while angered pride makes a noise, like Homerican Mars, at every scratch of offences. Since women do most delight in revenge, it may seem but feminine manhood to be vindictive. If thou must needs have thy revenge of thine enemy, with a soft tongue break his bones, heap coals of fire on his head, forgive him, and enjoy it. If thou hast not mercy for others, yet be not cruel unto thyself. To ruminate upon evils, to make critical notes upon injuries, and be too acute in their apprehensions, is to add unto our own tortures, to feather the arrows of our enemies, to lash ourselves with the scorpions of our foes, and to resolve to sleep no more: for injuries long dreamt on take away at last all rest, and he sleeps but like Regulus who busieth his head about them.'

The *Religio Medici*, though written much earlier, was first published, as we have seen, by a pirate in 1612. Its precise tendency and object has puzzled the world from that time to this; its ability has been unanimously acknowledged. By some the writer has been stigmatized as an infidel, by others lauded as a Roman Catholic under the compulsory disguise of a member of the Church of England. Meanwhile the book attained at Rome the honours of the Index Expurgatorius. Mr. Wilkin refers those who do not perceive in it its own vindication to the eloquent and conclusive observations of the author's great admirer and biographer Dr. Johnson;* while the annotator to the edition of 1656, Mr. Thomas Keck, asserts that no more is meant by the title *Religio Medici*, or endeavoured to be proved in the book, 'than that (contrary to the opinion of the unlearned) physicians have religion as well as other men.' The words of his personal friend Mr. Whitefoot are perhaps those which ought to be relied upon in forming an opinion of the inmost sentiments of a mind so honourable though flighty as his, who candidly says of

* 'It is, indeed, somewhat wonderful that he should be placed without the pale of Christianity, who declares that "he assumes the honourable style of a Christian, not because it is the religion of his country, but because having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this;" who, to specify his persuasion yet more, tells us that "he is of the reformed religion; of the same belief our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the fathers authorized, and the martyrs confirmed;" who, though "paradoxical in philosophy, loves in divinity to keep the beaten road," and pleases himself, that "he has no taint of heresy, schism, or error;" to whom, "where the Scripture is silent, the church is a text; where that speaks, 't is but a comment;" and who uses not "the dictates of his own reason but where there is a joint silence of both."'—*Life by Johnson.*

himself,

himself, '*When I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to humour my fancy.*'—ii. 14.

'In his religion he continued in the same mind which he had declared in his first book, written when he was but thirty years old,—his *Religio Medici*, wherein he fully assented to that of the Church of England, preferring it before any in the world, as did the learned Grotius. He attended the public service very constantly, when he was not withheld by his practice; never missed the Sacrament in his parish if he were in town; read the best English sermons he could hear of, with liberal applause, and delighted not in controversies.'—i. xvi.

The hardest and most painful hits that Browne ever received on account of the Religio Medici were those, probably, which were given by the envious sneers of Sir Kenelm Digby. The tone of the 'Observations' is conveyed by a single sentence from them: 'Assuredly one cannot err in taking this author for a very fine ingenious gentleman, but, for how deep a scholar, I leave unto them to judge that are abler than I am' (ii. 129). And the wounds were now and then envenomed by the insertion of a minute point of stinging truth: 'What should I say of his making so particular a narration of personal things and private thoughts of his own, *which I make account is the chief end of his writing this discourse?*' Digby is thankful that he is not as other men are, superstitious and credulous, even as this Browne:—

'I acknowledge ingenuously our physician's experience hath the advantage of my philosophy in knowing there are witches. And I confess I doubt as much of the efficacy of those magical rules he speaketh of, as also of finding out of mysteries by the courteous revelation of spirits.'—ii. 29.

And yet he, Digby, soberly explains why 'terrene souls appear oftenest in cemeteries and charnel-houses' (ii. 131), and that to the same cause 'peradventure may be reduced the strange effect which is frequently seen in England, when, at the approach of the murderer, the slain body suddenly bleedeth afresh' (ii. 132).

The re-perusal of these deep debates between Browne and his assailants emboldens us to the confession that we never greatly cared—

> 'On metaphysic jade to prance,
> Step high, and ne'er a foot advance.'

The attempt of the soul thoroughly to grasp itself and its relations to a higher order of beings involves an utter impossibility. It is as if a watchmaker were resolved to construct a watch that would regulate, and set, and wind up itself. The floating straw, carried along by the stream, demands to regulate the force and direction of the current. An Irishman might liken the philosopher

sopher who would obey the γνωθι σεαυτον with the degree of intimate and transcendental knowledge that has been attempted by certain celebrities and unintelligibilities, to the Herculean Paddy, who, by some sleight of hand, took himself up in his own arms, lifted himself from the ground, and then ran away with himself. Browne truly said, 'God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him; 'tis a privilege of his own nature' (ii. 16); but he might have used similar expressions in reference to topics many degrees lower than the nature of the Godhead.

'What do you read, my lord?
Words, words, words!'

—not half so entertaining, and perhaps not so edifying as the 'slanders—that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams.' Browne's 'words' are neither better nor worse than many others of the same sample. He might well say, that 'with the *wisdom* of God he recreates his understanding—with his *eternity* he confounds it.' The satisfactory results which he attained, may be believed attributable to his making the study of the wisdom and the works of God a corrective of his passion for the solitary recreation of 'posing his apprehension with involved enigmas' (ii. 13)—the same which are related to have been found baffling in another sphere—where more potent intelligences

'reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
(Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy!)
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

Let us contrast two not far disjacent passages of the Religio Medici:—

'The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: 't is the debt of reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive or say there was a world. *The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those only magnify him, whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.* Every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end both of its essence and operation. *This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature; on this hangs the providence of God.* To raise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof was but his art; but their sundry

sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of his wisdom.'—ii. 18-20.

The reader will perceive that this is the theme and the principle, the working out of which has produced some of the noblest works that adorn our literature. The subject, too, is inexhaustible; as *we* increase in knowledge, so will *it* in richness and power. But what are we—what are we like to be—the wiser and the better for such speculations as are about to be quoted?

'Who can speak of eternity without a solecism, or think thereof without an ecstasy? Time we may comprehend; 'tis but five days older than ourselves, and hath the same horoscope with the world; but, to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning—to give such an infinite start forwards as to conceive an end—in an essence that we affirm hath neither the one nor the other, it puts my reason to St. Paul's sanctuary; my philosophy dares not say the angels can do it. . . . In eternity there is no distinction of tenses; and therefore that terrible term predestination, which hath troubled so many weak heads to conceive and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to eternity, which is indivisible, and altogether, the last trump is already sounded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in Abraham's bosom. St. Peter speaks modestly, when he saith, "a thousand years to God are but as one day:" for, to speak like a philosopher, those continued instances of time, which flow into a thousand years, make not to him one moment. What to us is to come, to his eternity is present; *his wholé duration being but one permanent point, without succession, parts, flux, or division.*

'There is no attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where, though in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternal, or how he could make good two eternities. His similitude of a triangle comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the trinity of our souls, and that the triple unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a trinity of souls; because there is in us, if not three distinct souls, yet differing faculties, that can and do subsist apart in different subjects, and yet in us are thus united as to make but one soul and substance. *If one soul were so perfect as to inform three distinct bodies, that were a petty trinity.* Conceive the distinct number of three, not divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its unity, and that is a perfect trinity. I have often admired the mystical way of Pythagoras, and the secret magick of numbers. *Beware of philosophy*, is a precept not to be received in too large a sense: for, in this mass of nature, there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity; which, to wiser reasons, serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and, to judicious beliefs, as scales and rundles to mount the pinnacles and highest

highest pieces of divinity. The severe schools shall never laugh me out of the philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture o the invisible, wherein as a portrait, things are not truly, but in equi vocal shapes, and as they counterfeit some real substance in that invisible fabrick.'—ii. 15-17.

The ear is tickled by well-contrasted words, and the mind is amused by a phantasmagoria of sublime visions:—but, is not the time approaching when efforts to explain the inexplicable wil cease to be dignified by the title of wisdom, or even by the more modest appellation of philosophy?

It is, we believe, a feeling of this kind, and an understood, if not a formally pronounced verdict of public opinion, which has given to the *Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, the palm of popularity and the praise of usefulness beyond all the other works of Sir Thomas Browne. Nor do we see it necessary to suppose, with Messrs. Wilkin and Basil Montagu, that the work 'is *not* to be ascribed to the mental activity of its author alone,'—and that 'we are not to regard it *solely* as the result of his own native and irrepressible thirst for knowledge, and of that unrelenting spirit of investigation which led him to scrutinize every position before he admitted it.'—(ii. 161.) On the contrary, he felt with Sir Hamon L'Estrange that 'naturalists readily follow one another, as wild geese flye;' other 'learned discourses' professing a similar object, were yet unsatisfactory to his mind; and, therefore, he determined to investigate matters for himself, notwithstanding the consciousness that 'a work of this nature is not to be performed upon one legg; and should smell of oyle, if duly and deservedly handled.'—ii. 179. Such a work was manifestly one of the *desiderata* of literature;—

'And, therefore, we are often constrained to stand alone against the strength of opinion, and to meet the Goliah and giant of authority with contemptible pebbles and feeble arguments drawn from the scrip and slender stock of ourselves.'

Lord Bacon's opinions as to the *use of doubts* could be of little service to him. He waged a bolder warfare: 'For,' he says,

'knowledge is made *by oblivion;* and, to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know. We hope it will not be unconsidered, that we find no open tract, or constant manuduction in this labyrinth, but are oftentimes fain to wander in the America and untravelled parts of truth.'

It is no just reproach against Browne, and no disqualification for his task of sweeping away vulgar errors, that he was not himself wholly free from those of his own age, or the ages immediately preceding it;—that he was, as Mr. Wilkin states, 'a stout adherent to the falling fortunes of the Ptolemaic astronomy;'—

nomy;'—that he believed eels might be bred 'on or in the back of a codfish;'—that he did not refuse to 'send certificates for the evill for divers to be touched by His Majestie' (i. 259); that 'he was persuaded of the reality of apparitions, and of diabolical illusions;' and affirms, 'from his own knowledge, the certainty of witchcraft.' (i. lxxxii.) As to the king's evil, it must be remembered that people *would* be touched;—also that the king was accompanied by sundry 'chirurgeons and physitians;' and finally, that the church had provided a regular and very solemn ritual for the occasion, which was used, no doubt, when Queen Anne touched Samuel Johnson, and was only dropt from our Prayer Book when the first Hanoverian king dropt the practice—resigning it to the purer blood of the exiled Stuarts. But more—it is true, though scarcely credible, that there exist (in 1851) rustics who believe in the *physical* benefit derived from the rite of Confirmation.* And as to the witchcraft—the Appendix to Forby shows the recent existence of the belief. Nay, more than that; we ourselves have had *two* washerwomen who were successively bewitching and bewitched. They are both in life, though happily parted from our residence, and from each other, by a running stream.

In the *Pseudodoxia* Browne revels with delight, abandoning himself sometimes to a reckless orgie of quips and cranks and learned whimsies, to be patterned only in Shakspeare, and yet maintaining throughout a method in his madness. It strikes the reader as being *the most sincere* of his productions. In the others, he is constantly thinking *what may be said* upon a subject (of which the hints for his son Edward's lectures and his commonplace book are signal proof): here, he is only anxious to have said his say, and eased his mind.

With what gallantry does he vindicate the Hebrew race from the calumny of emitting 'a kind of fulsome scent,—as Mr. Fulham experimented in Italye at a Jewish meeting, with the hazard of life, till he removed into the fresh air!'

'That Jews stink naturally, that is, that in their race and nation there is an evil savour, is a received opinion we know not how to admit, although we concede many points which are of affinity hereto. We will acknowledge that certain odours attend on animals, no less than certain colours; that pleasant smells are not confined unto vegetables, but found in divers animals, and some more richly than in plants; and, though the problem of Aristotle enquires why no animal smells sweet beside the pard, yet later discoveries add divers sorts of monkeys, the civet cat and gazela, from which our musk proceedeth. We confess that

* We have conversed with an old woman in Norfolk who gets confirmed over and over again—as often as she can contrive it—it does her so much good!

beside

beside the smell of the species there may be individual odours, and every man may have a proper and peculiar savour, which, although not so perceptible unto man who hath this sense but weak, is yet sensible unto dogs, who hereby can single out their masters in the dark. We will not deny that particular men have sent forth a pleasant savour, as Theophrastus and Plutarch report of Alexander the Great, and Tzetzes and Cardan do testify of themselves. That some may also emit an unsavoury odour we have no reason to deny; for this may happen from the quality of what they have taken, the fœtor whereof may discover itself by sweat, &c., as being unmasterable by the natural heat of man, not to be dulcified by concoction beyond an unsavoury condition; the like may come to pass from putrid humours, as is often discoverable in malignant fevers—and sometimes also in gross and humid bodies, even in the latitude of sanity—the natural heat of the parts being insufficient for a perfect and thorough digestion, and the errors of one concoction not rectifiable by another. But that an unsavoury odour is gentilitious or national unto Jews, if rightly understood, we cannot well concede, nor will the information of reason or sense induce it.'—iii. 36.

Then follow store of good reasons, which are shrewdly clenched by this conclusion:—

'And, lastly, were this true, yet our opinion is not impartial; *for unto converted Jews*, who are of the same seed, *no man imputeth this unsavory odour;* as though, aromatized by their conversion, they lost their scent with their religion, and smelt no longer than they savoured of the Jew.'—iii. 41.

In another place the editor is scarcely less courageous than his author. Browne gives a chapter 'Of the Pictures of Mermaids,'—without informing us of his own private belief respecting them. But Mr. Wilkin, in a note says,—

'Unconvinced even by Sir Humphry Davy's grave arguments to prove that such things cannot be, and undismayed by his special detection of the apes and salmon in poor Dr. Philip's "undoubted original," I persist in expecting one day to have the pleasure of beholding—A MERMAID!'—iii. 143.

So far we have seen Sir Thomas before the public, on the stage. The correspondence and journals which Mr. Wilkin's diligence has produced give us a glimpse behind the scenes; and an interesting peep it is into private life and country manners of old. The establishment of the 'London season' by the facilities of travelling, has spoiled the 'seasons' of our large provincial towns, or rather has prevented their having any true season at all. In Browne's days, many of the leading county families had their town houses in Norwich, where they wintered and kept Christmas in aristocratic style. Several of these yet remain under humbler occupancy. In Edward Browne's Journal, we find,—

'*January* 1 [1668-4].—I was at Mr. Howard's, who kept his Christmas

Christmas at the Duke's Palace, so magnificently as the like hath scarce been seen. They had dancing every night, and gave entertainments to all that would come; hee built up a roome with the bravest hangings I ever saw; his candlesticks, snuffers, tongues, fire-shovels, and irons were silver; a banquet was given every night after dancing; and *three coaches were employed to fetch ladies every afternoon, the greatest of which would holde fourteen persons*, and cost five hundred pound, without the harnasse, which cost six score more.

'*January* 4.—I went to Mr. Howard's dancing at night; our greatest beautys were Mdm. Elizabeth Cradock, Eliz. Houghton, Ms. Philpot, Ms. Yallop; afterwards to the banquet, and so home. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*'

Transit, indeed! A glance through Kirkpatrick's pages brings strongly to mind the transitory nature not only of individuals but of families. Not persons merely, but their very names, appear and are gone, like the summer wavelets on the sandy beach. Those which do remain, retaining anything of their ancient position, are rarest among the rare. The same result is derived from the inspection of other local lists.

'Even this fragment (of the Index of Harl. MS. Cod. 1109) is not without its value. It shows how many Norfolk families, once entitled to bear arms, are now *totally extinct*;—for where are we to look for the Bolks, Burgullions, Batwellins, Bashpooles, Buttrys, Catts, &c.? That *man shall not abide in honour* is further manifest from the fact that many of these names are now only to be met with in the cottage or the union-house.'—*Hart*, iii. 41.

The correspondence shows that, with all his learned whims, Sir Thomas was not forgetful of the main chance. Good patients are carefully recommended; and a shrewd hint at the same time conveyed to his son Dr. Edward, the practitioner 'in Salisburie Court, next the Golden Balls,' and also a lecturer on his art in London:—

'Dear Sonne,—My worthy friend Mr. Deane Astley going to London, hee civilly asking mee whether I would send vnto you, I would not omitt to send this letter. Hee hath had a lingering aguish distemper, which hath made him weake. *There was some ecceptions last time by his lady, that when shee had visited your wife the visit was not returned.*'

'One Mrs. Towe, Madame Repps' daughter, of Maltshall, who liveth in London, will come unto you. Shee is a very good woeman, and complains of her eyes, and some breaking out of her face. Lett her knowe that I writ unto you when shee commeth. I think shee liveth in Guildhall Street. If one Mr. Jones, of the Middle Temple, a yong man splenicall and hypochondr. cometh unto you, lett him knowe that I mentioned him unto you.'

'Mr. Payne, lately an alderman of Norwich, who lives in St. Gyles, his daughter, Mrs. Doughtie, will go to London the next weeke and consult you about the waters and some other infirmities. Shee is a good woeman,

woeman, and hath a sober, honest gentleman of this countrie to her husband, of whom I will write further in my next, God willing.'

The son was equally anxious to secure the fees thus in prospect. 'I have not yet heard of the gentleman or gentlewoman you wrote me word of.' (i. 227.) He appears, long after his establishment in London, to have received pecuniary aid from his father, as well as good patients and hints for their management. The senior says:—

'I beleeve my lady O. Bryan is by this time in better health and safetie; though hypochond and splenetick persons are not long from complayning, yet they may bee good patients, and may bee borne withal, especially if they bee good natured. A bill is inclosed; *espargnez nous autant que vous pourres,' car je suis agé, et aye beaucoup d'anxieté et peine de sustenir ma famille.*'—i. 269.

The italics are his own. Later still he writes:—

'God send you wisedome and providence, to make a prudent use of the moneys you have from me, beside what you gett otherwise. Least repentence come to late upon you, consider that accidental charges may bee alwayes coming upon you, and the folly of depending or hoping to much upon time-turnes yet to come.'—i. 297.

Still he was no niggard, either practically or theoretically. The liberal style in which he brought up his family speaks for the one; his opinion may be gathered from the following confidence to his son:—

'I am sorry to find that the King of England (Charles II.) is fayne to reduce his howsehold expences to twelve thousand pounds p. annum, especially hee having a farre greater revenue than any of his predecessors. God keepe all honest men from penury and want; men can bee honest no longer then they can give every one his due: *in fundo parsimonia* seldome recovers or restores a man. This rule is to bee earned by all, *utere divitiis tanquam moriturus, et idem tanquam victurus parcito divitiis.* So may bee avoyded sordid avarice and improvident prodigality; so shall not a man deprive himself of God's blessings, nor throwe away God's mercies; so may hee be able to do good, and not suffer the worst of evils.'—i. 307.

One more proof of his sagacity in public matters must be given. He was not unlikely to foresee what attempts would be made in the reign of James II., nor willing that his grandchild should be entrapped by the insidious aggressors of those days, so he puts these two sentences together in a letter to Edward: 'The players are at the Red Lyon, hard by; and Tom goes sometimes to see a playe. *Ut filia tua educetur in religione Anglicana etiam atq. etiam cura.*' (i. 293.)

Browne is continually sending to his son odd curiosities and choice scraps, to stick into his lectures in London. Thus, in 'the discourse *de aure*,' may be mentioned how a horse-leech got into

into the ear of a person of Naples, and how 'Severinus found out a good remedie for it.'* When the *ungues* are to be treated of, in another lecture, care is taken to have it stated that Hippocrates was so curious as to prescribe 'the rule in cutting the nayle, that it be not longer or shorter than the topp of the finger. That barbers of old used to cutt men's nayles is to be gathered from Martial: lib. iii. ep. 74.'

The savans of the College of Surgeons will appreciate the ambition of Browne and his son to be the first to describe the zoological arrivals of the day.

'A great part of our newes is of the King of Fez and Morocco's ambassadour, with his presents of lyons and oestridges. [This diplomatic African, as we learn from Evelyn, was the fashionable dark-skinned lion of the day.] There being so many oestridges brought over, 'tis likely some of them will be brought about to showe, hither, as soone as to other parts out of London. If any of them dye, I beleeve it will bee dissected; they have odde feet and strong thighes and legges. Perhaps the king will putt 3 or 4 into St. James' Park, and give away the rest to some noblemen.'—i. 325.

One of these unhappy bipeds passes into the possession of Dr. Edward, and then father and son go to work with their experiments, about as considerately as old Hopkins the witch-finder would treat the first aged dame that he happened to accost:—

'*Feb.* 3 [1681-2].

'Dear Sonne,—I beleeve you must bee carefull of your ostridge, this returne of cold wether, least it perish by it being bredd in so hot a countrey, and perhaps not seen snowe before, or very seldome, so that I beleeve it must be kept under covert, and have strawe to sitt upon, and water sett by it to take of, both day and night. Must have it observed how it sleepeth, and whether not with the head under the wing, especially in cold weather; whether it bee a watchfull and quick-hearing bird, like a goose in many circumstances. It seems to eat any thing that a goose will feed on, and to love the same green hearbs, lettuce, endive, sorrell, &c. You will bee much at a losse for hearbes this winter, butt you may have cheape and easie supply by cabbadges, which I forgott to mention in my last, and graines, all kinds of graines and brinne, or furfure, alone or mixed with water or other liquor. To geese they give oates, &c., moystned with beere, butt sometimes they are inebriated with it. *If you give any iron, it may bee wrapped up in doue or past; perhaps it will not take it up alone.* You may trie whether it will eat a worme, or a very small eel; whether it will drinck milk; and observe in what manner it drincks water. Aldrov. and Johnstonus write, that a goose will not eat bay leaves, *and that they are baa*

* Leeches are not desirable inmates either of one's person, or one's parlour. On the front of an old house at Wymondham in Norfolk is carved the motto,

'Nec mihi glis adsit servus, nec hospes hirudo.'

for

for it. You may laye a bay leafe by the oestridge, and observe whether it will take it up. . . *If it delights not in salt things*, you may try it with an olive.'—i. 326.

That is, what it hates, give it. After a short course of allopathic treatment by the two physicians, one is not surprised to read—

'MOST HONOURED FATHER,—I received a letter from you this day, wherein were two heads of oestridges. The bill of ours seems to be more flat than of either of those sent in the letter, and the round eare is not exprest in the figures. *Ours died of a soden*, and so hindred the drawing or delineating of the head and other parts, or making further experiments. *We gave it a peece of iron which weighed two ounces and a half*, which we found in the first stomack again not at all altered.'

Mr. Wilkin seems to think that Doctor Edward had encroached too much on his father's permission to travel. The correspondence does not impress us with that view. The Knight was desirous that his children should derive every advantage from a foreign tour. He advises economy, but is far from stingy, and insists only on industrious observation. To Thomas he writes,—'God bless thee! You may learn handsom songs and aires not by book but by the ear, as you shall hear them sung. . . I see you are mindful of us, and not idle.' (i. 16.) He only grudges what he deems to be a useless expenditure: 'Beleeve it,' he writes to Edward, 'no excursion into Pol., Hung., or Turkey, addes advantage or reputation unto a schollar' (i. 166), and directs him accordingly. Thomas he orders to be 'as good a husband as possible, and enter not upon any cours of superfluous expense. . . Remember the camell's back, and be not troubled for any thing that other ways would trouble your patience here; be courteous and civil to all; put on a decent boldness, and avoid *pudor rusticus*, not much known in France.'—i. 3.

A curious contrast of locomotion in 1662 with that of 1851 is afforded by Edward Browne's *travels* into the 'strange, mountainous, misty, moorish, rocky, wild country of Darbishier.' What we now quietly and comfortably do in an easy day by ordinary trains, took his 'triumvirat' a hard-working week to traverse. The first day they accomplished much, for they 'baited at Licham and layed at the King's Head in Linne. The next day morning, after the towne musick had saluted' them, they saw, ate, and drank all sorts of things. The journal is delightful from the high glee with which it is written. No adventure comes much amiss. The great affair of that day, however, was the passage of the Wash:—

'Taking a guide, it being somewhat late, wee desired to bee con-

ducted in the nighest way to Boston. Hee told us there were two waies to passe, either over two short cuts, or else quite over the long Wash, which latter wee chose, partly because it was the nighest, but chiefly for the novelty to us of this manner of travailing at the bottome of the sea; for this passage is not lesse convenient at a flood for navigation than at an ebbe, for riding on horseback out of Norfolk into Lincolnshire. . . . Our convoy made such haste with his fliing horse, that hee landed us on the banks in Lincolnshire in less then two hours, *quite crósse this equitable sea, or navigable land*—[true chip of the old block !]—fourteen miles in length.'—i. 23.

Edward, too, notes the dialect of 'Nottinghamshiere.' 'Very few let us passe without a good e'en, and were very ready to instruct us on our way. One told us our *wy lig'd* by *youn nooke of oakes*, and another that wee *mun* goe *strit forth*, which maner of speeches not only directed us, but much pleas'd us with the novelty of its dialect.' On they go, undismayed, 'up mountaine, downe dale,' shaken on the backs of their 'poore jades,' not quite so luxurious as Darwin's 'rapid car.' One of their companions was a sort of ancient Mr. Briggs, for 'a friendly bough, that had sprouted out beyond his fellows over the rode, gave our file leader such a brush of the jacket as it swept him off his horse.' Another Briggs, No. 2, was a 'most excellent conductour; who yet, for all his hast, fell over his horse's head as he was plunging into some dirty hole, but by good luck smit his face into a soft place of mud, where I suppose he had a mouth full both of dirt and rotten stick, for he seemed to us to spit crow's nest a good while after. If his jaws had met with a piece of the rock, I doubt hee would have spit his teeth as fast.' Briggs the first, trusting to fine September weather, 'came no better armd against it than with an open'd sleev'd doublet, whose misfortune, though wee could doe no otherwise then much pity, as being the greatest of us all, yet it made us some sport to see what pretty waterworkes the rain had made about him; the spouting of his doublet sleeves did so resemble him to a whale that wee—that could think our self no other then fishes at that time, swimming through the ocean of water that fell—dare never come nigh him.' We dare not follow the party much further among the 'mountaineers' and the 'natives;' for as they approach 'the castle, situated upon the left buttock of the peak hill,' and prepare to see 'this place so much talk'd of, called (save your presence) by, in my judgement, no unfit appellation, considering its figure, whose picture I could wish were here inserted;' in short, as they enter the *penetralia*, the terms employed become so minutely anatomical, that we must proceed, quicker than they did, to Buxton—where they found the waters 'very hot, and judged not inferior

to

to those of Somersetshiere.' We would allow no comparison, judging by the hexameter they inspired:—

'Buxtoniis thermis vix præfero Bathonianas.'

And so on, and so on, till they had had enough of it. In returning, 'wee went, in a very blinde rode, very hard to find, to Leister.' They 'intended to have viewed Ely nearer hand, but, being almost tir'd and discouraged by reason of the bad way, wee tooke over to Wisbich, riding ten mile upon a streight banke of earthe, and four mile more by the side of a made river.' At last, when dying for diaculum, 'that famous city of Norwich presents itselfe to our view—Let any stranger find mee out so pleasant a county, such good way, large heath, three such places as Norwich, Yar., and Lin. in any county of England, and I'll bee once again a vagabond to visit them.'

There are two minor characters brought out by the domestic correspondence, with whom we confess to be mightily taken: good Dame Dorothy Browne and her grandson 'little Tomey,' *alias* 'Tomy,' 'Tomay,' 'Tome,' 'Tommy,' finally, 'Tom.' The lady is as loveable as ever was anybody's mother; and her spelling is 'ever charming, ever new.' Of a good family, as has been already recorded, she was of 'such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism.' And although Browne had expressed a wish to become a parent rather in horticultural than in human style, she brought him twelve children, doubtless in the usual way. In these her thoughts were mainly centred. When a child is absent, ever ready that they may see her writing, she slips a postscript into her husband's letter, and contrives to insert therein some bit of good advice or pleasant news. To her son Thomas she writes,—'Be sure to put your trust in God, and be civill to all that you have to doe withall, and find out all that you can in that place; for in the sommer I believe your father will have you goe to some other place.' (i. 2.) 'All the servants present their loves to you, and are mighty joyd to hear of you, and will observe your commands.' (i. 5.) Little maternal kindnesses are uppermost in her mind. 'I will send your weg (wig) by the choch (coach), and the buf cotte, if I can get it.' (i. 117.) She wishes to keep up appearances, but at the same time insists on frugality. 'If you want more money, Mr. Scoltowe will latt you have it; butt bee suer to spand as little as you can. *Latt me here from you.*' (i. 117.) 'Bee as good a husband as you can posable, for you know what great charges wee are at.' (i. 119.) A request to her daughter-in-law, in London, is,

I would desire you to by mee a painted fan; it is for a present a bought (about) twenty shilens; *give raythe under.*' (i. 232.) The reader is already on terms of intimate acquaintanceship with Lady Browne.

As to Master Tom, we are inclined to follow him from the beginning to the end of his story. He was the eldest child of Sir Thomas's eldest son Edward, born in London, 1672-3. Mr. Wilkin does not mention this Little Pickle in his 'Memoir,' which is supplementary to the 'Life' by Dr. Johnson; but we learn (p. cix.) that in the January subsequent to his death in 1710, by which the male line became extinct, the libraries of his father and grandfather were sold by auction, at the Black Boy Coffeehouse in Ave-Mary-Lane.

On October 17, 1676, Tommy, still in London, 'is so well as to goe to schoole to-day;' but in April, 1677, we find him safely domiciled in Norwich:—

'Litle Tom is lively, God be thanoked. He lyeth with Betty [his aunt, afterwards Mrs. Lyttleton]: shee takes great care of him, and getts him to bed in due time, for hee riseth early. Shee or Franck [Frances, Browne's youngest daughter] is fayne sometimes *to play him asleep with a fiddle.* When wee send away our letters hee scribbles a paper, and will have it sent to his sister, and sayth shee doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich.'—i. 219.

Grandmamma's visitors soon discover the way to ingratiate themselves:—

'Tomey this day has behaved himselfe so well to on Captain Le Gros, which is now com out of Flanders, as hee has presented him with a pretty picktur in a silver box. . . *Wee thincke* him a very sivell parson.'—i. 233.

In May, 1678—

'Tom is mush delighted to thinck of the guild; the maior, Mr. Davey, of Alderhollands [All-Saints] intending to live in Surrey Howse, in St. Stephen's, at that time; and there to make his entertaines; so that lfe (Tom) contrives what pictures to lend, and what other things to pleasure some of that parish, and his schoolmaster, who lives in that parish.'—i. 223.

Now, to justify Tommy's delightful anticipations, the reader ought to know something of the humours of Norwich guild at that date. The Guild-day was the mayor's day; the Guild-street was the street in which the mayor lived. Since 1835, when the old corporations were swept off, the antique pageantry which it has been Mr. Ewing's task to record in the Notices and Illustrations, has entirely passed away; but in the days of our childhood it yet retained a most respectable appearance. The manner in which the Guild-street was then decorated, depended much on the quarter in

in which the mayor resided. If his tent were pitched in the 'genteel' part of the city, the garniture was more commonplace, consisting of green boughs, triumphal arches, with a battlement of musicians, flags drooping from ropes stretched from roof to roof, &c. &c. But if he abode in the lower wards, amidst weavers, dyers, bombazine-dressers, and the like, then, in addition to the above, the old traditional ornaments were displayed. The irons by which tapestry was suspended are still now and then to be seen; and carpets and rugs were made to serve the turn of tapestry. Pictures, and even gaudy tea-trays, were hung *outside* the house; sometimes the plate, the family spoons, and punch-ladle glittered among the wreaths of green rushes and 'sweet seg,' which were supplied in great variety. Effigies of the model couple, old Darby and Joan, emblems of domestic happiness, sat pipe in mouth with the tankard of 'ffyne ypocras,' 'claret wyne,' or perhaps only 'dobyll bere' before them. Their stature was of various proportion; colossal here, next door pigmy. Bowers of all shapes, contrived of leaves and flowers, and screening commodious benches, lined the way-side. Through this diversely-coloured avenue passed the mayor's procession to go to the 'grate chutch' (*anglicè*, cathedral); after which the body corporate had to endure the infliction of a long Latin 'orracon' from one of the boys of the 'free skule.' This induced an appetite for luncheon at the Guildhall in the Market Place, and heightened by contrast the pleasures of the day, which concluded with a feast (such a feast!) in St. Andrew's Hall, and a ball at the Assembly Rooms. But 'Tomey' was too young to go to the dinner, though his grandfather, we may be sure, occupied an honourable seat; and there were no Assembly Rooms in 1678. Tom would be awed by the superb costumes of the mayor, the aldermen, and the sword-bearer; he might tremble—or not—at the grave dignity of the common councilmen; but he would enjoy an exciting mixture of terror and delight at the onslaughts of 'the Whifflers' and the threatening advances of 'Snap.'

The Whifflers were a set of men, clad in a quaint dress, of similar style to that of the Pope's Swiss guards, whose office it was to clear the crowd from before the carriage of 'the Mar.' This was effected by means of blunt swords, with which, in stern silence and a fierce countenance, they made apparently the most desperate cuts at the populace. Whiffling is, or was, as much a matter of practice and skill as fencing. The whiffler who *hit* his mark would lose his reputation as completely as the archer who missed it. But we suppose this will soon be catalogued amongst the lost arts. It used to be hereditarily handed down, and taught by the father to the son. A Whiffler still survives under the metamorphosis

morphosis of a night-watch; whether his hand has altogether lost its cunning we cannot say.

'Snap' was the undoubted though degenerate descendant of the Dragon, that insulted the Lady, that was righted by St. George, that was patron of the principal Guild. In early days, Mr. Ewing informs us, the knight himself,

'clad in complete and glittering armour, well mounted, and attended by his henchman, was ordered by his worship the mayor "to maintain his estate for two days, and hold conflict with the dragon;" which, after much turmoil, amidst the braying of trumpets, the antics of the whifflers, and shouts of the populace, was conquered and led captive by the Lady Margaret. She, too, mounted on her palfrey, richly caparisoned and led by her henchman, was welcomed from the windows and balconies by the waving of kerchiefs, the fluttering of flags and ancients, the ringing of church bells, the firing of cannon, and the music of the city waits and other minstrels.'—*Notices, &c.* p. i.

The extracts from Mackarell's MS. History of Norwich tell us that 'the last Dragon was made but a few years ago, and was so contrived as to spread and clap his wings, distend or contract its head: it was made of basket-work, and painted cloath over it.' *Idem.* p. 21. In such guise did it make its annual appearance previous to the corporation revolutions of 1835. In our days Snap had acquired the additional right of levying black-mail on the bystanders, and had learned the clever trick of swallowing half-pence in any quantity. Whether the *utter* suppression of these amusing gauds was quite discreet and in accordance with popular taste, may be surmised from the success attending the late allegorical processions on Lord Mayor's-day in London. We suppose the Archbishop of Westminster will do his best to supply the deficiency in the provinces in *his* way. On which side our 'Tomay' would have voted, is not difficult to guess—Tomay 'much a man' in his new 'cott' and 'brichis,' which he 'meanes to war carfully,' but nevertheless venturing within reach of Snap and the Whifflers. Her Majesty's late fancy ball ought to have been enriched by a Sir Thomas and Lady Browne, attended by their hopeful Tom.

Tom's sequel was to become an M.D. and an F.R.S., to get married, but to leave no children. Le Neve's pedigree records him as 'an ingenious gent.—but who afterwards gave himself up to drinking so much that he died, A.D. 1710, by a fall off his horse, going from Gravesend to his house in Southfleet in Kent, being drunk and up all night.' But as Le Neve commits the error of stating that Sir Thomas was buried in *Norwich Cathedral* and at a wrong date, we may fairly give Tommy's memory the benefit of a doubt as to the truth of the aforesaid story. At any rate, with

him

him the male line ended. Not so either the blood, the whim, or the talent. Sir Thomas's daughter Anne had a daughter Frances, whose eldest son Henry, 10th Earl of Buchan, was the father of the late Earl, David, of picturesque memory; also of Henry Erskine, the elegant and witty Lord Advocate of Scotland under *all the talents*, and of the inimitable Thomas, Lord Chancellor of England. Other branches of this goodly tree are still flourishing, and may yet put forth both flowers and fruit. The Brownean blood cannot be all turned to water.

The latest particulars which the biographer of Sir Thomas is enabled to give, are very remarkable. On the occasion of making a vault in the chancel of St. Peter's to receive the remains of a clergyman's wife, the workmen broke open with a pick-axe the coffin of

'one whose residence within its walls conferred honour on Norwich in olden times. The bones of the skeleton were found to be in good preservation, particularly those of the skull; *the forehead was remarkably low and depressed, the head unusually long, the back part exhibiting an uncommon appearance of depth and capaciousness*; the brain was considerable in quantity, quite brown and unctuous; the hair profuse and perfect, of a fine auburn, similar to that in the portrait presented to the parish by Dr. Howman, and *which is carefully preserved in the* vestry of St. Peter's Mancroft.'

Another account adds—

'The hair of the beard remained profuse and perfect, though the flesh of the face, as well as every other part, was totally gone.'

The parishioners may carefully preserve the picture, but they were careless to preserve the original; for the head was removed. It passed into the possession of the late Dr. Edward Lubbock, and was by him eventually *presented* (!) to the Museum of the Norwich Hospital, where it remains for the inspection of the curious, and subject to the reverent remarks of medical students who dabble in phrenology. A few casts of the skull were taken, one of which we have seen. As in the case of Byron, so this example by no means tends to further Mr. George Combe's mission. In it, the bumps of Causality, Ideality, Comparison, the Perceptive faculties, and even Benevolence and Veneration, are sadly deficient. Browne ought not to have been,—he had no business to be,—an acute observer, a fanciful speculator, a brilliant essayist, an amiable physician, a considerate thoughtful *paterfamilias*. He ought to have been a glutton, a sensualist, irascible and selfish, and, if not quite an idiot, a very every-day sort of body. He most clearly had no right to enter in his commonplace book any such sentences as these, being by his organization incapable of feeling them :—

'To

'To pray and magnify God in the night, and my dark bed, when I could not sleep: to know no street or passage in this city which may not witness that I have not forgot God and my Saviour in it. Since the necessities of the sick, and unavoidable diversions of my profession, keep me often from church, yet to take all possible care that I might never miss sacraments upon their accustomed days. Upon sight of beautiful persons, to bless God in his creatures, to pray for the beauty of their souls, and to enrich them with inward graces to be answerable unto the outward. Upon sight of deformed persons, to send them inward graces, and enrich their souls, *and give them the beauty of the resurrection.*'—iv. 420-1.

After this, what shall we think of phrenological tests? Who, now, will fix upon a wife, a friend, or a confidential servant, by the application of callipers to their *crania?*

But there may have been a mistake; the wrong coffin may have been opened.—No: for

'The coffin-plate, *which was also broken*, was of brass, in the form of a shield, and it bore the following quaint inscription:—

Amplissimus Vir
Dns Thomas Browne Miles Medecinæ
Dr Annos Natus 77 *Denatus* 19 *Die*
Mensis Octobris Anno Dnj 1682 *hoc*
Loculo indormiens Corporis spagy-
rici Pulvere Plumbum in Aurum
convertit.'

All this happened in August, 1840.—We ask not who was the churchwarden—but what were the reverend superiors about?—Did *they* authorize Dr. Lubbock *to present* the skull to the hospital? Were the noble Buchans left in ignorance as to the rude discovery and still worse after-treatment of their famous ancestor's relics?

To conclude with a more pleasant topic:—we beg once more to thank Mr. Wilkin for this excellent edition—the labour of many zealous years. It is probable that Sir T. Browne's works will be even more interesting to future generations of Englishmen, than to the present; and if so, they will be duly grateful to this gentleman for his diligent and able illustration of the old 'light of Norwich.'

ART.

ART. VI.—*The Lexington Papers; or some Account of the Courts of London and Vienna at the conclusion of the Seventeenth Century; extracted from the Official and Private Correspondence of Robert Sutton, Lord Lexington, British Minister at Vienna*, 1694—1698. Selected from the Originals at Kelham, and edited, with Notes, by the Hon. H. Manners Sutton. 8vo. 1851.

THIS title-page hardly does justice to the contents of the volume, which relate not merely to the Courts of London and Vienna, but, quite as much, to those of Paris and Madrid, and indeed of most of the minor powers of Europe. Nor is it what can be exactly called an *account* of any of those Courts—it is something better. It used to be, and we suppose still is, one of the prescribed duties of diplomatic agents at Foreign Courts to communicate to each other privately, or rather semi-officially, such information as to passing events as might even collaterally have any relation to their respective missions; and they also, besides their public and strictly official dispatches, have private and in general more really important communications with the Secretary of State at home. In the year 1694 Robert Sutton, second Lord Lexington, was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Vienna, and then and there commenced that semi-official correspondence with his principals in London and his colleagues at most of the European Courts, of extracts from which this interesting volume is composed, and in which though military movements and diplomatic affairs have of course the larger share, there is no inconsiderable intermixture of lighter matters—personal anecdotes—sketches of character—the news, the gossip, and even the scandal of the day.

Before we go farther, our readers will be glad to know something about Lord Lexington himself, of whom we dare say the majority of them have never heard—and we can tell them no more than we find in the editor's prefatory memoir.

Robert Sutton, Esq., of Averham, in Nottinghamshire, a distinguished cavalier—though we do not recollect his name in Clarendon—was created Baron of Lexington* by Charles I. in 1645, during the great Rebellion, but the Parliament refused to acknowledge the title; and there is in the State Paper Office a petition to the House of Commons originally signed *Lexington*—but this signature is erased and that of *Robert Sutton* substituted. He died in 1668, and was succeeded by his only son, then, it appears, about six or seven years old, who served while young in the army, but

* He was descended in the female line from a Baron of *Lexington* of the time of Henry III. Sir Harris Nicolas's Synopsis spells both these titles *Lexinton*.

made

made his first public appearance in the Convention Parliament in 1689, when he voted for the joint sovereignty of the Prince and Princess of Orange, and was very soon employed by King William in diplomatic missions and sworn of the Privy Council. He was appointed a Gentleman of the Horse (Equerry) to Princess Anne, but on her difference with the King, in 1692, Lord Lexington took part with William, resigned his place in the Princess's family, and was soon after appointed a Lord of the King's Bedchamber. Early in 1694 he was sent Envoy Extraordinary to Vienna, where he remained during the two or three critical years that preceded the unsatisfactory and short-lived treaty of Ryswick, upon the conclusion of which, in the winter of 1697, he, at his own desire, returned to England, leaving his kinsman and Secretary Mr. Sutton (afterwards Sir Robert—so disagreeably celebrated by Pope), resident minister. It was thought at the time that he was destined to replace the Duke of Shrewsbury or Sir William Trumbull, both of whom were desirous of being relieved from the office of Secretary of State—the Duke especially being dissatisfied with the terms of the treaty, but still more with the mode in which it had been conducted by the King himself and his Dutch Councillors, with very little communication with the English ministry. But this arrangement did not take place. Shrewsbury was persuaded to postpone his resignation, and Mr. Vernon, who had been the Duke's Private Secretary—to the surprise of everybody—but probably as a propitiation to his Grace, whose co-operation was at that moment very important—succeeded Trumbull. Lord Lexington was, however, soon after made one of the Lords of Trade, but continued his service as a Lord of the Bedchamber, and was in attendance when King William expired. On this Mr. Sutton observes:—

'Smollett states that "Lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were in waiting, no sooner perceived that the King was dead than they ordered Ronjat to untie from his arm a black ribbon, to which was affixed a ring, containing some hair of the late Queen Mary!" It is difficult to conceive an adequate motive for this act, which, in the absence of any explanation, would appear to be one of ill-timed and heartless curiosity.'—p. 5.

The Editor accordingly seems inclined to disbelieve the story, as 'totally at variance with Lord Lexington's general character.' Smollett only reproduces it as already told by Tindal—we know neither on what authority Tindal had relied, nor how it was ascertained that the ring, if any ring there was, contained the hair of *Queen Mary*: but surely it would be nothing more than a strict act of respect and duty to take into safe custody for the moment any jewel or valuable object that the King might have about him, even

even if he had desired (which is not stated) to have it ultimately buried with him.

The earlier part of Queen Anne's reign Lord Lexington seems to have passed in retirement, probably from some unpleasant remembrance of the former difference, of which, no doubt, the Duchess of Marlborough, who was the principal cause of it, retained, as was her wont, a lively recollection and resentment. But after the disgrace of the Duchess, and when the new ministry had determined to bring about the peace ultimately concluded at Utrecht, Lord Lexington was employed in the collateral negotiations at Madrid, where he obtained from Philip V. that celebrated renunciation for himself and his successors of all claims to the Crown of France, the effect and validity of which have become, by the recent alliance of the houses of Spain and Orleans, of revived importance, or we should perhaps rather say of *debate*—for we do not see how that contract can affect circumstances wholly extraneous to it.

During this mission Lord Lexington's health and spirits were broken down by the loss of his only son, who had accompanied him to Madrid, and who died there in October, 1713, at the age of seventeen. The following extraordinary anecdotes of the inhuman bigotry then exercised in Spain have a peculiar and more than historical interest at the present moment, when the principles of 'toleration and of civil and religious liberty' are so impudently pleaded to justify and promote the extension of popery amongst us :—

'At that time the burial of a Protestant in Spain was attended with great difficulty; and even the high station of the British ambassador afforded no security that the remains of his son would be suffered to rest in peace, if committed to the earth at Madrid. On a previous occasion, when one of his domestics had died, Lord Lexington had found it necessary to conceal, rather than to bury, the body in his garden, and even this precaution had failed to preserve the corpse from disturbance and insult.

'Mr. Stanhope, also, when British minister, had experienced similar or even greater difficulties in the burial of his chaplain, who died there in 1691. On this occasion, although the previous consent of the authorities had been obtained, and the body was quietly buried in a field by night, the grave was violated, the coffin broken open, and the corpse insulted and mutilated; it was in this state returned to Mr. Stanhope, who was forced to bury it in his cellar.*

'Warned therefore by his own experience, and by that of his pre-

* Lord Mahon's 'Court of Spain,' p. 24. His Lordship gives no explanatory note of this strange transaction; but we surmise from the mention in subsequent letters of a certain *alcalde*, who had been dismissed for some (unstated) disrespect to Mr. Stanhope, that the violation of the grave may have been the offence of this *alcalde*, thus disavowed and punished by his Government. Mr. Stanhope, it appears, interceded for his restoration.

decessor,

decessor, Lord Lexington determined to transmit the body of his only son to the burial-place of his ancestors in Nottinghamshire.

'The corpse was concealed in a bale of cloth, and safely, but with great difficulty, conveyed to England. It had always been supposed that the remains had been finally interred at Averham; but in 1842, when the vault at Kelham, which was built for Lord Lexington himself, was opened for the funeral of one of his descendants, the late Lord Manners, a coffin was discovered, which, unlike the others, bore no inscription. It was carefully opened; and although nearly 130 years had elapsed since it was first placed in the ground, the body within was in so remarkable a state of preservation, that its identity was at once determined by the resemblance of the features to the picture of Lord Lexington's son, which is now in the gallery at Kelham.'—p. 8.

We are tempted to extract another anecdote on the same subject from Lord Mahon's publication. Mr. Stanhope writes to his son James:—

'Mr. Freeman [we presume an English *attaché*, or amanuensis] left us on Sunday. The same day I engaged in his place a Swiss Protestant, a jeweller, formerly recommended to me by your friend Raab, who going from me last night to his old lodging, promising to return and bring his trunk next morning to stay for altogether; he not coming at his hour, I sent to see what was become of him, and Mr. Champion found the officers of the Holy Office registering what little [property] he had, and they told him the person he inquired after was carried away prisoner by six that morning, by orders of the Inquisition—never, as I suppose, to be heard of more; and everybody tells me I have no remedy.'—*Court of Spain*, p. 21.

We conclude the poor Switzer's original crime of being a heretic had been now intolerably aggravated in the minds of the Inquisition, by the audacity of entering the service of a heretic envoy. It is one of the main boasts of the Church of Rome that it is *semper eadem*. We admit it—and leave our readers—and wish we could persuade our statesmen—to draw the obvious conclusion from the foregoing premises.

On the death of his son Lord Lexington returned to England. He was severely censured in the report of Mr. Walpole's committee for his share in the much and unjustly vilified treaty of Utrecht, but his known adherence to the principles of the Revolution prevented his being included in the greater severities of the Whig reaction. He passed all his ensuing years in retirement at Averham, and died there on the 19th of September, 1723, in the 63rd year of his age. Never, we believe, was a public man of anything like equal station and services so long and so utterly forgotten—and so he would no doubt have remained but for the recent discovery of his MSS. 'in the partially concealed

concealed closets of Kelham, the seat of his descendant Mr. Manners Sutton, M.P. for Newark, where they had been for a long series of years buried in dust—their existence not having been suspected by the present generation, nor even by the last.'

These papers, so unexpectedly brought to light, consist chiefly of Lord Lexington's correspondence during his two missions to Vienna and Madrid; the former only of which is produced in this volume, now edited by another of his descendants, the Hon. Henry Manners Sutton. Lord Lexington's daughter and heiress married the third Duke of Rutland;—her second son, Lord George Manners, succeeded to the Lexington estates, and assumed the name of *Sutton* in addition to that of *Manners*. Dr. Manners Sutton, late Archbishop of Canterbury, was a younger son of Lord George—father of the first Viscount Canterbury—and grandfather of the present lord and of the editor of these papers, who was for some time M.P. for Cambridge, and Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in Sir Robert Peel's last administration.

Amidst the numerous instances which every day present themselves of abuse of the name, and neglect of the duties, of *editor*, it is satisfactory to have now and then an opportunity of commendation. It appears to us that Mr. Manners Sutton has edited his ancestor's correspondence with sagacity and good taste.

There is obviously considerable difficulty in dealing with such masses of correspondence, too voluminous and probably too antiquated to be printed *in extenso*. The present times are not very curious about obsolete diplomacy or strategy—which, however important in their day, and while the result is doubtful, become, like a hand at whist, of no interest when the game is won or lost, unless indeed to afford a stray professional criticism as to the mode in which it had been played. 'When the event is foreknown,' as Johnson says of the argumentative reasoning in Prior's Solomon, 'the process by which it is reached is not much regarded.' In truth all, or almost all, that is worth remembering of such matters has, in most cases, already passed into history, and whatever of novelty or amusement is to be derived from such publications will be found, generally speaking, in matters of a more personal and social and, in short, anecdotical character.

Mr. Sutton has evidently followed in this matter, as well as (luckily for his readers) in others, the precedent of the interesting volume of extracts from the correspondence of Mr. Alexander Stanhope (minister at Madrid while Lord Lexington was at Vienna) which his descendant, Lord Mahon, published some years since under the title of 'The Court of Spain under Charles II.' There are, however, two considerable objections to

to this mode of *selected* publication:—the first is that it leaves the evidence too much in the power of an editor and liable to the influence of his prejudices or predilections—but for that there is no remedy; for even a publication professing to be *in extenso* is still liable to be garbled, and we must in both cases depend in some degree on the character of the editor: but the second objection is more special—that is, the inevitable want of a connected narrative and of a continuous interest; one reads, as the French term it, *à bâtons rompus*, and the isolated or as it were amputated extracts have a vague and even bewildering effect. Every page or half page may open a new scene and fresh personages, amongst which, even with the help of the most zealous and judicious editor, one runs some risk of being distracted and wearied. Lord Mahon's 'Court of Spain' does not altogether escape from this difficulty:—though it has the advantage of being all from the same pen, and dealing in a great degree with the same localities, subjects, and personages, yet every reader, we believe, will have wished for more of his Lordship's explanatory notes; but the Lexington correspondence was of a wider scope, embracing the whole face of Europe, and the extracts from it must necessarily produce more frequent and wider chasms, and require, therefore, a more constant and copious commentary. This Mr. Sutton has supplied with laudable diligence and general success; and yet we suspect that the ordinary reader will still desiderate a more concentrated and continuous interest. This difficulty suggested to us a momentary doubt whether it might not have been better to have classed the extracts (as Coxe did the Shrewsbury Correspondence) under the several heads or Courts to which they related—but we soon saw that this would be impracticable; as the same extract sometimes deals with very different and distant subjects;—and we are finally satisfied that Mr. Manners Sutton has taken the most judicious, indeed we might say the only, possible course in presenting the documents in the chronological order in which they were written, even at the disadvantage of shifting the scene so frequently and so suddenly from Stockholm to Turin, or from Whitehall to Constantinople.

After this preface we need hardly say that our specimens of the work must be of the most desultory character. We can neither compose out of it an historical narrative, nor combine a political theory, but must endeavour to select a few passages that may give our readers a fair sample of the general character of the volume. The Grecian pedant was laughed at for producing a brick as a specimen of his house. We must do the same, but with a better reason—for our materials are themselves only bricks.

The very first letter which Lord Lexington writes from Zell

on

on his road to Vienna is remarkable. It is addressed to William Blathwayt, Esq., then in the subordinate office of Secretary-at-War, and not even a Privy Councillor, but who in Holland, where he accompanied the King, was always, and even in London was frequently, but most unconstitutionally, invested with the duties of a Secretary of State, under the immediate and personal direction of William himself. We notice this the rather because Archdeacon Coxe, whose Shrewsbury Papers are full of complaints of the King's reserve and inattention towards his constitutional advisers in England, mentions Mr. Blathwayt very cursorily as *one of the King's private Secretaries*—apparently a trivial misnomer, but in fact a very serious misapprehension of the true state of affairs. How Mr. Blathwayt, who had been Secretary-at-War before the Revolution, came to be still so confidentially trusted by King William, is no where—that we know of—explained; but there can be no doubt that he was thus employed as a substitute for the Secretary of State, in order to keep the real conduct of affairs in the hands of the King himself and his Dutch favourites, whose acts the Ministers in England were subsequently forced—often very reluctantly—to cover with their official responsibility. A striking instance of these irregular proceedings occurs very early in the volume. Louis XIV. endeavoured about the close of 1694 to open a separate negociation with King William by sending to Maestricht MM. de Callières and de Harlai, secretly authorised to propose certain terms of peace; and William, without any notice to his English Cabinet, placed these gentlemen in communication with the Dutch ministers, Pensionary Heinsius and M. de Dyckveldt. The negociations ultimately failed, and the French gentlemen were dismissed, and then Heinsius wrote to acquaint Lord Lexington with the circumstance—that he might prevent the Court of Vienna taking umbrage at a negociation from which it and the other allies seemed to be excluded. Lord Lexington of course, in his correspondence with the Secretary of State at home, took notice of this affair, which produced from the Duke of Shrewsbury a confession and complaint that this was the first he had ever heard of it. After saying that the Queen's death prevented his talking to the King on business, he continues—

'I am so great a stranger to all proceedings that perhaps you will wonder at it—having never had the least light or intimation of this treaty from any of the ministers abroad, except what I have received from your Lordship, or been acquainted with the particulars of it from anybody at home; so I am very glad to find you are furnished *from other hands* with what to answer upon the meeting at Maestricht. Had you expected any information, or to have been helped with an excuse

excuse from *me*, I must have assured your Lordship that it is what I am now as much unacquainted with as any gentleman that lives in the country, having never heard otherwise of it than as they may do in news-letters.'—p. 40.

Well may the editor say, that 'in the Foreign Policy of England the ostensible ministers of the crown had but little share.'

That first letter also gives us a glimpse of one of the most romantic and mysterious stories of modern times, on one point at least of which we can supply an explanation that has escaped the editor's research. It is that of the celebrated Count Konigsmark, a Swedish nobleman, who, 'after a visit of some years duration at the Court of the Elector of Hanover, father of George I., suddenly disappeared, and was never more seen nor, indeed, distinctly heard of—and it is only in a corner of Horace Walpole's Reminiscences published a hundred and twenty years after the event that (as far as we know) any *authentic* traces of his fate are to be found. Walpole's account, derived from his father, who had it from Queen Caroline, who herself was the confidante of George II., is to this effect:—Konigsmark—the same, Walpole thought, so famous or rather infamous for the assassination of Mr. Thynne of Longleat—had, while at Hanover, managed to make himself agreeable to Sophia Dorothea of Zell, wife of the Electoral Prince (afterwards George I.) and mother of George II. Though she was very handsome, the Electoral Prince was very inconstant and had several mistresses. This provocation and his frequent absences with the army of the Confederates, disposed the Princess to listen to Konigsmark's adventurous proposals of *retaliation*, and she *at least* showed him a degree of favour that excited suspicion, and induced the old Elector to forbid him his Court. The night previous to his intended departure it is certain that the Princess received him *in her bed-chamber*. 'George II., who loved his mother as much as he hated his father,' and always asserted her innocence, attempted to soften this part of the story by saying, that she was persuaded by the ladies about her—*creatures of her husband*—to commit this indiscretion, which, after all, was *only* allowing Konigsmark *to kiss her hand*. Whatever may be thought of this version, it is certain that from the moment that Konigsmark left the Princess's presence he disappeared—nor, though there were vehement suspicions that he had been made away with, was there any certainty as to what had become of him till after the death of George I., on the new King's first journey to Hanover, the body of Konigsmark was discovered under the floor of the Princess's dressing-room—the Count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body thus secreted. The discovery even then was carefully hushed up, and George II. never divulged

divulged the secret except to Queen Caroline. The Queen seems to have led Walpole to suppose that the discovery of the body was made *accidentally* in the progress of some alterations in the palace. It is much more probable that George II. had if not a positive knowledge, at least some suspicions of the fact, which he lost no time in verifying, and of course in relieving his favourite residence from such a disagreeable deposit.

We have no doubt that Walpole has repeated accurately George II.'s account of the transaction itself; but it appears that he, and almost everybody else, has made a most extraordinary preliminary mistake—no less a one than of the identity of the victim. There were published here anonymously a few years ago certain *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*—(2 vols. 8vo., 1845)—in which we have an apologetical or rather panegyrical history of the Princess, most absurdly written and most wretchedly reasoned, and though affecting to be founded on documentary evidence, in truth, of no historical value at all beyond letting us know the palliations with which the Princess—in some dialogues written during her long imprisonment, and filling the second volume—could represent her own case; and which are, as might be expected, in the tone of George II.'s version, but to our mind still more strongly indicative of guilt; for she confesses that at her last meeting with Konigsmark she had arranged an attempt to escape with him next day from Hanover—only, as she says, to *her cousins at Wolfenbuttel;* but when such an elopement happens we can better guess *how* than *where* it will end. But the point for which we refer to this trashy book is that it states, and so far we suppose it may be trusted, that the Count Konigsmark killed at Hanover, was not the person tried in England for the assassination of Mr. Thynne; *this* latter was Count *Charles John;* the former, a younger brother, Count *Philip Christopher*, who at the time of Mr. Thynne's murder was in England, under the care of an English tutor. Charles John died in the Morea in 1686. Philip's exit was in 1694; so at least we gather from the date prefixed to one of the Princess's dialogues, for we have no where else seen the date of his tragedy.

This was only a few months before Lord Lexington's mission; and about that time the Countess Aurora de Konigsmark, the beautiful and fascinating sister of the missing gallant, had become the mistress of the Elector of Saxony (by whom she was, in 1696, mother of the celebrated Marshal Saxe); and through her influence, no doubt, the Elector of Saxony addressed to the Court of Hanover inquiries as to the fate of Count Philip, which appear to have been so seriously embarrassing to the Elector, that King William personally desired Lord Lexington to offer his mediation to get rid of the question:—

Lord Lexington to Mr. Blathwayt.

Zell, Sept. 18, 1694.

'The King was pleased to command me, when I came away, that, if I had an opportunity, I should offer his good offices at Hanover towards satisfying the Elector of Saxony about this Konigsmark, which I have done; and the Elector bids me say that he thinks himself mightily obliged to his Majesty for the kind offer, though there are hopes that there may be no occasion for it; their Minister at Saxony giving them so good assurances from the Elector, and by his order, that he was satisfied with the answer from Hanover; though Banniers still continues to press for a more positive one what was become of that fellow, and says it is by his master's orders, so one does not know what to make of it; but I find this, that here we have no mind to own any knowledge what is become of him, though in confidence to one's best friends, and after so kind an offer; but I think one need not trouble oneself much about him, *for I dare swear he is safe enough.*'—pp. 10, 11.

The mystery which we see thus hung over the transaction makes us the more inclined to believe George II.'s statement that Konigsmark was secretly strangled and buried—perhaps by a refinement of vengeance—in the lady's dressing-room, than the assertion in the 'Memoirs and Dialogue,' of the Princess, that there was a long scene of violence and butchery in which many persons were concerned, which attracted notice both inside and outside the palace, and which could hardly, therefore, have long remained a secret.

A kind of divorce was pronounced by a court held at Hanover, with the consent of the lady, as appears by the letters of Mr. Cressett (our minister at the Court of Zell) to Lord Lexington; but it did not release her from the custody of her husband, who kept her for near thirty-two years in confinement, she dying only a few months before him; and the duchy of Zell, of which she was heiress, remaining annexed to the electorate. It was long believed that Konigsmark's ghost haunted the palace where we now know his body lay—and Mr. Cressett, in a subsequent letter, relates that it was supposed to have appeared on so incongruous an occasion as the ballet at a court opera. The obscurities and mistakes which have so long hung round this strange story induced us to go into the foregoing details; but our readers will see by this specimen, that if *extracts* of this nature were to be fully elucidated, there is some risk that, like Sir John Cutler's stockings, the darning would at last supersede the original fabric.

The first event of any public importance that we meet is the death of Queen Mary. Considering William's cold temper and habitually harsh treatment of his wife, and above all the notoriety and long continuance of his intrigue with Lady Orkney, which gave

gave Mary great uneasiness during her life, and was the subject of even a death-bed and unavailing remonstrance, we have always had some difficulty in believing the sincerity of such extravagant sorrow as Burnet attributes to William on this occasion;—but the letters of Lord Lexington's correspondents go quite as far as the zealous Bishop. Mr. Vernon writes:—

'Whitehall, Dec. 25, 1694.

'Here has been an universal concern for Her Majesty's indisposition, but none more sensible of it than the King, who would never be persuaded to lie out of the Queen's bedchamber, and therefore had his field bed brought in thither, to be at hand and ready upon all occasions to assist her.'

The Duke of Shrewsbury says, on the 28th, the day of the Queen's death:—

'About a week since, Her Majesty was taken with an indisposition which seemed at first but slight, but turned afterwards to the small-pox, and that of so fatal a kind, that as soon as the physicians agreed that to be her disease, their apprehensions for her life grew very great; and ill symptoms increasing upon her, it pleased God this morning, about one of the clock, to take her out of this world. Never did grief appear more general in a town, or more real sorrow in a court; and His Majesty's afflictions have been so passionate, and the neglect of his health so great, that it has given too just grounds for that request the Lords and Commons have made to him to take more care of his own person.'

Mr. Vernon too writes, of the same date:—

'My Lord President was then sent from the Council to His Majesty, to desire he would have some consideration of his own health; which was very necessary advice, since His Majesty has so much neglected himself since the Queen's first falling ill. It was but two nights since that he has been persuaded to lie out of her bedchamber, and then he would only remove to the next room. He has scarce got any sleep or taken any nourishment, and there is hardly any instance of so passionate a sorrow as the King has been overtaken with, which seemed excessive while life yet lasted, and 'tis risen to a greater degree since; so that he can hardly bear the sight of those that were most agreeable to him before. He had some fits like fainting yesterday, but to-day they have prevailed on him to bleed.'—pp. 34, 35.

All this certainly would appear to confirm Burnet's statement, but we confess that it does not altogether convince us. There can be no doubt that William was very much disturbed by Mary's death—partly, perhaps, from conjugal affection, which is sometimes (as it so remarkably was in the case of George II.) combined with gross conjugal infidelity—but probably still more from anxiety as to its effect on his political position; and we cannot but suspect that

there was a parade of devotion to Mary's memory, of which the chief motive was to prolong, as it were, her influence on the public mind, and to ingratiate the *monocracy* of William with the Parliament and the country, to whom *he* had never been personally acceptable. This conjecture is corroborated by the conciliatory measures that were immediately adopted towards the Princess Anne, who, though she had previously been on the worst possible terms with the King, was on this occasion persuaded to write, says Mr. Vernon,

'a very submissive letter to the King, so that she is entirely disposed to be wholly governed by his Majesty; and there is no prospect for any to build their hopes upon a division of those who so well understand how much it is their interest to be united.'

On which the editor remarks:—

'It is said that the letter referred to by Mr. Vernon was written by the Princess at the instance of Lord Sunderland, who, in thus effecting a reconciliation between the King and his sister-in-law, rendered an important service to the former; *for the title of William to the Crown had become even more defective than before, by the death of the Queen.*'—note, p. 39.

We moreover see reason to suspect that it was with the same design of keeping alive the public feeling towards the Queen, that a most extraordinary delay of her funeral occurred. She died the 28th of December. Mr. Vernon, on the 4th of January, writes to Lord Lexington, that it was intended that she should be buried within a fortnight, but it was put off from time to time on various pretences, till the 5th of March—that is, near *ten* weeks, instead of *three*. Are we unreasonable in supposing that this unparalleled delay must have had some political spring?—Nor does the concurrence of Burnet, Shrewsbury, and Vernon weigh much with us, for they were parties to the King's policy, if policy there was; and this was just the occasion of which we may venture to say—

Regis ad exemplar vultus componitur omnis.

To this cause also may be not unreasonably attributed some degree at least of the extraordinary celebration of the Queen by all the poets who were or who ambitioned to be well at Court. It was so profuse as to excite the notice of those who did not suspect any political motive. 'The death of Queen Mary,' says Johnson in his Life of Prior, 'produced a subject for all the writers; perhaps no funeral was ever so poetically attended. Dryden, indeed, as a man discountenanced and deprived, was silent; but *scarcely any other maker of verse* omitted to bring his tribute of tuneful sorrow. An emulation of elegy was universal.

Maria's

Maria's praise was not confined to the English language, but fills a great part of the *Musæ Anglianæ*. Prior, who was both a poet and a courtier, was too diligent to miss this opportunity of respect. He wrote a long ode, which was presented to the King, by whom it was not likely to be ever read.' Prior was at this period Secretary of Embassy at the Hague, and one of the most affectionate and familiar of Lord Lexington's correspondents, to whom he professed a decent sorrow for the Queen; but it was not very poignant, for we find that she had been dead above two months before he thought of his serious tribute to her memory.

'*Mr. Prior to Lord and Lady Lexington.*

'Hague, March 1, 1695.

'I am as yet so afflicted for the death of our dear mistress, that I cannot express it in bad verse, as all the world here does; all that I have done was to-day on Scheveling Sands, with the point of my sword:—

'Number the sands extended here;
So many Mary's virtues were:
Number the drops that yonder roll;
So many griefs press William's soul.'—p. 63.

We must recollect that a sword was then, and for near a century later, a part of a gentleman's ordinary dress. It would not have diminished Prior's poetical reputation if he had suffered the next tide to have quietly obliterated all recollection of these affected musings παρα θινα θαλασσης—which are now worth quoting only to mark that the courtly topic of the moment was the king's excessive grief. Another, however, of Prior's letters leaves no doubt that on one point at least his own regret was sincere:—

'Since the horrid loss of her Majesty, at naming of which my Lord will sigh and my Lady will cry, I protest I have written nothing but nonsense, which is a present I humbly offer to some of my correspondents, but it is so not very proper for you. Upon this occasion I have lost my senses and 100*l.* a year, which is something for a philosopher of my circumstances.'—p. 46.

He had, it seems, a small office in the *Queen's* establishment—probably that which Johnson erroneously calls *Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber*. His grief, however, whatever it may have been, was very soon alleviated by some 'hopes of promotion'—and he proceeds in a strain that reminds us of the pleasantry in Steele's play, where the undertaker reproaches his men with negligence and ingratitude: 'I pay you,' he says, 'for looking dismal; and the more I pay you, the merrier you look:'—

'I have given notice of this cruel change to the States and Ministers here, in a long trailing cloak and a huge band, the one quite

quite dirty with this thaw, the other really slubbered with my tears. I am so much in earnest in this sad affair, that people think I am something very considerable in England, that have such a regard to the public, and it makes me cry afresh when they ask me in what county my lands are. Whether this proceeds *from loyalty or interest God knows*—but I have truly cried a basin full. *Je n'en puis plus;* 'tis impossible for me to tell you the sorrow that reigns universally in Holland: these people, who never had any passions before, are now touched, and marble weeps.'—p. 47.

Stepney, another, though minor poet, just appointed minister at Dresden, was also a correspondent of Lord Lexington's, and he too thought it necessary to put his muse into court mourning, in an elaborate poem which was *published in the London Gazette* of the 11th March, 1695, and is really not without merit; but he confesses to Lord Lexington that 'with the beggarly impudence of a poet' he took this occasion 'of reminding Lord Portland of a gold medal and chain which that lord had promised him four years before, for his poem on the *king's voyage*, and which he had never yet seen' (p. 73). Moreover, a month before the gazetted poem Stepney celebrated the king's grief in a way that seems to leave little doubt that he had been invited to take up that theme, and that he was laughing at it in his sleeve:—

'I have several elegies from good hands on the Queen's death, which I will forward to Vienna for the Ladies' entertainment when I get to Dresden. *I have had no time to settle to it*, and could only hammer out one distich upon the Queen's dying resolutely and the King's grieving immoderately, which is as follows:—

So greatly Mary died and William grieves,
You'd think the hero gone, the woman lives—

Which a friend has thus burlesqued:—

Sure death 's a Jacobite that thus bewitches:
His soul wears petticoats, and *hers* the breeches;
Alas! alas! we 've err'd in our commanders,
Will should have knotted and Moll gone for Flanders.'

This doggrel seems to realise the old dramatic paradox, 'a lamentable tragedy full of pleasant mirth!'

Of Stepney so little is known, that we shall extract one or two passages from his letters to Lord Lexington, which are amongst the liveliest of the whole series:—

Wesel, Feb. 23, } 1694.
„ 13, } 1695.

'I should send your Lordship some news from England, but I know not where to begin. If you have anything particular to ask me, state your queries, and I will resolve them as well as I can when I get to Dresden. The great Court is at Barclay House [Berkeley House, the residence of the Princess Anne], for the ladies must have some place to

to show themselves. I had an audience of congé, both of Princess and Prince, and never saw a greater concourse. The King will certainly make the campaign, and, I believe, will declare as much to the Parliament when he sees them next—*to have*, in a manner, *their consent, lest his crossing the water in this nice conjuncture be called abdication.* This is the talk of the Jacobites, who say likewise he will take Prince George over with him to be sure of him. Poor Duke Shrewsbury will be quite blind, and Sir J. Trenchard stone dead, very shortly. We have a weak Ministry at present, and, for aught I see, nobody *brigues* the employment [of Secretary of State]. Mr. Blathwayt might have it, but seems to decline it, because, without envy, he is warmer as he is. The vogue of the town speaks of Lord Montague and Comptroller Wharton. I wish your Lordship were at home to end the dispute, and be our provincial, instead of our correspondent.'

'At the King's Quarters before Namur, Aug. $\frac{16}{26}$, 1695.

'You will allow me to magnify my merit in telling you that I have brought my detachment* safe and sound to join our armies just in time, when we have most need of them. I have been here three days, and expect to satisfy my curiosity in seeing both a battle and a storm, for we think we shall have both within three or four days.

'I never led a more pleasant life; the King is very gracious to me, and continues my allowance for only attending him from one camp to another on other people's horses.

'We are confident the coehorn and castle will be ours; the breaches are large in both of them. You may believe me: I have seen them, for I have been both on the batteries and in the trenches without being Godfreyed.† We are likewise certain of beating the French if they dare to attack us, for we have 70,000 men, which is as great an army as they are able to bring together.

'This I tell you that you may drink your bottle quietly with Mr. Heemskerck, without being molested with what other letters and gazettes may tell you. . . .

'This day the Duke of Ormond remembered you, and the other day Mr. Blathwayt, in the best Grecian wine that was ever tipped over tongue. You know Jupiter was born in Candia, and were I a god, I would live in an island that produces such wines. Coehorn has laid the Elector of Bavaria 400 pistols that all the works are ours, and we masters of the place, before Wednesday the 31st. Others may write you more serious news.'

General Cohorn, the celebrated rival of Vauban, and who had constructed the work at Namur distinguished by his name, lost

* 'Mr. Stepney had been commissioned to hurry the advance of a body of Hessian troops which were marching to Namur.'

† The Editor says—'Mr. Godfrey, the Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, was killed by a cannon ball in the trenches before Namur, while in attendance on the King. He was the brother of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.'—This banker had come over to arrange some money matters with the King, and would needs see something of real war.

his

his wager without any derogation from his skill, for the garrison capitulated the very next day to that he had named.

Prior's letters afford abundant evidence that Pope's mean opinion of his talents for business was exceedingly unjust. It is sufficiently clear, *à priori*, that having been favourably distinguished by his services under William's own eye, as secretary to the mission at the Hague, he would not, if he had not shown himself quite equal to the employment, have been advanced to the important post of secretary to the negotiation at Ryswick, in which William took so great a part and so deep an interest. Nor, again, would he, but for his personal merit, have been selected from so many diplomatists to be secretary of Lord Portland's ostentatious embassy to Paris; nor, after some years' absence from public affairs, could he, without a considerable reputation in diplomacy, have been called from his retirement by such men as Oxford and Bolingbroke, on so great and so delicate an occasion as the treaty of Utrecht; nor, above all, would he have been so cruelly and groundlessly persecuted by the Whigs, after the Hanoverian succession, if he had not been a person of considerable merit, weight, and importance. Mr. Manners Sutton of course has selected from his correspondence, apparently very voluminous, such passages as seemed to afford the most intelligible and amusing extracts, which of course can give but a very imperfect view of his graver labours. Our extracts must lie under a greater degree of the same difficulty. We select two or three that throw a little light on Prior's personal history, of which we know less than of any man of equal station in literature and politics, for though, as Johnson says of him, 'he wanted not wisdom as a statesman nor elegance as a poet,' his literature was for a time obscured by his politics, and his politics have been since forgotten in his literature, and between two stools his fame seems to us to have sunk lower than it deserves.

'*Mr. Prior to Lord Lexington.*

'Hague, Oct. 9, 1696, N. S.

'As to my own concerns, I have been *briguing* and flattering at Loo, and, I believe, have brought the matter so far, as that nobody will stand before me in my pretensions to the secretaryship of the embassy; but, my God! what is it I ask or am fond of having? since there is not five pounds to be got out of the Treasury, and I owe five hundred.

'It would have been better manners to have named your Lordship before me, but we are in a world where no man thinks of anything but himself. What I hear, is that wherever the parade of this embassy may be, the substance of it will be at Vienna, and that your Lordship is too useful there to think, on this occasion, to be removed: this is the terrrible effect of doing your duty, and you ought to have had less

sense

sense to be signing a treaty amongst others, since you are thought to have enough to do the thing, in effect, alone.

'My obedient service is never to be omitted to the fair Secretary [Lady Lexington]; I have but one piece of news for her this time, which is, that my Lady Athlone, being a provident housewife, has at several times killed ten of the stags about Loo, and salted them for her servants, for which the King has fined the dame 600 pounds sterling.'—p. 224.

The correspondence is full of complaints of the scantiness and irregularity with which our foreign ministers were paid—and poor Prior was, in all his public life, a sad instance of it, for at the close of his last mission to France he was actually detained in Paris for the very moderate debt he had been forced to incur for his subsistence, and might have been at last really reduced (as he says) 'to be a blind ballad-singer on Fleet Bridge,' if he had not had, during his exaltation, the prudence of retaining a fellowship which he had early attained at St. John's College, Cambridge. When he was reproached, while holding high and brilliant office, with the retention of this humble but honourable provision, he is reported to have excused himself by saying, in a homely but expressive phrase, that 'after all it would secure him a joint of mutton and a clean shirt.' His performance of his duties at the Hague and Ryswick seems to have conciliated the special favour of Lord Villiers—soon after Earl of Jersey—himself a favourite with the king, and ambassador to the Congress; for we find (what we had only had a hint of in the *Vernon Correspondence*) that on the nomination of Lord Jersey to the Viceroyalty of Ireland, Prior was appointed his secretary:—

'Wish me joy of my being named Secretary for Ireland, which I hope will prove some settlement, and be a patent for hindering me from starving. I know nothing that would make my new dignity more agreeable to me than it is, but that your Lordship in England should be in the post you deserve [Secretary of State], and send me the King's orders to Dublin.'—p. 265.

Neither of these appointments, it seems, took place. Lord Jersey was for a short time Secretary of State, when Prior became his under-secretary; the Peer, however, was soon removed, and Prior was compensated by being appointed a Lord of Trade, which place he seems to have held till 1706—but it does not appear how or where his time was occupied from that date till Queen Anne's Tory ministry recalled him in 1710 to, as Johnson says, 'his former employment of making treaties,' and used him most confidentially in the negotiations that were concluded the next year at Utrecht. It is beyond our present bounds to say anything more of the treaty of Utrecht, but we think it right to observe that the charge made against Prior of having changed his party, which no doubt occasioned

sioned the subsequent animosity of the Whigs, was to a great degree unjust. It is clear, from his correspondence with Lord Lexington, that he was on principle exceedingly averse to the continental war which we were *then* waging, and he would naturally be so to the more exhausting and not more justifiable one in which we were subsequently involved; but, moreover, a diplomatist by profession is something like a soldier or a sailor, who is not at liberty to refuse his services, when the government thinks proper to employ him, on any plea of personal opinions or connexions.

Shortly after Queen Mary's death, the discovery of a system of corruption in the Speaker, some members, and officers of the House of Commons, excited much interest:—

'The Chamberlain of London has given the committee an account that, by order of the Court of Aldermen, he paid the Speaker 1000 guineas, as their acknowledgment for his kindness to them in expediting the Orphans Bill, and the Clerk of the House, Mr. Joddrell, had 100*l.* 'Tis said that more has been given for that bill, by the parties concerned, to whom above 5000*l.* has been brought to account for the charges of that act, but to whom the same has been disbursed does not yet appear.'—*Vernon to Lexington*, p. 67.

Lord Portland, who was not over fond of a House of Commons that had already showed some jealousy of the King's grants to his Dutch favourites, says—

'You will have heard enough of what has passed, and is passing, in the Lower House, and that they are likely to push still further their inquiry respecting the affair of the Orphans and the East India Company, which may touch their own members.

'It reminds me of a party who, having got drunk together, quarrel, and separate with bloody noses.'—p. 72.

It was alleged that Lord Portland himself had been offered 50,000*l.*, but it is certain that even if offered it was refused: there is, however, little doubt that the Duke of Leeds, so remarkable in the reign of Charles II. and at the Revolution, had accepted 5000*l.* for his good offices in a particular measure; and Mr. Guy, M.P., and Secretary of the Treasury, was expelled and sent to the Tower for having received a bribe of 200 guineas for passing the accounts of a regiment. Certainly those Whig gentlemen who regenerated our constitution, and affected such political puritanism, appear to have introduced into the management of public business a laxity of personal principle quite worthy of their predecessors in patriotism—Algernon Sidney and his fellow-worthies, who were bribed by the French king to play the parts of English patriots. We have an instance of this laxity, in perhaps its most venial form, in Mr. Vernon himself thanking Lord Lexington

ton for a present made him by Mr. Varey, his lordship's agent, in his name, which the editor thus explains :—

'The present referred to was a douceur of 10*l.*, with which Mr. Varey bespoke the assistance of Mr. Vernon in passing Lord Lexington's bill of extraordinaries. Neither of the parties engaged in this transaction seems to have thought that there was any impropriety—and there certainly was nothing uncommon—in the attempt to propitiate an officer of the Government by a present of money. It appears from one of Mr. Varey's letters to Lord Lexington, that Mr. Ellis, the under secretary in Sir William Trumbull's office, received a similar present on a similar occasion ; and indeed it was the common custom of the day to offer and to receive such fees.'—p. 12, note.

There is no doubt a distinction to be made between perquisites and corruption—between the regular acknowledged fees of office—and such *douceurs* as were paid—sometimes, no doubt, only to accelerate the doing what was right—(and this may have been Mr. Vernon's and Mr. Ellis's case)—but too often for assisting in, or at least conniving at, what was known to be wrong—as was that of Mr. Guy's and of several other persons detected at this time. Addison, at his outset in office as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made a law to himself, as Swift has recorded, never to remit his regular fees in civility to his friends, 'for,' said he, 'I may have a hundred friends, and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose 200 guineas and no friend gain more than two: there is therefore no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered.'—(Johnson's Life.) Mr. Pitt commenced, and subsequent governments have carried out, the gradual abolition of fees in all the departments of the State as regards the emoluments of individual officers :—a system, about the advantages of which—and especially as regarded the convenience of men of business—great doubts were at one time entertained, but which we think experience has shown to be most advantageous to all parties, in every point of view, but especially in that in which it was most problematical—the facilities of transacting all kinds of public business.

Among Lord Lexington's correspondents was an anonymous informant in Paris—a spy, it would seem, of the British government, but how it happened that his information was addressed so circuitously to Lord Lexington at Vienna does not appear. It must have been either that he had some special knowledge of and confidence in Lord Lexington—or that, for the purpose of secrecy, an out-of-the-way channel was preferred—or, which may be the most probable, that these letters were only copies, transmitted to Lord Lexington from home. This correspondent, whoever he may have been, was certainly well informed, and his communications must have

have been important, and the extracts from them are still interesting. They are particularly so on the point of the intended invasion of England contemporaneously with the plot for assassinating King William; and from a comparison of facts and dates, it seems, as the Editor remarks, hardly possible, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the courts of both Versailles and St. Germain's, but that they must have been aware of the plot, that the invasion was projected with a view to the success of that conspiracy, and that it was abandoned on its detection and failure. Of these, and the proceedings against the criminals, as well, indeed, as of several other important matters of domestic history, Lord Lexington's correspondents gave him a more lively anecdotal, and at the same time authentic account, than can be found in any of the professed histories. But it is too extensive and too scattered to be collected into our limits.

We intimated at the outset the impossibility of giving within the compass of one of our articles anything like a full account of all the topics which such a work embraces. We have now done all we could well undertake—namely, the exhibiting a general view and a few specimens of the contents of the volume—such as will, we hope, recommend it alike to the mere readers for amusement and to the more serious notice of those who may wish to study authentic details of foreign and domestic affairs during an interesting epoch. To both these classes the diligent research and judicious observations of the Editor will, we can venture to promise them, be of infinite advantage; and if the leisure which the vicissitudes of political life now give him is to be continued, we do not see that it can be more usefully or honourably employed than in such literary exercises and historical researches.

ART. VII.—*Principles of Geology; or the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology.* By Sir C. Lyell. Eighth Edition, entirely revised. 8vo. 1850.

2. *A Manual of Elementary Geology; or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments.* By Sir C. Lyell. Third and entirely revised Edition. 8vo. 1851.

3. *Anniversary Address to the Geological Society, February,* 1851. By Sir C. Lyell, M.A., F.R.S., President of the Society. 8vo.

THE Treatise which twenty years ago established Sir Charles Lyell's reputation included both the *history* and the *philosophy* of his favourite science; but he by and by saw the expediency

expediency of separating the two classes of its materials; and we have now before us the Eighth Edition of the *Principles*, with the *Third* of the *Elemental Manual of Geology*. These numerous editions of each have all had the character of new works impressed upon them to an extent remarkable—perhaps unique; but this is only saying in other words that the author has kept pace with the most rapidly advancing of the mixed sciences—an advance, let us add, which has itself been very largely accelerated by the masterly epitomes of it thus from time to time prepared by the same highly-gifted and indefatigable hand. The character of novelty belonging to the various editions has resulted wholly from the growth of geological *data*—the necessity of constantly incorporating or substituting fresh details, proofs, or illustrations. The leading theory according to which the data are explained and arranged continues the same. Startling as it sounded to most geologists when, twenty years ago, it was affirmed that '*the existing causes of change in the animate and inanimate world* might be *similar not only in kind, but in degree, to those which have prevailed during many successive modifications of the earth's crust*,' that fertile and guiding Principle of Sir Charles Lyell's Geological Philosophy seems to have gained a deeper and wider basis as the facts of the science have gone on accumulating.

In the eighth edition of the *Principles*, as in the first, the author, after giving a definition of geology and some observations on its nature, objects, and relations to other sciences, premises a sketch of the progress of opinion, particularly as exemplified in successive cosmogonies; ascribing the visionary systems of his earlier predecessors to the prevalence of the theory directly opposed to his own leading *Principle*; and tracing this prevalence to prepossessions in regard to the duration of past time, to our peculiar position as inhabitants of the land, and to our not seeing the subterranean changes actually in progress. He then endeavours to show that neither the different climates which formerly prevailed in the northern hemisphere, nor the former changes in physical geography (chap. VIII.), nor the alleged *progressive development of organic life* (chap. IX.), lend any real support to the opinion which he impugns.

In chap. X. the supposed intensity of aqueous forces at remote periods is considered, and the slow accumulation of strata is proved by their fossils. Attention is called to the evidence of lapse of time afforded by the vast masses of sedimentary deposits that have been removed from igneous rocks by the action of water. It has been recently shown in the Memoirs of the Survey of Great Britain, that a series of palæozoic strata, not less than

than 10,000 feet in thickness, has been stripped off considerable areas in South Wales and some of the adjacent counties of England. But the rate of denudation, it is contended, can only keep pace with that of deposition. The gain must always have equalled the loss, and vice versâ; a truism which Sir Charles Lyell apologises for insisting on, in his Anniversary Address for 1850, because in many geological speculations, he observes, it is taken for granted that the external crust of the earth has been always growing thicker, in consequence of the accumulation of stratified rocks, as if they were not produced at the expense of pre-existing rocks, stratified or unstratified.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable triumphs of the Philosophy which explains geological phenomena by the operation of existing causes, is that of its application to the transport and arrangement of the erratic blocks, which lie scattered, often of enormous size, over the northern parts of Europe and North America. Each year's experience has added to the confidence in the author's original suggestion of the transporting power of ice in regard to these blocks and boulder stones.

In the XIth chapter, which handles the more difficult question of the supposed former intensity of the igneous force, we have a most striking specimen of the writer's acuteness and logical powers. Subsequent investigations into the evidences of the geological periods during which the upheaval of mountain chains has been accomplished, have added singular and unexpected force to his line of argument against the peculiar intensity of the expansive power of heat during the ancient periods of this planet. When the granitic basis and other plutonic constituents of the Alps were ranked amongst the earliest monuments in geology, the formation of so stupendous a range of mountains naturally engendered corresponding ideas of the intensity of the assumed primeval forces by which their summits were lifted up. M. Desnoyers, however, had stated, some years ago, in his Address to the French Geological Society, 'that the more the Alps are studied the younger they grow;' and it is now determined, chiefly by the researches of Sir Roderick Murchison in 1847, that the whole of the mighty operation of their upheaval was effected during the tertiary epoch. As Sir Charles Lyell pithily remarks, 'the clay of London was in course of accumulation as marine mud at a time when the ocean still rolled its waves over the space now occupied by some of the loftiest Alpine summits.'

In former editions of the 'Principles,' Sir Charles ably argued against the hypothesis of M. Elie de Beaumont, relative to the elevation of the Pyrenees, viz., that they were due to

to a single upthrow (à un seul jet), and which the accomplished French sçavan regarded as one of the most violent that the land of Europe ever experienced. The course of discovery, aiding the force of our author's reasoning, has since led M. de Beaumont to frankly confess his error: and he and M. Dufrénoy now agree with M. Durocher, that in the Pyrenean chain, notwithstanding the general simplicity of its structure, six, if not seven, systems of dislocation, each chronologically distinct from the other, can be made out.

Amongst the most important of the recent additional evidences of the gradual movements of the earth's crust during periods long antecedent to the formation of the Alps or Pyrenees, are those which have resulted from the assiduous and unbiassed labours of the distinguished geologists occupied in the Ordnance Survey. In one of their late Memoirs we are informed that in Wales, and the contiguous parts of England, a maximum thickness of 32,000 feet (more than six miles) of Carboniferous, Devonian and Silurian beds, has been measured, the whole formed whilst the bed of the sea was continuously and tranquilly subsiding. These and the like observations help to realize our conceptions of the enormous lapse of past time which our author invokes as his chief aid in illustrating, by reference to actual causes, the immense operations of which we now contemplate the completion in various parts of the earth's surface.

'The imagination,' says Lyell, after adverting to analogous instances of slow depression and upheaval, 'may well recoil from the vain effort of conceiving a succession of years sufficiently vast to allow of the accomplishment of contortions and inversions of stratified masses like those of the higher Alps; but its powers are equally incapable of comprehending the time required for grinding down the pebbles of a conglomerate 8000 feet in thickness. In this case, however, there is no mode of evading the obvious conclusion, since every pebble tells its own tale. Stupendous as is the aggregate result, there is no escape from the necessity of assuming a lapse of time sufficiently enormous to allow of so tedious an operation.'

We can only briefly allude to the delightful contents of the 2nd Book, treating of the changes in the inorganic creation, such as are known to have taken place within the historical era. In it an account is given of the observed effects of aqueous causes, such as rivers, springs, tides, currents, torrents, and floods—the carrying power of river ice—the origin and transporting power of ground-ice, glaciers, and icebergs. Afterwards the effects and probable causes of the volcano and earthquake are considered. The third and concluding Book, in the present modified form of the 'Principles,' is devoted to the *changes of the organic world now*

now in progress, and is divisible into two parts; the first of which comprehends all questions relating to the variability of species and the limits assigned to their duration, as well as the effects produced by the powers of vitality on the state of the earth's surface: while the second explains the processes by which the remains of animals and plants existing at any particular period may be preserved or become fossil; and the work concludes by a lucid and interesting account of the formation of coral reefs.

With regard to the 'Manual of Elementary Geology,' in which is included the matter of the Fourth Book of the first edition of the 'Principles,' we may repeat emphatically, after profiting by its study, the author's statement that it is not an epitome of the 'Principles of Geology,' nor intended as introductory to that work; and we beg to add our conviction that it is the best elementary work of instruction in the science of Geology, whether in regard to the clearness and intelligibility of the definitions and descriptions, the arrangement of the topics, the comprehensive grasp of the divisions and relations of the science, the masterly ease of the style throughout, or the number, accuracy, and beauty of the woodcuts incorporated with the text.

The Principles and the Manual, in their present form, are each complete in itself, and only relate to one another inasmuch as, if the student should ask which he should read first, their author recommends him 'to begin with the *Principles*, as he may then proceed from the known to the unknown, and be provided beforehand with a key for interpreting the ancient phenomena whether of the organic or inorganic world, by reference to changes now in progress.'

Some may object that the student would thereby be liable to get a bias in favour of the uniformitarian views which characterize Sir Charles Lyell's explanations of the phenomena of geology. We do not participate in any fear of or dislike to such a bias being impressed on the mind of the beginner, deeming it a salutary counterpoise to that innate tendency to view the stupendous results of the forces that have affected the earth's crust in relation to the requisite amount of force, without due reflection on the time over which that force may have been diffused in producing the effects witnessed.

It is well that the student should know something of the nature of the various forces now more or less actively operating in changing the inorganic world. If any prepossession is to be deprecated, as likely to result from his introduction to geology by Sir Charles Lyell's 'Principles,' it is in reference to the organic world. Little, very little comparatively, is known of the circumstances that

that have led to the extinction of organic species, and absolutely nothing of the causes of the introduction of new species, or whether secondary causes have therein operated at all. Yet there is a strongly marked tendency throughout the writings of Sir Charles Lyell to apply the same principles in explanation of the changes in the organic world which he has applied with so much, and often so unexpected, success to those of the land and sea. Herein is shown, we think, the least favourable feature of his work, although it is comparatively masked in the edition before us.

The author has, however, in his last Anniversary Address to the Geological Society, brought out his uniformitarian views as applied to plants and animals, in formal and direct opposition to what he admits to be the prevalent but believes to be an erroneous interpretation of the facts of Palæontology. We conceive it our duty, therefore, to take up the gauntlet which Sir Charles has thrown down, and we do so with the more readiness, as his challenge forms a prominent feature in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal for July 1851, where it appears without any sign of dissent on the part of the able and experienced editor, Professor Jameson.

Sir Charles, in illustration of the doctrine which he assails, viz., that 'a gradual development in the scale of being, both animal and vegetable, from the earliest periods to our own time, can be deduced from palæontological evidence,' cites recent works by Sedgwick, Owen, and Hugh Miller. The passage most to the point, from the celebrated Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, is as follows:—

'The elevation of the *Fauna* of successive periods was not made by transmutation, but by creative additions; and it is by watching these additions that we get some insight into Nature's true historical progress. Judging by our evidence (and by what else have we any right to judge?) there was a time when *Cephalopoda* were the highest types of animal life. They were then the *Primates* of this world, and, corresponding to their office and position, some of them were of noble structure and gigantic size. But these creatures were degraded from their rank at the head of Nature, and Fishes next took the lead: and they did not rise up in Nature in some degenerate form, as if they were but the transmuted progeny of the *Cephalopoda*, but they started into life in the very highest ichthyic type ever created. Following our history chronologically, Reptiles next took the lead—and (with some almost evanescent exceptions) they flourished during the countless ages of the secondary period as the lords and despots of the world; and they had an organic perfection corresponding to their exalted rank in Nature's kingdom; for their highest orders were not merely great in strength and stature, but were anatomically

mically raised far above any forms of the Reptile class now living in the world. This class, however, was, in its turn, to lose its rank; what is more, it underwent (when considered collectively) a positive organic degradation before the end of the secondary period—and this took place countless ages before terrestrial mammals of any living type had been called into being. Mammals were added next (near the commencement of the tertiary period), and seem to have been added suddenly. Some of the early extinct forms of this class, which we now know only by ransacking the ancient catacombs of Nature, were powerful and gigantic, and we believe they were collectively well fitted for the place they filled. But they, in their turn, were to be degraded from their place at the head of Nature, and she became what she now is by the addition of Man. By this last addition she is more exalted than she was before. Man stands by himself the despotic lord of the living world; not so great in organic strength as many of the despots that went before him in Nature's chronicle, but raised far above them all by a higher development of the brain—by a framework that fits him for the operations of mechanical skill—by superadded reason—by a social instinct of combination—by a prescience that tells him to act prospectively—by a conscience that makes him amenable to law—by conceptions that transcend the narrow limits of his vision—by hopes that have no full fruition here—by an inborn capacity of rising from individual facts to the apprehension of general laws—by a conception of a cause for all the phenomena of sense—and by a consequent belief in a God of Nature. Such is the history of Creation.'—*Sedgwick*, p. ccxvi.

We take next the quotation from Miller:—

'It is of itself an extraordinary fact, without reference to other considerations, that the order adopted by Cuvier in his Animal Kingdom as that in which the four great classes of vertebrate animals, when marshalled according to their rank and standing, naturally range, should be also that in which they occur in the order of time. The brain, which bears an average proportion to the spinal cord of not more than two to one, came first: it is the brain of a fish; that which bears to the spinal cord an average proportion of two-and-a-half to one, succeeded it: it is the brain of a reptile; then came the brain averaging as three to one: it is that of the bird. Next in succession came the brain that averages as four to one: it is the mammal; and, last of all, there appeared a brain that averages as twenty-three to one;—reasoning, calculating *man* had come upon the scene.'—*Foot-prints of the Creator*, p. 283.

The paragraph cited from Owen's 'Nature of Limbs' we do not repeat, as it merely states, in reference to the vertebrate subkingdom, that the fish was the form first introduced.

If it be true, as is most probable from the caution and experience of Mr. Logan, the chief of the Government Survey in Canada, that the portion of the Montreal or Potsdam sandstone, bearing the impressions of an air-breathing quadruped, is, as Sir Charles

Charles Lyell had previously stated, of the same age as the lowest Silurian deposits in this country, then, according to the interpretation of those footprints given by Professor Owen,* a cold-blooded reptile, probably chelonian, was coeval with the oldest known fish. And the generalization, according to actual evidence, would be, that the cold-blooded vertebrata preceded, by a long series of ages, the warm-blooded ones. Sir Charles Lyell, however, goes farther, and repudiates the theory of *successive development of organic life;* and, as he premises a brief preliminary statement of the principal points which he expects to establish in opposition to that theory, we shall, in the remainder of our article, confine ourselves to an examination of their value.

'First, in regard to fossil plants, it is natural that those less developed tribes which inhabit salt water, should be the oldest yet known in a fossil state, because the lowest strata which we have hitherto found happen to be marine, although the contemporaneous silurian land may very probably have been inhabited by plants more highly organized.

'Secondly, the most ancient terrestrial flora with which we can be said to have any real acquaintance (the carboniferous) contains coniferæ, which are by no means of the lowest grade in the phænogamous class, and, according to many botanists of high authority, palms, which are as highly organized as any members of the vegetable creation.

'Thirdly, in the secondary formations, from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, gymnosperms allied to Zamia and Cycas predominate; but with these are associated some monocotyledons or endogens, of species inferior to no phænogamous plants in the perfection or complexity of their organs.

'Fourthly, in the strata from the cretaceous to the uppermost tertiary inclusive, all the principal classes of living plants occur, including the dicotyledonous angiosperms of Brongniart. During this vast lapse of time four or five complete changes of species took place, yet no step whatever was made in advance at any one of those periods by the addition of more highly organized plants.'—*Address*, 21.

With respect to these propositions, we would in the first place remark that organised beings constitute one great natural assemblage of objects. Plants cannot be distinguished from animals except by special definitions, of which there have been several, founded,—*e. g.*, on sensation and motion,—on the stomach,—on the respiratory products,—on the chemical constitution of the tissues,—on the sources of nutriment, &c.,—each of which definitions draws the boundary line at a different latitude of the debateable ground. No generalization touching the progression of life on this planet can be materially affected by the phenomena

* Appendix to Sir C. Lyell's Address; and Proceedings of the Geological Society, April 30th, 1851.

of one particular group of living beings, least of all by the lowest group.

Plants are the lowest forms of organic life: *Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt, non sentiunt:* the system by which the individual takes cognizance of the things around it, and puts itself in sentient relation with them, has not begun to appear in any of the botanical orders or families. Progress in the organic scale could not be exemplified in any great degree within the limits of the vegetable kingdom; and it would be no argument against conclusions based on a survey of the animal world from its earliest traces on our planet to its actual condition, if even the so-called highest forms of plants had been discovered in the same strata with those first evidences of animal life.

Such discovery, however, has not yet been made. All that we at present know of the vegetation of the globe at the period of the earliest known fossiliferous deposits is that it was of that more simple or less developed kind which characterises the tribes growing in the sea. No doubt the lowest strata which we have hitherto found happen to be marine; but it helps us very little forward in the solution of the great question of stationary or progressive creation to suggest that the contemporaneous silurian land may very probably have been inhabited by plants more highly organized; because those plants may also, with some probability, have been lichens, mosses, ferns, or forms at least of a kindred grade of organisation. We do not know what they were, and our hypotheses must wait until we do.

The most ancient terrestrial flora with which palæontologists have any real acquaintance is that of the carboniferous period; and this contains coniferæ, which, although by no means the lowest of the phænogamous class, are still far from being ranked amongst the highest. Whether some of the fossil coal plants are referable to the family of true Palms is a point as yet not so clearly determined. But if botanists of the highest authority were all agreed as to the existence of those highly organised members of the vegetable creation at the carboniferous epoch, as they are respecting the predominance of gymnosperms allied to Zamia and Cycas in the secondary beds, from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, and in regard to the presence of exogens and dicotyledonous angiosperms in the eocene tertiary formations, and of trees resembling the *Cinnamomum* and *Podocarpus* in the miocene strata,—these facts would still leave the question of the progression of organisation unaffected. But of the 500 species of coal plants to which the critical and scrupulous investigations of Adolphe Brongniart have restricted the fossil evidences, one half at least are ferns, and the greater part of the remainder are gymnosperms;

nosperms; and Sir Charles admits both the fact and its remarkable character, viz., that none of the exogens of Lindley or dicotyledonous angiosperms of Brongniart, which comprise four-fifths of the living flora of the globe, have yet been discovered in the coal measures. It must be remembered, too, when the value of negative evidence is called in question, that the whole of Europe does not produce more than 50 species of ferns—only one-fifth of the number that have left their remains in our coal strata; and accordingly M. Brongniart has called the flora of the carboniferous and Permian strata the 'age of Acrogens.'

In the strata from the triassic to the Purbeck inclusive, plants of the family of Zamia and Cycas, together with coniferæ, predominated in Europe far more than anywhere now on the globe in corresponding latitudes, and this fauna Brongniart calls the 'age of Gymnosperms.'

Now, we presume, it will be admitted that Cryptogamia, Phænogamia, Gymnosperms, and Dicotyledonous Angiosperms constitute a succession and a progressive one; this is the order in which our present collection of facts compels us to arrange the records of the ancient evidences of vegetable life; and no suggestion of the possibility of contradictory facts, as yet undiscovered, can avail to subvert that order, or ought to affect the conclusions legitimately deducible from it. It is true that there is no very great difference in the perfection or complexity of the organs of a monocotyledonous and a dicotyledonous plant, but it is that very similarity in their grade of structure which diminishes the force of any argument drawn from vegetable fossils against the ideas of progression which have been derived from a comparison of the fossil remains of the animal kingdom. If there be some analogy in the succession of forms of the vegetable kingdom, showing a progressively nearer approach to those that now prevail, with the more striking progress towards actual forms in the successive tribes of the animal kingdom, it is as much as can be expected to be deduced from vegetable palæontology in reference to the main question at issue between the Progressionist and Uniformitarian. The *Address* proceeds:

'Fifthly, in regard to the animal kingdom, the lowest Silurian strata contain highly developed representatives of the three great divisions of radiata, articulata, and mollusca, showing that the marine invertebrate animals were as perfect then as in the existing seas. They also comprise some indications of fish, the scarcity of which in a fossil state, as well as the absence of cetacea, does not appear inexplicable in the present imperfect state of our investigations, when we consider the corresponding rarity and sometimes the absence of the like remains observed in dredging the beds of existing seas.'

'Sixthly,

'Sixthly, the upper Silurian group contains amongst its fossil fish cestracionf sharks, than which no ichthyic type is more elevated.'

It is very true that representatives of all the four leading divisions of the animal kingdom are met with in the earliest sedimentary deposits containing any records of organised beings—in other words, in the lowest Silurian strata. Not only do species of Radiata, Articulata, and Mollusca here occur, but remains of Vertebrata have been found: these, however, are confined to indications of a cold-blooded reptile and to remains of fishes—and amongst the latter no trace of a well-ossified vertebral column appears. Nay, even those piscine remains that have been discovered in the upper Silurian group show a retention of the same embryonic state of the skeleton; although, by the analogy of the recent cestracion, we may infer that a well-developed fish's brain and reproductive system were combined with the cartilaginous backbone. But Sir Charles Lyell makes a large demand upon our faith in possible contingencies when, referring to the rarity, and sometimes the absence, of cetaceous remains observed in dredging the beds of existing seas, he deems that the causes of such scarcity or absence may explain the non-discovery hitherto of cetacea in the lowest Silurian strata.—If, notwithstanding the vast numbers of fossil fishes that have been discovered in Silurian and Devonian beds, not one evidence of an ossified body of a vertebra has occurred, whilst almost all the species have shown the dermal skeleton developed in excess, the probability of warm-blooded cetacea, with a smooth vascular skin and well-ossified internal vertebral column having co-existed with such crustaceous-like fishes, will not appear very great.

'Seventhly, in the carboniferous fauna there have been recently discovered several skeletons of reptiles of by no means a low or simple organization, and in the Permian there are saurians of as high a grade as any now existing, while the absence of terrestrial mammalia in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation as our ignorance of most of the insects and all the pulmoniferous mollusca, as well as of Helices and other land shells of the same era.'—*Ib.*

With regard to the carboniferous epoch, the President of the Geological Society, in the Proposition above cited, reminds the members that 'there have been recently discovered several skeletons of reptiles of by no means a low or simple organization.' But no reptile has an organization that can properly be called simple or low—no fish even; for the vertebrated type is the highest of all. The question is whether the carboniferous fauna has yielded any evidence of a reptile which presents a high and complex organization compared to the rest of its class.

The reptiles to which Sir Charles refers in his Address are those,

those, probably, that are indicated by foot-prints in the coal strata of Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, and which he had an opportunity of examining in 1846. He says (*Manual*, p. 337), 'I was at once convinced of their genuineness;'—but we confess that we should have valued the conclusion more highly if it had been more deliberately arrived at. We, however, by no means doubt the accuracy of the inferences that have been drawn as to the general character of the animal that left the foot-prints in *question*. These prints were first observed standing out in relief from the lower surface of slabs of sandstone, resting on thin layers of fine unctuous clay. Casts of cracks occasioned by the shrinking and drying of the clay accompany, and sometimes traverse, the foot-steps, producing distortion in them; for the clay must have been soft when the animal walked over it and left the impressions, whereas, when it afterwards dried up and shrank, it would be too hard to receive such indentations. The foot-prints bear the greatest resemblance to those which have been discovered in the new red sandstones of Europe, and have been referred to an animal called *Chirotherium;* but the fore foot of the American Chirothere was less small in proportion to the hind foot, and it shows but four toes. The European Chirothere was at first conjectured, by Dr. Kaup, to have been a mammiferous animal allied to the opossum, but geologists have since adopted the conclusions of Professor Owen, that it was a reptile, having, like the Labyrinthodons, the most essential affinities to the Batrachian order.

Something better than footprints were discovered about the same period in the coal formations of Münster-Appel in Rhenish Bavaria—viz. the skull, vertebral column, and some bones of the extremities, of an animal which was referred by the able palæontologist of Frankfürt, M. Herman von Meyer, to the class of reptiles, under the name of *Apateon pedestris*. In 1847 Prof. von Dechen found in the coal-field of Saarbrück, at the village of Lebach, between Strasburg and Treves, the skeletons of three species of reptiles, which were described by Goldfuss under the generic name of *Archegosaurus*. These reptiles are regarded by both Von Meyer and Owen as being most nearly allied to the perennibranchiate *Batrachia*, e. g. the *Proteus anguinus*—only that they combined with their short and simple ribs a better development of the dermal skeleton, in that respect showing their analogy with most of the fishes of the same and antecedent periods.

Had mammalia existed in the same number and variety in the ancient forests that have contributed to the coal strata, as in the actual woods and swamps of the warmer parts of the globe—had armadillos and anteaters been then created to feed on the insects, sloths on the leaves, and monkeys on the fruits of the coal plants,

as

as they now do in the Brazilian forests, where the mammals preponderate over reptiles, we might have expected the first evidence of an air-breathing vertebrate animal discovered in the coal fields to have been mammalian. The osseous tissue of the skeletons of this class is a substance better adapted for preservation in a fossil state than the soft coverings of insects; and the diminutive size of these perishable creatures must be taken into the account, in their comparison with the higher vertebrate classes, with reference to the probabilities of the discovery of their fossilized remains. When, therefore, we find the eloquent President affirming (*ibid.*) that the absence of land mammalia in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation as our ignorance of most of the insects and other terrestrial invertebrata of the same era, we can only attribute the oversight of the circumstances more favourable to the discovery of mammals to the influence of those uniformitarian views that have chiefly guided his labours in this field of science.

'Eighthly, the fish and reptiles of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living. The birds are represented by numerous foot-prints and coprolites in the Trias of New England, and by a few bones, not yet generically determined, from Stonesfield and the English Wealden.'—*Ib.* 22.

It is no argument against the views that naturally arise out of the summary of the facts of Palæontology as they are now known, to urge that 'the fish and reptiles of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living.' A fish must have the grade of organization of its class as such—and so of a reptile. The question is, whether the vertebrata of those classes bore the same proportion to birds and mammals as they now do?—whether the estuary and fresh-water formations of the secondary periods manifest as large a proportion of the fossil remains of warm-blooded animals, as those formations of the present period might be expected to do, or even as the same formations of the tertiary periods actually have done?

Before entering upon this question we will return to the eighth proposition which the President expects to establish in opposition to the theory of successive development. Our readers will remark that he cautiously abstains from the use of the word 'progressive.' Throughout his Address he tries to show that the 'doctrine of successive development is not palæontologically true.' We cannot suppose that in substituting 'successive' for 'progressive' he would ignore the main conclusion of Palæontology. He nowhere at least extends his argument *ex ignoto* to the explanation of the non-discovery of forms, now only known as peculiar to the formations of one period, in those of an antecedent or of a later period.

period.—We take for granted, therefore, that he does not wish to be understood as endeavouring to oppose the generally admitted inference, based on the actual state of palæontology, that the order of things in past time so far differed from that of the present as to require new species of animals to be successively created, and adapted, as we must suppose, to as many successively differing conditions of the surface of our planet.

Every fish and every reptile was doubtless as perfectly adapted to the circumstances under which it lived at the remotest of the Geological periods, as any fish or reptile at the present day: in that respect it was 'as fully developed.' Palæontology, however, has made us acquainted with different races of fishes in different formations, to which those races respectively are peculiar, and of which they are consequently characteristic; and as those formations succeeded each other in point of time, so we infer that the different races of fishes were successively developed. But what Sir Charles Lyell appears to be contending for is, that the forms of animal life that succeeded each other did not differ in the *grade of their organization;* man, of course, always excepted.

No doubt every fish is alike perfect in relation to its sphere of existence; but a gradation of complexity of organization is traceable throughout the class, as we now know it, and the lancelet and lamprey are, in this comparison, pronounced by naturalists to be inferior to, or less fully developed than, the tunny or the shark. There is, however, but a short range of gradation within the limits of this class as compared with that which extends from the fish to the mammal, or from the invertebrate to the vertebrate series; and in the class of fishes it is seen that when a species overpasses another in certain organs, as, *e. g.*, in the brain or the parts of generation, the advance is usually counterbalanced by a less full development of some other system, as, *e. g.*, the respiratory and osseous. In no shark or cestracion, *e. g.*, are the gills free, or is there any rudiment of the lungs, such as the air-bladder of most osseous fishes presents; and the lower grade of the skeleton of the sharks is indicated by their position in the so-called 'cartilaginous' order of fishes. When once the skeleton becomes ossified in the class of fishes, little, if anything, can be distinctly predicated of the grade of organization or of development of the fish, as such: in the rest of their organization they are much alike.

One of the leading distinctions amongst animals is the position of the skeleton; the great binary division of Lamarck into vertebrata and invertebrata was based upon this distinction; and Cuvier's supplementary labours, which made us better acquainted with

with the real nature and value of the invertebrate groups, have served in the main to confirm the reality of the great characteristic manifested in the internal or external position of the skeleton.

We have already adverted to the remarkable fact that no completely ossified vertebra of a fish had been discovered in the strata of the Silurian and Devonian period. Those strata are of enormous extent, and have been most extensively investigated. As regards the internal skeleton these primeval fishes were less fully developed than those of the tertiary and existing seas.

This fact, and the obvious conclusion from it, we maintain to be indisputable according to actual knowledge—according to those premises on which alone we can philosophically build conclusions. Probably, therefore, the conditions of the seas in which the primeval placoids and ganoids existed were such as to dispense with that state of the backbone which is acquired at its highest stage of development. In relation to the circumstances in which they lived, palæozoic fishes were as perfect as their successors; but, in comparison with these successors, they were 'less fully developed,' and the state of their world may be inferred to have differed *pro tanto* from the state of ours. We cannot shut out this evidence of a different order of things. Not any of the arguments which Sir Charles Lyell has endeavoured to apply in explanation of the non-discovery of terrestrial mammalia in the marine strata of the old world will apply to the remains of sea fishes. Palæontology demonstrates that there has been not only a *successive* development in this class, but, as regards their vertebrate skeleton, a *progressive* one.

Had the partially vertebrated fishes that existed prior to the coal-formations any structures that compensated for their incomplete back-bone?—we may next ask. And the answer which palæontology yields to that question is—that its cognizance of them is almost exclusively founded on the fossilized parts of the external or dermal skeleton. This system of hard parts was not only developed in excess, as compared with the great majority of recent fishes, but presented in its form and structure a closer resemblance to the exo-skeletons of invertebrata than that of any known fish which possesses the same system of hard parts well calcified. In the *Pterichthys*, *Pamphractus*, and *Coccosteus*, *e. g.*, of the old red sandstone rocks of Scotland, the exo-skeleton presents the form of large plates, either symmetrical, or articulated symmetrically by 'harmoniæ' or straight sutures, like the shell of the lobster. The large calcified dermal shield which protected the head of the *Cephalaspis* has often been mistaken for that of a trilobite of the division *Asaphus*.—These, of course, are but analogies—

analogies—and the invertebrate-like condition of the skeletons of the known palæozoic fishes was doubtless associated with a general plan of organization essentially vertebrate and piscine. But we can never hope to arrive at the truth, as it respects the course of creation on this planet, if we voluntarily shut our eyes to the fact and the bearing of these analogies.

All the known fossil fishes of the secondary rocks present that excess of calcareous matter in their scales or skin-plates which is indicated by the terms 'placoid' and 'ganoid' applied to the orders to which they exclusively belong. No existing placoid fish has an ossified external skeleton, and the like may be affirmed of many of the secondary ganoids.

'The predominance of osseous matter,' says Mr. Owen, 'deposited in the tegumentary system in these ancient extinct fishes, is not unfrequently accompanied by indications of a semi-cartilaginous state of the endo-skeleton, like that in the lepidosiren of the present day; the total absence of any vertebral centræ in this fossilized skeleton of the *Microdon radiatus* (No. 70, Fossil Fishes, Mus. Coll. Chirurg.)—and the vacant tract, where they should have been, between the bases of the neur-and hæm-apophyses, which have been little disturbed—together with the remains of the scale armour which has kept all the fossilizable parts of the extinct fish together—show plainly enough that the primitive gelatinous *chorda dorsalis* has been persistent.'—*Comparative Anatomy*, i. 143.

The contrasted states of the exo-and-endo skeletons, described by the Hunterian Professor in the *Microdon radiatus* of the secondary epoch, may have been associated with as advanced a development of the soft parts as we find in the few ganoidal fishes that exist at the present day; but, the lower embryotic condition of the vertebrate skeleton being demonstrated, not only in that but in many other contemporary ganoids, it cannot be admitted that 'the fish of the secondary rocks are as fully developed in their organization as those now living.' This is a statement hazarded by the advocate of a particular view—not the generalization which the equal ponderer on *all the phenomena* would have enunciated.

The theory of successive development of animal species cannot be better tested than by the evidence afforded by the remains of those that inhabited the sea—for the differences in their organization are independent of the mere pelagic nature of the deposits, and cannot be explained away, as in the case of the non-discovery of terrestrial organisms, by the non-discovery of the deltas of co-existing rivers. If, indeed, no ganoid fish had been found in a fossil state, the advocate of uniformitarian conditions of animal life might have urged against the conclusion of their non-exist-

ence

ence in the earlier deposits of the earth's crust, that the only existing fishes with imbricated enamelled bony scales were fluviatile, and restricted to two genera—the *Polypterus* of Africa and the *Lepidosteus* of America. The extremely small proportion of the ganoids to the rest of the extensive class of fishes would render their non-discovery in a fossil state quite explicable, if the deltas of the contemporary rivers into which alone the remains of the ganoids might be expected to have been drifted had not been found. So widely different, however, was the nature of the piscine inhabitants of the secondary seas from those of the present, that—whereas all the existing sea-fishes with imbricated scales have them of the horny flexible ctenoid or cycloid type—not one of the fossil fishes in the secondary strata below the chalk possessed scales of that type, but all with overlapping scale armour had these scales of the hard and solid ganoid structure.

The fluviatile cetacea of the present day are restricted, like the imbricated ganoid fishes, to two genera, and each genus is confined to a particular continent; the *Platanista* (*Delphinus gangeticus*) to the Asiatic river from which it derives its specific name, and the *Inia Boliviensis* to some of the great rivers of South America. We cannot contrast the total absence of cetacean mammalia in the deposits of the palæozoic and secondary seas with the abundance of ganoid fishes in the same deposits, and the analogous abundance of marine cetacea with the total absence of imbricated ganoids in the seas of the present day, without the conviction that there must have been some difference in the conditions suited to animal life associated with such evidence of successive development.

To the arguments against that succession which Sir Charles Lyell founds on his statements that no ichthyic type is more elevated than certain cartilaginous fishes of the upper Silurian group, and that the fish of the secondary rocks are as fully developed as these now living, we will finally reply by recalling the remarks which the study of those ancient fossil fishes has elicited from the great founder of fossil ichthyology. Besides the incomplete development of the backbone, M. Agassiz points out other striking traits of an embryonic character. The cephalaspids of the old red sandstone were shaped like the tadpoles of Batrachia; the breathing organs and chief part of the alimentary apparatus were aggregated with the proper viscera of the cranial cavity in an enormous cephalic enlargement; the rest of the trunk was for locomotion, and dwindled to a point. The position of the anal fin proves the vent to have been situated, as in tadpoles, immediately behind the cephalic-abdominal expansion. In the *Pterichthys*

Pterichthys the mouth was small and inferior, as in the young tadpole; and there are long fin-like appendages, projecting from the sides of the cephalic enlargement, like the external gills of the Batrachian and Selachian larvæ. With regard to the development of the median or vertical fins of fishes, Mr. Owen says (*Comp. Anat.*, p. 145):—

'They are developed from a single continuous fold of integument, which is extended round the tail from the dorsal to the ventral surface, as in the tadpoles of Batrachia. In most fishes the growth of this fold is progressive at certain parts and checked at others; and where development is active the supporting dermal rays make their appearance, and the transformation into dorsal, anal, and caudal fins is thus effected. At first the caudal fin is unequally lobed, and the terminal vertebræ extend into the upper and longer lobe; the dorsals and anals are also, at first, closely approximated to each other, and to the caudal fin. M. Agassiz has shown that all these embryonic characters were retained in many of the extinct fishes of the old red sandstone; and the development of the caudal fin did not extend in any fish beyond the heterocercal stage until the preparation of the earth's surface had advanced to that stage which is called *jurassic* or *oolitic* in Geology.'

Hugh Miller, with his wonted fecundity of illustration and felicity of diction, referring to this peculiarity of the tail in the embryos of existing fishes, remarks:—

'What may be regarded as the design of the arrangement is probably to be found in the peculiar form given to the little creature by the protuberant (yolk) bag in front. A wise instinct teaches it, from the moment of its exclusion from the egg, to avoid its enemies. In the instant the human shadow falls upon its pool, we see it darting into some recess at the sides or bottom, with singular alacrity. As, like an ill-trimmed vessel, deep in the water a-head, the balance of its body is imperfect, there is, if I may so express myself, a heterocercal peculiarity of helm required. It has got an irregularly-developed tail to balance an irregularly-developed body, as skiffs, *lean* on the one beam and *full* on the other, require, in rowing, a cast of the rudder to keep them straight in their course.'—*Foot-prints*, p. 146.

If the final purpose of the heterocercal tail in modern embryo-fishes is explicable on the peculiar form of their body, that of the heterocercal tail of ancient fishes, without that peculiar form, may have related to some condition of the seas they were appointed to swim in. If any insight, at least, is to be gained into the state of the primeval ocean, the results of the researches of the palæontologist and physiologist into the nature and forms of the animal life of that ocean must be considered in an equal and comprehensive spirit; the great problems of progress or no progress in the preparation of the earth's surface, and in the grade of the

the dwellers upon it, can in nowise be advanced by masking those results under curt affirmations of the full development of any given class of palæozoic marine animals.

By opposing the theory of successive development, Sir Charles Lyell may intend only to contravene the proposition that invertebrata preceded the vertebrata, and the cold-blooded, the warm-blooded, back-boned animals in their appearance upon the earth. But the quotations which he premises from Owen *On the Nature of Limbs* (p. 86), and Miller's *Foot-prints* (pp.283-6), as expressive of their sentiments on the theory of successive development, which he professes to oppose, contain nothing contrary to the idea that the vertebrate organization was coeval with the molluscous, articulate, and radiate types on this planet. Nor was it to be expected that blindness to the importance of the fragmentary evidence of vertebrata in the Silurian rocks would be found in the Physiologist who had first distinctly enunciated the generalization that in the development of the vertebrate animal the germ passed at once from the common form of the protozoon or monad to the vertebrated type, without transitorily representing either the radiate, articulate, or molluscous types.*

The great question with regard to any of the four leading

* 'As the insect must pass through the earlier forms of the articulate, so must man through those of the vertebrate sub-kingdom. The human embryo is first apodal and vermiform; not, however, at any period an articulated worm. The metamorphoses of the germ-cells in the spherical monadiform ovum have laid down the foundation of the nervous system coeval with the first assumption of a definite animal form; and, by placing it along the back as a rudimental spinal chord, have stamped the vermiform human embryo with the characters of the vertebrate apodal fish.' And again—'The *vertebrated* ovum having manifested its monadiform relations by the spontaneous fission, growth, and multiplication of the primordial nucleated cells, next assumes, by their metamorphosis and primary arrangement, the form and condition of the finless cartilaginous fish, from which fundamental form development radiates in as many and diversified directions and extents, and attains more extraordinary heights of complication and perfection, than any of the lower secondary types appear to be susceptible of.' *Owen on the Invertebrate Animals*, 1843, pp. 218, 371. The proposition by Von Baer—'A heterogeneous or special structure arises out of one more homogeneous or general, and this by a gradual change' (*Ueber Entwickelungsgeschichte der Thiere*, 1837), is a principle which is illustrated in a remarkable degree by the succession of animal forms on our planet; but it could never have conveyed or established the important idea derived by Owen from reflection on the early phenomena of vertebrate development—and consequently the hypothesis that a vertebrate embryo transitorily typified, or passed through, the forms of the radiary, the worm, and the mollusk before acquiring its proper vertebrate character, continued to be held long after the promulgation of the vague statement of the course of development from the general to the special structure. It is only in the latest summary of physiology that we find Owen's view of the course of vertebrate development adopted—and it is given almost in his own words:—'In its very earliest grade, indeed, it [the human embryo] might be likened to the cells, or clusters of cells, of which the protozoa are constituted; but so soon as the multiplication and conversion of these has proceeded to such an extent as to give it a form and structure to which a resemblance can be traced to *any* higher animal, it is to the vertebrated type that we should at once assign it.' *Carpenter's Principles of Physiology*, 1851, p. 681.

divisions

divisions of the animal kingdom is, whether, according to the evidence already obtained, there has been not only a succession of different forms, but an advance made in that succession, and especially whether the earlier forms retained in a greater degree the characters which are transitory and embryonic in the existing forms.

The higher any primary group or subkingdom of animals ranks as a whole, the greater is the extent of gradation from the lowest to the highest of such group. Accordingly we do not find in any of the invertebrate subkingdoms so marked a distinction in structure and powers as is exemplified between the cold-blooded and warm-blooded members of the vertebrate subkingdom.

Sir Charles Lyell seeks to show that these were coeval in their introduction into this planet, and that they co-existed probably in the same proportions as at the present day. Thus, respecting the cold and warm blooded denizens of the deep, he states, in reference to the lowest Silurian strata, 'They also comprise some indications of fish, the scarcity of which in a fossil state, as well as the absence of cetacea, does not appear inexplicable in the present imperfect state of our investigations.' But we shall pass by for the present the consideration of the value of the argument *ex ignoto*, as applied to the warmblood fish-like mammalia, and proceed first to the statements offered in respect to the antiquity of the feathered tribes.

He admits that the earliest evidence which we possess of that warm-blooded class dates from the period of the deposition of the secondary rocks. 'The birds are represented by numerous foot-prints and coprolites in the lias of New England, and by a few bones not yet generically determined from Stonesfield and the English Wealden.' (*Address*, 21.) Admitting the accuracy of the interpretation given by Professor Hitchcock as to the class of animals to which the impressions in the new red sandstone of Massachusetts are to be referred, we have next to consider the grade of the supposed birds in their class. On this head Sir Charles is silent. 'The size, indeed,' he says, 'of some of the fossil impressions seemed at first to raise an objection against their having belonged to birds, as it far exceeded that of any living ostrich; but the dinornis and other feathered giants of New Zealand have removed this difficulty.' Now the character of size, when it surpasses a certain point, is of more value in reference to the grade of structure of a bird than in any other class of animals. All existing birds, at least, that surpass the condor or lämmergeyer in bulk are incapable of flight; their wings dwindle away, or rather their development is arrested at a point beyond which it is carried in birds of flight.

If

If any one will look at the proportions of the wings in a newly-hatched chick, he will see that they are those which the ostrich retains throughout life; and he will also see that they are associated with a loose, downy character of plumage. The feathers in the great short-winged birds never acquire that compact closely-knitted texture of the barbs that characterizes the plumage of birds of flight. The cassowary, the emeu, the rhea, and the ostrich retain throughout life certain characters of the embryo or immature individuals of the higher orders of birds. In the dinornis the wings were arrested at the same extremely rudimental and diminutive stage which they present in the little apteryx of New Zealand, and we cannot, therefore, doubt but that its plumage was also arrested at the same incomplete stage as compared with that of birds of flight.

From the abrogation of their grand and characteristic locomotive power, and the concomitant undeveloped state of the plumage, ornithologists place the penguins and the struthious birds at the lowest step of the scale of ornithic organization. And guided by the stature of the birds, and the number and direction of the toes indicated by the foot-prints which offer the first sign of the feathered tribe hitherto recognized in this planet, we must also regard those birds as being amongst the lowest members of their class. It signifies little to object that other and higher members may yet be found in the same or earlier formations. The proper business of the philosophic geologist who generalises at all is to generalise from the known facts. The probabilities are as much on one side as the other, and may be claimed by either party who may feel dissatisfied with the facts as they are. All that we contend for is that the mere statement that birds existed at the period of the trias, although a truth, is not the whole truth required for an impartial verdict on the issue of successive or progressive development. They were amongst the lowest organized birds—and so far the facts, in respect to the first introduction of birds, are analogous to those in respect to the first introduction of reptiles.

The Anniversary Address next affirms that a few bones of birds, not yet generically determined, have been obtained from the oolite of Stonesfield and the English Wealden.

This announcement of the remains of another warm-blooded class in the Stonesfield slate is scarcely less interesting than that first made by Cuvier and Buckland in 1823 regarding the mammalia.* But their statement was based upon the discovery of a recognizable bone of the skeleton—the lower jaw—with

* Transactions of the Geological Society, vol. i., 2nd Series, p. 399.

teeth.

teeth. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the bones of the birds from Stonesfield are not yet generically determined; but he does not even tell us what bones they are. This want of information contrasts strangely with the amount of research, comparison, and discussion, to which the alleged evidence of mammalia was subjected before the fact of the existence of that class could be regarded as sufficiently established to become the basis of any reasoning upon the order of introduction of life in this planet.

Sir Charles proceeds, however, to argue with equal confidence to prove the existence of birds in the Stonesfield slate, although his only present grounds appear to be the statement from Mr. Bowerbank that, 'among several bones of pterodactyls from Stonesfield, he had met with one from the same locality which, by its microscopic structure, was clearly referable to a bird;' and a similar statement by Mr. Quekett in regard to eighteen out of twenty bones, from Stonesfield slate, preserved in the Museum of the Geological Society.

We should be glad to succeed in impressing on Sir Charles Lyell the same degree of caution and hesitation in regard to the microscopic characters of the osseous tissue of the oviparous animals, with elliptical blood-corpuscles, that some experience with the microscope has enforced upon ourselves. The microscope is a good and useful servant, but it has often been abused, and nothing has tended more to detract from its true value, and to place it temporarily in abeyance, than a too confident assertion of results which subsequent and more careful observation has failed to confirm. Our readers may recollect that, during the panic of the cholera in 1849, a gentleman from Bristol boldly announced his discovery, by means of the microscope, of the actual entities that caused that fatal and previously mysterious disease. They were alleged to be a peculiar kind of fungi or microscopic mushroom, which floated in the infected atmosphere. He was unwilling to rest his statement on his own observation, and backed it by 'the opinion of so high an authority as would bear great weight.' This authority is a letter dated from the 'Royal College of Surgeons,' and signed JOHN QUEKETT.* The more careful and skilful microscopic observations of Drs. Baly, Gull, and Busk showed the true value of the statement and its certificate; the supposed cholera-fungoid proved to be the common *Uredo frumenti*, a denizen not of the air, but of our daily bread; and the Bristol discovery sank into the limbo of all hasty blunders.†

* See Medical Gazette, September 28, 1849.

† Compare the able Report of the Cholera Sub-Committee of the College of Physicians on the so-called cholera fungi—(Medical Gazette, October 20, pp. 776-779)—with that by the assistant-conservator of the Royal College of Surgeons (Ib. p. 852).

The public confidence in the generalizations of geologists will depend on the care and caution with which the foundation facts are collected and stated.

Sir Charles affirms that 'the long-winged bird of the chalk, called Cimoliornis by Professor Owen, formerly considered as allied to the albatros, has now proved, as Mr. Bowerbank had inferred from the structure and proportions of the bone-cells, to be a Pterodactyl.' We had believed that the idea of the Cimoliornis of the middle chalk being a Pterodactyle, suggested itself to Mr. Bowerbank on his receiving from the same chalk-pit a skull and teeth of a large and undoubted Pterodactyle. If Sir Charles will turn to the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. ii., containing the Proceedings of May 14, 1845, he will find that Mr. Bowerbank commences his Memoir by the announcement 'that he had recently obtained from the upper chalk of Kent'—(the mistake as to the formation was afterwards pointed out by Mr. Toulmin Smith) —'some remains of a large species of *Pterodactylus*;'—he then describes the unmistakeable parts which included portions of the jaws and teeth, and he concludes by the remark, 'if it should hereafter prove that the bone described and figured by Professor Owen belongs to a Pterodactyle, the probable expansion of the wings would reach to at least eight or nine feet. Under these circumstances,' he says, 'I propose that the species described above shall be designated *Pterodactylus giganteus*.' The question of the microscopic structure of the bones is nowhere mooted in the Memoir in which the accuracy of the reference of the *Cimoliornis* to the class of birds is called in question.

The results of the microscopic examination of the questionable bones were submitted to the Geological Society three years later: and we may be permitted to doubt, after a due examination of Mr. Bowerbank's description and figures, whether the microscopic characters of the fossil bones of the *Cimoliornis* would ever alone have emboldened him to infer that they belonged to a Pterodactyle. But on this subject we prefer to lean on the authority of one whose contributions to Palæontology, by means of the microscope, have been received and confirmed by all subsequent observers:—as e. g. in the case of the teeth of the *Labyrinthodon*, *Dendrodus*, *Rhinodon*, *Megatherium*, &c. The characters of these parts, once pointed out, are readily recognisable and unequivocal. With regard to alleged characters from the osseous tissue, we shall quote the remarks which Professor Owen has offered in the last number (Part V., p. 237) of his History of British Fossil Reptiles:—

'I still think it for the interest of science, in the present limited extent

extent of induction from microscopic evidence, to offer a warning against a too hasty and implicit confidence in the forms and proportions of the purkingean or radiated corpuscles of bone, as demonstrative of such minor groups of a class as that of the genus *Pterodactylus*. Such a statement as that the cells in *Birds* "have a breadth in proportion to their length of from one to four or five; while in *Reptiles* the length exceeds the breadth of ten or twelve times," only betrays the limited experience of the assertor. In the dermal plates of the tortoise, *e. g.*, the average breadth of the bone-cell to its length is as one to six; and single ones might be selected of greater breadth. With the exception of one restricted family of Ruminants, every Mammal, the blood-discs of which have been submitted to examination, has been found to possess those particles of a circular form: in the Camelidæ they are elliptical, as in birds and reptiles. The bone-cells have already shown a greater range of variety in the vertebrate series than the blood-discs. Is it, then, a too scrupulous reticence, to require the evidence of microscopic structure of a bone to be corroborated by other testimony of a plainer kind, before hastening to an absolute determination of its nature, as has been done with regard to the Wealden bone, figured in the Geological Transactions, vol. v. pl. xiii. fig. 6?—I would request the reader who may be desirous to exercise his own independent judgment on such facts as have been published on this point, to compare, for example, some of the cells figured by Mr. Bowerbank, in Pl. i., fig. 9, of the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, vol. iv., as being those of the bone of a bird, with some of the wider cells, fig. 1, of the same plate, as being those of the bones of a Pterodactyle; and contrast the want of parallelism in the cells of the Wealden bone, fig. 9, with the parallelism of the long axes of the cells in the bone of the albatros, fig. 3.'

When Sir Charles Lyell has made this comparison he will be better able to appreciate the nature of the evidence on which he has been led to affirm the co-existence of the remains of birds with those of Pterodactyles in the oolite of Stonesfield and the Wealden of Sussex. For ourselves we shall suspend any reasoning on such alleged facts, until an indubitable portion of the skeleton of a bird shall have been recognized, by its obvious and unmistakeable characters, in one or other of those secondary strata. Had birds at that period actually co-existed with Pterodactyles, as at the present day they do with bats, and in the same proportions, there is no good reason why their remains should not have been found in the fresh-water deposits of the Wealden period at least, as they have been in the fresh-water deposits of the eocene period. In these deposits they are far from being rare, and their characters are unmistakeable. In proof of this we may refer to the beautiful Ornitholites from the Sheppey clay figured in Owen's Fossil Mammals and Birds of Great Britain; and to the catalogue of tertiary fossils from Allier, in the south

of France, recently submitted to the authorities of the British Museum by M. Lartet, in which not fewer than 673 specimens of the fossil bones of birds are specified from that single locality. Nor ought the remains of this class to be wanting, or even scanty, in the estuary deposits of any formation, if the class had actually been represented by as many species, and by species so numerous in individuals as exist at the present day. Yet, in reference to the absence of the remains of birds in certain strata, Sir Charles observes—

'They have left no fossil memorials behind them, because, if they perished on the land, their bodies decomposed or became the prey of carnivorous animals; if on the water, they were buoyant and floated till they were devoured by predaceous fish or birds, and in warmer countries by reptiles such as the alligator.'—*Address*, p. 46.

With respect to the littoral and estuary formations of the secondary period, we would remark that the carcases of the Ichthyosaurs and of the marine piscivorous long-snouted crocodiles called Teleosaurs, may have often sunk in deep sea, as well as have been floated and cast on shore; but the more amphibious Iguanodons, the turtle-like Plesiosaurs, and the soft or mud turtles (*Trionycidæ*), may be presumed to have left their carcases usually in the banks and shores of the estuaries which they frequented, and so have been preserved to us, as, indeed, we now find them, in the mud that has become more or less petrified and converted by the operation of long ages into the Wealden and Oolitic estuary clays. We deny that the existence of any bird's bones in these formations has been satisfactorily established; and we do not regard the hypothesis that they were all devoured as explanatory of the fact, on the assumption that the vertebrate kingdom was represented by the same classes, and in the same proportion at the secondary period as at the present day. The animals which now would be most likely to become imbedded after death in the sands and muds of sea-shores, are the seals—the mammals of the whale-kind, shoals of which are occasionally stranded in estuaries—and marine birds. Of the abundance in which the seals exist on the undisturbed coasts of the islands in the Southern Ocean, striking evidence is left on record by the navigators who first discovered and pointed out these sources of wealth to the seal-fisher. And the geologist and naturalist must himself visit those localities in order fully to realise the myriads of sea-birds, and the extent to which the remains of such must accumulate in the actual muds and sand-banks of those coasts, in spite of the addition of a more destructive carnivorous animal than any that operated in the Secondary or Palæozoic ages.

Mr.

Mr. M'Gillivray, Naturalist to Capt. Owen Stanley's Australian Survey, found the Sooty Tern (*Onychoprion fuliginosus*) breeding in prodigious numbers on Raine's Islet. This species deposits a solitary egg, yet during the month of June a party employed in building a beacon on the Islet consumed 1500 dozens of these eggs.

'Great numbers of young birds unable to fly were killed for the pot: in one mess of twenty-two men the average number consumed daily was fifty, and supposing the convicts (twenty in number) to have consumed as many, 3000 young birds must have been killed in one month; yet I could observe no sensible diminution of the number of young—a circumstance which will give the reader some idea of the vast numbers of birds of this species congregated on a mere vegetated sand-bank like Raine's Islet.'

Most of the Terns that swarm on this islet during the breeding season no doubt fly abroad and perish elsewhere; but vast numbers, of the young especially, may be presumed to perish from different causes on the sand-bank itself, the superficial soil of which, as it successively accumulates, must thus become charged with their skeletons.

Many of the petrels make burrows in the sandy soil of certain coasts wherein to build their nests and lay their eggs. Mr. Davies describes Green Island in Bass's Straits as being frequented by the short-tailed petrel (*Puffinus brevicaudus*) for that purpose:—

'The whole island is burrowed; and when I state that there are not sufficient burrows for one-fourth of the birds to lay in, the scene of noise and confusion that ensues may be imagined—I will not attempt to describe it. . . . Notwithstanding the enormous annual destruction of these birds I did not, during the five years that I was in the habit of visiting the Straits, perceive any sensible diminution in their number. The young birds leave the rookeries about the latter end of April, and form one scattered flock in Bass's Straits. I have actually sailed through them from Flinder's Island to the head of the Tamar, a distance of eighty miles.'—*Tasmanian Journal*, vol. ii.

These sea-birds, moreover, are subjected to casualties which accumulate their carcases on the sea-beach. Mr. Gould, who describes the small penguin (*Spheniscus minor*) as frequenting also in vast numbers the south coast of Australia, writes:—

'Heavy gales of wind destroy them in great numbers, hundreds being occasionally found dead on the beach after a storm; and when the sudden transition from the quiet of their breeding-place to the turbulence of the ocean, and the great activity and muscular exertion then required are taken into consideration, an occurrence of this kind will not appear at all surprising.'—*Birds of Australia.*

One testimony more to the profusion in which certain sea-birds

birds exist—those most likely to have found a similar grave-yard to that of the secondary reptiles—and we have done with them:—

'A large flock of gannets was observed at daylight, and they were followed by such a number of the sooty petrels as we had never seen equalled. There was a stream of from fifty to eighty yards in depth, and of three hundred yards or more in breadth; the birds were not scattered, but were flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings seemed to allow; and during a full *hour and a half* this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. On the lowest computation I think the number could not have been less than a hundred millions. Taking the stream to have been fifty yards deep by three hundred in width, and that it moved at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and allowing nine cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to 151,500,000. The burrows required to lodge this quantity of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square yard to each burrow, they would cover something more than 18½ geographic square miles of ground.'—*Flinder's Voyage*, i., p. 170.

If a verdict of a jury, dependent on their belief that birds co-existed with the extinct shore-going saurians and turtles in the same numbers as they do with the littoral amphibious seals of the present day, were to be claimed, we can well understand the ingenious pleader taking his last stand on the ground that the bones of the birds were not found with those of the Plesiosaurus, Iguanodon, and Trionyx, because they had all been eaten up. But when the argument is employed by a President of the Geological Society to shake the convictions of the geological world—convictions founded on the large induction which seems to have established so plainly the great fact of the successive development of animal life—we can only express our regret that the Philosopher should have been suffered to subside so far into the Advocate.

That the forms of animal life now are very different from what they were in the secondary and palæozoic periods, is shown not merely by the non-discovery of existing forms and classes in those ancient rocks, but by the non-existence now of the creatures that then lived in no mean numbers. The ingenious reasons assigned by Sir Charles to account for the non-discovery of mammals and birds in the Silurian and other less ancient marine formations do not apply to the non-discovery of Megalichthyans and Enaliosaurs in the present seas. No naturalist dreams that the air-breathing ichthyosaurs still 'tempest the ocean,' and have only escaped notice by the slenderness of their snouts, which they are compelled to protrude to inhale the atmosphere. Their lungs and the decomposing flesh would have floated into view their dead bodies, which,

which, like those of all existing air-breathing sea-monsters, would have been occasionally cast on shore. No event in natural history would create greater astonishment than the discovery of a living Trilobite, Ammonite, Pterichthys, or Ichthyosaur! And why? Because of the fixed, and, we will add, well-grounded conviction in the law of the successive development of animal forms on this planet. Did it never occur to Sir Charles that the absence of a mammal and a bird in palæozoic periods may be a phenomenon of the same order as the absence of palæozoic forms in our present world?—It may be true that the necessarily limited researches into the organic contents of the bottom of the present ocean have brought to light extremely few vertebrate remains; yet, how many beds in the secondary seas might have been dredged without any remains of enaliosauria being hauled up? As many and as often doubtless as have been dredged in the present day without the discovery of a cetacean tooth or vertebra. But the causes of the entombment of both kinds of air-breathing pelagic vertebrates, operating during a lengthened period and over suitable area, have brought under our notice tons of fossil cetacean remains in the uplifted marine tertiary beds of Suffolk, and as abundant enaliosaurian bones in the secondary beds of Somersetshire, now equally converted into dry land. If we could receive the reports of a dredging party that worked the lowest silurian strata at the time they were being deposited, we might reasonably and logically account for their ill-success in the discovery of cetacea by the like ill-luck that might have attended the dredgers during a modern voyage. But we must contrast the conditions of the discovery of fossils in the silurian strata, in regard to the scarcity of its fishes and the nullity of higher marine vertebrate remains, with the like conditions in the secondary strata, where fishes and marine reptiles abound, and with those of the tertiary strata, in which, as in the red crag, cetacean remains are very numerous. And so we leave to the Geological Society to assign its value to their eminent President's decision that the scarcity of fossil fishes and the absence of cetacea in the lowest silurian strata is 'not inexplicable, in the present imperfect state of our investigations, when we consider the corresponding rarity, and sometimes the absence, of the like remains, observed in dredging the beds of existing seas.'—*Address*, p. 3.

'Ninthly, the land quadrupeds of the secondary period are limited to two genera, occurring in the inferior oolite of Stonesfield; the cetacea by one specimen from the Kimmeridge clay, the true position of which requires further inquiry—while an indication of another is afforded by a cetacean parasite in the chalk. But we have yet to learn whether in the secondary periods there was *really a scarcity of mammalia*—

malia—(such as may have arisen from an extraordinary predominance of reptiles, aquatic and terrestrial, discharging the same functions)—or whether it be simply *apparent*—and referable to the small progress made as yet in collecting the remains of the inhabitants of the land and rivers, since we have hitherto discovered but few freshwater and on land mollusca in rocks of the same age.'—*Ib.* p. 23.

There is no good reason to suppose that warm-blooded mammalia existed in extremely limited numbers when the seas of this planet were suited to their reception, and when they appear, from our evidences, to have been actually therein introduced. With regard to the cold-blooded reptiles, the enaliosauria evidently existed in tolerable number and variety at the period of the deposition of the secondary strata which first manifest their remains. So, likewise, in regard to the tertiary deposits in which we find the earliest unequivocal evidence of cetacea: that evidence occurs abundantly and in the varied forms of true whales, grampuses, dolphins of a peculiar genus which Cuvier called *Ziphius*, and herbivorous cetacea, *e. g. Metaxitherium*, a form intermediate between the manatee and dugong. Contrast with this rich abundance the evidence on which Sir Charles affirms the existence of cetacea in the secondary period!—

'According to the Index Palæontologicus of Bronn, Morren has described a tubicinella from the chalk of Belgium; and Mr. Darwin, on calling my attention to this fact, observes, that if this cirripede has been correctly named, it implies, with a high degree of probability, the presence of cetacea in the cretaceous sea.'—*Ib.* p. 50.

The object of the laborious Bronn, we may remark, in compiling his Index of Fossils, has been to point out easily to geologists every fossil that had been named up to the date of the publication of that Index. He does not criticise the titles of the fossils to be entered in his lists, and every practised palæontologist knows how many fictitious species figure there. Next, as to Morren. He has given a good anatomy of the earthworm, has broached an unaccepted hypothesis of the spontaneous generation of intestinal worms, and is best known, perhaps, as a botanist of moderate repute; but as a conchologist he is not known at all. We are disposed, therefore, to doubt, not merely with Mr. Darwin if this cirripede has been correctly named, but whether the fragment of chalk-shell noticed by Morren be a cirripede at all.

Never surely was ground assumed for assailing a great conclusion, based by experienced geologists and comparative anatomists on a wide induction of facts, so slippery as that of the existence of warm-blooded mammals in the seas of the secondary period from the indication afforded 'by a cetacean parasite in the chalk.' The chalk has not been chary in evidences of the huge vertebrata that

that swarmed the seas at the period of its deposition. Carcases of the Mosasaurus, the Polyptychodon, the Ichthyosaurus, and the Plesiosaurus, were drifted to those chalk-forming coral reefs, and their teeth and bones became mingled on the surf-beat shore with debris of the zoophytes and other microscopic calcareous organisms.* Why not in like manner the bodies of cetacea, if cetacea had then existed? No—not one of the numerous vertebræ of a Balæna or Delphinus, nor the fragment of a rib, nor an ear-bone, nor a tooth, can be adduced in proof of their existence: it is to be assumed, on the evidence of the shell of an alleged parasite, and one which must have been so deeply imbedded in the skin as only to be released by decomposition of the dead body of the mighty species to which the genus Tubicinella is now peculiar. We again beg leave respectfully to decline the cretaceous cetacean until its credentials are of a better character; and as to the 'one specimen from the Kimmeridge Clay,' Sir Charles admits that 'its true position requires further inquiry.' Seeing the annual increase in the recorded number of fossil Reptilia, we do not anticipate from further inquiry the subversion of our present creed that in the secondary period 'there was *really a scarcity of Mammalia*;' and one of the most astounding statements in the Anniversary Address is that 'we have yet to learn whether this be a fact.'

The secondary deposits are very rich in fossils, and extremely so in vertebrate remains; the number and variety of those of the cold-blooded amphibious and air-breathing marine animals is such that it has been termed the 'Age of Reptiles.' For the comparison in question, of the relative abundance or scarcity of Reptiles and Mammals, we have but to ascertain what orders in those respective classes are under the same or similar conditions, at the present day, in respect to the chances of the entombment of their remains in marine or estuary formations analogous to those that compose the greater part of the secondary strata.—No physiologist doubts but that the carnivorous air-breathing grampus and dolphin play a like part in the present seas to that assigned to the Cetiosaur and Ichthyosaur in the seas of the secondary epoch. It is, also, highly probable that the littoral locality assigned to the seal tribe at the present day is very similar to that occupied by the Plesiosauri of old. The importance of the comparison, in reference to the great question of the succession and progression of organic life, has been fully appreciated by Owen. In the Introduction to his History of British Fossil Mammals, he remarks:—

* See Parts IV. and V. of Professor Owen's richly-illustrated work On British Fossil Reptiles.

'The

'The non-discovery of the remains of marine Mammalia is more conclusive as to their non-existence. Had whales, grampuses, porpoises, or manatees existed in the oolitic ocean, it is highly improbable that every trace of their bones and teeth should have escaped notice, especially when the remains of the Cetiosauri and other Reptilian inhabitants of those ancient seas are so abundant.'—Ed., 1846, p. 14.

And this observation is deemed by the author of the 'Principles of Geology' so important that it forms one of the additional paragraphs in the seventh edition (1847) as well as in that of 1850 (p. 135). But if the negative testimony in regard to the marine Mammalia be truly so important, then how can the scarcity of Mammalia during the secondary periods be said to be 'yet to be learnt,' when one entire and large order has to be deducted according to the admitted value of the negative testimony? Let us add that, whilst abundance of littoral reptilia have left evidence of their existence in the secondary periods, not one specimen of a seal or other shore-dwelling mammal has been discovered.

We are disposed, also, to assign the same chances to the preservation and discovery of remains of flying mammals as to those of flying reptiles. The great Pteropi or frugivorous bats wing their way on leathern pinions in vast flocks from one coral island to another in the Pacific Ocean, and their remains must occasionally become imbedded in the sea shores and the coral reefs. The littoral oolitic deposits at Stonesfield, the estuary Wealden clays, and the chalk-pits of Kent, have given abundant evidence of the volant Reptilia of the secondary period, but not one fragment of the skeleton of a flying mammal.

The sole satisfactory proof of mammalia during the secondary period continues to be restricted to the fossil lower jaws of the insectivorous Amphitherium and marsupial Phascolotherium from the Stonesfield slate. Sir Charles is disposed to multiply the number of oolitic mammals by conjectural inferences. But as to Owen's remark, quoted in the Address (p. 49)—'that some carnivorous quadrupeds of coeval date could scarcely have been wanting to keep down the numbers of the little phascolotheres and amphitheres, which were probably, like the quadrupeds now most allied to them, quick breeders'—we do not attach so much weight to it as the President would seem to do. The large and formidable pterodactyles, and the carnivorous land saurians discovered by Buckland in the same oolitic slate, would be enemies sufficiently active and voracious to check the increase of the diminutive insectivora, without calling in the aid of larger hypothetical mammals.

Much stress is laid, in the President's propositions against the theory

theory of successive development, upon the non-discovery of land-shells in the older strata as invalidating the like negative evidence in regard to mammals:—

'The absence of terrestrial mammals in the palæozoic rocks generally may admit of the same explanation, as our ignorance of most of the insects and all the pulmoniferous mollusca, as well as of the Helices, and other land-shells of the same era' (*ib.* p. 21).

But the chief weight of this argument depends on the assumption that *Helices* and other air-breathing snails did exist during the periods of the deposition of the Silurian and Devonian rocks as at the present day. They may have done so: it is even possible, though not probable, that they then existed under the recognizable forms of our common garden snails. But the only generalizations of any value in science are those that are based upon facts: and, above all, in Geology, it is more especially desirable that the acknowledged leaders of that fascinating science should set the example of making their conclusions as closely as possible the exact expression of their facts. No progress towards truth can be expected to be made by an endeavour to explain away one fact or series of phenomena, on the assumption of another fact, of which not a particle of evidence has been obtained. The mammals of the entire series of secondary rocks, though recruited by the hypothetical cetaceous deserter whose whereabouts is surmised by an indication of one of his problematical parasites, are nevertheless so scarce that reference is again made, in the ninth proposition, to the non-discovery of land mollusca in rocks of the same age in order to justify the President's incredulity as to the fact of that scarcity (*ib.* p. 22).

We beg, with much deference, to suggest that the value of the negative testimony as respects land invertebrata, in its application to the negative testimony as respects land vertebrata, should first have been shown by the comparison between the quantity of land invertebrata co-existing with the vertebrated fossils of a secondary period, and the same association at a tertiary period. It is at least highly probable, for example, that the circumstances of the formation of the fresh-water strata of the Wealden beds of Kent and Sussex, and of the fresh-water strata of the Eocene beds of Hampshire, were such as to pretty equally favour the fossilization, imbedding, and preserving of the remains of the terrestrial and aërial vertebrate and invertebrate animals which respectively existed at those different periods. First, with regard to insects—Mr. Brodie, in his valuable History of the British fossils of that class, informs us that in the sandstones and shales of the secondary formations in Gloucestershire, and other parts of the West of England,

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'there are numerous remains both of insects and plants occasionally mingled with marine shells, sometimes also with fresh-water mollusca, of the genera *Cyclas* and *Unio*. One shale containing *Cypris* is charged with the wing-cases of Coleoptera, and some nearly entire beetles, of which the eyes are preserved. The nervures of the wings of the neuropterous insects are also found in a very perfect state in the same bed. Throughout an extensive district several bands of this lias have been termed insect-limestone, in consequence of the great number of such fossils—no less than 300 specimens of hexapods having been obtained, comprising both wood-eating and herb-devouring beetles of the Linnæan genera, *Carabus*, *Elater*, and others, besides grasshoppers (*Gryllus*), and detached wings of Dragon-flies and May-flies, or insects referable to the Linnæan genera, *Libellula*, *Ephemera*, *Hemerobius*, and *Panorpa*—the whole assemblage belonging to no less than 24 families.'

We here purposely quote Sir Charles Lyell's own summary of these researches; he adds (p. 42):

'These insects had evidently been washed down into the sea by a river, which also brought down the leaves of ferns and monocolytedons, together with fragments of other plants, possibly dicotyledons.'

No mammalian remains, so far as observation has extended, have been washed down into the liassic secondary deposits revealing this abundance of terrestrial and aërial insect life. No tertiary formation has yet rewarded so richly the explorations of the entomological fossil-hunter. We are at a loss, therefore, to understand the force, or indeed the truth, of the reference to the small progress made as yet in collecting the remains of the inhabitants of the land and rivers 'in secondary formations,' in Sir Charles Lyell's ninth proposition against the theory of successive development—(*ib.* 22)—where the object is to depreciate the value of the negative evidence on the existence of mammalia as contrasted with the abundant positive evidence of such existence in the tertiary formations.

But to return to the special member of the secondary formations selected in order to test the real value of the alleged characteristic paucity of terrestrial and fluviatile invertebrata in the formations from which mammalian remains are absent.

The clays of the Wealden formations abound in remains of the *Cypris*, a fresh-water invertebrate animal belonging to the Entomostracous or inferior division of the Crustaceous class. Dr. Dunker and Professor Forbes have determined the existence, in the Wealden, of species of fluviatile shells of the genera *Paludina*, *Planorbis*, *Lymnæus*, *Valvata*, *Physa*, *Melania*, &c.

In the fresh-water and estuary deposits of the cocene tertiary period at Hordwell Cliff, on the Hampshire coast, the present evidence of the invertebrate inhabitants of the land and fresh waters

waters is not much more abundant than that obtained from the Wealden: in regard to insects it is much less abundant than the evidence yielded by older secondary deposits. Mr. Wood has succeeded in discovering in the Hordwell deposits a species of snail (*Helix labyrinthica*), not distinguishable from an existing North American species. Upon the whole the circumstances under which the vertebrated inhabitants of the land might be preserved in a fossil state in the secondary and tertiary strata above cited, so far as those circumstances can be estimated by the fossil land and fresh-water invertebrata, were of the same or nearly equal likelihood to effect such preservation.

The simple facts as regards the evidence of the air-breathing vertebrate animals of the Wealden and Eocene beds, as tested by the analogous formations in Hampshire and Sussex, are as follows:—In the Wealden there are fresh-water and estuary tortoises, small lizards, plesiosauri, crocodiles with biconcave vertebræ, and gigantic reptiles of probably terrestrial habits, called hylæosaurs, megalosaurs, and iguanodons. Not a fragment of a mammalian animal—not one satisfactorily determined and unequivocal fragment of a bird—but some remains of the flying reptiles called pterodactyles, are associated with those larger reptiles. In the Hordwell eocene beds there are fresh-water and estuary tortoises, small lizards and serpents, crocodiles with the same cup-and-ball vertebræ as the crocodiles of the present day, but not a trace of any of the larger herbivorous and carnivorous saurians above cited in the Wealden. In place thereof, there are remains of large carnivorous mammals of the genus *Hyænodon*, and herbivorous mammals of the genera *Anoplotherium*, *Palæotherium*, *Paloplotherium*, *Dichodon*, *Dichobunes*, *Xiphodon*, *Microchærus*, &c., besides small Rodentia, and Insectivora. Some bones of birds have also been found, but not a trace of a pterodactyle.

No evidence of insects or of pulmoniferous mollusca has yet been obtained from the Red Crag, a member of the older pliocene or miocene division of the tertiary series; but remains of not fewer than thirteen genera of mammalia from that formation were exhibited and determined by Professor Owen, at the last meeting of the British Association at Ipswich. We might cite many other instances equally demonstrating that the chances of the preservation of mammalian remains in strata formed at periods when that class was abundantly represented, are not to be estimated by the proportion of the remains of land or fresh-water invertebrata in the same strata. As well might the absence or paucity of these remains in certain tertiary formations be appealed to in order to explain the non-discovery therein of the great terrestrial dinosaurs, as to account for the non-discovery of mammals in the secondary

or

or palæozoic formations, in which the terrestrial and fluviatile invertebrate fossils are equally wanting or scanty. The argument from the paucity of insects, and of fluviatile or land mollusks, seems to be on a par with the argument from the dredge.

'Tenthly,' continues our President, in opposition to the theory of successive development, 'in regard to the Palæontology of the tertiary periods, there seems to be every reason to believe that the orders of the mammalia were *as well represented* as now, and by species *as highly organized*, whether we turn to the lower, or to the middle, or to the upper eocene periods, or to the miocene or pliocene; so that during five or more changes, in this highest class of vertebrata, not a single step was made in advance, tending to fill up the chasm which separates *the most highly gifted* of the inferior animals and men.'

We can well conceive the general idea with which 999 readers out of 1000 will rise from the perusal of this statement in the Anniversary Address. It would be the reverse of the idea which would be conveyed by the statement that, during the tertiary periods, the species of mammalia successively perished, and were replaced by species more and more resembling those that now co-exist with man.

Supposing the latter statement to be true, whence then, it may be asked, the difference between the general idea it is calculated to excite and that imparted by the statement of the President of the Geological Society? It will be found to reside in the difference of the meanings which may be attached to the words italicized in the three phrases 'as *well* represented,' 'as *highly* organized,' 'the most *highly gifted*.' If an order of mammals be represented by any species in the eocene and pliocene strata, it may be loosely said, in respect of the organization of such order, to be as *well* represented in the one as the other: for the gradation is not very extensive in the range of a natural order of the mammalian class. Still it is something; and a baboon of the genus *Macacus*, in respect to its generic organization, does not so *well* represent the quadrumana as a tail-less ape of the genus *Hylobates*. If an order be considered as *well* represented according to the *number* of its representatives, then the quadrumanous one was better represented by the species of *Hylobates*, *Semnopithecus*, *Macacus*, and *Callithrix* of the later tertiary periods, than by the solitary *Macacus* of the earliest tertiary period. More *Quadrumana* may, of course, be hereafter discovered in the eocene formations, but we are concerned in testing the accuracy of the generalizations from the actually acquired facts.

The Edentata are a very remarkable and peculiar Order of mammalia. The first representative known in a fossil state is the *Macrotherium Sansaniense*, from the miocene of the Departement

ment du Gers. Remains of the order became more abundant in the pliocene and post-pliocene strata; and it is now represented by different genera and species in Asia, Africa, and America. It was not at all represented in any of the eocene periods. An edentate fossil may, perhaps, be hereafter discovered in one or other of the divisions of the eocene—but Sir Charles Lyell's statement in respect to the palæontology of the tertiary periods is absolute.

The Ruminantia form one of the most numerous, as well as the most valuable, of the existing Orders of mammalia. Not one fragment of a ruminant has hitherto been discovered in either the lower, or the middle, or the upper eocene periods. Ruminants first appear, but are scanty, in the miocene beds; they increase in number and in likeness to the actual forms, as the superincumbent strata approach those containing the remains and works of man, with whom the ruminants have so intimate a relation of subserviency. Here, then, is an order of the mammalia—and, according to Cuvier, the most natural order—not merely not so well represented in the earlier as in the later tertiary periods, but not represented at all in any of the divisions of the eocene period. In any of these divisions it is *possible* that the characteristic grinding-tooth or cannon-bone of a true ruminant may yet be discovered; but we find it difficult to understand why remains of that order should not have already occurred therein, as well as the bones and teeth of the strange non-ruminant herbivora of the eocene beds, if ruminants had been as *well represented* in the times of the palæotherium and lophiodon as at the present day. And we could have wished that the example of statements and arguments, the character of which it has been our duty to expose, had been offered to the young and ardent members of the Geological Society by any other than its President, who, by his position, as well as by his merited renown, is likely to sway the judgment with so much force.

With regard to the term *highly organized*—in relation to the theatre of life assigned to any mammalian species and the part it had to play therein, such species was as perfectly and consequently as highly organized as it could be created; it possessed all the gifts requisite for its well-being as such. If by *high organization* and *gifts* we are to understand an approximation to those of man, then two important steps have been made in advance, tending to fill up the chasm which separates the highest organized and most highly gifted of known pliocene or post-pliocene mammalia and man: those steps are represented by the species of the genera *Pithecus* and *Troglodytes*, neither of which have as yet been found fossil.

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The facts of the succession and progression of the mammalian class in the five or more changes which it has undergone during the tertiary periods, already point to some generalizations of extreme interest; and it is much to be regretted that such indications should be hidden or set aside by inaccurate propositions, put forth to support a view of the uniformitarian character of the order of the development of the class on this planet. The researches of comparative anatomists have led them to certain conclusions as to a type or general pattern to which the varieties of structure in the existing species may be referred, and in respect to which type they offer different degrees of departure. Thus the typical number of the toes in the mammalia is assumed to be five. The typical number of molar teeth $\frac{7-7}{7-7} = 28$, of which $\frac{4-4}{4-4}$ are *premolars*, 'dents de remplacement' of Cuvier, $\frac{3-3}{3-3}$ *molars*, 'vraies molaires' of Cuvier. Canines and incisors are associated with these teeth, in both jaws in the typical dentition. Each tooth in this dentition and each toe can be traced from species to species, and indicated by a special name, or, as Owen has done, by a symbol.

The development of horns in the herbivorous quadrupeds is a departure from the general mammalian type for the special ends of the species possessing those weapons. So, likewise, is the diminution of the number of toes, either by non-development of one or more of the normal *five*, or by coalescence of those that are developed. The suppression or the excessive development of any of the teeth of the typical series is equally held to be a departure from the general type, and an assumption of a special organization.

In tracing the development of the existing mammalia, which all more or less depart from the ideal type, the embryos undergo change of form: they are not found in the Herbivora, for example, to be miniature rhinoceroses or bulls. Their acquisition of the characters of maturity is not by the evolution of previously existing structures, but by epigenetic addition, and by metamorphosis or by removal of parts. The young rhinoceros is without horns, has a smooth skin, and shows rudiments of incisors in those species which do not possess them in the adult (*Owen's Odontography*, p. 590). The young ruminant is likewise destitute of horns, has the two principal metacarpal and metatarsal bones distinct, and shows rudiments of canine and incisive teeth in the upper jaw, which are undeveloped and become absorbed as it grows older. The presence of such rudimental teeth, buried in the gums of the *Rhinoceros bicornis*,

and of the horned ruminant, would be utterly unintelligble without the recognition of a type—and this recognition is the dawn of a species of knowledge respecting the laws of animal development which bids fair to transcend all the aspirations of actual physiology. But in what respect, it may be asked, does it relate to the question at issue touching the evidence to be derived from the tertiary fossil mammalia as to the truth or fallacy of the theory of successive development? We shall briefly cite the facts and leave the reader to judge.

The earliest Rhinoceros which has been discovered is from the Miocene strata of Epplesheim and of Sansan, department of Gers: it was called *Rhinoceros incisivus* by Cuvier, because it retained fully developed incisors in both jaws; it was called *Acerotherium* by Kaup, because it never developed its horn; and it has since been denominated *Rhinoceros tetradactylus* by Lartet, because it had four toes on each foot, instead of three, as in all the later species of rhinoceros. It will be seen that in all these characters, the Miocene rhinoceros adheres closer to the common type, and resembles more the embryo than the adult of the pliocene and existing species of rhinoceros. In the absence of horns, the presence of incisors, and in having the fourth toe on the fore-foot, the Miocene Rhinoceros also more resembled the *Tapirotherium*, its contemporary, than the modern Rhinoceroses do the modern Tapirs.

The Eocene herbivorous animals which most resembled the Ruminants are the Dicobune, Dichodon, and Anoplotherium. They were devoid of horns, had canines and incisors in the upper as well as the lower jaws, and had the two toes, answering to those that are soldered together to form common bones in the Ruminants, distinct—whence Professor Owen has compared them to the embryos of Ruminants.—*British Foss. Mamm.*, p. 333.

The Palæotherium is an Eocene herbivore, with the typical dentition, and with three toes on each foot: it has some affinity with the existing tapir; it has a closer one with the existing horse—but there is a wide interval between them. Compared with any known species of the genus *Equus*, the Palæotherium adheres much closer to the common Mammalian type, not only by having the toes answering to the second and fourth of the typical *five* functionally developed, but by retaining the first premolar in both jaws.

The Palæotherium of the Eocene period is succeeded in the Miocene by a species which departs so much further from the common type by the reduction in size of the outer and inner toes, that MM. Lartet and De Blainville have called it *Palæotherium Hippoïdes*. In the Miocene or Older Pliocene of Vaucluse there occurs another species of tridactyle herbivore in which the

outer and inner toes are so much more reduced, though still retaining their hoofs, and the form and proportions of the rest of the skeleton and the teeth are so much nearer those of the horse, that it has received the name of *Hipparion* from one Palæontologist, and of *Hippotherium* from another discoverer of it. In the strata unquestionably Pliocene are first found some remains of the true Equine genus—in which the second and fourth toes are reduced to rudiments of their metacarpals or metatarsals, called the 'splint-bones,' and which are concealed beneath the skin.

The huge proboscidian pachyderms are represented at the present day by the elephants of Asia and Africa. They are remarkable for the absence of premolars, for the large size and complexity of the true molars, for the absence of incisors in the lower jaw, and for the acquisition by the two incisors retained in the upper jaw of those enormous dimensions that obtain for them the name of tusks. This is a form of mammal that departs extremely in its dentition from the normal type. Some naturalists deem their peculiarities of such value as to make them a peculiar Order. But the Order or Family of Proboscidians had no known representatives in the Eocene tertiary strata. They are comparatively rare in the Miocene, and are most abundant in the newer Pliocene or Post-pliocene strata.

In the Miocene age the Proboscidians are first represented by a species, which, from the comparative simplicity of its grinding teeth, is called *Mastodon*—and this mastodon (*M. Simorrensis* of Lartet) had two incisors in the lower as well as in the upper jaw, and had also premolar teeth in both jaws.*

Professor Owen has called attention to the prevalence of the normal or typical dentition in not only the herbivorous but the carnivorous mammals of the eocene and older miocene strata.† It appears to have been the rule then; it is the exception now.

The above cited and other analogous facts indicate that in the successive development of the mammalia, as we trace them from the earliest tertiary period to the present time, there has been a gradual exchange of a more general for a more special type. The modifications which constitute the departure from the general type adapt the creature to special actions, and usually confer upon it special powers. The horse is the swifter by reason of the reduction of its toes to the condition of the single-hoofed foot; and the antelope, in like manner, gains in speed by the coalescence of two of its originally distinct bones into one firm cannon-bone.

Man, whose organization is regarded as the highest, departs

* Notice sur le Colline de Sansan, par Ed. Lartet. 8vo. 1851.
† Art. 'Teeth,' Cyclopedia of Anatomy, vol. iv. p. 853.

most

most from the vertebrate archetype; and it is because the study of anatomy is usually commenced from, and often confined to, *his* structure, that a knowledge of the archetype has been so long hidden from anatomists.

In one sense, therefore, and indeed in that in which it is most commonly understood, an advance of organization is made in the ratio in which the archetype is departed from; and it would tend altogether to mislead the student of palæontology, and to conceal from him the highly interesting and suggestive facts which that science has already revealed, were we to impress upon him the belief that—so far as our knowledge extends in regard to the succession of Mammalian forms during the Tertiary Periods of Geology—'*there has been no step whatever made in advance, no elevation in the scale of being.*' (*Address*, p. 54.)

Notwithstanding, therefore, the indication, from foot-prints, of a cold-blooded reptile, and the evidence of fishes by rare and scanty fossils, in the earliest Silurian strata, we still hold that the generalization of the actual facts, as enunciated by Sedgwick, is more true than are the counter propositions of Lyell. We maintain that there are traces in the old deposits of the earth of an organic progression among the successive forms of life, and (in the words of the Cambridge Professor) that '*they are seen in the absence of Mammalia in the older, and their very rare appearance in the newer secondary groups—in the diffusion of warm-blooded quadrupeds, frequently of unknown genera, in the older tertiary system, and in their great abundance, and frequently of known genera, in the upper portions of the same series—and lastly, in the recent appearance of Man on the surface of the earth.*'—(*Discourse*, p. xliv.)

Art. VIII.—1. *History of the Church of Rome to the end of the Episcopate of Damasus*, A.D. 384. By E. J. Shepherd, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. 1851.

2. *The Letters Apostolic of Pope Pius IX. considered with reference to the Law of England and the Law of Europe.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L. 1851.

3. *Position and Prospects of the Protestant Churches of Great Britain and Ireland with reference to the proposed Establishment of a Roman Catholic Hierarchy in this Country.* By T. Greenwood, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. 1851.

4. *Letter to Lord John Russell.* By John Earl of Shrewsbury.

5. *Papal Aggression—Speech of Lord John Russell.*

6. *Du Pape.* Par Le Comte Joseph Le Maistre. Paris, 1843.

 7. *Observations*

7. *Observations on the Arguments of Dr. Twiss, &c.* By George Bowyer.
8. *Seymour's Mornings among the Jesuits.* 3rd Edition. 1851.

NONE who ever read the history of Pilgrim Good-Intent, the ablest and most amusing of the successors of our old friend Christian, can have forgotten that at the outset of his journey he passed the dwellings of two giants, who in their day had been the terror of all bound to the holy city. One had long been dead, but the neighbourhood was still bleached with the bones of his victims. This was *Pagan.* The other, now infirm and lethargic, scarcely seemed to notice wayfarers, except by an occasional grin of impotent ill will.—Such was or seemed giant *Pope*, at the close of the last century; and, as if old age and decay were doing their work too slowly, republican France stormed his den, and threatened to extinguish him *brevi manu.* His subsequent revival and rapid restoration to youthful vigour, with modernized dress, and reburnished armour, *alter et idem*, is perhaps the most wonderful incident of this age of wonders. We can conceive that the keen-eyed statesman might have foreseen a resurgence of Papal power even at the lowest point of its depression; but never again, he would have argued (and this is no hypothesis, for all philosophers did so argue), could the system of Rome endanger the peace of the world. Nevertheless, by a combination of events which we were assured could never recur, our attention is forcibly recalled to times with which we had ceased to have any sympathy, and ecclesiastical history, which had been given up to the antiquary, becomes again the province of the practical politician.

We place at the head of our paper several works belonging to the recent controversy, because we have been indebted to them for information—(to Dr. Twiss's especially)—or shall have occasion to allude to their contents—but we have no intention to travel over the ground which has been made so familiar and so wearisome by the debates and disputes of many months. We propose to give a slight sketch of the progress of Papal Supremacy from its first equivocal generation to its full development, when it claimed to be what Bellarmine called it, *the cardinal point of Christianity*—with a view to illustrate the struggle between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, and the strangely complicated relation which since the Reformation has existed between Protestant governments and the Head of the Romish Church. In executing this task we need not of necessity anticipate much difference of opinion with our Roman Catholic countrymen. We shall rarely have occasion to take other ground than

than that already occupied by some of the wisest members of their church, in 'the bitter but 'decorous schism' which has so long divided it on the question of the pretensions of its head.

The first pages of the history of ecclesiastical Rome present really a mere blank:—even the names of the bishops are disputed;—but, as an infallible church must have a list of its rulers, a list is forthcoming—and the curious in physiognomy may be gratified by seeing their busts in the cathedral at Siena and their pictures in S. Paolo fuori le Mura near Rome. We need not pause to remark how inconsistent is this obscurity with any theory, however modified, of the original primacy of the see. It is enough for our purpose that Pope Pius II. and Dr. Newman both admit—that for the three first centuries the Church of Rome was little considered.* The only documents which imply the contrary have long been abandoned as forgeries. Some centuries later, when Rome was maturing her schemes of dominion, certain rescripts were produced, and were ultimately collected and put forth under the name of Isidore, Bishop of Seville, professing to be the letters of the early bishops (from Anencletus, the third on the list) and speaking in the lofty œcumenical style which they would doubtless have assumed from the first if they had been conscious of inheriting the primacy of the world. The forgery, though perfectly successful in a dark age, was but clumsily executed, and when afterwards exposed by the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, its defence was judged inexpedient by Baronius and Bellarmine. But, by admitting the spuriousness of these documents, Rome cannot cancel their existence. That she stooped to such a forgery, proves that she was animated by no swelling consciousness of the right to expand old doctrine, or to propound new—while it distinctly marks a depressing conviction that the Christendom of that day recognized in her no such prerogative, and was not disposed to admit her primacy without proof that from the first it had been claimed and exercised.

Mr. Shepherd tells us it was his object to write the history of the Papacy on the simple plan of collecting, under each reign, the facts established by documents, omitting the conjectural essays with which philosophical historians bridge chasms hopelessly dark, and hurry over wastes irredeemably dull. Such was his plan—and if his history has degenerated into a critical controversy, he protests it is not his fault.†

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* Æneas Sylv. Ep. ad Mayer. 288, p. 802—'Ante Nicænum concilium parvus respectus habebatur ad Ecclesiam Romanam.' Prof. Butler on Newman's *Essay on Development*, pp. 165, 319; Wordsworth, Letters to Goudon, p. 42.

† Mr. Shepherd's present volume is only the first portion of a large work; though, from whatever motive, he gives no intimation of this in his title-page.

Mr.

Mr. Shepherd wrote before the *Philosophoumena*, ascribed to Origen, issued from the Clarendon Press. Accordingly, the first documents of any importance that he finds are the Epistles of S. Cyprian, from A.D. 250 to 258;—but, as he proceeds, he is much less embarrassed by the scantiness than by his ever-growing distrust of his materials. Continuing his examination through the writings connected with the council of Sardica, the life of Athanasius, &c., he detects so many anachronisms and so much inconsistency with each other, with probability, with the facts and with the silence of general history, that he comes boldly to the conclusion—

'that what is *recorded* of the Roman church is almost nothing; and that those acts of interference with other churches which appear in the histories and some other writings are forgeries of a much later date, manifestly written to create a belief in a supremacy which had never existed, but which, at the time they were made, the Roman church was endeavouring to introduce.'—p. 493.

So much is he irritated at being unable, at the distance of sixteen centuries, to disentangle the truth and fiction which were artfully interwoven in order to deceive a nearly contemporary age, that he broadly denounces the whole as a forgery, and pushes his incredulity so far as to deprive the venerable Cyprian both of his mitre and his martyr's crown—in fact, to reduce him to a mythical non-entity. This exaggerated scepticism not only exposes Mr. Shepherd to refutation on many points quite unconnected with the real matter in dispute, but is so little supported by probability that it tends to deprive his reasonings generally of the attention to which they are justly entitled. Granting that the Roman See desired to find or to make precedents to support certain meditated encroachments, we cannot see the policy or possibility of this double imposture. If we could suppose a modern Lord Chancellor forging an adjudged case in point, it is clear he would produce some unrecorded decision of a known predecessor, and not intercalate among the pre-occupants of the *Marble Chair* some name never heard of by Campbell or by Foss.*

The writings which are the objects of Mr. Shepherd's attack have always been admitted by scholars to be largely interpolated, but they have scarcely yet been subjected to the investigation they deserve. When dispute and criticism awoke, they had lost much of their importance. They are so far from supporting the extravagant claims of the See that they are quoted by the

* The instances of anachronism, if they can really stand the test of critical investigation, are unanswerably strong. What should we say to an alleged judgment of Lord Chancellor Eldon, if it included a lofty compliment to the *Tractarians*? The book on Synods, attributed to Hilary, uses the word 'essentia' sixty or seventy times; yet Augustine, in 391, uses the word professedly as a new one—thirty-three years after the work on Synods was written.—*Shepherd*, p. 301.

moderate

moderate Roman Catholic writers in opposition to its pretensions;* and the limited primacy which they tend to establish, may be admitted by the Protestant without injury to his cause. But the turn which the controversy with Rome has recently taken has greatly added to the controversial interest of early ecclesiastical history. Since the 'theory of Development,' incompatible as it is with the hypothesis of an immutable and infallible Church, has been permitted by Rome to grow up side by side with it, it is important to compel her to make her election between the two—nor is it less important to ascertain by historical testimony the precise mode and circumstances of each Development. Development is a process which its advocates wish to view through the haze of distance—we desire to witness its operation as near as possible. The word is one of those ambiguous expressions of modern invention which are meant to insinuate more than men dare assert. If the Romish Church has indeed received the commission to add new truths to revealed doctrine, each such addition is a fresh revelation, and not a development: but, admitting both the word and the theory for the sake of argument, we may be well assured that these developments would not be regulated by the rules of political expediency, nor sustained on the faith of forgeries.

There seems no reason to doubt that the advance of the Roman See to power resembled that of the other Great Patriarchates.

As Christianity gradually spread from the capitals where the first missionaries had planted a church, the affiliated churches naturally maintained a dutiful reverence and obedience (fact and etymology coinciding) to the metropolitan. In a large province where there were several such metropolitan churches, that of the capital claimed a primacy. The *province* of Rome at first was a small one, comprising only the suburbicarian churches; but, as there was no other metropolitan within its limits, the Bishop of Rome exercised a far more energetic control over each of his suffragans than fell to the lot of any other patriarch.† The ambition of all metropolitans was to *extend* their authority; nor do we doubt that the Bishop of Rome seized the first opportunities of claiming an appellate jurisdiction;—but it does not seem probable that many such opportunities were afforded him till the conversion of the State to Christianity conferred political importance on the See of the Imperial capital.

* For example, Sarpi grounds his argument against the extravagant claims of Paul V. on the writings of S. Cyprian.

† Hallam's Middle Ages, chap. vii.—on *the History of Ecclesiastical Power*—a chapter eminent, even among his writings, for ability—as clear as comprehensive—and especially worthy of reperusal, because there can be no suspicion that it was written with an anti-Catholic bias.

The

The visit of Constantine after his conversion is a triumphant epoch for the Church, and it was subsequently adorned by fables becoming the dignity of the occasion. To that period is referred the *donation*, first produced long afterwards,

'Che Costantino al buon Silvestro fece;'

and also an edict, creditable alike to the Emperor's orthodoxy and his prescience, by which he gives the Church of Rome precedence over all other churches, including that of Constantinople, not yet founded (*Shepherd*, p. 52). His genuine gifts were hardly less important. By permitting the church to acquire real property, he laid the foundations of her temporal greatness. The hierarchy rose rapidly to wealth, and ambition was not slow to follow. We learn from Ammianus Marcellinus (lib. xxii. 3), that in the year 366, the contest between the followers of Damasus and Ursinus for the Roman chair was so hot—though no *doctrine* was at stake—that one hundred and fifty dead bodies were left in one basilica. 'And indeed,' exclaims the historian, 'I cannot blame the zeal with which so very good a thing is contested:—the successful candidate has at his command the luxuries of wealth—equipage and dress, and banquets of royal daintiness.'

The Church of the new seat of government, Constantinople, started immediately into consequence, and in the days of Gregory the Great seems to have been in a condition to claim the primacy over all others. There is extant a letter of Gregory in which he entreats his Byzantine brother not to violate *that equality which is the essence of the episcopate*, by accepting from the Emperor the title of *œcumenical bishop*. Gregory was a good man and a great, but before all things he was a churchman. When the blood-stained monster Phocas usurped his master's throne, Gregory thought it expedient to address the tyrant in terms of flattery, which (as Bayle remarks) prove that those who had forced him to be Pope knew him better than he knew himself. Not long after, if Baronius is to be believed, Phocas conferred on Boniface III. this same title of Œcumenical Bishop, which Boniface had concurred with Gregory in condemning when sought by another. This story has been disputed;—but that such is the version which Rome chooses to give in what may be considered her own official statement, is a fact in itself quite as interesting as the real truth could be if ascertained. However, we must remind the believers in Dr. Fleming's exposition of Prophecy, that on the precise accuracy of this assumption—namely, that in the year 606 this very title was granted, and that from the said grant the papacy takes its date—depends the whole of the ingenious calculation which fixed on the year 1848 as that in which the papacy should suffer an incurable,

though

though not immediately lethal wound. Our readers will not have forgotten the wonderment which was occasioned by the republication of the old Presbyterian's prophecy just at the period of its accomplishment.

Not less important in the history of the papacy was the acquisition of independence by the Bishop of Rome on the revolt of Italy from Leo the Iconoclast.* The subsequent donation of the Exarchate of Ravenna by Pepin raised him to the rank of a temporal prince; and though at the time it produced little of solid advantage, it conferred a claim which at a later period the Church was able to enforce. Perhaps also it suggested the magnificent forgery of Constantine's donation of the Western Empire, before alluded to, which was now first solemnly brought forward in a letter of Adrian I. to Charlemagne. In the following century the final schism between the Greek and the Latin Churches relieved the Western Patriarch of a powerful rival, and concentrated his exertions within more manageable limits. But there was yet a pause before the highest point of greatness was achieved.

For about 150 years the See, paralyzed by a series of revolutions and crimes, made little progress in extending its influence. But in the meantime the national synods of every country of Europe were successfully engaged in enlarging the ecclesiastical at the expense of the civil power. There is nothing more clear than the subordination of the Church to the State on the first introduction of Christianity. From the emperor of the civilized world to the chieftain of a barbarous tribe, from Constantine to Clovis, the royal convert became *ex officio* the head of his newly adopted religion, and its chief missionary to his unconverted subjects. The Church, *dante minor*, gratefully accepted his favours, and with them his supremacy.† But the effects of time tended everywhere to alter this relation. The clergy held the keys of knowledge and of Scripture. It was their duty to instruct, and it became their ambition to direct. Every year the clergy had been gaining ground:—the episcopate concurred in electing sovereigns—they claimed the right to judge and to depose. At length, about the middle of the 11th century, the Papacy awoke from its slumber like a giant refreshed, and proceeded to wrest the fruits of victory from the national churches,

* Barrow notes the dexterity with which Baronius endeavours to represent the rebellion of Gregory II. against Leo as a deposition of the Emperor by the Pope.

† Gibbon, chap. 49. For the first thousand years after Christ all general councils were convoked by sovereigns; and in the early national synods, it must be admitted, the lay presidents did not show themselves more careful of discriminating between temporal and spiritual jurisdiction than did the clergy in after years.

who

who soon perceived that they had toiled for the exaltation of the common tyrant of clergy and laity.

The magnificent project of Gregory VII. proposed nothing less than the subjugation of the world as its end and the subserviency of the clergy as its means. To fit the Church for its high vocation he professed to reform it: in this task he chiefly employed the instrumentality of the monastic orders, and by exempting them from episcopal jurisdiction, he secured to *the See* the exclusive devotion of a disciplined ecclesiastical militia. To them moreover was committed the charge of preaching—a most powerful engine in an illiterate age—and by their aid he ultimately succeeded in enforcing the celibacy of the clergy—the final triumph by which the machinery of ecclesiastical despotism was completed. In the name of spiritual supremacy, the Roman See made rapid strides towards temporal dominion. The 'temporal' and 'spiritual' are easily distinguished in definition, but in action it is as difficult to discriminate their limits as to separate the functions of soul and body. By the alternate distinction and confusion of these terms the See *developed* the doctrine of spiritual supremacy till it embraced every object of worldly ambition. But Gregory and his successors were soon enabled to discard the perplexing sophistry with disdain. Boldly and without disguise they put forth the claim of temporal as well as spiritual dominion in behalf of the 'Vicar of Christ—the ruler of the world.'

Cardinal Baronius quotes certain maxims of Gregory VII. (Dictatus Papæ), which formed the basis of his system. They comprise those claims which his predecessors had never put forth to the same extent, or had failed in enforcing, but which he found essential to his 'ideal' of a church. They mark the theoretical boundaries of a kingdom that has never yet been fully entered on and possessed, but whose pretensions have never since been withdrawn. The following is a summary of the more important articles. 'The Pope is the one Universal Bishop—with all power to depose, to restore, to translate, and to alter the sees of other bishops. No book is canonical without his sanction. No Council can be called General without his precept; his legate presides in every Council with supreme power. Those who are not in communion with him cannot be Catholics; those who are excommunicated by him are cut off from the commerce of mankind. He can depose emperors—he can absolve subjects from their allegiance. He is the judge of all men, and no man can judge him. He can reverse all sentences, and no one can reverse his. No one can be prevented appealing to the Holy See, and to it all great causes ought

ought to be referred. All princes kiss his feet.* There is only one name in the world—that of the Pope, and by the merits of the blessed St. Peter he is endowed with personal sanctity.'—That among these axioms there should also be one asserting the infallibility of the Church is by no means surprising, but it is very remarkable that Gregory should hesitate dogmatically to attribute this infallibility to the pontiff in his own individual person, more especially as he claims for him the more startling attribute of *personal sanctity*. When Mr. Seymour so puzzled his friends the Jesuits by denying that they could produce any dogmatic declaration of the Church's infallibility, we presume he did not conceive the pith of his objection to lie in any degree of doubt he had thrown on the fact that a church 'extra quam nemo salvus esse potest' does virtually claim infallibility; but the remark is valuable as showing:—1. How unwilling the Church has been to expose this doctrine to the attacks of her adversaries by embodying it in a specific decree;—2. How impotent she shows herself to terminate the schism in her own body by dogmatically deciding where this infallibility resides;—3. How fearful of defining when and under what circumstances she is infallible, lest she should limit her power of denying at pleasure that she has spoken *ex cathedrâ*, and of thus relieving herself (when needful) of the grievous burden of infallibility.

The details of Gregory's ecclesiastical system were such as would naturally be derived from these principles. The subserviency of metropolitans was secured by the regulation which enjoined every archbishop to receive the pallium at the hands of the Pope. This law originated in an occasional compliment, which grew into a custom. The custom was made a necessity by our English St. Boniface (the great apostle of Papal supremacy) and a synod of bishops at Frankfort in 742; and Gregory, or, perhaps, some of his predecessors, construed this into a promise of obedience, and added an oath of fealty (*Hallam*, cap. vii.). The contest for the investitures of bishoprics which convulsed Europe for so many years, was begun by Gregory, and ended in a compromise by which, as usual, all that was obtained by *Rome* was clear gain for her. Moreover, in all countries the See made a systematic effort, attended with various success, to draw all causes to the ecclesiastical tribunals; to exempt ecclesiastics from lay jurisdiction, and church property from ordinary taxation —an immunity by which, when we see the use *the Pope* made of

* Notwithstanding these grandiose pretensions, Gregory had allowed his election to be confirmed by the Emperor. A great advance was made when, not long after, the Papal elections were confined to the College of Cardinals, to the exclusion of Clergy and Emperor.

his

his power, *the Church* was hardly a gainer. It was no war for barren power that was waged:—all the good things of this world were at stake. The reader is familiar with the various devices of annates, first fruits, &c., by which a large portion of all Church revenues was brought to the Papal treasury. By a series of gradual encroachments, Rome had at one time succeeded in engrossing the greater part of the public and private patronage of Europe. On one occasion Adrian IV. had begged of some bishops a nomination as a favour. From this slender beginning, judiciously *developed*, arose the Pope's claim to nominate by a 'mandat,' to any piece of preferment, at pleasure. By 'provisions,' 'reserves,' 'expectatives,' he bestowed reversions, in defiance of the rights of the legitimate patrons: and so freely was this claim exercised, that the volumes in the Papal archives relating to expectatives, when they were classified and arranged in the year 1835, amounted, from the days of Martin V. to those of Pius VII. inclusive (about 400 years), to no less than 6690. A bull of Clement IV., published in 1266, is curiously illustrative of the tactics of the Vatican. The immediate object is to secure the presentation to the benefices of all who die in Rome — *Vacantes in Curiâ*. The exordium claims the right to dispose of the preferment of the world, whether vacant or in reversion. The policy of these pompous exordiums is obvious. In those days no Mr. Bowyer was needed to assure the public that this gorgeous language meant nothing; that it was only the Holy Father's usual style. Few thought of disputing about general principles, least of all with a Pope. The mountain is employed to produce a mouse; the mouse creates no alarm and causes no opposition, but there it remains to attest the vitality of its monstrous parent, and the legitimacy of all future offspring. By the subsequent invention of dispensations for non-residence, this universal patronage became a most efficient engine of power.* Two centuries later, at the Council of Trent, the question of non-residence was agitated with the utmost vehemence by both parties, as being in itself decisive of the influence of the Roman See.

But the Pope by no means limited himself to the distribution of ecclesiastical patronage. He claimed the disposal of the good things of this world, and was ready to sanction the violence of any usurper who would recognise him as the patron. To attain

* Dizionario Storico Ecclesiastico, vol. xix. p. 113. This work bears the name of the Abbate Gaetano Moroni, so well known at Rome as *Gaetanino*. It was compiled under the eye of Gregory XVI., and edited by his favourite; but it must not, we presume, be inferred that any share of it is from the pen of Moroni himself. According to Signor Farini (the historian translated by Mr. Gladstone) all the municipalities and their dependents were made to understand the necessity of *buying* the voluminous compilation of 'the astute and fortunate *barber*.'

his

his temporal ends, he was prodigal of spiritual censures—the cheap weapons of the Vatican, costly only in the amount of human suffering they could cause. But though reckless in their employment, nothing could exceed the art with which he wielded these weapons, formidable only by opinion, so as to preserve the secret of their power. He might hurl his whole stock of spiritual thunders at once, but he more often 'shook, but delayed to strike'—that he might give the contumacious room for repentance, or secure a retreat for his own dignity in case of an obstinate resistance. The first step was interdict.* If the Prince remained unmoved at the distress thus occasioned to his unoffending people—personal excommunication followed—then the absolution of his subjects from their allegiance;—and here for the most part it was wise to stop, leaving civil broil and conscientious treasons to do their work; but, if an instrument could be found to execute the papal decree, the final sentence of deposition was formally pronounced. By such cautious steps did Innocent proceed, till he induced Philip Augustus to accept the crown of England, which John had forfeited. The French monarch summoned his lieges, borrowed a vast sum, and collected what history pompously calls a fleet of 1700 vessels. These preparations were scarcely complete, when the Pope, wisely, considering that it was better to recover a weak vassal than to instal a too powerful one, accepted the submission of the craven John, and throwing his spiritual ægis over him, left the King of France to disband his army, and pay his debts as he could.

If man's mind were so formed that there always existed a definite line between belief and unbelief, and human reason, like a petty jury under the strong coercion of the English law, were compelled to give a verdict, and to act accordingly, the contest must speedily have terminated either in absolute submission or steady resistance to the Papal authority. But in early times the governments of Europe oscillated between outrageous defiance and abject submission. Violence was retaliated by violence—and wrong was repelled by wrong. For the most part the innocent suffered for the guilty, but they did not suffer alone. Their sovereigns were harassed with disputed successions, and the See was disgraced by rival councils and double elections. Kings were deposed, and Popes in their turn were expelled from their own States. When the Emperor Henry IV. for three wintry days shivered barefoot in the court-yard of Canossa, waiting for an interview with Gregory VII., and when Frederic placed his head

* There are few examples of interdict before Gregory VII. In the year 1848 it was the earnest demand of the *Liberal* party in Italy that the Pope should excommunicate Austria.—(*Farini*, i. p. 263)!!!

under

under the foot of Alexander III. at Venice, the Pontiffs who so insulted Cæsars were at that very time fugitives and exiles. The same Pope (Boniface VIII.) whose haughty claim of temporal superiority over Philip the Fair is quoted by Lord John Russell, was seized in his castle of Anagni by the Colonna faction at the instigation of the insulted monarch, and not many days afterwards the Vicar of Christ, who had scarcely tasted food or uttered a word since the violation of his sacred person, was found dead in his bed, his staff indented with the marks of his teeth, and his countenance impressed with all the marks of ungoverned passion.

The same Philip the Fair, if he is not belied by history, poisoned the successor of Boniface; after depriving Christendom of its head for two years by his intrigues in the conclave, outwitted the Italian party; and made terms with Clement V., in virtue of which the see was transferred to Avignon—a step beyond all others fatal to the tiara and scandalous to Christendom. The land was filled with violence—but it would be unjust to attribute all the blame to the personal character of the pontiffs. The chief cause of all this misery was that the relation in which the Roman Catholic Church stands to its head has never been distinctly defined—and that the head systematically put forth claims which his successors have never modified—but which were not acknowledged then by the Church in general, and have down to our own day been warmly controverted by the profoundest theologians and the most virtuous men within the Roman Catholic pale itself.

In the midst of this reciprocal violence the ecclesiastical law of the land throughout the kingdoms of Europe, and the Roman canon law, grew up in mutual opposition to each other, like the breastworks of two hostile fortifications. Neither could be always and consistently enforced; but one was the record of what the State found it necessary to resist, the other of what the Pope thought fit to claim; and, though the general course of events tended towards the actual circumscription of the Papal power within endurable limits, the canon law steadily advanced in the arrogance of its pretensions. The incidental phrase of one rescript forms the pompous preamble of the next, and by a third is quoted as acknowledged law. The pontiff always lays down broad principles of usurpation—he was resisted only as to the particular point in dispute. If beaten *de facto*, he triumphs *de jure*:—the retreating waves leave the high-water mark distinctly visible—to be reached, if possible, at the next flood.

These apostolical constitutions or canons enforce in the openest manner the duty of persecution, the non-observance of faith to heretics, and all those other doctrines which the Roman Catholic laity of England profess to repudiate—and which they complain are brought

brought forward only to make them odious to their countrymen (*Greenwood*, p. 112). The first compilation, after two or three of minor importance, was that of Gratian, a monk of Bologna, in 1140. It is founded on those forged decretals of Isidore, which, although soon surpassed in extravagance by the genuine productions of the Vatican, still retain their place in the digest (*Hallam*, chap. vii.). In 1234 a new collection was formed by the direction of Gregory IX., including, with his own rescripts, those of Alexander III., Honorius III., Innocent III.; subsequently Boniface VIII. added another book. From these names the character and spirit of the additions will readily be inferred. Clement V. and John XXII. made fresh supplements, and the code was at last completed by a book containing the decrees of the Council of Trent and other more recent matter. In such a confused heap of materials uniformity and consistency cannot be expected, and for every pretension that the See could raise, and for every course it could pursue, it is probable that a precedent and justification might be found; but lest infallibility should be confined within indecorously narrow limits, the Great *Dizionario Storico-Ecclesiastico*, edited by the 'astute' favourite of Gregory XVI. adds (vol. xix., p. 188) that, 'inasmuch as the jurisdiction of all Popes is equal, and the divine primacy is alike in all, all. future rescripts will have an equal claim to the authority of law.' Such is the canon law which in the late debates honourable members have repeatedly risen to eulogize, and which other honourable members professed to think perfectly innocent because 'binding only on the conscience.' We have often heard from liberal legislators of how little avail are laws, no matter how enforced, which are *not* binding on the conscience. But will these enlightened persons be pleased to tell us in what age or country had the obnoxious portions of the canon law any *other* sanction than that of conscience? Can they point out any kingdom in which the municipal law annulled contracts detrimental to the Church, or enforced the duty of deposing and murdering an excommunicated king?

In steady antagonism to the canon law of Rome grew up the law of the land, backed by the prerogatives of the crown and by the ancient canon law of the *national synods*. Here, William the Conqueror made stringent regulations to prevent the introduction of bulls and the departure from the kingdom of the clergy without his licence. Even in the disastrous days of our Henry II.—

'the general discontent found its proper issue in a solemn act of legislature, declaratory of the ancient law and custom of the realm, and utterly subversive of all the later encroachments of Rome.'—*Greenwood*, p. 43.

This

This statute is known as the Constitutions of Clarendon, and was signed by the reluctant hand of Becket himself.

As civilization advanced, in every country of Europe, the struggle subsided into a state which, though it may not be called peace, was remitting and mitigated warfare. The Pope, as he became more secure in his temporal possessions, was involved in the difficulties and obliged to adopt the policy of a temporal prince. It has been assumed by not a few recent writers, both Popish and Puseyite, that the perfection of the Romish religion would be attained if the Pope could cease to be a temporal sovereign without losing his independence, and thus be enabled to give his undivided and unbiassed attention to spiritual matters. We believe that the practical result of this arrangement would be to make him governor or agitator of every realm in Europe, and to establish a tyranny which would have no bounds but those of human credulity and endurance. Providentially the territorial rapacity of the Popes was not less than their ecclesiastical ambition, and has in no small degree neutralized its effects. In practice, usually, the Pontiffs were obliged to submit to such modifications of their claims as the civil government elsewhere found indispensable to its own free action. But it is a mistake to suppose, that at any period antecedent to the Reformation, there was a state of repose. Subjects of dispute were never wanting—doubt and discontent were abroad—and a spirit of inquiry was awakened to which the uncertain limits of the Papal authority were perpetually affording fresh aliment. Long before the first great English reformer overpassed the limits of orthodox opposition, he was employed by Edward III. to vindicate the independence of his Crown against the Pope's claim of fealty, and to resist his usurpation of ecclesiastical patronage within the realm. It was not till much later that John Wycliffe extended his inquiries from the authority of Rome to the purity of her doctrines—but it seems easy to predict where his speculations must end, when we hear that from his profound knowledge of Scripture, and constant reference to its text, he had acquired at Oxford the distinctive nickname of the 'Gospel doctor.' Wycliffe had a vast following among the Academics, and by his services to the State he had made many and powerful friends elsewhere. He was cited by the ecclesiastical authorities—and condemned—yet, though compelled to withdraw from the University, he ended his days in peace at his own living of Lutterworth. It was not till some quarter of a century later that his bones were dug from their resting-place in the chancel, by Archbishop Chicheley, and were burnt as the remains of a heretic.

His

His disciples were numerous, and his works spread far and wide, especially on the continent of Europe. Everywhere the leaven of the reformation was fermenting — yet never was Rome more reckless of the scandals her conduct excited. The fourteenth century closed with the great schism of the West, and in 1414 the Council of Constance assembled to decide the claims of *three* pretenders to the tiara. When at length the supporters of each of the rivals had given in their adhesion, and deposed the object of their choice, the united council decreed, what under the circumstances could hardly be denied, the supremacy of the Council over Popes—and then elected Martin V. The Council of Basle, which followed after an interval of a few years, forms the most critical period in the history of the See of Rome—and of the Romish Church. It was the last free Council. It was summoned by Eugenius IV., but it met in a spirit strongly opposed to Papal abuses. The moment it touched on first fruits and annates, writes our 'astute' lexicographer, whether with plain seriousness, or a sly touch of humour, we will not venture to say, 'it became clear that the council degenerated into a *conciliabulum*' (*Moroni*, xix. 114).—Eugenius quarrelled with the council—and then submitted to it—quarrelled again—published bulls asserting his own superiority to Councils—and transferred the Council to Florence. The Council retorted with a declaration of their own supremacy—and elected an antipope, the abdicated Duke of Savoy, who took the style of Felix V. 'Henceforward,' says Sarpi, 'Italy has sided with Eugenius in his view of Papal authority—and countries beyond the Alps with the Councils of Constance and Basle.' The Council of Constance is unavoidably recognized as a general council by the see of Rome, and undoubtedly its emphatic declaration against keeping faith with heretics and its barbarous persecution of John Huss are titles in its favour. But that of Basle has been degraded from its list of acknowledged councils.*

Not long afterwards the Gallican Church—which during the great schism had made an important step towards freedom by withdrawing its allegiance from the See, till the claims of the rival Pontiffs should have been adjusted—set an example which was of most dangerous precedent to Papal pretensions. In France the resistance to ultramontane doctrines, not merely in their practical application, but in their theory and fundamental maxims, was conducted with singular firmness and uniformity of purpose. It is in the *Liberties of the Gallican Church* that we must look for the most perfect exemplification of the relation in which the Roman Catholic Church stands to its head. These liberties were early vindicated by Louis IX., who, saint as he was,

* Dens' *Theology*, vol. ii. p. 180.

desired to restrain the encroachments of Rome; and were more fully embodied in the pragmatic sanction of Charles VII. The twenty-three Articles of this celebrated declaration of Bourges (A.D. 1438) comprise all the consequences which flow from the leading maxim of the complete independence of the temporal power. It excited the most violent reprobation at Rome, and was afterwards given up by Francis I., in exchange for a concordat, to Leo X., who was glad to save the honour of the See by granting a concession instead of admitting a right. The Clergy and the Parliament struggled long against this concordat. The Gallican Church did not admit that it derived its liberties from the sovereign, or that they could be surrendered by him. They refused to owe to a Papal charter those rights which they deduced from the doctrines of the Gospel, from the decrees of General Councils, and the traditions of the universal Church, and which, in short, says M. Dupin, were only 'un vestige de ce qui dans l'origine formait le *droit commun* de la Chrétienté.' *

By thus admitting the liberties of the Gallican church as a fact, and denying them as a principle, the Pope had dexterously obtained a signal triumph; and under the guidance of its worldly-wise pilot the Church seemed destined to ride securely over the waves of contention—when the storm of the Reformation long louring on the horizon, yet, perhaps, little foreseen, burst overhead. So many similar dangers had blown past, that at first it created little alarm—but the preaching of Luther, more ominously powerful than any testimony than had yet been raised against Rome, roused at last the classic tenant of the Vatican. To attribute the Reformation to the commission granted to the Dominicans to preach indulgences, or (as Roman Catholics love to assert) to Henry VIII.'s passion for Anne Boleyne, is to substitute modes and accidents for causes. The Reformation was inevitable, and its progress irresistible. The only system of defence adopted by the Popes, and to which for twenty-five years they clung with desperate tenacity, was to persecute to the death the 'new way,' to avoid the slightest concession, and to evade every demand for change. The sovereigns of Europe were generally hostile to Luther—but they desired to profit by the crisis to extort from the necessities of the Vatican that reform of the church in its Head and in its members which for years past had been the watchword of discontent. For this end, a General Council was loudly called for. Every evasion, every artifice which the disturbed

* *Manuel du Droit Public Ecclésiastique Français.* This work (a favourite, as we are glad to find, with Lord John Russell) has lately been condemned by not a few of the French prelates!

state

state of Europe and its complicated political relations could suggest, was employed by Leo and three successive Pontiffs, to elude this demand. Every day the schism was becoming wider, and the Reformation was making fresh converts. The Emperor threatened to 'tolerate' till the doctrines of the Church were settled by a council. In Germany the cry was loud for a national synod—the result of which must have been a schism more fatal to Papal authority than the Reformation itself. At length further subterfuge there was none—and in December, 1545, in the Cathedral of Trent, by the legates of Paul III. was opened that famous Council which (says Sarpi) was destined to deceive the expectations of all who had desired or dreaded it. It widened the schism it was called to close—it methodized the abuses it was expected to reform. It confirmed the servitude of the Episcopate, which had looked to it for liberation—it consolidated the power of the Pope, which it was designed to limit. This result was mainly due to the consummate skill with which the Council was managed by the Papal Court. As theological discussions, Father Paul, who is on such points a profound judge, tells us its debates were not remarkable—but as a specimen of state-craft and diplomacy, the guidance of its proceedings was a masterpiece.* The Protestants sent no representatives—the fate of Huss was too recent to be forgotten, and the quarrel was too deep to leave any hopes of reconciliation. The number of prelates, of whom consisted the *Sacrosancta Synodus Tridentina legitime in Spiritu Sancto convocata*, was incredibly small, and of these many were Bishops without sees (*in partibus infidelium*, of only titular rank), and many were pensioners of the Pope.† By an ingenious series of preliminary regulations, the entire direction as well as the Presidency of the Council was vested in the Papal legates. The object of the Holy See was threefold:—to obtain a dogmatic decision against all the heresies of Luther;—to evade or to neutralize all projects of reform;—and, above all, to avoid giving a dogmatical decision on the many points of difference which existed among those who were yet members of the Romish Church.‡ All these points the Papal See carried with a happy mixture

* In days anterior to the invention of posts some credit is due for the ingenious thought of supplying relays of horses, so as to secure constant and regular communication with the Vatican.

† Among the most powerful of the Papal auxiliaries must not be omitted the new order of Jesuits, a body whose influence was not yet fully appreciated by the clergy, though it was felt with the keen instinct of fear. 'Once,' exclaimed the Bishop of Paris at the Council, 'we were enslaved by the Cistercians, and then by the Mendicants, and now this new order, half regular, half secular, will complete our servitude.'—*Sarpi*.

‡ Those which were at issue between the Franciscans and Dominicans, Sarpi tells us, were hardly less numerous and important than the differences between the Catholics and the Lutherans.

of caution and daring. No attempt was made to define the vagueness of its pretensions or to restrain the abuses of its power. The majority of Roman Catholics ardently desired reform—but they shared the usual fate of a moderate majority placed between two extremes, and were left to choose between downright Protestantism and unreformed Popery. After a struggle of twenty-eight years, the Pope remained the sole representative of the visible church, and released from dread of future Councils, which it seemed little likely the circumstances of Europe would ever again allow to be convoked.

Closely connected in our recollection with the Council of Trent, and most important as an epoch in the history of the Papacy, is the resistance opposed to Papal aggression by the Republic of Venice, in 1606, in which memorable struggle Sarpi, the great historian of the Council, was the theological adviser of the Signory. Paul V. (Borghese), a Pope whose violence, rapacity, and insolence would have done credit to an earlier age, took offence at the re-enactment by the Venetian senate of two laws, by one of which the foundation of any religious house, and by the other the acquisition of real property by the clergy, were in future prohibited, unless having the approbation of the State. He pretended to object to the arrest of two priests charged with enormous crimes, for whom he claimed exemption from secular jurisdiction, and, after very few of the preliminary monitions, he laid the State under an interdict on the 17th April, 1606. The signory employed Sarpi to report on the claims of the see and the rights of the republic. Fra Paolo was one of those men of whom the world has seen but few. His profound learning was less remarkable than his genius—that brilliant genius than his clear judgment. He was passionately devoted to the sciences, and in each that he studied his powers of inductive reasoning raised him to the rank of a discoverer.* It is strongly illustrative of the times, that, before he ventured to comply with the request of his own Government, he demanded the most distinct pledges that he should in all events be protected by it. When thus reassured, he made a powerful summary of those arguments which he boasts had never before been urged south of the Alps. He draws a broad distinction between the spiritual and the temporal power of the Pope, and urges the undoubted right of the Republic, as well as of every other sovereign State, to make regulations for her internal government, and to deal according to her pleasure with all violators of her laws; he argues 'that the interdict is unjust, and therefore invalid; that the Republic may appeal to

* He was one of the earliest discoverers in algebra and optics, and went far to anticipate Harvey as to the circulation of the blood.

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the future Council; that, in spite of the prohibition of Pius II. and the bull in Cœna Domini, this appeal is lawful—that it is not an appeal from the superior tribunal to the inferior, because, according to the true doctrine of the Church, the Council is superior to the Pope; that Bellarmine admits this point to be one of doubt, and the Council of Trent has pronounced no decision on it; and, above all, that such right of appeal exists of necessity, because otherwise there is left no check to the absolute despotism of the Pope.' In conformity with this report was the reply of the Republic. The Pope stormed in Consistory; Cardinal Baronius reminded him that the command to Peter was two-fold: first, 'feed my sheep,' and then, 'arise, slay and eat'—a beautiful instance of the *mystical* interpretation of Scripture, which Dr. Newman tells us is so essential to orthodoxy that they must both stand or fall together. There was no unwillingness to slay and eat. The Pontiff armed; the Conde de Fuentes, Philip's viceroy at Milan, raised levies. But the Republic was strong, and there were many whose interest made them anxious she should not be eaten either by Rome or by Spain. Holland promised help; our pacific King James talked of fleets in the Adriatic; the Grand Turk himself offered his services; France mediated, the Empire mediated, the Duke of Savoy mediated. Even Spain affected to mediate rather than do nothing. The language of the Republic was as bold as it was temperate and dignified. She had committed no offence, and would make no apology. She acknowledged no interdict, and would receive no absolution. If her good friend the King of France felt any interest in the fate of the two ruffians whose arrest had occasioned all this commotion, she would gladly make a present of them to him, provided that no precedent to her disadvantage should be drawn from her condescension. No further concession could be extracted. In this peril the secular, and, for the most part, the regular, clergy remained true to Venice, and in defiance of the interdict continued to celebrate the rites of religion. The Theatines and another order left the territory of the Republic. The Jesuits, determined to raise a tumult among the people if possible, issued from their convents in procession, bearing in front the crucifix, and chanting, with amusingly insolent appropriateness, the cxiv. psalm,

In exitu Israel de Ægypto, domus Jacob de populo barbaro.

The signory contented itself with adding a memorandum to the proposed terms that in no case could the Jesuits be included in the pacification.

It was currently reported at the time, and has been asserted frequently since, that the Republic and her adviser were at this crisis on the point of embracing the reformed doctrines. We believe

believe this to be a mistake. The population was by no means ripe for such a change, and we cannot believe that the crafty and worldly-wise Signory would have been willing to expose the complicated machinery of the Venetian constitution to the rude shock of a religious struggle. The report, greedily believed by the Protestants, was circulated by the Romanists, who desired to throw obloquy on the Signory and their theologian. Probably in the end it served the cause of Venice by frightening the proudest of Pontiffs into moderation. The terms of the Republic were perforce accepted.*

But, although Sarpi was no Protestant, his orthodoxy had been impeached at Rome. Being cited to appear before the Holy Office, he had, as he previously stipulated, been forbidden by the Council to obey. One evening, as he was returning from the Government palace to his own convent of the Serviti, he was attacked by five bravoes, stabbed in various places, and left for dead. In his jaw there was found a dagger, which, having been bent by the violence of the blow, the ruffian in his haste had not been able to withdraw. He was not alone, and was instantly taken up by his scared companions. The Senate, which was then sitting, broke up, and its members repaired in crowds to the convent. The Council of Ten assembled, the physicians of the State were sent to attend him, and other steps were taken to relieve the sufferer and to give notoriety to the outrage.

The wounds were not mortal; when the dagger was extracted the patient exclaimed, 'I recognize the *style*—(or stiletto—the play on words holds in Latin as well as Italian)—of the Curia Romana.' The bravoes were all known by name; their chief, one Ridolfo Poma, on arriving the night before, had drawn on the Ancona Chamber of Commerce for a thousand scudi. They fled instantly to the Papal frontiers, and, on announcing the crime which they believed they had consummated, were hailed as deliverers. Those who hesitate to accuse Pope Borghese of having ordered an assassination may lay the blame on the Jesuits: their shoulders are broad and their name is legion. Thuanus adds to his narrative 'ignaro Pontifice.' Of course the Pontiff was ignorant; but we doubt much whether he would have thanked any candid advocate for proving that the Court of Rome did not direct the blow. It

* It is asserted in the life of Bishop Bedell (p. 15) that, to save the Pope's credit, the Nuncio came first to the hall of audience, and, making the sign of the cross on the cushion of the Doge's throne, pronounced a vicarious absolution. We disbelieve the stories which Sir H. Wotton tells us of the intimacy between Bedell, then his chaplain, and Father Paul; they were probably invented to amuse king James, and to serve the chaplain, who, being attached to a foreign mission, could not have been allowed the slightest intercourse with a confidential servant of the Signory.

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was the boast of the age that the arm of Rome was long, and all the benefit of example would be lost if the priest who had presumed to insult her was supposed to fall by another hand. If Sarpi could have been inveigled to Rome, there were few there who would have hesitated to send him to the stake; and in that age it was by no means peculiar to the Papal Court to believe that it was lawful to pursue by the assassin the criminal who could not be entrapped within reach of formal *justice*. Two subsequent attempts were made on Sarpi's life, and the powerful Inquisition of State could devise no more agreeable method of preserving their valued servant than enjoining him to lead a life very much resembling that of a State-prisoner.

From this period no very serious differences disturbed the relations of the See with those States that adhered to her communion. In France* the national synod, which in 1682 was convened in consequence of the disputes between Louis XIV and Innocent XI., adopted unanimously the famous declaration drawn up by Bossuet. The four articles of which it consists asserted, in the first place, the complete independence of the temporal power, and denied the dispensing and deposing power of the Pope; the second declared the adhesion of the clergy to the doctrines of Constance with regard to the supremacy of Councils; the third maintained the ancient canons and usages of the Gallican Church; and the fourth denied the personal infallibility of the Pope. This declaration was declared law by Louis XIV., and was registered by Parliament. It was referred to as the law of France when the Concordat was negociated in the time of Buonaparte; it was referred to as law by the Cour Royale in 1825; and, to bring its history down to present times, it is now attacked by M. de Montalembert and his *Néo-catholiques*, whose very name anticipates the conclusion we would come to, for the worst age of antiquity furnishes no examples of their newfangled popery.

In all countries of Europe the same practical results were at last obtained; even at Naples (which the reckless cupidity of successive usurpers had reduced to the condition of a fief of the See) no bull could be published without the royal *exequatur*. And when in Parma Clement XIII. (Rezzonico) annulled on his own authority some trifling regulations of the Duke (the infant Don Filippo), the King of Spain withdrew his ambassador, the King of France seized Avignon, and the King

* In 1594 P. Pithou, published a digest of the French ecclesiastical law, which he dedicated to Henry IV. Its intrinsic merit gave it great authority; but it is no more true, as is now sometimes asserted, that Pithou framed the liberties of the Gallican Church, than that Blackstone invented the laws of England.

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of Naples occupied Beneventum and Ponte Corvo. Nor was it till ample satisfaction had been made by Ganganelli (the succeeding Pope), and on the intercession of the Duke himself, that the three Kings condescended to be appeased. The See never lacked ambition, but, as manners softened, influence came to be regarded as safer than authority; the Jesuit confessor was a more efficient and less obnoxious instrument than the turbulent legate or rebellious archbishop—and, if the See ruled at all, it aspired to rule by means of the sovereigns of Europe, and not over them.

In the meantime the Reformation had introduced a new social problem—one which at this moment seems farther from its solution than ever: 'What, in mixed Catholic and Protestant countries, are the relations and reciprocal duties of the State and its dissenting subjects?' At first, indeed, the question might be more broadly and simply stated: 'How are Protestants and Catholics to co-exist?'—and it affected not merely the internal organization of each State, but the international relations of the various members of the European family. The statesmen of the day were ill prepared with an answer. But the real obstacle to all accommodation was the Vatican, whose selfish and vindictive policy it was to perpetuate between the two parties a war of extermination. In the case of a Roman Catholic State and a Protestant minority, Rome invariably urged the Government to increase its severity till it compelled submission or drove to civil war. In Spain and Italy, where the Reformation had taken deeper root than is now generally believed, the exterminating energy of persecution imposed silence on all who wanted firmness to endure the stake. Germany had a war of thirty years, which, after afflicting her and other nations too with every variety of crime and calamity, was terminated, by the sheer lassitude of the combatants, in a compromise which the Popes have ever since endeavoured to disturb. In France there ensued a long civil war, strangely diversified with treachery and violence. Statecraft, indeed, must bear its share of the blame with bigotry; but statecraft would soon have suggested the compromise of toleration. The Queen Mother, Catherine of Medicis, was no bigot; she ere long became an object of suspicion to the ultra-papal party, to whom also, we must needs say, it were an excess of charity to impute bigotry, if by bigotry is implied religious enthusiasm. The useless crime of St. Bartholomew exasperated instead of crushing the quarrel. The Queen had planned it as a bold stroke of State policy. It was hailed with delight at Rome, chiefly because it committed the moderate party beyond recall, and seemed to annihilate

annihilate the spirit of toleration, more dreaded at Rome than the Reformation itself.*

In England the problem took that form in which it remains not more than half solved at the present hour: 'How are the relations of a Protestant State and a Catholic minority to be regulated, so as to allow to the one the full exercise of their religion, and yet secure to the other due loyalty and obedience?' We are far from saying that the problem would have been so stated by any legislator of Elizabeth's days. The possible limits of toleration were by no means ascertained; but it was not Elizabeth's interest, and still less her wish, to persecute. For the first ten years of her reign there was within the realm peace between the State and the Roman Catholics, and as yet there was no interference from without. Philip, afterwards so deadly a foe, compelled the Pope to temporize. But this alarming tranquillity, even more than any change in the shifting scene of politics, induced the inquisitor Pope to fulminate his famous bull of excommunication and deposition. Henceforth the elements of confusion and mischief were let loose. Elizabeth's subsequent existence was one long struggle against open violence and secret treachery; and because we can now look back to a glorious and successful reign, terminated in peace at a ripe old age, we must not do her the injustice to forget that she lived in daily alarm. Pius V. was in personal correspondence with conspirators in England, and maintained an agent in London to supply them with money as well as with advice. No exertion was spared on his part to promote an European crusade in support of the plot, of which the unhappy Duke of Norfolk was the dupe and the victim. The failure of one scheme was the signal to plan another. Elizabeth was determined not to be murdered by a conscientious traitor or a crackbrained enthusiast—if she could help it. Her maxims of Government were those of her day. *But she did not persecute for conscience sake.* Her successor is entitled to the benefit of the same defence. Let us forget the squibs and crackers and the straw-stuffed figure on the 5th of November, which give a ludicrous and mythical effect to the memory of Guy Fawkes, and honestly try to bring home to our imaginations the feelings of the most sober-minded Protestant on

* Pius V. wrote perpetually to the Queen, to the King, and his brothers, to complain of their lukewarmness, and to condemn the Edict of Toleration. The Queen did not undeceive him. In the long course of dissimulation by which she lulled the suspicions of the Protestant party previously to the massacre, she relied on the discontent of Rome as her best instrument of deception. Pius V. died very shortly before the massacre. The rejoicings with which the news was received at Rome have often been commented on; but it is important to remark that Gregory XIII., then on the throne, was a moderate man, whose personal feelings were not engaged in the quarrel, and that in ordering this jubilee he did no more than he conceived a strict regard to propriety and orthodoxy required.

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the discovery of such a treason. After its narrow failure, could any treason appear too wicked to be believed, or too extravagant to succeed?

We do not question that at the time itself the great body of Roman Catholics in this country viewed this project of wholesale murder with the abhorrence it would naturally inspire among Christians and Englishmen. The Archpriest Blackwell—to whom, on the death of the last Romish bishop, the direction of the Church in England had been committed—did not hesitate to take the abjuration oath, which, after such an attempt, it cannot be questioned James was fully justified in imposing; and, in consequence, the Archpriest was sternly rebuked by the Pope for his treason to the Holy See.* The English Roman Catholics had never held the extreme ultramontane opinions which were now urged upon them by Rome, and which they had no longer the support of the civil power to enable them to resist; and it is possible that by a vigorous and general protest against those doctrines at this time, they might have regained the confidence of the Government and their countrymen. But a fresh element of discord was at work, and every day made a mutual understanding more impossible. The aversion of the Puritans to Popery was too intense to acknowledge any gradations in what they considered idolatry of the blackest die. With them toleration was a neglect of duty—a compromise with Satan; and Government, the constant object of Papal plots, incurred much unpopularity and grave suspicion for the favour shown to Papists.†

After the Restoration the public mind was haunted with the dread of Popery and harassed with suspicions of the King. The subsequent attempt of James II., while it justified the extravagance of their terrors, put a final bar to compromise and conciliation. The laws enacted at the Revolution were not so much intended to defend the King against the Pope as to protect the people against any future coalition of Pope and King. Severe enactments against the profession of the Roman Catholic faith were passed. All intercourse with Rome was prohibited under the heaviest penalties, and the door of accommodation was double-locked.

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* Rapin, book xxvii.

† This opinion of the idolatrous guilt of Rome is not yet worn out, though there are few who would give it audible utterance. Protestants do not deny the possibility of salvation within the Romish Church, and even if they stigmatize some of her practices as idolatrous, they do not contend that she is guilty, in the sense that the tribes of Canaan were guilty, and that to afford her full toleration is a sin. Yet many of the Protestant opponents of the payment of the Romish clergy, and other measures that have been proposed for the pacification of Ireland, will find that their arguments derive all their weight from the tacit assumption of the doctrine which they do not or cannot assert in direct terms.

At this time, Rome, backed by the adherents of the exiled family, might seem more than ever a legitimate object of alarm; but, in fact, she had no longer the power to influence the politics of Europe. In 1745, when the last attempt to restore the Stuarts was hazarded, the wand of the enchantress had lost its charm. The pretensions of the See were unabated, its wealth undiminished, its outward splendour increased. The enlightened and virtuous Lambertini, and subsequently Ganganelli, by their moderation concealed the loss of power, and affected to favour the movement they could not oppose. Liberality was the order of the day; but something more than the spirit of liberality was abroad. The Emperor reformed and robbed the Church—the Grand Duke of Tuscany insulted it. The most bigoted courts of Europe clamoured for the suppression of the Jesuits, rendered obnoxious by a power 'too great to keep or to resign.' Ganganelli struggled to save them, and Braschi plotted to restore them—alike in vain;—the Jesuits fell; and the age, as usual, was astonished at its own illumination.

Every year Rome showed fresh symptoms of decline. In England statesmen began to look about them with the redundant courage of men who discover they have been frightened at a bugbear. In the session of 1791 all the statutes prohibiting the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion were repealed; and the virtual toleration became a legal one. On that occasion Mr. Wyndham said in the House of Commons—

'At any rate it is impossible to deem them [the Roman Catholics] formidable at the present period, when the power of the Pope is considered as a mere spectre, capable of frightening only in the dark, and vanishing before the light of reason and knowledge.'—*Annual Reg.*, vol. xxxiii. p. 95.

And had the spread of sound religion in the world kept pace with the decline of popery — this language wouldhave been justified;—but it was infidelity that finally triumphed—and when has infidelity afforded a safeguard against the return of superstition?

When Pius VI. died a captive at Vienne there was only one spot in Italy where the Conclave could assemble in freedom—Venice; and there, in the convent of S. Giorgio Maggiore, Pius VII. was elected. From this moment Popery rose like a phœnix from its ashes. The new Pontiff had soon an opportunity —nay, was in some sort compelled—to exert an act of authority, which, but for this appearance of compulsion, Hildebrand might have envied. Immediately on his accession he had notified his election to 'the Most Christian King, Louis XVIII.,'—a then poor

poor and all but hopeless exile,—and he had taken what steps he could to comfort and strengthen the oppressed Church in republican, and as yet infidel, France. But the First Consul desired to reconstruct social order. He saw at once the necessity of procuring for the State the support of the Church, and of imposing on the Church the control of the State—and he proposed to the Pope a concordat. The difficulty of his Holiness' situation was great. On the one hand he felt the importance of re-christianizing France; on the other, the long-oppressed Church and the extruded Bourbons were his fellow-sufferers and his clients. What may have been his internal struggles we know not; he signed a concordat by which a new distribution of sees was carved out, and all bishops were displaced—if they did not accept the invitation to resign. Moreover, their legitimate sovereign was virtually deposed, and their oath of allegiance dispensed with by the injunction to take the oath to the Republic and its rulers, whom the Pope, with pardonable hypocrisy, affected to believe to be Catholics; though little could be known of Buonaparte's religion, except that he had recently declared himself a Turk.

In thus reviving the despotism of the Pope, the First Consul probably did not look beyond the purposes of the hour. The union of papal bulls and consular bayonets must, he knew, cut off from the disaffected both the means of resistance and the hopes of martyrdom—and he was satisfied. Yet the statesmen employed to construct the concordat and the 'articles organiques,' embodied in them those provisions of the ancient ecclesiastical law of France which had been framed to prevent the encroachments of papal power—a piece of foresight for which they are deservedly eulogised by M. Dupin, and which may be advantageously contrasted with the indolence and self-deception of English legislators when employed on a similar subject. Buonaparte's acts continued to favour the growth of papal influence. In 1804 the Pope was dragged across the Alps in winter, from Rome to Paris, to crown the usurper. Such at least is the version we chose to give of the matter in England. The Pope himself, in an allocution to the cardinals, professes to go with joy—and assuredly the transaction admits of a construction as favourable to papal authority as the coronation of Charlemagne by Leo.*

In

* Mr. Seymour's critics are angry with him for asserting that the Pope crowned the Emperor, 'because it is notorious the emperor put the crown on his own head.' This is a mere quibble. The crafty usurper sent for the Pope to give his coronation the sanction of unction and consecration, in order to secure the allegiance of those who would respect such sanction; while to gratify others, whose religious and political unbelief would be offended at this 'retrograde mummery,' he took the crown from the Pope's

In the zenith of his triumph, however, the new Emperor was destined to discover that he had contributed to restore a power which he could not control. In 1809 the Pope, a prisoner at Fontainebleau and alone, on being urged with menace to renew some concessions he had revoked, excommunicated his gaoler, the conqueror of the continent, and the most despotic of monarchs. To the arrogance of a Pope he added the firmness of a martyr, and, notwithstanding the mischief of the precedent, the sympathies of Europe flowed freely in favour of the oppressed Church and its persecuted Head.

Immediately on the downfall of Napoleon, the Pope availed himself of these favourable dispositions, and of the general confusion, to restore the Jesuits and to re-establish the Inquisition. Even now we look back with wonder at this proof how far he had actually advanced in reasserting the full-blown pretensions of Rome amidst the cold and scoffing nineteenth century. In the meantime it was not clearly perceived that the legalization of the Romish worship in this country had given importance to a variety of political questions—questions, indeed, which we have not yet seen fairly stated, much less solved. 'What are the necessary limits of toleration to a religion which itself enjoins intolerance? How is the just subordination to the State to be enforced on a body which in certain matters professes obedience to a foreign Head? What are the due limits of these matters? Can a Protestant Government safely neglect those precautions and restrictions with which, as long experience proves, a Roman Catholic Government cannot dispense? Is the duty of the Protestant Government to its Roman Catholic subjects fulfilled by merely enacting laws to punish their disobedience? Can it safely or justly abandon the laity of this creed to the encroachments of the clergy, and both to the ultramontane pretensions of the See of Rome?' Unfortunately, at the moment when these points might have been most safely discussed, the necessity of entertaining them was superseded by the apathy, or rather debility, which paralyzed the church of Rome in its head and its members. Moreover, at first the Roman Catholic body seemed aware of the relation which ought to subsist between them and the Government. In 1793, being anxious to supply the want of places of education for their clergy—(a want occasioned by the recent destruction of religious houses in France)—the Irish Roman Catholic bishops addressed a memorial to the Crown, petitioning for leave to found a college, and holding out the

Pope's hand and placed it on his own head; but it has never occurred before to Protestant or Catholic to doubt that Buonaparte was crowned by Pius VII. in Notre Dame.

advantage

advantage of securing to the government a due control over the priesthood, as the sure result of compliance.* The prayer was more than granted. Maynooth was founded and *endowed*. The professions of gratitude were unbounded—a statue was voted—need we add, it was never raised? In 1799 the Irish bishops were still influenced by the same sentiments; they met and declared their willingness to allow the Government a veto on their appointments in return for emancipation. By *them*, however, the advantages of agitation were soon preferred—and the concession was revoked. The English Catholics in 1810 met and declared their willingness to give reasonable securities, in return for political privileges. A reference to Rome being proposed, their agent, Dr. Poynter, repaired thither to meet Dr. Milner, the agent of the Irish party. In the absence of the captive Pope, the Propaganda decided for the *veto*, but did not convince the Irish, who admire passive obedience only as a reason for taking up arms. On the return of the Pope the matter was again referred. Pius VII. feared to irritate his Irish subjects. It is not easy to persuade guerilla troops to submit to the routine of regular discipline; but he had learnt moderation from adversity, and he decided in favour of a qualified veto. During the long struggle that intervened between the Toleration Act and the Relief Bill, it need not have been difficult to repair past errors:—but on the one hand, our liberal statesmen assumed that the spirit of the Papacy still was and ever would remain what they wished it to be, or they persisted in believing so on the evidence of interested parties whom it was the height of simplicity to credit or even to examine on such a subject;† on the other hand, the aversion entertained by Protestants to all direct communication with the Pope, made it difficult, perhaps, impossible, to propose the only method by which any adequate securities for the future could be obtained. In the ears of good Protestants the word 'concordat' suggested, and it still suggests, the ideas of compromise, surrender, subserviency. We beg leave to say, that when in a recent article we used the word, we meant none of these. We meant restrictions and regulations for the exercise of the Romish worship, imposed with the consent of the Head of the Romish Church; a consent which, after more or less of struggle, he has always given in Catholic as well as in Protestant States, and which he must always give, except where the folly of Go-

* This document is particularly well worth the reader's attention. It is quoted in a pamphlet entitled 'Case of Maynooth College considered.' Dublin, 1836.

† We could wish our statesmen would turn to some of the pamphlets and speeches then put forth on the question. The perusal might inculcate a lesson of humility, and so far of wisdom.

vernment

vernment betrays that more is to be gained by withholding it. Let it be proved to us that regulations can be devised by hostile legislation, so as to attain the end proposed, and we will gladly wait Lord Derby's two years to give him time to produce them. But where are such laws to find their sanction? Who will enforce their penalties, if severe? If light, how many will be found to court them! How fine to be persecuted when persecution means only notoriety, applause, letters in the *Times*, and, perhaps, subscriptions and preferment! How pleasant to wear the crown of martyrdom when it is turned to a chaplet of bays! On the other hand, when we are determined to discontinue the war, where is the 'compromise' in making a convention with the only party who can ensure us peace? No agreement can be binding on the Roman Catholic body, unless sanctioned by their Head; and to insist that the terms shall be settled without his intervention is more absurd than to propose terms to marauding soldiers to the exclusion of their general-in-chief. The argument against 'compromise' has lost all its meaning since the days of so-called persecution. To treat with the Pope acknowledges no more than the *fact* of his claims—which no one denies—and gives no sanction to their validity. All toleration is a compromise—but it is one which we have deliberately resolved to make, and which no one wishes to revoke. As long as we attempted to dam up the torrent, principle, at least, was preserved; but having—wisely or unwisely—broken down the dam, where is the compromise of principle in cutting a channel for the passage of waters, rather than leaving them to flood the country in their overflow?

If it was a want of foresight to admit Romanists to toleration, without taking proper steps to secure the tranquillity of the State, it was madness to admit them to political privileges. That at the time of the Relief Bill terms satisfactory to the reasonable of both parties might have been obtained, is undoubted. That none can be proposed now in the height of the present conflict, and that none probably would be accepted, is equally true. But it is profitable to dwell on what might and ought to have been done then, because it suggests the only possible termination more or less remote, after more or less of suffering and blundering, which we can anticipate for our difficulties. The Relief Act, bad as it was, was not altogether unaccompanied by restrictive clauses. All these have been openly and shamelessly set at nought. The consent of the country was with difficulty extorted to that measure by the assurance that the Roman Catholic Church could never be more aggressive than it then appeared. That assurance was believed to have all the force of a compact. The Romanists certainly

certainly did all they could by the most vociferous expressions, not merely of acquiescence, but of eternal gratitude, peace, and good-will, to persuade us that they considered it a compact of most sacred obligation. Another statue was voted—but as before no steps were taken to erect it. We might forgive their versatility, however ungrateful; but what words can express our scorn in hearing the resolution-makers of the Rotunda assert that a compact made with them at the time of the Relief Act has been violated on the side of the State by the recent enactment?

Since the year 1829, the Pope has steadily increased his authority over the Romish clergy in these kingdoms; and they, on their part, have obtained fresh power over the laity and the legislature. Fashion and taste have combined to make attractive a subserviency which our predecessors would have thought degrading and ridiculous; and the priests, by their influence in elections, are enabled to domineer over those who, to secure a seat in Parliament, are willing to give up the independence which alone can make a seat desirable. It is needless again to point out how far the fatal policy of our present ministers has contributed to papal aggrandizement and encouraged papal aggression. But to complete our sketch of the resurrection of papal power, we must note the impulse that has been given to ultramontane doctrines of late years, and more especially since the convulsions of 1848. The discussion is profitable if not agreeable. Let us not again be led astray from undervaluing our adversary.

The position of the papacy at the present crisis presents some striking contrasts of strength and weakness, which call to mind its anomalous condition in the middle ages. The temporal power of Rome is shaken to its foundation. In her own strongholds, it is said, she is undermined by the disciples of the Reformation. In Florence, at this moment, a religious ferment exists, of which it is impossible to ascertain the extent, or to foresee the effects. On the other hand, never were ultramontane principles received with so much favour on this side the Alps. Austria, willing to avail herself of every support to prop the falling fabric of social order, has thrown herself into the arms of the repentant Pope, and has deprived herself of those safeguards against ecclesiastical encroachment which long experience had obtained.* In France, on the restoration of the Bourbons, the Roman Catholic had been declared the religion of the State. In 1830, as a concession (perhaps unavoidable) to the republican

* Mr. Bowyer infers that the royal 'exequatur' cannot be necessary, because Austria has resigned it. That is begging the whole question. Austria has but begun her experiment.

and

and anti-religious party, it was degraded from this position, and, for a short time, were added certain regulations affecting costume and ceremonies, which were felt by the clergy to be insulting. This weakening of the union between the Roman Catholic Church and the Government had the worst effects. The Gallican Church, renouncing its liberties, seems disposed to throw itself into the arms of the Pope, more especially since the last Revolution, and may, perhaps, at no distant time become as effectual an organ of anarchy as the Romish Church of Ireland itself. It has been remarked by ingenious modern writers that there is no necessary connexion between popery and monarchy, and that the Roman Proteus can accommodate himself with equal readiness to the caprices of any sovereign, whether many-headed or single. Certain it is that the Jesuits, at the close of the sixteenth century, professed the lowest democratic doctrines, and appealed from the thrones to the people of Europe. The thrones of Europe were at that time the great barrier to papal progress, and therefore their first point of attack; but we believe that the modern opinion is true only under certain restrictions. The spirit of democracy can be swayed only by apparent subserviency. If by power is meant merely the power of inflaming men's passions, of shutting out knowledge, and of subverting order, the Roman Catholic Church may for a time seem to rule despotically even in a social republic; but if by power are meant the sweets of power, such as rank, wealth, ease—these she can find only under the conditions of a well-ordered State; and the attempt to maintain the pride and pomp of her dominion in an anarchical republic would produce only wilder anarchy—if wilder can be—and deeper *infidelity*, if a deeper can be feared than that inseparable from Rome's worst *superstitions*, received by an ignorant people and disseminated by an interested priesthood.

But, among not a few causes for suspicion and alarm, that which most strikes us is the sudden giving way of the barrier which the progress of mind seemed to have raised against the arrogance of papal pretensions, and which our immediate predecessors proclaimed to be insurmountable. They forgot that a time of zeal is also a time of extravagance, and they mistook their own lukewarmness for the calm of wisdom. With what incredulity would they have heard that the countrymen of Voltaire should, within half a century, advocate the uncontrolled despotism of Rome, and that English converts of education should rush headlong into superstitions derided even by Romanists themselves. If Dr. Newman's work on Development had been shown to one of our old divines, with what triumph would he have exclaimed, 'a house divided against itself cannot stand'—and how

impossible would he have deemed it that such a work should make proselytes, and (though the *Vatican* has dexterously avoided giving a formal decision) be approved by the highest authorities of the Romish Church? Yet all this and much more has actually taken place—(let the thought bring with it a salutary mortification)—in an age which boasts of its enlightenment. In plain truth, these boasts are founded on fallacies, and savour of the pride that goes before a fall. It is a fallacy to assume that individual minds are advanced in anything like exact proportion to the aggregate progress of society, or that moral and intellectual progress bears any certain ratio to the advance of science and material civilization. The advantages of education are in some cases equivocal. If a man's imagination or his passions determine him to be deceived, his education only supplies him with more ingenious and surer means of deception. We doubt whether any work to be compared, for abject ultramontane servility or for dreamy and enervating superstition, with the Littlemore 'Lives of the English Saints,' had been issued from any foreign cloister even in the darkest period of monkery.

Moreover, there is a certain degree of actual strength which the Papacy derives from its past weakness. Men have lost their terrors of the idol they are endeavouring to raise—we might almost say their sense of its reality—and they are ready to bow down before the creature of their imagination. We cannot otherwise account for the appearance of such a theory of ecclesiastical supremacy—and that by a layman and a Frenchman—as Count de Maistre's volume sets forth. If we attempt to expose his sophisms, or protest against the perpetual begging the question which runs through all his arguments, we shall only incur the contempt of his admirers. The best, perhaps the only refutation of these theories is practical. Let the admirers of unlimited power feel the weight of the Colossus they have restored—let the Pope's infallibility come into collision with the infallibility of its advocates—and then we do not doubt their conversion will be effected. But if there is much of selfishness and insincerity in the support which the See of Rome at present receives, so there was also, it must be remembered, in more ancient and more zealous days; nor had Rome ever disdained to profit by any resources, however tainted, that circumstances placed at her disposal.

We reach the latest chapter of the history of Papal supremacy. —The re-erection of a hierarchy in England had long been desired by the ambitious among the Roman Catholic clergy here. It had long been agitated at Rome also (*Vide* Moroni, Art. 'Inghilterra'); but successive Popes, to whom the proposal was made, well knew the

the meaning and the nature of such an act. Even Gregory XVI., who was the author of the encyclical letter condemning the absurdity (*deliramentum*) of Toleration, and who did not scruple to shake society to its centre in Germany, by re-opening the question of mixed marriages, settled since the thirty-years war —Gregory himself, when urged to make this aggression on England, drew back and refused. This hesitation alone is a complete answer to the frivolous and Jesuitical evasions and excuses put forth in Mr. Bowyer's pamphlets. But an answer to these is no longer needed. Mr. Bowyer and his apologies are disclaimed by his clients, and he may stand aside till softness and civility are again in request. In truth, Dr. Wiseman's first policy was more worthy of the Vatican than that which has been forced upon him by his Irish allies. The embarrassment of ministers, who were in fact hardly sincere in their hostility, was extreme. Perplexed by the false position in which their own antecedents had placed them, they could not act with vigour. By their Bill they meant little more than a protest; and though they could not formally exclude Ireland, they purposed practically to exempt it from the operation of their law;—but providentially, as we trust it will turn out for this country, the selfish violence of Irish agitation soon disconcerted the plan of the campaign.

We have no time to waste in replying to Lord Shrewsbury's defence of the *manner* of the aggression. *Why* the Pope should choose to be insolent is a question that we are not bound to answer (though we think many motives of triumph and resentment might be assigned). The insolence, designed or not, we can afford to overlook or forgive, but it is important to observe that the insolence of the language conveys a real meaning; it could not be abated without diminishing the assumption of authority, and without limiting the sweeping effects of the bull. The Pope declares that—

'All regulations, constitutions, privileges, or customs in the ancient system of the Anglican churches are, by the plenitude of apostolical power, repealed and abrogated; and that all power whatsoever of imposing obligation or conferring right in those regulations, privileges, or customs, by whomsoever and at whatsoever most ancient and immemorial times brought in, shall be altogether void and of none effect for the future.'—*Greenwood*, p. 124.

The two chief objects of this clause are to cut away, as far as a Papal bull can do so, the *apostolical succession* of the English Church—a point on which Rome had always shown much sensitiveness. The next is to abrogate the ancient canon law and usages of the Roman Catholic Church in this country, which must be cleared off before the pure ideal of popery can

be established. In truth, however, these words in their vague magniloquence will reach whatever it may hereafter be found convenient to apply them to; and thus, in a vacuum made 'by the plenitude of apostolical authority,' England begins her 'regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity.' But that action is adjusted as no revolving action, even in the Papal system, ever was adjusted before—*the centrifugal force is wanting:* and if our Roman Catholic countrymen do not take heed, their luckless planet will soon be engulfed in the 'centre of unity.'

Meantime, among the difficulties of our position must be numbered a certain degree of inconsistency and confusion of thought in the public mind, as to several subjects connected with the new audacity. The real strength of Rome consists in our weakness. The public temper, though it has shown itself able to resent, is utterly unfit to deal with aggression. Though the indignation of the country was roused to a degree which, in its unanimity, strength, and calmness, we have never seen equalled, and though its common sense could not be baffled by the flimsy sophistry with which it was at first thought fit to palliate the outrage; yet, from want of recent experience of Rome and her ways, there was much ignorance as to the nature of the weapons by which we had been assailed, and still more as to the fit mode of opposing them:—a determination to repel aggression was combined with a desire for unlimited toleration;—there was a strong wish to make laws—the greatest reluctance to enforce them. In the midst of this perplexity it is not a little surprising that a party, consisting of some of the ablest men in both Houses of Parliament, employed their abilities to magnify every obstacle, and to aggravate every difficulty; they took no side—they defended no opinion; or, rather, they took every side and defended every opinion in turn; and as the composition of antagonist forces produces rest, so from their conflicting arguments they drew the moral of absolute inaction. The disappointment of the country, which proves how highly its expectations had been raised, may be highly complimentary to these statesmen,—but it was deeply felt. We own we share largely in this feeling. We cannot think that it required any great perspicacity to perceive that the volcano believed to be extinct, on the sides of which men had built and planted, is in a state of fearful activity; nor can we reconcile it with the character of a statesman to advise that a real peril should be met with contempt. Philosophy, when it insists on believing in spite of experience that the masses of mankind are actuated by its own motives and intelligence, turns its wisdom into foolishness. The case is far too serious to be disposed of by

by parliamentary phrases and rhetorical incredulity. It may call forth a cheer when a distinguished Privy-Councillor, heretofore member of a Conservative Government, professes that

'he would not do the people of England and Ireland, in this nineteenth century, the injustice to suppose that they believed in the possibility of anything so fatal to their liberties as that any prelate could bless or curse them on account of temporal affairs, whether he bore the title of Archbishop of Dublin or of Timbuctoo.' — *Speech of the Right Hon. S. Herbert.*—(*Times, Tuesday, 18th March.*)—

but is this the way to deal with facts? Is it not notorious that in Ireland the parish priest is believed to hold the keys of heaven as certainly as he carries the key of his own house? Is it really an injustice to believe that the Roman Catholics of Great Britain have not all and each of them the knowledge, firmness, and sense of Bossuet? Would it not, a year or two ago, have seemed a much greater injustice to doubt, that if the high-minded and highly educated Roman Catholic gentry of England were to be insulted by the introduction of the Roman Canon law, they would rise as a body to resist the ultramontane popery thus fraudulently substituted for their ancient system? and yet, with a few noble exceptions, have they as yet done so?—The advocates of inaction must, however, shut their eyes not merely to what is passing before them, but to the whole testimony of history—that testimony which we have adduced to prove—*not* that the Pope's aggression is unjustifiable because in former days it would not have been permitted, but—that in former times it would not have been permitted because at all times it is incompatible with the free action of government. To discredit this testimony, no doubt, is pleaded the difference between the eleventh and nineteenth centuries—and resistance to the Pope has been called in Parliament a 'pure anachronism' (Debate, Friday, March 21st). This objection, we beg to say, might apply to the aggression, but hardly to the resistance. If a modern legislator were to ride about his estates in a steel jacket, maltreating and plundering his tenants, surely the blame of 'anachronism' would apply to him, and not to the magistrate who sent him to the assizes to improve his chronology. The advocates for inaction, under whatever pretence, have to shew that a Protestant government can safely permit a dictation and interference which to a Roman Catholic government would be fatal. If they fail in this, the Protestants of the present day have, by the laws of self-defence, the same right (without violating the principles of toleration) to limit the exercise of papal authority, which their Roman Catholic ancestors exerted.

But the great stumblingblock to our legislation, and the chief strength

strength of our Romanist opponents, lies in the perplexity and confusion of thought which prevails on the subject of *toleration*. We have endeavoured to show that there have been from the earliest times two distinct modifications of Romanism, one as the Pope wished to make it, the other as the nations of Europe chose to admit it. How there can be this diversity in an infallible Church it is not our business to explain: happily men are not more logical in following out error to its legitimate consequences than they are in their dealings with truth. But such is the fact; there ever has been, and it seems is destined ever to be, a struggle between the principles in modern times called ultramontane, and the Roman Catholic faith as vindicated by the national churches. It is the latter to which we had extended privileges — it is the former which it is now intended to introduce. This is a fraud on the ignorance and tolerance of the Protestants. It is a fraud on the blindness of the Roman Catholics, who in their hostility to a rival church may be entrapped into a subserviency from which their forefathers would have recoiled, and of which they themselves will hereafter repent. There is no question of toleration as between Catholic and Protestant; it is simply a question between civil and ecclesiastical power. If in times anterior to the Reformation any analogous aggression had been attempted, the indignation of the country would have been not less than that which we have recently witnessed; or if to-day the whole nation were to be converted to Romanism, from the Queen on her throne to the beggar at the gate, it would be only so much the more necessary, to-morrow, for ministers to discover some efficient measures of repression. It is not, then, the mere existence of an Established Protestant Church which makes resistance to Papal encroachment a duty. The Church is rather the great bulwark against an attack of which she is the first, but by no means the sole or final object, and which, if she did not exist at all, would be as difficult to endure, and far more difficult to resist. If America is able to ridicule the idea of Papal aggression, the cause must be sought in the small proportion of her Roman Catholic population, her philosophical indifference to religious disputes, her want of centralization, and other distinctive peculiarities. In Belgium, where all religions are protected and none established, free institutions have already brought the Government into collision with the Roman Catholic clergy. And in this country, if the Church were at once swept away to make room for the voluntary system, no government could permit a foreign ecclesiastic to agitate England and govern Ireland at his pleasure. No fallacy connected with the subject of toleration has contributed

contributed more to plunge us into our present difficulties, or is better calculated to keep us there, than the confusion in one common classification of the Romanists with 'other Dissenters.' It was the device of James and his Jesuit counsellors, when under the shelter of dissent they designed to introduce Popery—a fraud which the dissenters of that day detected and indignantly eschewed. It has been the resource of Whig administrations when they wished to introduce some concession as a bribe for Popish constituencies, and to make it pass in a thin and hungry House for the application of an old and acknowledged principle. The answer to this sophism is the plain matter of fact, that the Romanists differ from all other dissenters; they are placed in a relation to a Protestant government in which no other dissenters are placed; they stand in a relation to their own head which it requires the strong arm of civil power to regulate. The Romanist laity—as some very recent occurrences manifest—require the protection of law to restrain within certain limits even their own clergy; and are all these requirements supplied by ignoring their distinct and peculiar existence and position, and bringing in acts to 'put them on the level of other dissenters'?

Civil and religious liberty are terms easily understood in quiet times; but, when every one is determined to stretch his rights to the utmost, there is no more difficult problem in legislation than to fix their exact boundaries. Tens of thousands pass and repass daily in the Strand without confusion; but if all these or only a very small minority were to insist on walking with as little regard of others as if they were alone in the woods, who could legislate so as to prevent a tumult? Human law can only make a compromise between what is desirable and what is attainable. It is neither just nor generous to urge that because toleration has been carried already to a dangerous extent, it must be continued without limit to the toleration of intolerance. Many acts that are dangerous to order are allowed in a free constitution, in order to avoid the greater danger of prohibiting them. Many prohibited acts are tolerated by administration within certain discretionary limits; but in this balanced compromise it is difficult to legislate for more than the actually existing state of things. If a power of infinite development is claimed, and if one anomaly is to be the precedent for another in endless succession, universal anarchy must ensue. Mr. Greenwood (p. 154) gives a summary of the conclusions to which the argument for toleration, if followed out according to our opponents' views, will tend. We think in the good old days of fable the cuckoo might have stated the matter to the hedge-sparrow more concisely thus: 'When you tolerated the depositing

depositing of my egg in your nest, you virtually tolerated all the consequences of its development. If my offspring ejects yours, no doubt he is the worthier. Do not blame me for your own shortsighted folly.'

It would be foreign to our subject to discuss the various defences which the papal advocates have set up. They are cobwebs, which, viewed through the medium of distance, are too flimsy to attract notice. If the mischief of papal interference is imaginary, they are not needed to justify it; if real, were they ten times more valid, they are insufficient.

We presume that the legislators who, on the pretext of contempt or toleration, preach the doctrine of passive endurance, have staked their reputation for political sagacity on the assumption that *there is no real mischief*. If their intention in so doing has been to steer clear of the difficulties which might beset their future tenure of office, we suspect they have created for themselves a much greater perplexity than that from which they would thus save themselves. The evil which has now risen to such a height as to make their position untenable, was, at the opening of the session, of a very formidable character. It is no slight nor imaginary evil that society in this country is disturbed in all its relations. Dr. Ullathorne, the most clamorous of martyrs, admits that his rhetorical and figurative persecution hurts no one whom it is aimed at—(*Letter* to Lord J. Russell in the *Times*, dated *Bishop's House*, Birmingham, Feb. 10); but adds some mysterious hints that it affects the industrious and the poor. We presume he must mean that Roman Catholic servants find a difficulty in obtaining employment. We were not aware of the fact. But this is a practical matter of much interest, and we must pause to ask Dr. Ullathorne, if indeed Roman Catholic servants, as such, seem less trustworthy to Protestant masters, who is to blame for this? When the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Spencer—who, it seems, is called 'one Father Ignatius' (*Lord Shrewsbury*, p. 13)—wrote a letter in the newspapers to recommend that by every possible means servants even in the meanest capacity should be introduced into Protestant families, with a view to unsettle the faith of the inmates, did Dr. Ullathorne or his brethren raise one protest against this treachery? Even Lord Shrewsbury sees in this counsel only an 'active but perhaps shortsighted zeal,' and in the indignant remonstrance of the Bishop of Oxford the noble Earl finds only a subject for unseemly banter at the supposed reluctance of the learned prelate to encounter the dialectics of a polemical kitchenmaid. It is no small evil, socially as well as politically, if the Roman Catholic faith professed in this country is to be converted into ultramontanism. We believe that

that the English Roman Catholic body *did* present the purest exemplar of their Church that has as yet existed. It was their loyalty and their virtues that supplied the advocates of emancipation with their most effective, though by no means their most logical, arguments. But from this moment an impetus is given to ultramontanism, which among the clergy must be all but irresistible; and among the laity, we fear *neo*-Catholicism will for a time be fashionable. A priestly yoke, when it is real, is intolerable—and it will be felt so in due time, we do not doubt; but as yet the yoke does not press heavily; to profess to bear it is enough; and even this compliance is repaid with much flattery. In the zeal of new conversion, in the presence of Protestant bystanders to astonish, the most exaggerated exhibitions of controversial humility are gratifying to a modern bigot. In public life, unqualified, passive, abject obedience cannot be without votaries, when its profession confers influence, and implies no submission; when it dignifies factious opposition, and dispenses from the trouble of reasoning and the duty of ever being reasonable. Moreover, the machinery for chronic agitation was immediately established, and vast increase of priestly influence was obtained at a time when a great addition of Irish immigration had made that influence peculiarly formidable. That this is no chimerical apprehension is proved by the riots at Birkenhead on occasion of a Protestant meeting; an outrage which Lord Shrewsbury, with a confusion of head which we presume to be the result of controversial zeal, lays to the charge of Protestants. We have reserved to the last the mischiefs of synodical action. Among the many gross frauds which it is sought to pass off on the ignorance of this country, none strikes us more forcibly than the attempt to introduce an *episcopate*—a hierarchy—as being merely an aggregate body of bishops. In Belgium, which is, perhaps, the most really pious Roman Catholic community in Europe, there are bishops, but there is no episcopate; and as late as the year 1845 the government steadily refused the application of the Archbishop of Malines to acknowledge one.* The difference lies in the power of collective, united action—and to compare it with a Wesleyan Conference is a simple mis-statement. At the opening of the session the synod of Thurles had already frustrated the benevolent intention of the legislature and stopped education in Ireland. This decree has since been confirmed by Pius IX., a result which might have been anticipated, when we learn, on such authority as that of

* On this subject, and indeed on all points of the actual state of relations between Rome and foreign Governments, the reader will find ample information in the admirable treatise of Dr. Twiss—in all respects the most valuable one called forth by the late controversy.

Lord

Lord Shrewsbury, by what men the feeble-minded Pope is surrounded and guided. Speaking of 'the party in the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland which had so long ruled and agitated in Conciliation Hall' (p. 108), the Earl says—

'that party reigned triumphant at Rome too—only, I am sure, because the immense majority of the Irish there were Repealers and anti-English, and occupied the ground to the exclusion of others.'

He goes on to say that neither himself nor any of the respectable English there were consulted, nor would have been listened to if they had offered their advice, which, from motives of prudence or indifference, they declined doing.

'Hence (he proceeds) the views of Rome with regard to Ireland became the views of a faction. Rome was cajoled and betrayed, and the interests of all were sacrificed. These are not questions of dogma; they depend on the passions of men, and are swayed by human interests. None have felt this more than the Pontiffs themselves; for in matters of fact they are liable to error like other mortals.'

We do not doubt it; but does it not strike Lord Shrewsbury that they would do well to abstain from meddling in affairs where they are not directed by inspiration, and where they have so little chance of learning the truth by human means? The result is, that, under pretence of obedience to Rome, Conciliation Hall is to govern Ireland; and the only consolation Lord Shrewsbury offers is that the Protestants are to blame for it all. In this we own we agree with him. But can British statesmen tell us they consider this no evil?

Since the Recess the plot has indeed thickened. Father Cullen, anxious, no doubt, to make the Irish Roman Catholic Clergy forget the Papal encroachment by which he was intruded upon them, and to prove himself as worthy a son of their Church as election could have discovered for them, has pushed extravagance to a length which disconcerts Dr. Wiseman, who toils after him in vain. Law is openly defied, and how far the outrage will stop short of actual rebellion it is hard to say. The agitators will no longer accept connivance—they disdain equality. Their hierarchy must not only be tolerated, it must be acknowledged, it must be dominant, it must be sole. Mr. Bird Sumner cannot be acknowledged even as doctor of divinity (vide *Tablet*, quoted in the *Times*, August 7, 1851). The laws of the royal succession must be repealed—the coronation oath changed—a Romanist must be eligible—why not alone eligible? It is desired to find as a matter for agitation some object supposed to be unattainable; and as the supineness of the country and the dishonesty of Government brings each such object successively nearer, another is to be sought. Who shall venture to prophesy? With what shouts

shouts of derision was poor Sir Harcourt Lees received when he ventured to fortell less than the tithe of what is passing before our eyes! A society is organised for the express purpose of disturbing the tranquillity of England, and of exacerbating the chronic ills of Ireland. All this, though more rapid and more violent in its progress, is in substance much what we expected. These agitators are not toiling for Rome: it is their own momentary advantage—the gratification of their own passions—they have in view. They are using the Pope merely as an instrument, and are betraying the cause of the Vatican—and in this mismanagement of the enemy is the only gleam we can discover on our own horizon. Less than these outrages would hardly open the eyes of the candid good-natured public, who, in the year of Grace 1851, think it necessary to make a formal application to the Pope for leave to build a Protestant church in his capital—in order that they may be convinced, by his refusal, of his intolerance. The course to be adopted by this country is plain. Before any other steps are taken, or even discussed, the authority of the law must be re-established. In the mean time we most earnestly caution the pious and honourable among the Roman Catholics how they lend their names to proceedings which they cannot approve, and which must tend ultimately to the injury of their Church; and, above all, how they make themselves participators in the heavy guilt incurred for years by the priesthood in Ireland.

ART. IX.—1. *Du Gouvernement de la France: précédé d'une Lettre à M. Guizot sur la Démocratie.* Par E. Dehais. Paris, 1851.

2. *Réponse de M. Guizot à M. Emile Dehais.* Paris, 1851.

3. *Parallèle Historique des Révolutions d'Angleterre et de France sous Jacques II. et Charles X.* Par le Comte Maxime de Choiseul-Daillecourt, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1851.

4. *Histoire de la Restauration.* Par A. Lamartine. 2 tomes. Paris, 1851.

5. *Revision de la Constitution—République et Monarchie.* Par le Comte Ferd. de Bertier, Ancien Député, Ministre d'Etat, &c. Paris, 1851.

6. *De la Candidature du Prince de Joinville à la Présidence de la République.* Par M. Pr. Delarbre, Ancien Représentant à l'Assemblée Constituante. Paris, Août, 1851.

7. *L'Ere des Césars.* Par M. A. Romieu. Paris, 1850.

8. *Une Solution Militaire.* Par un Soldat. Paris, 1851.

9. *Idée Générale de la Révolution au XIXme Siècle; Choix d'Etudes*

d'Etudes sur la Pratique Révolutionnaire et Industrielle. Par P. J. Proudhon. Paris, 1851.

10. *La Propriété sous la Monarchie, à propos de la Revision.* Par V. Guichard, Ancien Constituant. Paris, 1851.
11. *La Souveraineté du Peuple; Essai sur l'Esprit de la Révolution.* Par Paul de Flotte, Représentant du Peuple. Paris, 1851.
12. *Socialisme Conservateur; Essai de Fraternité Chrétienne et pratique.* Par Deux Soldats [G. de Leyssac et E. H. de Lupierre]. Paris, 1851.
13. *Des Principes de la Stabilité Sociale.* Par A. Marini, Ingénieur des Ponts et Chaussées. Paris, 1851.
14. *Les Clubs et les Clubbistes; Histoire Complète Critique et Anecdotique des Clubs et des Comités Electoraux à Paris depuis la Révolution de* 1848, *&c.* Par Alphonse Lucas. Paris, 1851.
15. *La République aux Enfers, par un Ami du Diable.*
16. *Politics for the People.* London, 1848.
17. *The Message of the Church to Labouring Men; a Sermon preached at St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on the evening of Sunday the 22nd of June,* 1851. By Charles Kingsley, jun., Rector of Eversley. Price 6*d.* 1851.
18. *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet, an Autobiography.* 2 vols. 1851.
19. *Yeast: a Problem. Reprinted with corrections and additions, from Fraser's Magazine.* 1851.
20. *Reasons for Co-operation; a Lecture delivered at the Office for Promoting Working Men's Associations. To which is added 'God and Mammon,' a Sermon to Young Men; preached in St. John's District Church, St. Pancras.* By F. D. Maurice, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. 1851.
21. *Report of the Commissioner* [*H. S. Tremenheere*] *appointed under the provisions of the Act 5th & 6th Victoria, c. 99, to inquire into the operation of that Act and the State of the Population in the Mining Districts,* 1850. *Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* London, 1851.

THE works here enumerated, though so unusually numerous, and of such a very heterogeneous appearance, are substantially all on one theme, and but a very small proportion of those with which that theme has overflowed our table. We have selected them as specimens of the various and antagonist modes of treating the one great subject that now occupies and agitates throughout Europe—but especially in France and England—the pens of all who write—the passions of all who feel, and the earnest and anxious thoughts of all who concern themselves about either the political or the social systems under which we live

or

or *are to live.* To advocate or to deprecate—to forward or retard—to applaud for imitation or to expose *in terrorem* the progress of Revolution—such, wherever and to whatever extent a political press exists, is now its almost exclusive occupation.

And no wonder. For the European world finds itself in circumstances, for which neither history nor the experience of the last sixty years, so fruitful in revolutions, can afford any parallel and hardly any analogy. The first French Revolution, formidable as it soon became, did not at the outset create any serious alarm for the peace of other countries. Mr. Pitt even took that opportunity of diminishing our army and navy, thinking that France would find sufficient employment at home. Mr. Burke almost alone had the sagacity to foresee the future *Upas* in the seedling planted on the ruins of the Bastille. When by and by the Jacobinical principles began to overflow upon Europe; they were—as fortunately for the rest of Europe as unhappily for France—accompanied by such internal atrocities as served in a powerful degree to counteract their political and moral effect. From that time forward the danger to her neighbours changed its aspect altogether. They had to defend themselves from her arms, ambition, and usurpations, and, in short, from the very reverse of any disorganising or democratic influences. We need not say that France gave little or no cause for uneasiness during the fifteen years of the Restoration, at once the happiest and the freest that *she ever* enjoyed—halcyon days, under the indulgence and tranquillity of which were hatched the factions that, by the combined rashness and weakness of the Polignac ministry, were enabled to get up the July Revolution. Even that Revolution, however, had little direct effect on the state of Europe. The principles that prepared it and the mode in which it was executed were, no doubt, sufficiently alarming to all regular Governments, and were seriously felt in England; but the accession of Louis Philippe and his adroit and vigorous kingcraft, soon counteracted those apprehensions, and seemed to strengthen the monarchical principle. It is true that sober-minded men saw—and we ourselves, as our readers may recollect, ventured to predict—that the deceptive principle and false basis of that apparently strong and popular monarchy would eventually overthrow it: but by the personal character of the King, and by a succession of conservative ministers and of bold measures, more decided than the Restoration had ever tried, it lasted eighteen years—not indeed of halcyon repose, for it was a series of *émeutes*, attempts at assassination, and general political *malaise*, derived from its origin—but of great material prosperity and of domestic and external peace.

But if the July Revolution was the work of a faction, helped onwards by the folly of the Polignac ministry—the February Revolution

lution was a mere surprise, an accident, a collision—without design, without excuse, without motive, almost without object. And *hence*—from this very absence of any reasonable cause—the greater and deeper have become the difficulties and the dangers with which it has overwhelmed France and now menaces the world. 'One never goes so far,' said Robespierre, 'as when one knows not where he is going.' So it is of the February revolution—which was set agoing no one knew how, nor why, nor whither! MM. Thiers and Odillon-Barrot, its unconscious though not innocent authors, had little idea that the factious pretences, by which they hoped to change a ministry and get into their places, were in the twinkling of an eye to become a social and democratic revolution, of which their own ambition was to be the very first victim; but they ought to have known, and we believe did know, enough to deter them, had they been men of either candour or foresight, from making such perilous experiments on the popular temper. They must have known, for everybody knew, that ever since the July Revolution there had been growing up in France (it had even some offsets in England) a new and more popular and dangerous element of political and social disorder, than had yet been brought into direct and avowed operation. All the causes or pretences, indeed, of former revolutions had been exhausted—there was no feudality to abolish as in 1789—no *terror* to overthrow as in 1794—no disasters and disgraces to repair as in 1800—no military despot to expel as in 1814—no violation of the charter to resist as in 1830. France had tried and *used up* all known forms of government—the old régime and a despotism—three constitutional monarchies—and four republics, the Girondine, the Montagnarde, the Directorial, and the Consular. The people were wearied, *blasé*, with such chances and changes; they felt them to be only outward *forms* of government, which concerned slightly and indirectly the masses, who under each of them had pretty nearly the same share of the hardships of life—conscription—taxation—hard work, or, harder still, want of work—poverty—and too frequently *misère*.

There never has been, and never we suppose will be, wanting in human society that class of malcontent agitators who were so influential in our own great rebellion, and who are quaintly described as those '*who would not have things* SO!' This class, whom nothing can please, though very much thinned in France by the lassitude consequent on so many revolutions, was still very numerous, especially amongst the students of both the metropolitan and provincial colleges—an over-educated but ill-taught youth, too numerous to make respectable livelihoods in the already overstocked professions, and who found a help to their narrow means and vent for their exuberant activity, morbid ambition, and mortified vanity, in journalizing, pamphleteering, organising

ing secret and treasonable societies, and joining, whenever any opportunity presented itself, in every sedition and *émeute* against the constituted authorities of the day. These were the heads and hearts of the revolutionary party, and, to do them justice, ready enough to become the *hands*—but the main body of any effective movement must necessarily be composed of the working classes, who in every dense population in France, and especially in Paris, can afford an army ready, like that of Cadmus, to start out of the ground sufficiently armed and drilled for a revolutionary scuffle.

Even this army, however, must be paid; and after the grand deception, as they thought it, of the July Revolution, the leaders of the secret associations found that great bodies of the workmen, and especially the more thinking part of them, required some stronger excitement than the old incendiary topics which had burned themselves out, or mere political theories from which they had found by experience that *they* could derive no advantage; but there was a theme—a stirring theme—to which the hearts of the masses were sure to vibrate even to convulsion, and which—though it had been broached both in France and England* by one or two crazy theorists, and even attempted by one obscure sect, or rather club, in Paris on a narrow scale—had never been boldly promulgated as an incentive to insurrectionary action and as a principle for regenerating society. This was *Communism*—not the theoretic and illusory *equality* of the old republic, but a practical and personal community of all things, even to the extent implied in the axioms that '*Property is robbery*,' and '*Family ties an unnatural monopoly*.' Monstrous as such doctrines may seem, they became the basis of the new movement, and were greedily swallowed by the million, who really had but *little*, and fancied they had *nothing*, to lose and *everything* to gain by such a change of condition. There were still, however, many, even of the working class, who had a lingering prejudice in favour of their own *peculium*, small as it might be, and who had some old-fashioned domestic doubts about a *community of wives and children*; and so, though *Communism* was and is the real object and end, it was adroitly diluted into the less alarming form and name of *Socialism*—which had the advantage of seeming to recognise something of private right and voluntary compact, and of keeping in the background the immorality and violence suggested by the term *community*; but, however mystified in words, the principle was the same, and must, wherever and whenever practically attempted, arrive at the selfsame results.

* See Quarterly Review, on Socialism, Dec. 1839.

M. de

M. de Choiseul's view of this important feature of the late revolution is perfectly just and of general application.

'Socialism or Communism had first appeared amongst the religious commotions of the sixteenth century, under the title of Levellers, and under such leaders as Muntzter, John of Leyden, and Godfrey of Berlingen, and had covered Germany with wars, massacres, and confusion. Our modern dreamers, Fourier, Considérant, Cabet, and their followers, revived it—with the omission of the religious element; their ultimate object was to deprive *property* of that personal character which it had had ever since the foundation of human society, and to extend the same levelling process to all the operations of *industry*—for which latter purpose they proposed what was called *l' Organisation du Travail.* This system was propounded by M. Louis Blanc in a work so named, which had become a text-book in the workshops before it was so much as heard of in the world. All work and profit were to be in common. A great number of the working class—overlooking the radical defect of such a system, its utter impossibility—were seduced by its promises, and thought that they were to grow rich *pari passu* with their masters, while at the same time the hours of work were to be diminished, and the restraints and cares of industry and sobriety exchanged for a paradise of idleness and sensual enjoyment. By a striking coincidence, these principles, or rather these visions, exhibited themselves almost simultaneously through a great part of Europe. Democracy was not now conspiring against established governments, but *against society itself.* Communists, Socialists, Demagogues, Radicals, were united in one great conspiracy, which operated by the mechanism of secret societies, of which the number went on increasing in a most alarming degree.'—*Parallèle Historique*, p. 330.

The fact is confessed even by the Socialist leaders. M. Jules Lechevalier, one of their *notabilités*, distinctly avows that—

'Socialism is only Communism *in progress*—Communism is the logical and *necessary conclusion* to which Socialism leads.'—*Les Clubs et les Clubbistes*, p. 84.

And again, M. Jules Descordes, 'homme de lettres:'—

'Socialism alone could not prevent some individuals obtaining more consideration than their fellows—the real object and good is Communism.'—*ib.* 229.

This had been going on ever since the July Revolution, which had, by anticipation, sapped the very foundations of the Government it seemed to establish; so that, when the reform faction called in the Socialists as tools of their ambition, the tools became their masters—the secondaries showed that they were really the principals. Louis Blanc and Albert, *ouvrier*, were in actual possession of their dictatorship at the Hôtel de Ville before the arrival of the mob-led Government from the Chamber of Deputies; and all the first measures of the Provisional Government—

even

even the proclamation of the Republic itself—were direct concessions to that, at the moment, all-powerful influence. We need not recapitulate the false principles, the bad faith, and the disastrous results of the attempts of the Provisional Government to escape from the dishonest and terrible responsibility that they had both individually and collectively incurred. On this subject suffice it to say that one of these shifts was the adoption of *Universal Suffrage*. We call it a shift, because at the moment it really was a shift to reconcile the people to the postponement of their Communist hopes; but it was a substantial though circuitous advance to the desired object; for if a numerical majority are to be the interpreters of a general principle of Equality, it is very certain that they will not be satisfied with a mere theoretical 'equality in the eye of the law,' as the early French constitutions defined it, but will look for a tangible and substantial equality of personal comfort, consideration, and enjoyment—in short, the visionary equality of the Socialist school, which fancies that *bringing down the rich to the level of the poor* is the same thing as *bringing up the poor to the level of the rich*—and it is in this fallacy that the whole attraction of Socialism lies.

The defeat of the *red* insurrection in June, 1848—the rout of the same party in the following year—and the flight or imprisonment of its leaders, arrested the open progress of Socialism. The law of the 31st of May, 1850, by several restrictions on universal suffrage, has diminished by *one-half* the number of electors—has given in the few elections which have since occurred a preponderance to the '*friends of order*'—and has encouraged the Assembly and the Government to repress with a strong hand the very power to which they owe their own existence. The more immediate urgency of that great personal and party question—the approaching election of a President of the Republic—has also tended to withdraw the public attention from the more distant but deeper danger of Socialism. Yet, if we are not misinformed, and if we do not miscalculate the force and direction of popular feeling, it seems but too certain that Socialism is in vigorous advance in not merely the town but the country populations of France;—we fear that those wild but seductive principles of *social equality* and *universal suffrage*, promulgated and adopted as the true basis of National Government, can never be extinguished but by some awful convulsion; and in such a crisis certainly the Socialists will have to plead in behalf of their system the fundamental and indefeasible authority of the national will, so solemnly and irrevocably pronounced, and thus, *for the first time*, the masses of the people will have something tangible, and as they will believe, of personal and paramount value, to fight for. Will they not also have logic and

something like Constitutional law on their side? They will be doing no more than claiming from the Republic its fundamental principles and promises. By what powers can the seeds of mischief, when thus sown *broadcast* by the sovereign authority of a country, be ever eradicated?

We shall by and by apply that important question to our own domestic circumstances—but here, having shown how much deeper and more spreading the roots of the last revolution are likely to be than of any of its predecessors, we shall take a rapid view of the two more prominent, but, as we believe, less important questions that at this moment agitate the public mind of France: 1st, The definitive form of the National Government itself—Monarchy or Republic; 2ndly, Who is to be the Monarch or the President? We are far from thinking that the struggle on these points is not intimately connected with, and liable to be influenced by, the great Socialist question. On the contrary, our greatest alarm is that, although distinct for the moment, they are only *heats* of the same race, and that, whichever may win the first—Bourbon or Buonaparte—Monarchy or Republic—will have eventually a still more serious struggle with the Socialist principle in probably a more formidable intensity.

There can be, as we have before said, no doubt that the February revolution was an accident—that the majority of the nation, and even of the class more particularly called the People, were satisfied with the monarchy; nor can there be any doubt that a vast majority of the educated and wealthy classes—all, in short, who have property, and most of those who have any political experience or foresight—are desirous of the restoration of that form of Government. It is true that the severity of the new republican legislation does not allow the Republicans fair play; their voices are either wholly repressed or severely restrained;—to such a degree indeed that—will it be believed?—we have lately seen in the law reports several cases of men convicted and condemned to severe punishments for uttering '*the seditious cry* of *Vive la République Démocratique et Sociale!*' Nay, that *Vive la République!*—even *sans phrase*—is looked upon as an offence. Still, after making all due allowance for this double influence of force and fear, we have abundant evidence—whether we look to the more solid works of men already eminent in literature and politics, or at the vast and fertile field of journalism, or the innumerable pamphlets that exhibit at least the activity and energy of strong convictions—we have, we say, abundant evidence that the educated majority of the nation is decidedly anti-republican. But so we cannot doubt that they were on the 24th February; and the violent course of repressive legislation which the National Assembly

Assembly has adopted, affords, we fear, evidence but too conclusive that the same power which overthrew Louis Philippe is *ready*—and—but for these laws of necessary but unconstitutional rigour—*able*, to overthrow both Assembly and President.

We need not remind *our* readers of the many striking—indeed extraordinary—coincidences between the English Revolutions of 1642 and 1688, with that of France from 1789 to 1830. There has been, all through the latter case, so prevailing a spirit of imitation, that it may almost be said that Cromwell was as instrumental in cutting off the head of Louis XVI. as of Charles I., and that King William dethroned Charles X. by having expelled James II. This is a theme which M. Guizot, in all his later works, and the Count de Choiseul, have discussed with great ability, but from different if not opposite points of view. M. Guizot, by the republication of his 'Discours sur la Révolution d'Angleterre,' his 'Etudes Historiques,' his Biographical Essays on Monk and Washington, has obviously intended to suggest to his countrymen the restoration of the hereditary and legitimate monarchy;—and, no doubt, if either example or experience, eloquence or reason, could prevail, such would be the result;—but unfortunately the premises are no longer the same. The accession of Louis Philippe completed, very inauspiciously, the parallel with the English case. There ended the analogy. We ourselves entirely agree with M. de Choiseul that the July Revolution had neither in justice or policy anything like the same grounds as our Revolution of 1688, of which it may be most justly said *decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.* We believe that the same faction which affected to imitate our great Rebellion in the first Revolution, made a similar deceptive use of our Revolution of 1688. In both cases the secret motive was to interrupt the legitimate succession. But however that may be, the February Revolution has overturned the July Revolution by means and on principles so entirely different from ours of 1688, that, instead of hoping that France may be persuaded to adopt a second time that sober example, we are seriously afraid, as we shall by and by more fully explain, that *we* are more likely to follow hers.

It is the melancholy but undeniable result of both moral and political experience, that bad examples and precedents are more powerful than good ones. Mobs have no memories—they always look forward, never behind.

'Et qui mos populis venturus amatur.'

Deception and disappointment, therefore, afford them no instruction—the same stimulus will always produce the same intoxication. All the democratic revolutions of France were made by mobs, and each of the mob-created Governments began by

prostrating itself before the 'bravery, generosity, magnanimity, admirable good sense, and even good taste, of the *People;*' yet within a few weeks all these panegyrics and flatteries were not only annulled and forgotten but reversed, and the very same *People*, for the very same acts—now voted to be crimes—were condemned to prison, to exile, and even to death—by the bullet when not by the scaffold.

Have they been corrected by this experience? we hear and we fear not. The troops, whenever expected to act, inspire the prudence of fear—but we have reason to believe that the populace of all the great towns and a large proportion of the country populations are more depraved in political and moral principle than they ever were before. We therefore hesitate to build any very confident hopes on the *literary* majority that has declared itself for the cause of order and of monarchy, which at the present moment seem to be identified. The misfortune is that *il prêche les convertis*—it persuades those who are already convinced; but where its success would be most desirable it finds itself, in spite of all the rigour of repressive laws, counteracted and overpowered by—for those who read—a cheaper and more intoxicating press, and, for the rest, by the oral seductions of 'Clubs and Clubbists,'—of secret societies, and of missionaries of mischief. There can be, we trust, no doubt that in the long run the predominance both in talent and in good principles of the monarchical press will operate on the masses of the people; and we are still satisfied that monarchy must be the ultimate destiny of France—but we fear she has to undergo a severe preparatory struggle, or even more than one, with the Socialist Republic.

'As to the *moderate Republic*—that is, one unmixed with Socialism or Jacobinism—it seems to be considered as a mere Utopia; there may be some wise and good men who still think it would be desirable; we doubt whether any of them think it possible. It finds very few advocates in the press. It is true that the graver Socialist writers profess, in general terms, the justice, moderation, and practical good sense of their principles, but when they come to details they are totally at a loss to restrain them by rules and limits, and those who attempt to do so are forced to compromise them. The paradoxes of M. Proudhon himself seem a good deal sobered by his confinement in the Conciergerie. In a chapter of his new work, dated from that prison, treating of the '*great question of property*,' he says,—

'Whatever may be my personal convictions, whatever radicalism I profess in my propositions, my readers will remark that I am always disposed to *admit and defer to a principle generally received*—to an acknowledged practice—to the judgment of respectable men; that I proceed

proceed indeed by deducing the full consequences of my propositions, but that the progress towards those consequences may be *as slow, as imperceptible, as you will.* The Revolution is with me one thing—its *execution another.* The former is an irrevocable fact, irretrievably pledged to its consequences; but as to the latter, if *I* individually think it prudent and useful to accelerate them rapidly, I shall not quarrel with a man who may not be of my opinion.'—*Idée Générale de la Révolution*, p. 217.

And then he proceeds to detail an absurd plan by which property may be distributed, and proprietors compensated. This is but a feeble reassertion—a very dissolving view—of the bold dogma, 'Property is robbery.'

Again, M. Dehais, in a defence of Socialism and Democracy against M. Guizot, complains that the socialist principle is misrepresented, and that, in truth, it only means that the government should

'be incessantly employed in devising all possible ameliorations for the most numerous classes of the community, and thus to realize the principle of *public help* sanctioned by the Constitution.'—p. 93.

But when, by and by, he, in his candour, comes to give the practical application of this principle, he throws his Louis Blanc overboard, and becomes stingier than any poor-law guardian.

'The government,' he says, 'is bound to place more and more within the reach of the working classes, not absolutely work for every man, *as some madmen have pretended to understand it*, but the universal implement of work, that is to say, *credit*, and, above all, to take care that no man shall suffer a day's hunger; and that, in short, the principal business of the Government should be the paternal care of the suffering classes. The Provisional Government, pressed upon by the anarchical element, and having no material force to restrain it, gave a great triumph to the adversaries of the principle of public assistance, by giving a great deal too much to those who wanted, or pretended to want, work—thus, as it was objected, giving a bounty on idleness. And so it would be if you give them bread, wine, meat, &c., but not so if you give them *only bread.* The State is bound to give to him who has nothing—*bread—nothing else.* Establishments at the expense of the State, the Department, or the Commune, should give to any individual who should come as much brown bread (*pain bis*) as would satisfy hunger—but not to carry away a morsel. Such establishments would be of an immense benefit—far beyond their expense: they would save many a strong and brave young man from the painful alternative of starving or begging. *Is it too much to ask for an honest man without work two or three meals of brown bread?*'—p. 95.

'Certainly not—and we should be exceedingly surprised to hear that there is any man in France who adopts M. Dehais' measure of Socialism; yet it is on this basis, so obviously both false and absurd,

absurd, that M. Dehais builds his hypothesis of a *moderate republic.*

This, the work we suppose of a very young and we see a very superficial writer, is preceded by a long address to M. Guizot, in which the principles of his 'Essay on Democracy' were so essentially misrepresented as to induce him to answer M. Dehais. We do not suppose that M. Dehais' very vague and visionary *utopics* would of themselves have engaged M. Guizot's notice; but being so individually addressed, he was not, we presume, sorry to take the opportunity of justifying his former work, and still more perhaps of recalling to the minds of his countrymen that the undoubted share to which democracy has a right in all human institutions is limited, and must be tempered by other rights as natural and as indefeasible as any that democracy can pretend to.

'Man considered as an individual has no doubt instincts, interests, ideas, passions, ostensibly democratic, and, though democratic, legitimate: the spirit of independence—pride—self-esteem—the inherent right of a man over himself, and his natural equality with his fellow creatures, however greater they may be in the social scale—these are democratic elements with which it has pleased God to endow mankind; but he has equally endowed us with concomitant feelings of an entirely different and indeed contrary class: the sense of authority—the ambition of superiority—instincts which force men to admit, however reluctantly, the authority and superiority of other men—the longing, in this ephemeral scene, for a future existence—that respect for the facts and traditions of the past which men feel in spite as it were of themselves—these feelings are just as natural and universal as our democratic propensities. . .. . Composed of men, society partakes of the conditions of men. *It* also contains naturally and legitimately democratic and anti-democratic elements, destined to co-exist and to develop themselves by mutual control and under antagonist conditions. The proportions of the force and influence of these divers elements have varied and continue to change in different ages and countries—the preponderance is sometimes on the democratic, sometimes on the anti-democratic side—but neither is ever totally extinguished, and a proportion, greater or less, is for ever working its way back to restore the balance when unduly disturbed. If you pretend to give to one of these elements an absolute and exclusive power, and to make it the sole force and principle of government, Providence soon avenges your rash impatience of its dispensations by inflicting on you one or other of the penal alternatives—tyranny or anarchy! This, Sir, is not an argument that I advance—it is only a fact that I record.'

His adversary had asked, why should society not be able to govern itself without monarchical or aristocratic control, as an individual man does his own affairs? M. Guizot answers by expressing his surprise at such an argument, which tells exactly the other way; for there is and can be imagined no society so democratic

cratic as not to prescribe rules for individual conduct and restraint of the indulgence of individual passions :—

'But who shall control society itself if it consists of only one element? who is to hold the balance? Where is the appeal? . . . It is because there is no human power which can be invoked to guide and govern independent societies, that it becomes necessary that societies should be so constituted as to govern themselves—that the great elements of national sovereignty should be distributed into different forms of public authority, controlling the excesses of each other, and combining for the harmony of the whole.'

After showing, by reasons familiar to our readers (see *Q. Rev.* June, 1849), why the federative democracy of America cannot be applied to such a country as France—or, *we* add, as England—he proceeds—

'You say that "some may perhaps really think, and more pretend to think, democracy dangerous; but no one ventures to say that it is unjust." I beg your pardon, Sir, but I will venture on that temerity which you suppose impossible: pure democracy, such as you advocate, is not only dangerous, but it is essentially and violently *unjust*, for it suppresses and oppresses the natural and necessary rights and elements of man and of society; and it is because it is thus unjust that it is dangerous—and dangerous not merely to the society it oppresses, but to its own existence; for the purer, that is, the more entire and exclusive, you make your democracy, the more rapidly will it hasten to extinguish itself in either anarchy or tyranny. . . . . You attempt a distinction between, as you say, the different principles of *democrats* and "*demagogues*," but common sense and experience pronounce that they are mere degrees of the same thing. As long as our country shall be on that fatal *incline* of Democracy, you will have neither *Republic* nor *Monarchy*—you will only have *Revolution!*'

These are wise and eloquent words, and we think our readers will agree that the defence—the *rationale* of mixed governments thus succinctly developed—is as true in substance as novel and happy in illustration and expression. It justifies the theories of M. Guizot's works, and the course of his political life—but where is the power that shall arrest democracy when set in motion down the *incline*?—*That* M. Guizot seems unable to discover, and so are we!

We presume that we may class M. de Lamartine's 'History of the Restoration' as another defence and recommendation of the *moderate Republic*. The success of his 'History of the Girondins,' instead of prompting, should have rather deterred him from another attempt to degrade history into the engine of faction—for it was a success that did no honour to either the work or the author. It is true that it created a great sensation

—that

—that it was eagerly read — that as successive volumes appeared people snatched them from the booksellers' counters and from each other's hands ; but why ?—because it was a surprise and an apostacy—not a book, but a signal—a flag, of which nobody cares whether the material be *silk* or *stuff*, provided it tells its errand. The Republic, which since the 18th Brumaire had for five-and-forty years lived only in the memories of a few obsolete Jacobins or in the secret hopes of some young and obscure enthusiasts, was galvanized into new life, by finding an advocate, a panegyrist, in the great poet—the eminent orator—the devoted Royalist. To M. Lamartine's new allies it was no objection that his motive was offended vanity and personal spite, and his means misrepresentation and paradox ; his accession was welcomed with the transports with which a despised sect receives a conspicuous convert, or a beleaguered army an important deserter. This is the true history of the first vogue of the 'Girondins,'—which lasted just long enough to contribute one item to the chapter of accidents that placed Lamartine for three months at the head of the Provisional Government, but has since vanished into as much neglect as he himself did after *his* abdication, which so closely followed that of Louis Philippe. He has now reappeared, and may, in the whirl of French politics, personally regain some authority, which his attempts at writing history never will.

This new work is, no doubt, designed to serve the same sort of political purpose as the former ; not that we suppose that either the fame or profits of authorship are indifferent to M. Lamartine ; quite the reverse ; we believe that profit was here his first object, and vanity the second. But he combines them with two other powerful motives,—an impulse to excuse his own strange conversion to Republicanism, and a calculation that it may tend to his reinstatement in the government of the Republic. The work promises to be very bulky, for the two volumes now published barely include the first year of the first Restoration. Neither his motives nor his object are as yet fully and expressly developed —it is, however, at once evident that he is an anti-Buonapartist, an anti-Carlist, an anti-Orleanist — but not quite an anti-Jacobin ; and that in the chief characteristics of this portion of his work—his generous indignation at the tyranny of Napoleon, his contemptuous pity for the religious and political bigotry of Charles X., and his sarcastic sketches of the selfish and tortuous policy of Louis Philippe—he is actuated, not merely by a mere love of truth—even where he is most true—but still more by the desire of throwing a sinister shade over the pretensions of Henry V., of Louis Napoleon, and of any Orleanist candidate, be

he

he the Count de Paris or the Prince de Joinville. Louis XVIII. alone finds a kind of favour in his eyes, because he was supposed to be a Liberal, and almost a Republican, and, moreover, left no issue, and hardly enough of a party to thwart any personal views M. Lamartine may have.

Whatever be the motive, M. de Lamartine exhibits the greatest zeal and diligence in exposing the despotism of the Emperor and the atrocities of his reign. We thank him for these wholesome and not unseasonable truths, which it had, for the last twenty or thirty years, grown into a kind of fashion to doubt about, if not to deny. The French people are naturally willing to forget that they had so long and so servilely submitted to such a tyranny; and it was the, as we think, weak and narrow policy of Louis Philippe to endeavour to make common cause with the Buonapartists against the legitimate line. Of this feeling the most signal instance was the sending the Prince de Joinville for the bones of Napoleon—the bringing them in a posthumous triumph to the very port and along the very road and river, by which (O Retribution!) he himself was three years after to make a disguised and perilous escape—and, finally, the encumbering, and, we might almost say, desecrating, the chapel of Louis XIV. by an ostentatious monument to the *murderer of the Duke d'Enghien*, to *him* whom he himself had in other days stigmatized as the '*Corsican Ogre!*' These were mistakes, to call them by the gentlest name, which have already borne bitter fruits to the House of Orleans, and may, we fear, be destined to bear more!

Though it is as a profession of political faith—a personal manifesto—that M. Lamartine's book excites most present attention, our readers may, perhaps, expect from us some appreciation and a few samples of its pretensions as a mere literary performance. These pretensions we can at once venture to pronounce very much greater than its merits, and especially than its merits *as history*. A poetical turn of mind is naturally uncongenial with precision and pedetentious investigation, and M. Lamartine's is peculiarly so. He belongs essentially to the dreamy school, and loves the visionary and conjectural more than the real. His style, too flowery and diffuse even in poetry, is always on stilts; and he is the reverse of poor M. Jourdain, for he never can talk prose. He is a painter rather than a narrator, and a painter with whom colour is so primary and almost exclusive an object that it at length becomes discolour.

As to the more important events which passed under the eyes of so many yet living, and which are familiar to everybody that reads, there can be of course no very serious misstatement of the great

great facts; but the narrative is in general diffuse and superficial, and in its smaller details trivial and inaccurate to a strange degree. He relieves himself in a great measure from the embarrassments of consecutive order and logic by cutting up his narrative into short paragraphs, or, as one of his French critics, in allusion to the poetic character of the work, pleasantly calls them, '*strophes*.' This we suppose is in imitation of the short chapters of Tacitus, but they remind us rather of the stanzas of Tasso; and indeed the whole account of the capture of Paris in 1814 has very much of the air of a canto of the *Gierusalemme Liberata*. Each of the fifteen books is broken into twenty, thirty, and even sixty of these fragments, capriciously as it seems, and with no other visible reason than, here and there, the opportunity of closing them with something which the author thinks smart and striking—an epigrammatic point. For instance, he will begin a subject of an extent and interest which in ordinary writing might occupy a considerable chapter, but M. Lamartine will end it abruptly at the tenth line with a *coup de marteau*,—

'The cannon alone negotiated!'—b. 2, xviii. p. 56.'

One of these epigrammatic epilogues has been particularly quoted and admired, and we may therefore venture to produce it as a favourable sample of this peculiarity. It is the wind-up of the story of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, which M. Lamartine details, in his usual diffuse and pretensious style indeed, but with an indignant abhorrence which does him honour:—

'The murderer has but his hour—the victim has all eternity.'—b. 12, xxi.

Now we would humbly ask what this means? An hour of *what*? an eternity of *what*? Nothing certainly of the same category. Of whatever—we presume sympathy, pity, or commiseration—the victim has an eternity, the murderer has assuredly not half an hour. Of material success and guilty triumph the murderer had, not *one* but, ninety thousand hours, and the victim not an instant. The phrase is like hundreds of M. Lamartine's attempts at apophthegmatizing—pure nonsense: and something like the converse of what he has said would probably be nearer what he meant—that such a victim has but an hour of suffering, while the murderer has an eternity of infamy.

His ambitious anxiety to embroider a threadbare subject with something of novelty makes him fond of introducing minor accidents and anecdotes—a practice which we should not only make no objection to, but very much approve, if only the statements were in themselves always authentic, and if the reflections and commentaries with which he loves to gloss upon them were not so often futile and sometimes so untrue. We are almost ashamed

ashamed to give specimens of the *niaiseries* to which he condescends—but we will venture to select two or three samples which relate circumstances more likely to remain in the recollection of English readers than his foreign *gôbemoucheric*. His microscopic eye can see a system of policy in the cut of the old King's coat.

'Louis XVIII. exhibited to observation, in his external appearance, this *struggle of two nations and two tendencies* in his mind. His costume was that of the old régime, *absurdly modified* by the alterations which time had introduced in the habits of men. He wore *velvet boots reaching up above the knees*, that the rubbing of the leather should not hurt his legs (frequently suffering from gout), and to preserve at the same time *the military costume of kings on horseback*. His sword never left his side, even when sitting in his easy chair—a sign of nobility and superiority of arms which he wished always to present to the notice of the gentlemen of his kingdom. His *orders of chivalry* covered his breast, and were suspended with *broad blue ribands* over his white waistcoat. His coat of blue cloth *participated, by its cut, in the two epochs* whose costumes were united in him.'—p. 289.

How poor would be this attempt at jumbling together Tacitus and a tailor, even if the facts were true!—but there are still many amongst us who remember the King, and can testify that he never wore a velvet imitation of jack boots, '*such as kings wore on horseback*.' He wore gaiters, indeed, of the size and shape common to gouty gentlemen; and as he wore them in evening as well as morning dress, they were of black velvet. He never wore his sword on any occasion in which swords were not then—and are not still—generally worn, that is, in ceremonious costume. He wore his *orders of chivalry* no otherwise than any other knight of the St. Esprit and the Garter usually wore theirs; and we cannot but smile at M. *de* Lamartine's wonder that the ribbons of these orders should be 'broad and blue.' Has M. *de* Lamartine never dined or spent an evening in the company of a knight of either of these orders, or does he believe that *cordon bleu* means really nothing but a *good cook*?

The triumph of his sagacity is to find motives and results where other folks only see the most common circumstances of life; even the house where one may happen to lodge is a theme for his philosophising. Louis XVIII. resided for a time in the style of an English private gentleman at Gosfield Hall, in Essex, a house lent him by the Duke of Buckingham—

'But at length the *fortune of Buonaparte broke down* under its own weight, and the King, perceiving *that its downfall would be as rapid* as its elevation, *drew nearer to London*, to exercise a *closer* observation

tion on forthcoming political events. He removed to Hartwell in Buckinghamshire.'—p. 284.

Gosfield happens to be about the same distance from London as Hartwell, and still nearer to the Continent, and the King's removal, which was altogether a matter of private convenience to the Duke of Buckingham, took place two or three years before the march to Moscow, and of course while Buonaparte's power was still in its ascendance.

Again, in narrating the King's approach to Paris in 1814, he describes him—

'At the isolated château of St. Ouen, *an old residence of M. Necker*, in the plain of St. Denis, near the gates of Paris—as if he had wished, by *his choice of this place* of conference, to *recall to the nation the memory of a popular minister* whom he himself had formerly supported.'—p. 424.

Unluckily for this sagacious theory, the house that the King occupied on this occasion was *not* the old residence of M. Necker; and M. de Lamartine's blunder is as if one were to confound *Pope's Villa* with *Strawberry Hill*, because they are both near Twickenham. In great things a writer should endeavour to sketch broadly—in small things accurately. M. Lamartine does neither—but always affectedly. When the mere locality of an accidental residence is so pregnant with deep political meanings, we are not surprised that under his plastic hand the human physiognomy should be still more suggestive; but we do a little wonder at such *gallimatias*—such *phébus*—as his portraits of the two rivals for the throne of France. Of Napoleon he says—

'An excess of bile mingling with the blood gave a yellow tint to his skin, which, at a distance, looked like a *varnish of pale gold* on his countenance. . . . . *His solid bony chin formed an appropriate base* for his features. . . . . His forehead seemed to have widened from the scantiness of thin black hair which was falling from the "*moiteur*" [*mold*—absurdly translated *moisture*] of continual thought. It might be said that his head, naturally small, had *increased in size to give ample scope between his temples for the machinery* and combinations of a mind every thought of which was an empire. *The map of the world seemed to have been incrusted on the orb of that reflective head.*'—p. 6.

The profundity of the observation that 'his chin was the *base of his features*' can only be equalled by the rationality of discovering in 'the *orb* of his expanding head a *map* of the world.'

Those only who are unluckily old enough to remember poor old Louis *des huîtres* will be able to enjoy fully the following portrait of that rather plain and neither very expressive nor very attractive countenance—

'The

'The *beauty*, the *nobility*, the *grace* of his features, attracted the regard of all. It might be said that time, exile, fatigue, infirmity, and his natural corpulence had only attached themselves to his feet and his trunk, the better to display the *perpetual and vigorous youth* of his countenance. His high forehead was a little too much *inclined to the rear, like a subsiding wall*, but the light of intelligence played on its broad convexity. His eyes were large, and of azure blue (*bleu du ciel*), prominent in their oval orbits, luminous, sparkling, humid, and expressive of frankness. . . . . The healthy tint and the lively freshness of *youth* were spread over his countenance—he had the features of Louis XV. *in all their beauty*, lit up with an intelligence more expanded, and a reflection more concentrated, wherein majesty itself was not wanting. *His looks alternately spoke, interrogated, replied, and reigned, pointing inwards* as it were, and displaying the thoughts and sentiments of his soul. At any expression displayed upon his countenance, at once pensive and serene, abstracted and present, commanding and gentle, severe and attractive, ... one would say—*'Tis a king, but 'tis a king who has not yet experienced the cares and lassitude of the throne - 'tis a king who is preparing to reign, and who anticipates nothing but pleasure from the throne, the future, and mankind in general.*'—p. 290.

If the '*high*' forehead '*inclining like a subsiding wall*,' and the '*eye of sky blue*,' and the look 'that *pointed inwards*,' told all this, the countenances of Garrick or Talma were dumb in comparison. M. de Lamartine consistently enough adds that '*these* looks once seen would be for ever *engraved on the memory*.' We think so too; and as our memory presents nothing at all like this description, we are obliged to take it for another of M. Lamartine's inexplicable rhodomontades. As he takes occasion to tell us that he has now only just attained *the middle of life*—which, at the Psalmist's computation of three score and ten for the whole life of man, may be set down at 35—and as the picture he is drawing professes to be that of 'Louis XVIII. at Hartwell,' that is 37 years ago, the natural conclusion indeed would be that M. Lamartine's appeal to *memory* could be nothing better than an appeal to his fancy. But so far from being only at the *mezzo termin*, according to the biographical dictionaries and heraldic manuals in our hands, M. Lamartine was born in October, 1791—so that he must well remember the King's return to France, though one might well doubt, from the portrait, whether he could ever have seen him.

Amidst these dreams of what he calls his own memory he sometimes mixes up his schoolboy recollections of antiquity, and becomes a pedant—*minus* the learning. He appears to have read in his early days, or at least to have heard, of one Hannibal, who, though he seems not to know much about him,—*omne ignotum*

pro

pro magnifico—has the honour of being his favourite hero, and fills as many different characters in his drama as *Maître Jacques* in *L'Avare*. Buonaparte it seems was—

'the *Hannibal* of the aristocracy'—p. 247.

whatever that may mean;—hardly, we suppose, the same thing as—

'Mr. Pitt was the *Hannibal* of Anti-French 'European patriotism.'—p. 287.

Or as this—

'The Duke of Wellington is the English *Hannibal*.'—p. 389.

And by and by we find that this eternal Hannibal is no other than a noun of multitude representing the whole British people—in short, *John Bull!*

'Napoleon menaced England both by sea and land, and thus created the hatred of a *Hannibal* against his nation and his dynasty.'—p. 244.

When Master Elbow, in *Measure for Measure*, reviles his adversary as 'a *most wicked Hannibal*,' the commentators conjecture that he probably means *cannibal*—but we think the commentators would be sorely puzzled to affix any meaning to M. Lamartine's very promiscuous use of the name.

He has also a partiality for Alcibiades, which he shows by discovering that *he* too is *Hannibal* in disguise.

'M. Pozzo di Borgo was a veritable *Athenian Alcibiades* long exiled at the court of *Prussias*' (*sic*).*—p. 522.

It has been hitherto supposed that King *Prusias* of Bithynia lived about two hundred years later than *Alcibiades*, and that it was the *Carthaginian* and not the *Athenian* hero that was exiled at his court; but M. Lamartine '*a changé tout cela*'—and at best leaves us to guess which of the two it was that our old friend Pozzo resembled. And this question becomes still more puzzling when we find that in the gluttonous old lawyer Cambacérès M. Lamartine sees also

'*Alcibiades* grown old!'—p. 19.

He might just as well have said *Hannibal* again.

Though M. de Lamartine does not profess the vulgar prejudices of most of his countrymen against England, and even distinguishes us, as we have just seen, by the pet name of *Hannibals*, he knows very well that the chief pretensions of one of the rival candidates for the Presidentship is his supposed hostility to England; and, though an instinct of decency and good manners, and perhaps a

* The translator absurdly makes Alcibiades 'an exile in *Prussia*,' being probably led into this blunder by M. Lamartine's misspelling of the name. We may here remark that the translation is a very poor one. M. de Lamartine's preface tells us that it was made under his auspices and partly *by his own pen*,—this makes its blunders the more noticeable.

little

little policy, prevent M. Lamartine from falling into any grossness on that topic, he takes now and then a sly opportunity of cultivating what he supposes to be the national feeling. For instance—when mentioning the presence of the Duc d'Angoulême at the Duke of Wellington's head-quarters in 1813-14—the translation says that

'the Duc d'Angoulême followed the retreats and advances of the British army.'—p. 387.

This a little surprised us, for, though we recollect that there was a good deal of strategy and manœuvring on both banks of the Adour, we were not aware that the English army had *retreated* an inch in the whole campaign. On turning to the original we find more cause to admire M. Lamartine's dexterity than his candour. He says—

'Le Duc d'Angoulême suivait *le flux et le reflux* de l'armée Anglaise.'—tom. ii. p. 162.

He does not venture to say *retreats*, but *reflux*—a word somewhat less bold in sound, but in sense equally deceptive, and equally unworthy an honest historian.

Of the same class is a statement that

'Marshal Soult was appointed Minister-at-War by the King, in *reward of his victory at Toulouse.*'—p. 484.

Our readers know what that *victory* was, in which Marshal Soult was—to use the expression of one of his own followers and admirers—'*écrasé*,' and not only driven from the field of battle, but forced to abandon the city itself (though walled), in order to save the rest of his army from capture or destruction. His flight was so rapid that he marched 22 miles the first night, hotly pursued and suffering much loss. Next day he marched 17 miles, still pursued, and began to despair of escaping farther when the arrival of two commissioners from Paris suspended hostilities. (See the details in the Quarterly Review for June 1838.) We need not observe on the additional absurdity of Louis XVIII. being supposed to reward a victory won *against* himself. Those who know anything of the affairs of the time know what common sense itself would indicate, that the battle of Toulouse was a difficulty in Soult's way with the King, and not a recommendation.

We notice these petty misrepresentations with reference to M. de Lamartine's character as an historian, but there is a statement made, as far as we can see, on no authority but his own, and on which we are obliged to question directly his veracity and honour. He imputes to all the Foreign Ministers concerned in the peace of Paris in 1814, and to the French themselves, the most scandalous corruption.

'M.

'M. de Talleyrand, who wished to furnish an *authority in his own favour* at a later period, for the diplomatic allowances assigned by usage to the negotiators of treaties of territory, distributed six or eight millions—[from 250,000*l.* to 300,000*l.*]—in ransom to the European diplomatists who signed the treaty of Paris. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Minister—Lord Castlereagh, Plenipotentiary of the British Government—M. de Nesselrode—M. de Hardenberg—the one especially in the name of Russia, the other in that of Prussia, received each a million [40,000*l.*]. The ministers of the secondary powers received considerable sums in proportion to the importance of the courts they represented. This ransom, offered and accepted as the *price of peace*, produced it more promptly, but made it more humiliating. As a precedent it was shameful—as a bargain it was advantageous, for every day of continued occupation cost France more than eight millions.'—p. 456.

Of this strange statement we also suspected the translation of being erroneous; but it is very exact, except only that the French word '*rançon*' does not always mean what *ransom* does in English, but sometimes an exorbitant or fraudulent overcharge. But in whatever shade of obloquy M. Lamartine may have used the term, the assertion remains that Prince Metternich, Lord Castlereagh, and their colleagues, sold their earlier acquiescence in the treaties for a bribe of 40,000*l.* each, and that this was given them by that arch-knave M. de Talleyrand, as a precedent, on the strength of which he was by and by to reap a similar harvest. We should not have thrown away a thought on such a statement from one of the ordinary class of revolutionary scribblers, but—recollecting that M. de Lamartine was for a season at the head of the Republic, holding especially the ministry of Foreign Affairs, and having all its secrets within his reach—we have taken the trouble—though almost ashamed of such a work of supererogation—of enabling ourselves to contradict, on the highest and best authority, and in the most direct and absolute manner, every point and circumstance of the assertion. We spare M. de Lamartine—though he does not deserve it—the indignant terms in which this denial is conveyed to us by the most distinguished survivors of the statesmen who signed the treaty of Paris; but we call upon him in the face of his own country and of Europe to produce his authority for so scandalous an imputation against men whom it may be natural that he should envy, but whom it is unpardonable that he should, whether from negligence or malevolence, thus and now, calumniate.

The literary success of the work has been, we believe, very small, and will probably grow gradually less. The success of its political objects, we think, will be decidedly negative:—it has not directly reached any of the stirring topics of the day; and the honesty and truth with which he has reproduced his ear-

lier exposure of the tyranny of Buonaparte, though mixed up with much mawkish adulation of his 'genius' and his 'glory,' will certainly not recommend it to that very large proportion of the French people who hate, as we have said, to hear even a whisper of truth on any period of their abject and disgraceful subjection to all the successive tyrannies from 1792 to 1814. We are, for the same reason, sorry for the defects of the work—for, however personal may have been the motive, and however objectionable the taste and style in which it has been written, it contains an important exposition and appreciation of the *imperial* system, which would have been of still more value both for present use and as historical authority, if it had been presented in a soberer form and with a less suspicious, or at least ambiguous, object.

We have also another reason, which may at first sight surprise our readers, for wishing that M. Lamartine had made a more statesmanlike appearance at this juncture. The February republic was, as we have said, a surprise—an accident; it was, however, an *accident* not merely acquiesced in, but we must honestly say adopted by the whole nation. It is now the fashion to say—'*La France n'a pas accepté la république—elle l'a subie.*' This, no doubt, fairly enough represents the secret opinions of a large portion—probably the majority—of the people—certainly so of all the better informed classes; but ostensibly, practically, in all the forms and for all the purposes that the national will can be expressed, she *has accepted the Republic!* No one hand was raised, no single voice protested against it. Two republican Assemblies and a republican President have been elected by the individual concurrence of a greater proportion of the whole living population than ever before, in the history of human society, concurred directly in any public settlement. Is it not, then, the height of absurdity to refuse to the form of government so *subie*, if you please, but so adopted, so ratified, so sanctioned, a fair trial? Has it had anything like a fair trial? What prospect can there be for the stability of *any* government in France, and above all for that which we believe to be her ultimate destiny and refuge, the legitimate monarchy, if the republican experiment be juggled away by either fraud or force—not tried—not judged—not subdued—not annihilated—but evaporated, to be again condensed, and suspended like a thunder-cloud over the head of any and every government that may endeavour to escape it? It will be always imminent—strong in all the unrefuted reasoning—powerful in all the untested hopes—rich in all the unfulfilled promises with which the fictions of ingenuity and the fancies of enthusiasts, and, let us add, a misunderstanding of the American precedent, have inoculated the minds of so powerful a portion of mankind.

For our own parts, we repeat, we have no doubt of the ultimate failure of the experiment, and that France will eventually return to legitimate and constitutional monarchy—but she will probably not become, and certainly not remain a monarchy, until she has fairly and honestly balanced her account with the republic; she has incurred that responsibility, and she must liquidate it before she can have credit for another. And, if this be the case, we have no hesitation in adding that, of the three foremost candidates for the presidency, we see but one eligible—namely, Lamartine. We know that he is light and vain, and wanting in most of the higher qualities of a statesman. We admit that the most powerful party in France would be deeply mortified at the success of his selfish and shameless apostacy. We feel, moreover, that his '*candidature*' seems almost ridiculous; but we must be allowed to say that it is not, on that account, less in harmony with the Republic itself—and that, nevertheless and on the whole, he is the person who would afford the experiment the fairest play. But, if this ex-idol cannot be set up again, why not try General Cavaignac—or the Vice-President, Boulay—or Marshal Soult (who, old and broken as he is in health, might still lend his *name* to his country in such a crisis)—or in short *any one*, in preference to either Louis Napoleon or the Prince de Joinville—who are both utterly incompatible with the *Republic;* and who, by the only legality now existing in the country, are alike ineligible—the former expressly by the Constitution, the latter by a special law of incapacity?—In law-breaking *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute,* and indeed it is avowed that this first infraction, in either case, is proposed with a view to the ulterior step of restoring the empire of Napoleon or the royalty of July. Now, how the nephew of the prisoner of St. Helena—how the son of the exile of Claremont, or their adherents—can for a moment suppose (even setting aside all moral and personal considerations) that such grossly illegal usurpations could be *maintained,* is to us astonishing.

But what are their chances? There is one, a powerful one we admit, which is common to both—that restless enmity to all legitimate authority—that wayward spirit which recalcitrates against whatever looks like establishment or seems to claim anything of intrinsic superiority. This sour element of the human temper is by no means peculiar to France. With all Christianity before them to choose from, London and Greenwich have elected two Jews, with no other recommendation than their being forbidden; and the party in France the most hostile to kings, emperors, and presidents, are ready to adopt him who may have the strongest taint of illegality; and they would even prefer M. de Joinville to the Buonaparte, because his illegal election would be additionally flavoured

to

to their palates by having something more of immediate insult and defiance to the legitimate head of his family. The Prince de Joinville has also the reputation of being hostile to England, and of having been a party to M. Thiers' attempt, in 1841, to set the two countries by the ears. In this point he would probably have an advantage over both Louis Napoleon and Lamartine, who have not yet *affiché* any such Anglophobia. Yet with all these, as we venture to think them, discreditable advantages, we cannot believe that the Prince de Joinville will consent to be made the catspaw of M. Thiers' intrigues—but if he does, it will, we venture to predict, be a signal as well as deserved failure. If the attempt were to be made on *his own behoof*, for his own individual aggrandisement, it would be at the expense of his nephews, his brothers, and of his own honour, and he would have against him all the right and most of the wrong feelings of the nation. If the intention were to hold and handle the chief magistracy for the purpose of passing it away to his nephew, as a pickpocket does a watch to an accomplice, we think that this, however cleverly set about, could not fail to bring blushes of blood into the cheeks of France. M. Thiers, who has got up this intrigue, promotes it with great activity, and endeavours to attract the Montagnards into it—and not (as we are informed and can readily believe) without some success. What better can the Revolutionists desire? It is a new element of division in the monarchical party—it would be a revival of all of bad and dangerous that there was—a realization of all of trickery and bad faith that was ever alleged to have been—in the July revolution—and without any of *its* compensations. We therefore, though sorry to learn that such a proposition was for a moment entertained at Claremont, hope and believe that it has not been adopted; and respecting, as we do, the private character of the members of that House, and appreciating its probable destinies, we cannot imagine its concurrence in a proceeding so manifestly injurious to both, and so decidedly at variance with what is known of the last wishes of the wise old man who bequeathed to his children, not a crown, but a lesson against irregular efforts to obtain one.

The re-election of Louis Buonaparte would be more unconstitutional, though somewhat less personally discreditable. The *je le jure* with which he accepted his position and the Constitution might perhaps be no great weight on his conscience—but, loosely as France is accustomed to deal with political oaths, it would afford a powerful topic against his authority, and it seems pretty certain that the continuance of his power cannot, for a moment, be accomplished without violence, nor permanently with it. He has no root whatsoever in the country: his claims are—first, that he

is not a Bourbon; that gives him the class we have just mentioned: secondly, that he has a name which everybody far and near has heard of, and about which the most illiterate or ignorant can make no mistake—the value of which in the intricacies and confusion of a ballot, and amidst the remote populations, is greater, we are informed, than could have been imagined beforehand; thirdly, he has, during his three years of power, had the opportunity of connecting with his own a great many other personal interests—supporters who would have him President for their own sakes—creatures and tools enjoying thousands of offices, and whetting the appetites of triple the number ambitious of being creatures and tools also. He has too for the moment in his hands, and appears to be using it lavishly, a very powerful engine—the Legion of Honour. The *furor* for this decoration seems to have increased in intensity under the Republic, and it is, we believe, after office, the strongest, if not indeed the only motive of gratitude or attachment that any not legitimate Government can possess in France. We recollect, in the account of Louis Philippe's escape, the confidence with which he trusted, and the devotion with which he was served by persons, gentle and simple, of whom he knew nothing but that he had happened in former days to give them the cross. This, however, may cut both ways, and hope will probably be found at least as strong as gratitude.

If the National Assembly takes a resolute stand on the Constitution, they may, we think, get through the present difficulty. One of the embarassments is, that the Presidency expires but a few days before the Assembly itself—so that, in order to counteract the illegal election of Buonaparte, the Assembly would have to attempt an illegal prolongation of its own powers; and then—illegality for illegality—the President, should the army adhere to him, might for the moment prevail. But it seems that the constitutional difficulty is not insuperable. In the case of the candidate who has the greatest number of votes being legally disqualified, the Assembly is authorized to elect one of the five next highest names on the list, and it appears that there would be just time for that operation; and we cannot but think that, personally distasteful to all parties as Lamartine must be, the friends of the legitimate monarchy and of the moderate republic—whether looking to their own ulterior objects or to the immediate peace of the country—ought to avail themselves of such an opportunity—in short, make up their minds to accept him, or even General Cavaignac, as a refuge against Louis Napoleon or the Prince de Joinville, neither of whom, as we have before said, can be chosen without illegality nor maintained without bloodshed—*nor with it!* Lamartine's Presidency appears to us the mode

mode least dangerous to the peace and well-being of France herself and of the whole European world in which the republican experiment can be tried and brought to a rational issue. Lamartine is both personally disposed and politically pledged to moderate, anti-socialist, and anti-propagandist measures—and he, having no pretensions to a crown, either royal or imperial—would, in all likehood, were it but from motives of vanity, make a real endeavour to work the machine so peculiarly his own creation to the greatest advantage. If it is capable of working at all, it is most likely to be so in his hands, and France will have at least a breathing-time of comparative quiet to consider and revise, and, if necessary, prepare for a change of, her condition.

If some such course as this be not adopted we see no possible extrication from the *fix* of 1852, but some illegal violence; and nobody can doubt that nothing but the unconstitutional intervention of the army can effect, or, at all events, maintain, any such usurpation: but—when once the Army shall be brought into play, who shall tell where it is to end?

M. Romieu, with the important experience derived from having been successively *Prefect* of three departments, and evidently a man of considerable ability, has ventured to examine that contingency in a very celebrated pamphlet entitled *L'Ère des Césars*, which, however visionary it may be, and as we hope is, in some of its conclusions, is but too well founded in its premises. His thesis is, that after so many revolutions, such a vicissitude of sovereigns, such a rupture of all ties of tradition, habit, loyalty, or reverence, there is no longer in France any moral authority sufficient to constitute a government, and that nothing is left but the barbarism of brute force. Legitimist by his reason — Orleanist by his feelings—he is hopeless of the success of any party *now*—nay, despairs of anything like stability during this century—except by the *sword*—the *ultimâ ratio* of people as well as of kings!

'The first and most solid base on which authority could be reconstructed amidst the ruins of society is the restoration of the legitimate sovereign. No one can doubt that if there be a principle of peace for a people, and permanence for a Government, it is *there*.—But it requires, as the first condition of its existence and its force, that the country must have faith in it. Its source is a prescriptive and indefeasible right. It is popularly called the *right divine*—and in truth there is no other name to give it, as it derives from a course of nature antecedent to and independent of human authority; argue it in any other sense, you destroy it. Lawyers and journalists attempt to subject this principle to the liberal notions of a constitutional—that is in fact an *elective*—monarchy. . . . . You kill the principle when you submit it to the adhesion of the people, and the adhesion of the people —that is the great body of the nation—you would not obtain. They hate

hate anything like an aristocracy, and are indifferent as to all the rest.' *

Here we pause to observe that M. Romieu overstates this portion of the case. The adhesion of the people is far from defeating the ancient hereditary right—in fact they are of coeval 'authority.' The Coronation at Westminster, and the *Sacre* at Rheims, give the people a larger share in the ceremony even than adhesion. But it is true—and so the Count de Chambord seems, from his recent correspondence with his friends in France, to understand it—that acceptance and adherence is one thing, and popular election, as between rival candidates, another.

'As to a constitutional monarchy represented by the House of Orleans—it is a solution proposed by men who are interested in it, not only looking to their own restoration to place and power, but really believing in its efficiency for the public good; it would unite, they think, our ancient and instinctive love of monarchy with the new principles of constitutional government. I was honoured with the favour of the late Duke of Orleans, whose memory will be ever dear to me, and I have personal reasons to honour and to love the Prince de Joinville. I feel, therefore, some embarrassment in speaking of a subject that so seriously affects their family interests; but I write historically, and when, out of the little circle of intrigue that is trying to produce a movement in this direction, I am asked if it can be successful, I answer—NO.

'As to the Prince Louis Napoleon—he has his name, and the advantage over his rivals of being on the spot, and in possession of power—but that is only one chance out of the many on which the approaching struggle must turn. A *coup d'état*, of which we have heard so much, would have no permanent result—the submission of the Assembly, even if obtained, would only awaken an early reaction—and after a short interim we should find ourselves again the victims of the inevitable earthquake that is fermenting under our feet.

'As to the nominal Republic under which we live, it is but the ledge of a precipice where we stop for a moment to take breath. The real *Republic*, and what the people understand by that term, is the personification of the grand error of modern times—which believes in the possibility of removing that inequality of human conditions which God himself has ordained—it is an engagement to abolish the diversities of social life, not by opinion, but by law—it is a combination of an arrogant and vain attempt to abolish poverty and misery with the fiendish satisfaction of plundering and humiliating the rich and happy. *That* is the people's idea of the Revolution of February. They will think themselves defrauded till this be accomplished, and they will know no better till they have been disciplined by a cruel experience—they, like the incredulous Apostle, will not believe till they can put their finger

* Our limits have obliged us to abridge throughout M. Romieu's text, but our summary represents his meaning.

into

into the bleeding wound. They must be taught repentance and wisdom, by sufferings, by hunger, and by tears. The visions of equality have displaced the humbler lessons of religion. They are filled with bitter hate, and wait for an occasion of revenge. They have lost their humility, and are become the most intolerant aristocrats; and they consider the republic such as they find it a juggle and a cheat. It is in fact too *monstrous a lie* to be endured!'

'How is this to end? . . . . I imagine that in 1852 the proletarian masses will rise, regardless of your laws that limit universal suffrage: and, justly considering them as mere waste paper, will record their prohibited votes in spite of your prefects and gendarmes, and will proclaim to the country—*There*—is the will of the People—obey!

'Then you will awake to the true meaning of the Revolution of February—a miserable surprise, I admit, at the moment—but an explosion which has been long preparing. Then you will be driven to the necessity of girding yourselves up for the deadly struggle between rich and poor, between enjoyment and privation, between comfort and misery.'

In this confusion M. Romieu sees no surviving force but the Army, and the army must, he thinks, inevitably, as in the decline of the Roman Empire, degenerate into mere Prætorians, alternately the creators and destroyers of a rapid series of puppet sovereigns! What is to follow this new '*Ère des Césars*'—to arise out of this chaos of *Cæsarism*—M. Romieu does not venture to prophesy further than that there can be neither order, security, nor rational liberty, till a new generation shall have been trained to an abandonment and abhorrence of the principles of Socialism in which the living population have been fatally miseducated.

We are sorry to concur in most of M. Romieu's practical views of the present state of his country, and we believe with him that ultimately the army will have to play a preponderating part in the restoration and maintenance of regular government. We think it very probable too that France may have to pass through perhaps more than one terrible crisis:—but we have no expectation of anything like an *Ère des Césars*: the great modern element of the public press, which M. Romieu has omitted from his parallel, will prevent any protracted state of chaos. We do not know—and we cannot guess, nor indeed does M. Romieu—how the proletarian masses are to be reclaimed from Socialism, and shorn of the real essence of their strength—universal suffrage. But we again repeat our decided opinion that the best chance of immediate tranquillity and future stability would be to give the present constitution a fair trial. We are aware the answer will be that this is impossible—that the monarchical parties are too rash and too jealous, the Socialists too fierce and too powerful, and the general feeling of the public too irritable and uneasy—to endure a postponement of their respective objects:—but we think that no sober-minded

minded man of any party will deny the truth — however he may dislike the motive—of M. Thiers' dictum—'*the republic is that which divides us the least.*' Let the Republic then be honestly tried, and in the interval of calm that it may probably afford, the country will have time to form, and will find means to express, a more matured opinion on its future government.

We may seem to have dwelt in unnecessary detail on the literary evidence of the state of the public mind in France. Our apology is, that the general interest which we cannot but feel for so great a branch of the European family is very much heightened by many analogous circumstances in our own position—*Proximus ardet Ucalegon.* We have more than appears to cursory observers of the same social difficulties—and have almost, nay, we fear, quite, as deep an eventual interest in the great problem of their solution. We shall show, presently, some proof of the immediate and direct influence of the socialist principles of the French Revolution in this country, even after they had been checked, and, for a moment, subdued in Paris.

We begin, however, by recognizing one most essential difference in the two cases. England has had no practice nor even precedent of merely popular revolutions; the Great Rebellion was a military one; the Revolution of 1688, a religious and aristocratical, and—as nearly as could be—a legal one. We have had for 160 years nothing that approached insurrectionary dictation to established authority except the agitation for the Reform Bill—and even that agitation was but factitious, excited by the ministers themselves, and not really a popular ebullition. Neither has our *people* been, to any serious extent, as yet familiarised with insurrectionary movements, nor poisoned and perverted to revolutionary principles — nor our populace till recently drilled to revolutionary tactics, as our neighbours unhappily have been. There is also another most weighty consideration. The people of England have been for nearly eight centuries in the enjoyment of as much individual liberty as is consistent with the general safety of society, and with a direct share in the Government, which has expanded in proportion to the wealth, population, and civilization of the country. Three hundred years ago our Poor Law system anticipated, and has since been gradually improving, all there is of rational and practicable in the Socialist principle. As far as real benefits are concerned, 'the nations not so blessed as we' are only struggling to reach what we have long enjoyed; the thinking part of our people therefore see little room either to envy or imitate our continental neighbours. Moreover, when a new excitement and agitation happens to arise, our heads are better seasoned to stand a momentary intoxication.

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Our feelings and our opinions are inclined to be traditionary; we live very much by memory; the new lights that cast such a lurid blaze in darker regions are but smoke in the broad day of our popular habits and constitution. Our people, therefore, may indulge themselves in a riot, where France would be in danger of a revolution; and our Government can afford to tolerate agitations, which, in a people less habituated to public discussion, would soon take the character of rebellion.

Yet, notwithstanding this most important safeguard and counterbalance, of which we certainly do not understate the value, it is not to be denied that we are daily becoming more deeply implicated in the general danger. Our Constitution has within the last five and twenty years received several serious shocks. The long impunity and scandalous success of the Roman Catholic and Anti-Corn Law Associations have familiarized men's minds to the perilous anomaly of agitations stronger than legislation, and conspiracies bolder than parliament. But the most serious of all was the Reform Bill—not merely from the disturbance of the old balance by throwing so much additional weight into the democratic scale, but—from the deplorable, however unexpected, result of lowering in public estimation the House of Commons itself, and, with it, all constituted authority. The insult to the character of Parliament was deeper than even the injury to its composition, and greater than the Reform—if its personal results had been better than they have turned out—could have compensated. It is not as mere party opponents of the Reform Bill that we lay this to its charge, for we admit that its authors never intended any such consequence; but we appeal to public notoriety whether it is not the fact? We ask any man who can remember twenty years, whether the House of Commons is now held in anything like the same respect that it used to be? Is its reform ever mentioned without a sneer? Have its decisions their former weight on public opinion? Is it not rather like a mercantile house that, having declared itself insolvent, starts again under the same name, but never with the same credit? Let us give one short but very significant instance of this. The 'Observer' newspaper has for some years done its best to be considered as *the Court Journal*. It bears, in an ostentatious style, her Majesty's arms, and affects to be peculiarly favoured with royal patronage. In this paper (quoted in the 'Times' of the 25th August) there is given a tabular view of the changes made by death, resignations, &c., since the last general election, in the

'(*so-called*) representation of the people.'

So-called! and this in a Court journal! We shall have to recur to this subject by and by; we only notice it here as a short but conclusive

conclusive proof how little the Reform—*so called*—of the House of Commons has added to its own dignity or to the confidence of the country; and we think we may assert, without fear of contradiction, though we abstain from details, that all the other Authorities of the State have suffered something of the same diminution of political weight. When M. de Talleyrand came over here ambassador from the July government, he intimated his opinion of the cause of the fall of the ex-government of France, and his apprehensions that the new one would be liable to the same embarrassments, by saying, that the misfortune was *qu'il n'y a d'autorité nulle part.* He was right. Louis Philippe experienced it; France is now suffering under it; and even amongst ourselves, under our monarchy of a thousand years, we cannot shut our eyes to the rapid growth of the same evil.

We believe that few of our readers are aware of the extent to which these disorganizing and demoralizing principles are propagated in England. We have heretofore taken several occasions to notice their progress even before the late French Revolution, since which they have assumed a greater intensity, a wider development, and in every respect a more alarming character.

The number and infamy of the cheap publications in which these principles are preached to the people, forbid our entering into any detailed examination of them; we rather choose to borrow a rapid, but able and accurate sketch of their general aspect, which appeared in the leading article of the 'Times' of the 3rd September last. Though it was then read, no doubt, by most of our readers, as well as by thousands of others, we are glad to reproduce and recall it to a somewhat less ephemeral existence. After some observations on the subject of national education, not dissimilar in general from those we have heretofore ventured to suggest as to education in Ireland, the writer proceeds:—

'At the present moment, in the very heart of this apparently well-ordered community, there is an amount of evil-teaching actively going on quite enough to startle, if not to alarm, the most firm-minded man among us. Systems the most destructive of the peace, the happiness, and the virtue of society, are boldly, perseveringly, and without let or hindrance, openly taught and recommended to the acceptance of the people with great zeal, if not with great ability. Cheap publications containing the wildest and most anarchical doctrines are scattered broadcast over the land, in which religion and morality are perverted and scoffed at, and every rule of conduct which experience has sanctioned, and on which the very existence of society depends, openly assailed, while in their place are sought to be established *doctrines as outrageous as the maddest ravings of furious insanity—as wicked as the most devilish spirit could by possibility have devised. Murder is openly advocated—all property is declared to be robbery—the rules by which*

which marriage is declared sacred and inviolate are treated as the dreams of dotage; obedience of every description is denounced as a criminal cowardice; law, as at present constituted, is asserted to be a mere device for enslaving mankind; and morality is described as an efficient auxiliary to law, for the same mischievous purpose. This horrible farrago is accompanied by flattering pictures of a new state of things, every suffering of the poor being ascribed to mischievous legislation, and happiness without stint promised as the consequence of the destruction of all existing society. . . . . .

'These observations are suggested by various papers now lying before us relating to what may be termed the Literature of the Poor, and certainly a more terrible literature can nowhere be found. We are not anxious to give it circulation by naming its writers, or the works of which it is composed; but, in order to give a sample of it, to show that such a thing exists among us, we will quote a few of the doctrines which it endeavours to promulgate; and we will quote them in the words of their authors, hoping that a knowledge of the existence of this terrible evil will tend to put an end to the disputes hitherto carried on respecting national education, and to induce all who wish well to their country and their kind to forego their differences, and in a wise, generous, and tolerant spirit to oppose these, the real enemies of truth and virtue.

'"If I were living in Ireland," says one of these teachers of the people, "I should certainly be under temptations to shoot the agents of the law-monopolies. I should certainly be under no *conscientious* restraints in the matter. I might fear for my life, but I *should never feel as if I were doing an immoral act in shooting either a tyrant landlord, or a tyrant landlord's agent*, when I saw them throwing down the houses and laying waste the cultivated patches of the poor industrious people. *So far as conscience is concerned, I could shoot one of the common sort of Irish landlords as freely as I could shoot a wolf or a tiger.*"

'A "tyrant landlord" in this system means any man who owns land. The following passage sets forth the new philosophy on this matter; murder having been openly justified, that robbery should also find favour is not wonderful.

'"To you, my brother owners of the soil, it must be obviously clear and indisputable *that there is not, there cannot be, any other title to* LAND *than* EXISTENCE IN THE WORLD; *there can be no other natural, or rational, or legitimate mode of descent and succession, because inevitable, than the one pointed out; and while such is, and ever must remain, indisputable, and applying equally to every one living and to live,* LAND MUST BE THE JOINT PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE NOW AND FOR EVERMORE!!!

'"The people cannot commit any robbery in taking possession of that which is legitimately their own. Mark! THEY *cannot steal.*

'"You reproach us, then, that we aim at the abolition of a species of property (*i. e.* private property) which involves as a necessary condition the absence of all property for the immense majority of society. In a word you reproach us that we aim at the destruction of *your* property. This is precisely what we aim at."

'Community of women follows, as an almost necessary consequence, the community of goods.

'"We do not require to introduce community of women; *it has always existed.* Your middle-class gentry are not satisfied with having the wives and daughters of their wages-slaves at their disposal—not to mention the innumerable public prostitutes—but they take a particular pleasure in seducing each other's wives. *Middle-class marriage is, in reality, a community of wives.*"

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'That the very existence of law should to such persons be distasteful is natural.

'"Men call their own-made artificial laws *laws of justice*, while they are *laws only of gross ignorance and glaring injustice*. They are calculated to destroy the minds of lawyers who study to expound them; to divide man from man; to cultivate universal disorder and confusion; and to *aid the priest in keeping the world in a lunatic asylum.*"

'These are but slight specimens of this Literature for the Poor.'

All this seems, to use the eloquent writer's expression, so terrible as to admit of no aggravation, and yet there is something worse behind—not to be sure in the doctrines themselves—worse is impossible—but in the means by which they are propagated.

Incredible as it may appear, there is, it seems, a clique of educated and clever but wayward-minded men—the most prominent of them two *clergymen of the Church of England*—who, from, as it seems, a morbid craving for notoriety or a crazy straining after paradox—have taken up the unnatural and unhallowed task of preaching, in the press and from the pulpit, not indeed such open, undisguised *Jacobinism* and *Jacquerie* as we have just been quoting, but—under the name of '*Christian Socialism*,'—the same doctrines in a form not the less dangerous for being less honest. The first productions of this sect, or school, that attracted our notice, were the periodical tracts (since collected into a volume) called '*Politics for the People*.' We are informed that the names of most of the contributors to this work are no secret any more than their respective shares in it. But we shall only mention those of the Rev. Frederick Maurice and the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who have affixed their names to other publications which seem to us of similar character and principles. Mr. Maurice, we understand, is considered the founder and head of the school, and it certainly adds to our surprise to find the reputed editor of 'Politics for the People,' and the avowed author of other works, theological as well as political, of a still more heterodox character, occupying the Professorial Chair of Divinity in *King's College, London*.*

That the political movement of this party emanates directly from the French Revolution of 1848 is evident. The first number of 'Politics for the People, price 1*d*.', was issued while Louis Blanc and Albert *Ouvrier* were still on the joint throne of the Luxembourg, and while the visionary 'Organisation of Labour,' and the practical anarchy of universal suffrage, were fermenting in

* Professor Maurice has also the department of 'Biblical Instruction' in *Queen's College*, London, an institution for the intellectual improvement of *governesses*; and Mr. Kingsley likewise is, or lately was, the lecturer on 'English Literature' in the same school. We gave some account of their lectures there in our Number for March, 1850 (Q. R. vol. l.), p. 364.

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the mind of the working population of Paris, to an insanity which six weeks later it cost the blood of tens of thousand to abate—but not to cure. The Prospectus, attributed to the pen of Mr. Maurice, says:—

'It is proposed in this paper to consider the questions which are most occupying our countrymen at the present moment, such as—[1.] The extension of the suffrage; [2.] The relation of the capitalist to the labourer; [3.] What a Government can or cannot do to find work or *pay* for the poor.'—*Politics for the People*, p. 1.

Our readers see that these propositions, as we have numbered them, are a mere transcript of the *programme* of the French Provisional Government—1. 'Universal Suffrage;' 2. 'Organisation of Labour;' 3. 'The State guarantees work and a livelihood by work to every man.'

The second article of the same number begins with a still more direct reference to France.

'The three words that form the motto of the new French Republic are—FRATERNITY—LIBERTY—EQUALITY. We shall hope to speak of each in their turn.'—p. 2.

Yes; and throughout the rest of the work they inculcate—under the emollient phrases of Christian love and charity, humanity, justice, sympathy, and the like—the doctrines of Socialism, as broadly in principle, though not so boldly in terms, as any of the French visionaries. One large contributor, who writes under the pseudonym of *Parson Lot*, is said to be Mr. Kingsley. His opinions are certainly to be traced in Mr. Kingsley's acknowledged works. Parson Lot thus out-Herods both Louis Blanc and the Chartists:—

'I am a radical reformer. I am not one of those who laugh at your petition of the 10th of April; I have no patience with those who do. . . . My only quarrel with the Charter is that it does not go far enough. It disappointed me bitterly when I read. It seemed a harmless cry enough; but a poor bald constitution-mongering cry as ever I heard. That French cry, "Organisation of Labour," is worth a thousand of it, and yet *it* does not go to the bottom by a mile.'—p. 28.

There is a series of reports of a Mr. Scott's Lectures on the Development of the Principle of *Socialism in France*—of which the main object, after defending and corroborating Louis Blanc, is to show that the same principle is equally applicable, and in fact equally in progress, in England:—

'The experience of the advantages of association will soon lead (M. Louis Blanc thinks) to a *voluntary community in necessities and enjoyments!*'—p. 89.

And to this the Editor adds, that he has reported

'these

'these outlines of Mr. Scott's lectures as a brief history of the development of Socialism *in France*, and an illustration of the feeling *in our country* of the *same want*,' which led them to those attempts at remedy.'—p. 91.

We should not have taken the superfluous trouble of thus establishing the identity of French and English Socialism, but for the strange spectacle of two clergymen of the Church of England coming forth as the apostles of a doctrine fraught with such terrible consequences, and—stranger and more lamentable still—attempting to invest these miserable delusions with the authority of Christianity and the sanction of the Gospel.

The 'Politics for the People' failed. In the 11th weekly number the paper boasts of having been as well received as its founders 'had any right to expect, better than many of them expected'—but, with an inconsistency that we find some difficulty in reconciling with veracity, it adds, 'that it did not pay its expenses and probably never would.' It lingered for a few numbers more and closed at the 17th with a plainer avowal that it was a signal failure. In accounting—not, as it carefully distinguishes, '*apologizing*'—for this failure it states—

'We *are glad to say* that we have *offended* some men of *all parties*: *we intended to do* it; and if we speak again shall do it again: we believe that honest, firm, free discussion is the proper safety-valve for excitement—that cordial sympathy with sufferers is worth all the patronising help in the world—that *Christianity is a dream and a lie* if there is not a language in which all men may be addressed as carrying the same evil nature, as sharing the same deliverance from it.'—p. 178.

Divested of its soft sawder the meaning of this passage is syllogistically thus. If the language of 'Politics for the People' be not acceptable, *Christianity is a dream and a lie.* But it is not acceptable—*ergo* ——!

And then follows:—

'We do *not apologise* for having referred continually to the *government of God* in a way which we believe is as *offensive* to those who *cant* with these words, as to those who think they mean nothing.'—p. 178.

What these latter words may themselves mean we do not precisely understand; but so much is certain, that they and the whole publication are meant to be *offensive* to those who *cant* about the *government of God*, and that, if the writers are not to be indulged in being thus *offensive*, 'Christianity is a dream and a lie.' They conclude by confessing that the cause of their 'signal failure' has been, that they did not preach their Socialism more widely and more boldly: and this we dare say is true—for, being men of education and a kind of tact, who had still some measure to keep with

with the world, they did not venture to push their doctrines to their full consequences;—while, therefore, they alarmed and disgusted those who think, they did not sufficiently captivate the masses that can only feel.

These gentlemen will, no doubt, protest with all their energy and all their ingenuity—and they are well provided with both—that they are actuated by no motives but the pursuit of benevolence towards all classes, the tenderest charity for the poor, the most affectionate reverence for the divine volume. All that is, we admit, in their mouths, and we will not take upon ourselves to say that it may not be in their minds also. We do not pretend to have any measure for the hallucination of human intellects; but we can say that, whatever they may intend, the *effect* of what they do is in every view deplorable—dangerous for the rich, still more dangerous for the poor, and a perversion of Christianity, *offensive* alike to good sense, piety, and truth.

They promised us that if they were 'to speak again' they would take care to be again *offensive*;—they have kept their word—and in more attractive forms than this puny periodical—in novels and in sermons.

In 'Alton Locke, *tailor and poet*,' the avowed work of Mr. Kingsley, we have all the morbid interest with which a clever writer can invest the case so easily imagined of a youth endowed with genius and sensibilities above his condition, struggling through the trials, hardships, and miseries with which it requires little invention to surround him. Far be it from us to complain of an honest, or even a stern anatomist, who dissects human nature for sanitary purposes, or of the poet or the novelist who endeavours to touch the heart, and soften and amend, while he amuses the mind, with pathetic pictures of the natural ills that flesh is heir to. But it is a different thing to accumulate and exaggerate and add artificial grievances to those natural ills, and to do so for such purposes as are notoriously professed by the Socialist school—that of charging all the guilt and misery of the world, not on their natural, and to a great extent irremediable causes, but against the political constitution of society, which is especially framed for the purpose of counteracting those natural, and repressing those moral, evils that are of themselves too certain and too painful to need any adventitious aliment from incendiary writings.

The theme of Alton Locke is a defence of Chartist Socialism in such language as this:—

'*Society has not given me my rights.* And woe unto the man on whom that idea, *true or false*, rises lurid, filling all his thoughts with stifling glare as of the pit itself. . . . while our little children die round us *like lambs beneath the knife* of cholera, typhus, and consumption,

tion, and all the diseases which the *good time* can and will prevent, which, as science has proved, and *you, the rich* [thus apostrophised as the executioners] confess might be prevented at once. . . . Is it not hard to men who smart beneath such things to help crying aloud—"Thou cursed Moloch-Mammon take my life if thou wilt; let me die in the wilderness, for I have deserved it; *but these little ones*—in mines and factories, in typhus-cellars and Tooting pandemoniums—what have they done? If not in their father's cause, yet still in theirs, were it so great a sin to *die upon a barricade?*" '—*Alton Locke*, i. 71.

We beg our readers to observe here the *un-English* menace of the '*barricade*,' which reveals at once the source of these doctrines and the end to which they point. They will also notice that this catalogue of horrors, imputed as the *guilt of the rich*, is composed of items every one of which—as far as there is the slightest particle of truth in them—has obtained notoriety by the efforts of the *rich* to force the remedies for them on the reluctant and often refractory poor. The statement is as utterly false in *fact* as it is nefarious in its import. The same contradiction reigns through the whole book. Whatever of real honesty, charity, good sense, or good feeling the story evolves, is (with an almost, if not quite, single exception—an old Scotch bookseller) among the Rich—all the contrary qualities are amongst the Poor; and yet every page is full of the merits of the poor and of the follies and crimes of the rich. Of the taste and temper in which the author labours this point, as well as of his style, we have an almost ludicrous illustration in his everlasting sneers and sarcasms at every form of property and at all the business of the world, under the personification of *Mammon*—the single string of the monotonous lyre—on which they harp with the hope of sheltering and concealing their detestable principles under that misrepresented and misapplied Scriptural expression.—'Thou cursed Moloch-*Mammon*' (i. 71).—'A sham gentleman, a parasite, a *Mammonite*' (74).—'Hopeless struggles against *Mammon*' (137).—'The venal *Mammonite*' (155).—'Serve God and *Mammon* at once' (269).—'Not *Mammon* but Venus' (269).—'Serve God and *Mammon* too' (279).—'Smooth things to *Mammon*' (281).—'Codicils of *Mammon's* making' (305).—'*Mammon* triumphant in iniquity' (ii. 150). '*Mammon*, the fiend, devouring the masses' (152). *Mammon*, 'that accursed system of competition' (155).—'Lowest embodiment of *Mammon*, the money-gamblers,' (155).—'The bane of *Mammon*' (156). 'Read, thou self-satisfied *Mammon*, a prophecy and a doom' (156). '*Mammonite* middle class' (165).—'Thou Frankenstein *Mammon*' (168).—'To meet *Mammon* with his own weapons' (259). 'Serving *Mammon* and myself' (274).—'Enabling *Mammon* to draw

draw fresh victims to his den' (276) —'The hour of *Mammon's* triumph' (285).—'Fight manfully the battle against *Mammon*' (285) —And so forth.

There is hardly anything more peculiar in this school than its combined penury of ideas and tautology of language. Never before did we meet two such *Sosias* as these two Socialists. Mr. Kingsley preaches a sermon; Mr. Maurice edits it, with a vindicatory preface. Mr. Maurice delivers a lecture; Mr. Kingsley edits it with a prefatory vindication. Mr. Kingsley writes two or three volumes against *Mammon*—very ungratefully indeed, for, if it were not for Mammon, he could hardly have got through two or three pages. So Mr. Maurice, in a sermon preached early in the year on the text 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon,' repeats, with more propriety of place, no doubt, but with less originality and more passion, all the tailor's denunciations against the 'worship of *Mammon*:' but the Professor discriminates even less than the tailor what, exactly, it is that he denounces under that form of words. The only distinct definition that we find of what these writers mean by Mammon is that he is 'the *Money God*' —(p. 35). Do they mean then to abolish money?—It seems so, and, as a preliminary, all money's worth. We have seen that Mr. Kingsley includes 'merchandize' as *Mammonite*, and Mr. Maurice's sermon inculcates, that if a farmer is anxious about his 'crops'—or, if 'work' is given to labourers, or if 'servants' be hired, Mammon is at the bottom of all. Nor does either of them, as far as we have been able to understand them, ever attempt to distinguish between this '*demon* worship of *Mammon*,' and a lawful and innocent possession and enjoyment of any degree of wealth or property whatever. By this convenient and elastic application of the term *Mammon*, they confound the use and the abuse of riches—the bad and unchristian spirit which our Saviour reprobated and the honest and profitable exercise of those energies and faculties which it has pleased God, not merely to endow us withal, but, to render necessary even to our animal existence. We beg leave to ask these Reverend gentlemen, whether the acceptance of a Chaplain's or a Professor's salary is *Mammon*?—Whether the receipt of a tithe rent-charge is *Mammon*?—Is it *Mammon* to wear a coat?—Is it *Mammon* to pay for it?—Is it *Mammon* in the tailor to make it that he may feed a wife and half-a-dozen children who cannot feed themselves? What, in short, do they mean by *Mammon*? In all their voluminous but tautological disquisition on the subject, they have never distinctly told us *that*—but we can tell them:—they mean any and every thing that is not *Communism*—for no other word—not even *Socialism*—will

will meet and satisfy all the various complaints that they make against the influence of *Mammon*, which are condensed in the following vaticination put by Mr. Kingsley into the mouth of the most authoritative character in *Alton Locke*—

'The Babel tyranny of Rome fell, even as the more fearful, more subtile, and more diabolical tyranny of *Mammon* shall fall ere long—suicidal—even now crumbling by its innate decay. Yes,—Babylon the Great—the *commercial world* of selfish competition, *drunken with the blood* of God's people, *whose merchandise is the bodies and souls of men*—her doom is gone forth. And then—then—when they—*the tyrants of the earth*, who lived delicately with her, rejoicing in her sins, the *plutocrats* and the *bureaucrats*, the money-changers and *devourers of labour*—are crying to the rocks to hide them, and to the hills to cover them from the wrath of Him who sitteth on the throne—THEN the *Poor* shall eat and be satisfied.'—ii. p. 295.

And these ravings of rapine, blasphemy, and nonsense are the epilogue—the moral, if we may so misuse the term, but, in short, the summary—of this manifesto of Kingsley-Maurician Socialism!

Another novel, entitled 'Yeast,' is from the same pen; and, in truth, is in its most remarkable feature a reproduction of the other, only that a poetical gamekeeper is substituted for a poetical tailor, and that the poetry, with which both are *peppered*, is still more incendiary. Take, for instance, a song, sung by a gipsy boy at a revel of discontented labourers:—

'I seed a vire o' Monday night,
A vire both great and high;
But I wool not tell you where, my boys,
Nor I wool not tell you why.
The varmer he came screeching out
To save un's new brood mare,
Zays I, You and your stock may roast
Vor aught us poor chaps care.'

And the chorus burst out—

Here's a curse on varmers all
That toll and grind the poor,
To reap the fruit of all their works
In **** for evermoor—r—r!

A blind old dame came to the vire,
Zo near as she could get;
Zays, Here's a luck I was n't asleep,
To lose this *blessed hett.*
They robs us of our turfing rights,
Our bits of chips and sticks,
Till poor folks now *can't warm their hands*
Except by varmers' ricks.
Chorus, Here's, &c. *Yeast*, p. 249.

It is in vain that the author of this poor but mischievous extravagance calls the feelings that actuated the crowd 'ferocious,' and that his hero seems to be 'sickened' at the scene: what is the song, but a versification of the principles that all his writings tend to propagate—nay, of the very expressions which he produces amongst the excuses for the insurrection that Alton Locke headed?—

'Blockheads! (says one of the speakers) to stand shivering here with empty bellies! You just go down to the farm and burn the stacks over the old rascal's head.'

'I've got no fire,' says an old woman; 'how can I give one and sixpence an hundred for coals? and if I dared break a hedge for a knitch of wood, they'd put me in prison.'—ii. p. 92.

After some more such speeches, enforced by an equally inflammatory harangue from the author's hero, the mob rush forward, break into, plunder, and burn to the ground the farmer's house, furniture, and rick-yard, and thus avenge themselves of the '*tyrants of the earth*'—the '*devourers of labour, drunk with the blood of God's people.*' And that we may be in no doubt of the ultimate design of such publications, this, the crowning one, is entitled 'YEAST'—a suggestion that it is meant to *ferment* in the minds of the people and prepare them to *rise* under the heat of the Socialist oven. May we not fairly ask the writers, who clothe such mischievous provocations in the oily phrases of peace and charity and brotherly love, the same question that they asked the Chartists before they adopted them as allies:—

'What is the use of brilliant language about peace and the majesty of order and universal love, though it may be printed in letters a foot long, when it runs in the same team with *ferocity, railing, mad, one-eyed excitement?*'—*Pol. for the People*, p. 29.

But we have a still more recent, more direct, more offensive adoption and exposition of these detestable doctrinations.

In the spring of this year Mr. Drew, minister of the district church of St. John's, Fitzroy Square, invited Mr. Kingsley to take a part in some evening lectures to be delivered in that church in the months of June and July: this Mr. Drew did, as Professor Maurice states, 'because he had, he said, read and admired his books.' Accordingly, on Sunday evening the 22nd of June, Mr. Kingsley preached such a sermon, that, as soon as it was over, 'Mr. Drew stood up in the reading-desk, and declared to the congregation that he believed the doctrine of a great part of the discourse was untrue.' The sermon has been since published, with a prefatory explanation to the foregoing effect, by Professor Maurice, through whose intervention Mr. Drew had obtained Mr. Kingsley's

Kingsley's co-operation. We have not heard what answer Mr. Drew has made to the charge of having invited, *after having read their works*, the assistance of these gentlemen;—but no one will doubt he acted rightly and manfully in repairing his error at the earliest moment by his immediate condemnation of the preacher's doctrines, which are, as our readers will see, nothing but a part, and a bad part, of the tenets of Mr. Maurice's penny paper, and Mr. Kingsley's not-worth-a-penny novels—the same subversive doctrines, inculcated in the same misrepresented and misapplied language of the Scriptures: thus—

'I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise *liberty*, *equality*, *and brotherhood*, in the *fullest*, *deepest*, *widest*, simplest meaning of those three great words.'—*Sermon*, p. 6.

'If there was one expression of the Lord Jesus on that day which must have given hope to the oppressed poor of Judea, and struck terror into the hearts of those who had been enslaving their countrymen—adding house to house and field to field, and making a few rich at the expense of many poor—it must have been the last sentence which he quotes of Isaiah, "The spirit of the Lord has anointed me to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." . . . If these words of the Lord of all the earth *mean anything*, my friends, *they mean this*: that *all systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital* in a few hands—which *oust the masses from the soil* which their forefathers possessed of old—which reduce them to the state of serfs and *day-labourers*, living on *wages* and on *alms*—which crush them down with debt, or in any wise degrade or enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed. . . . And therefore I hold it the duty of every Christian priest, upon the strength of that single text—even if the same lesson did not run through the whole of Scripture from beginning to end—to lift up his voice like a trumpet and cry aloud as I do now—"How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!" "Woe unto you that are full, for ye have received your consolation already!" "Woe unto you that add house to house and field to field, that ye may stand alone on the land till there be no room left!" Woe unto you who make a *few rich* to make many poor! Woe unto you that make *merchandise out of the needs* of your brethren!'

Thus Scripture—with the additional patches of the tailor, which our readers have not failed to recognise—is wrested to downright Communism—that there shall be no individual property—no capital—no merchandize—no daily labour—no wages—in short, no rich! but there, these reverend expounders have the grace to stop; they do not venture to promise what they mean to insinuate, and what alone their dupes hope for or care about—that there shall be *no Poor*. Alas! no; under such a system there would be nothing but Poor, and the universal Poor nothing but

but brutes and savages, worse than the Foolahs or Esquimaux, who, if not cursed with capital and wages, have at least some ideas of individual property. And we beg our readers to observe that an invidious and reproachful use of the word '*alms*' is the only allusion made by this candid expounder of our social system to the grand and comprehensive National Charity of nearly *six millions* a-year, contributed by the richer to the relief of the poor.

We will not insult the sense or feeling of our readers by entering into any argument to prove that Christianity is no such code of barbarism, nor the Scriptures such a mystical manual of plunder and disorganization. We shall not stop to debate the theology of a church of which John of Leyden and Jack Cade are the *fathers;* but there are one or two practical points of their teaching on which it is our duty to say a few words. The first is, that, next to the propagation of Socialism, or, indeed, we should rather say, as a prominent feature of it, their greatest anxiety seems to insult and degrade the Church to which they belong, and to their personal positions in which they owe by far the greater part of any effect they may produce. If Mr. Kingsley had really been a tailor, the style and sentiments of *Alton Locke* would have excited little surprise or even notice; it is the strangeness and incongruity of the exhibition which creates by much the larger share of its attraction.

> 'The things themselves are neither new nor rare—
> We wonder how the mischief they came there.'

It is only as falling from the pulpit and the professorial chair that such trash could make any impression—could excite even curiosity; but no doubt curiosity and wonder are awakened by such a proem to a *sermon* as this:—

'The notion of the Christian Church is associated in the minds of many with the notion of *priestcraft* and *kingcraft*, of the slavery of the intellect, persecution and tyranny; and it would be *ridiculous to deny* that they have *cause enough* for connecting the thought of it with those fearful sins of man against man. The history of the Church *in every age* is full of sad tales of the sins of the clergy against the people.'—Sermon, p. 1.

He thus admits, we see, the charge to its fullest extent, and without suggesting any exception. All he can advance in the way of palliation is to ask whether

'these tyrannies, persecutions, enslavements of the intellect—truckling to the rich and powerful of the earth—were in accordance with the spirit of the Church, or were they contradictory to it?'

He asserts the latter; and then follows the passage we have already quoted, as to the duty of a Christian priest to preach liberty,

liberty, equality, and fraternity, in the fullest and deepest meaning of those *three great words*. He goes on to say of the Clergy—

'If you wish to know what the Church really is, you must put out of your heads what the *Clergy of this time*, or the Clergy of any other particular time, may happen to say it is. . . . . Let the Clergy for the time being, or the laity either, be what they will—ay, let them be what they will—let them be as *tyrannical, luxurious, bigoted, ignorant, careless* as they may—those three great God-given facts—the Bible, Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord—will witness against *them* and witness for the *people*.'—p. 12.

And this denunciation of the Clergy is made, as we have said, without any limitation, any point of exception, unless, indeed, when at the close of the sermon he says there is

'at least *one man* who has awakened from the luxurious and selfish dreams of his youth'—

meaning, of course, not good Mr. Drew, who was sitting under him and wondering, as well he might, 'what manner of man he had got there,' but his own excellent self, *Mr. Charles Kingsley, jun., Rector of Eversley*.

After this exhibition of the opinions preached by Mr. Kingsley and edited with an eulogistic preface by Mr. Maurice, we may be excused from quoting the similar and hardly more scandalous libels against the Clergy and the Church which in their other works are put into the mouths of imaginary characters; and all this forsooth under the insulting pretence of Christian charity. We feel justified in calling it a pretence, because we have a definition of real charity, which, eloquent and admirable as it is for all occasions, happens to afford a most opportune and striking contrast to that of the Rector of Eversley:—

'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am as *sounding brass*. Charity suffereth long and *is kind*. Charity *envieth not*. Charity *vaunteth not itself*—is not *puffed up*—doth not behave itself *unseemly*—is not easily provoked—*thinketh no evil—beareth all things*.'

The authority that we quote had also his *three great words*—not those of Mr. Kingsley's Republican gospel—the French Constitution—but 'faith, hope, and charity; and,' he adds, 'the greatest of these is charity;' but not assuredly such sour and censorious charity as Mr. Kingsley deals in. To whom also, as we have got into texts, we beg leave to recommend a more accurate study of the admirable view that St. Peter takes and inculcates of our social duties—that all should submit themselves to the ordinances of governors—honour the King—love one another—that servants should be subject to masters—and that, being 'free,

liberty

liberty should not be used as a cloak for maliciousness.'—1 Peter ii. 13-18.

There is also another point which we cannot refrain from exposing to, as we expect, very general disapprobation—the irreverent familiarity with which this school affects to treat those divine and holy personages for whom all the rest of the world have certain conventional forms of respect. For example—in Mr. Kingsley's sermon we find our Saviour introduced as—

'*a poor young man*, the son of a *village girl*, professing to be the Son of God—one with the Almighty Father of heaven and earth. . . . . *This strange man*, going into one of the *churches of the country village* in which he was brought up, asserts that the presence of the Lord is upon him to preach good news to the poor.'—p. 7.

This is an imitation of Mr. Maurice, who tells us that—

'A *society* arose in the *days of Philo* which said it was the expansion and fulfilment of the polity, the beginnings of which are recorded in the Hebrew histories.'—*Mor. and Metaph. Philosophy*, p. 236.

This '*society*' was *Christianity*, and '*the days of Philo*' are a Maurician version of *the Christian era.*

Then he adds,—

'A teacher who had lately become one of the *officers of that society* was accused,' &c. &c. . . . . 'that witness was stoned,' &c.

Again:—

'*Another Jew*, who was present at his death and took a part in it, shortly incurred the hatred of his countrymen by *inviting heathen citizens* of Corinth, Ephesus, and Thessalonica to become *members of the society* which had been commenced in Palestine,' &c.

And again:—

'Finally, an aged Galilean fisherman . . . . saw a city descending out of heaven,' &c.

Our readers will appreciate both the taste and decorum of this mystical mode of investing St. Stephen, St. Paul, and St. John with the Socialist livery, in a work affecting to be a 'History of Philosophy;' and who, we will ask, professing not merely Christianity but decency—who but one of the same school—would have taken the opportunity of a *boat*-race between two colleges in Cambridge to put into print such a phrase as:—

'*that d****d Jesus*'? (*Alton Locke*, i. 188.)

He makes, indeed, as he does with the incendiary song, an awkward attempt to palliate this outrage by hinting that even his infidel tailor disapproved of it as '*blasphemous*'—an hypocritical and futile excuse which—though the writer, as illogical as irreverent, may not see it—fixes the guilt of blasphemy on *himself*, and

and not on the imaginary character to whom he has attributed the odious combination of words.

It is a greater anomaly in our present state of society than any that these pretended reformers have as yet produced, that the religion and morals of the country should be in any degree committed to such teachers; but our more immediate concern with them is to awaken the minds of both the Government and the country to the additional proof which they afford of the variety and extent of the deceptions and exertions by which Socialism is propagated amongst us, and to warn them that this poisoned chalice with which England originally, we believe, disordered France, has been, since the February Revolution, returned to our own lips, with such additional strength and venom, that we fear, as we said at the outset, that the battle preparing between society and the Socialists in France concerns us as certainly as them—though, perhaps, somewhat more remotely. The interval which we shall probably have between their experiment and our trial may, if well employed, save us; although we cannot doubt that large masses of the people have been profoundly corrupted—not by such weak masters as Maurice and Kingsley, who reach but a short way down, but by thousands of deeper, more intelligible, and more practical organs of disaffection and sedition. Let us not flatter ourselves that, while committees of foreigners, congregating in London, are agitating and disturbing to their inmost recesses all the nations of the Continent, the same sort of intrigue and influence is not working, both directly and by contagion, on our own population. The fact is notorious and indubitable.

This danger is clearly developed in the very able Report of Mr. Tremenheere, which, though especially concerning the mining districts, contains most valuable and, we regret to add, most fearful information as to the disposition of the working classes in general. We earnestly recommend this Report to the consideration of all those who may be disposed to inform themselves accurately of the state of the country. We can only find room for one or two extracts, from which, however, our readers will easily infer how great the danger is, and how peculiarly culpable are the writings with which we have just occupied so much of their attention:—

'There have been in all times a certain class of periodicals of a low grade circulating amongst the poor, conveying to their minds the worst doctrines, and inspiring them with a distrust of the institutions of society and a feeling of enmity against those above them. But the new feature in the present agitation is the extreme bitterness of its spirit and the violence of language against *all classes but the lowest*, its crusade against wealth [*mammon*], its advocacy of infidelity, and its open adoption of the principles of Socialism. . . .

It

'It would be unwise to treat lightly the possible effect of writings of this character, especially as so many of them present themselves to the minds of the working classes with the claim of being *exclusively their friends*, and their only faithful and sound advisers; and are conducted with an ability quite capable of making them attractive. *Such appeals to the pride, the jealousy, the cupidity, the ill-feelings of human nature*, find ready access to the minds and passions of the ill-informed, and to all who are suffering in any way either from the injustice of others, from misfortune, or from their own vices. . . . A period of excitement might bring to light the fact that the poison had been widely and effectively disseminated, and the objects of its propagators attained in *endangering the peace of society*.'—pp. 29, 30.

The mysterious and sudden but well-organised attack on General Haynau at Barclay's brewery last year was a slight, but most significant, indication of foreign influence and discipline even amongst our own people, where no one *à priori* could have suspected their existence: and if the Great Exhibition has brought considerable masses of the continental nations into closer intercourse with ours, let us not be blind to the fact that we must accept together whatever of good or evil the contact may produce. The foreign revolutionists, to whom the present state of our law affords not merely a personal asylum, but the means of disturbing their native countries, do not content themselves with that indulgence. They announce that their mission is the overthrow of *all existing Governments*. '*La Voix du Proscrit*'—a journal published in London by Ledru-Rollin and his friends, Ribeyrolles, ex-editor of the *Réforme*, and Delescluse, *ex-Commissaire* in the *Département du Nord*, all men of the highest consideration in their party—does not conceal the universality of their designs. After threatening their French antagonists with the vengeance of the ultimately irresistible Republic—the *Red* one—it insultingly asks them—

'If by emigration you should happen to escape the *just severities* of the Republic, where—in *what country*, will you hide your guilty heads?' This question, be it observed, is dated from *London*, where the questioners are enjoying an asylum, which they go on to warn their adversaries will, by the time that their turn comes, have *ceased to exist*, for it is announced that—

'1852 VERRA LA SUPPRESSION DEFINITIVE ET GENERALE DES TRONES.'

'1852 *will witness the final and general suppression of* THRONES!'—especially that of England, the present shelter of those who thus denounce and doom her. 'Europe,' it is added, 'becoming universally republican—will refuse these new emigrants refuge, and no other resource will remain to

And this

this denunciation concludes with a perversion of the Gospel worthy of Mr. Kingsley:—

'The remnants of feudality and of usury [*Mammon*] shall vanish before the *King-People*—the *King-Workman*. The Sovereign-People, like *the Son of Man*, has *prophesied* his *own* RESURRECTION—1852 will witness his ascension!'

In the face of this menace, we venture to think that there is a body of good sense in this country, a rational as well as traditional attachment to our ancient political and social institutions, that, under the guidance of a wise, honest, and resolute Government, would be strong enough to resist, and, whether with or without an actual struggle, overcome the revolutionary movement.

But what prospect have we of a wise and honest and resolute Government, willing and able to grapple with such a danger? Ay, there's the rub! With the anxious view which we take of our internal condition, it grieves us to be forced to admit, that not only have we little hope, but that our most immediate fear is from the Government itself. We will say nothing of its antecedents; we will not reproach it with having promoted to high dignities in the Church and important offices in the State persons known—and, we believe, only known—for their connexion with the revolutionary party. We will not recapitulate instances of their successive surrender of every constitutional point that their democratic allies have chosen to attack. We know that a weak Government, and, above all, one that owes its elevation to popular faction, is forced, as the price of precarious power, to follow out indiscreet and dangerous engagements, and to reward discreditable associates, to which and to whom their poverty and not their will assents. We are prepared to see such a Government living by shifts and expedients; but we confess that, after all we had seen of their weakness and indiscretion, we did not expect that after the example, the warning—may we not say the *menace*?—of the French Revolution, we should find the Ministers of a Monarchy less conservative, less anxious for the monarchical principle, than even the Ministers of the Republic of the Barricades. Ever since the sudden and wild adoption of universal suffrage in France, and in spite of its unexpectedly innocuous and even salutary result in constituting an Assembly friends of order and property, the extension of the suffrage has become more decidedly the object of the English republicans. It is the watchword of all the Socialists, from the mystical Maurice down to the beastly incendiaries of Holywell-street and its purlieus, whose name is legion. But although the first operation of universal suffrage was so moderate, it exhibited its true character so soon and so strongly that the very

Assembly

Assembly to which it gave birth has found itself forced to amputate it to full one half of its extent; and the struggle that is now going on in France is less whether to have a President or a King, or who shall be either, than for the maintenance or repeal of the electoral law of the 31st of May: *that* is the real question, to which all the others are, in truth, secondary; and till we see whether universal suffrage wins the day—as nobody doubts that, if the sword does not intervene, it must—it is idle to conjecture what is in reserve for France and the world, and particularly that portion of it which—like this country—is within the immediate reach of her influence.

And it is at this moment—this awful moment of doubt—while not monarchy only, but even republics, are trembling before an invading democracy, that Lord John Russell has had the weakness, or the rashness, to announce—contrary, we conscientiously believe, to his own convictions—contrary, we know, to his own declarations when he proposed the Reform Bill—contrary to his subsequent 'finality' pledge—and contrary, in our view of the matter, to his sworn duty as First Minister of the Crown—a *new Revolution*—his own strong and prophetic expression when declining, some years since, to submit to some extension of the suffrage, which he now volunteers to propose! This fatal menace—fatal to the ministry if not executed—fatal to the monarchy if it is—was thrown out, as it is said, without the sanction of the Sovereign or the concert of his colleagues, for no better reason, and with no higher motive, than to help him through a paltry party scrape; to rally, on a pinching vote, a few Radicals back to his standard; or, if he should fail in doing that, and be turned out of office, to leave behind him a mine to be at his future opportunity exploded under the seats of his successors. He did not tell us what his measure was to be. We cannot blame him—for we are convinced he did not know himself. It would depend on events. If he found that he was to be ousted, his measure would be formidable; the mine that was to blow up his enemies would be full charged. If, however, as has happened, he should have to redeem his pledge as Minister, he would, and now probably will, endeavour to do it at the cheapest rate;—and he may, perhaps, try to conceal from the Queen and the country, and perhaps even from himself, the danger of his principle by the apparent tenuity and insignificance of his details. But again, that will depend on the aspect of parties at the particular moment when he is forced to take his ground—on the compromise which he may then find it possible for him to make between his Radical and his constitutional supporters.

If we are surprised that Lord John Russell's own experience has

has not taught him the difficulty of reconciling the democratic action, even as it now exists in the House of Commons, with the constitutional power of the Crown, we still more wonder that he does not see in the aspect of the party that he means to propitiate, that his attempt will only raise that difficulty into an absolute impossibility, and that any step which he may take in that direction must tend to revolution. The last number of the Westminster Review, the most accredited organ of a not inconsiderable section of his supporters, tells him this in plain and no complimentary language. First, it asserts that Lord John himself, though it admits him to be 'on the whole the most capable of the Whig leaders,' is already notoriously incompetent

'to the arduous part of a Minister of England. In Lord Grey's Government he received a *subordinate* appointment *commensurate with* his talent. Before Sir Robert Peel the noble Lord was always obliged to *succumb; on him* he *was glad to lean for support and guidance;* and from the *blundering and vacillation* we have witnessed in the [late] session we are able to judge of the *unaided* strength as well of Lord John himself as of his immediate colleagues.'—*W. R.* cix. 488.

'Boastful vanity'—'presumptuous claims'—'stubborn and supercilious spirit'—'imprudent and unstatesmanlike meddling'—'blind bigotry'—'profound ignorance'—'utter futility'—and 'guilty temerity,'—are the qualities attributed to the godfather of the first Reform Bill—with possibly something of personal feeling, and which we therefore should not repeat, but for the important consequence they suggest—that even *such* a minister is not only endured but supported on the prospect of what he is expected to do for the cause of radical reform. The pretence of the present ministry to office

'had become a by-word of scorn and reproach, and at length, when its exclusion and party annihilation seemed imminent, forth comes Lord John Russell with a promise of a New Reform Bill for the year 1852. "Keep me in office," he in effect says, "till that time, and I will *satisfy your longings* by a large and liberal measure of reform." . . . The reformers of the House of Commons have yielded themselves up to that reasoning.'—*Ib.*

And it then proceeds to express more than suspicion of the sincerity of the ministers, and prophesies (as we have also suggested) that the measure of his reform will be in exact proportion to the danger of being displaced—if the danger be great he will be desperate—if small he will endeavour to evade the pledge. We are then led, and we hope Lord John may be led, to consider what measure will be large and liberal enough to '*satisfy those longings.*' Of course our contemporary does not venture to work out the whole problem—but he has the candour to state the two most

most immediate improvements to which he and his party—or, as he calls it, the country—look:—

'When the House of Commons shall become, as we anticipate it *soon must*, the *complete* and accurate expression of the national will, the next step of our history *becomes inevitable*. The narrow interests of the nobles as represented by the House of Peers will be found directly opposed to those of the country at large. If this difference of interests should induce the peers to exercise obstinately the *veto* which the constitution gives them upon the deliberations of the Legislature [scil. the *Commons*], steps will be immediately taken to *deprive them* of this obnoxious privilege. Just as the two Houses were able to silence for ever the *veto* of the King, and reduce it to an empty form—so will the predominant power of the Commons *extinguish* this obstructive prerogative of the peers.'—*Ib.* 502.

We do not quote this passage for either its reasoning or its history—it is manifestly very deficient in both. It admits the *constitutionality* of a power that it proposes to destroy, and talks of the regal *veto* as an empty form, it being in fact and in the writer's own view *no form at all*—but, if he will, an empty *right*—never of late exercised in *that form*. He himself elsewhere admits that both those *vetos* really, though covertly, existed—that of the Lords being preliminarily exercised in the House of Commons, and that of the Crown in both Lords and Commons; so that direct collisions between the three great powers of the state were either avoided or mitigated: but if the House of Commons is to be a full, complete, and entirely independent expression of the will of the People, it is evident that, if we are to have anything like the British Constitution, the Lords and the Crown must also be called upon to exercise their equally independent authority. But we only notice this to show the inconsistency of the writer's views and statements, for in point of fact we entirely agree with him that, whenever the House of Commons shall be what the writer understands by 'the complete expression of the national will,' the deliberative and legislative *veto* of either the Lords or the Crown will become—not an empty form, but—a nonexistence, and the Crown and the Peerage will become as nonexistent as their *veto*.

Lord John Russell may learn the same lesson from humbler but more popular teachers than his *friends* in the 'Westminster Review.' '*The People's Almanack for* 1852' is already published, with a prefatory notice of Lord John's promised reform:—

'Lord John Russell has intimated his intention of amending his Reform Bill. If he brings in a *complete* measure, it will be the duty of the *people* to support him; if without such support he cannot carry

it in the present House, and in the face of the aristocracy. If the measure is *not complete*—if it does not carry with it *full justice* to the industrious classes—it will *then* be the duty of the *people* to insist upon a *more thorough* bill. If the *people* are true to themselves, we shall have, in our next year's Almanack, to record the triumph of—reform in our representative system. That will be the first step in bringing about *reform in Church and State.*'—*The People's Almanack for* 1852.

And in a popular and extensively circulated newspaper of the Reform party we find still plainer speaking:—

'Lord John Russell said last session [in announcing his measure] that, "whatever extension of the suffrage was given must be compatible with the existence of an hereditary monarchy, an hereditary aristocracy, and the Established Church." Now, as for the hereditary monarchy, *we say nothing;* but this we do say and know, that, if universal suffrage became the law of the land, the *hereditary aristocracy would be swept away*, and the *Church Establishment would be annihilated.*'—*Reynolds's Newspaper*, 21 Sept. 1851.

And we find in another weekly periodical, one of the most respectable of its class, called 'The Workman's Friend and Family Instructor,' a form of petition which it proposes should be universally signed (altering one point to the taste of the locality) and presented to the House of Commons at the opening of the ensuing session:—

'Humbly showeth,

'That it has been *announced by the First Lord of the Treasury*, that it is the intention of the Government, this session, to bring in a bill for the Extension of the Franchise; . . . . .

'That in the opinion of your Petitioners—after the *high hopes* excited in the breast of the nation—anything short of—*Household Suffrage, Universal Suffrage, as the case may be*—will greatly disappoint the majority of non electors, and beget feelings of distrust and discontent, which might be dangerous to the safety of society;

'That your Petitioners trust that this, their *claim for justice*, will receive that due consideration which the fairness of the demand and *the promise of Her Majesty's Prime Minister* lead them to expect.'—Vol. vii. No. 90, Sept. 1851.

Thus, then, '*Her Majesty's Prime Minister*' is put forward as the instigator of a new 'Revolution,' by which the '*hereditary aristocracy and Church Establishment are to be swept away*,' and the '*hereditary monarchy*' is a matter for future consideration when the other two institutions have been '*annihilated*.'

This, then, is what Lord John Russell—and we go even higher—this is what the QUEEN has to look to from the introduction of a 'New Reform Bill.' Its details will be of little other importance than the hastening or delaying the catastrophe.

If,

If, in the present state of the world, the Minister of the Crown—who is already unable to manage the popular constituencies—shall propose *any extension of the suffrage*, we believe that it will be a fatal and irretrievable move down what M. Guizot has justly characterized as the *incline of democracy*—or, in other words, towards the experiment of a British republic.

We have already stated strongly our points of hope and resistance; they are powerful, but they will be weak, and, at all events, ineffectual, if the authority and influence of the Crown be thrown into the adverse scale. There will be found, no doubt, some brave old English spirits who will still hope against hope, and endeavour to protect the Crown even against itself; but the majority of even the well-wishers of monarchy will not be very forward to incur the trouble, the risk, and the ridicule of being more royalist than the Sovereign herself. If her Majesty sees her own interest and that of her son and her family in the same light that we—and, we presume, the majority of mankind—do, and shall forbid her ministers to begin a Revolution, the end of which it is fearful to look at, yet hardly possible to doubt—if, we say, the august Mother of the Prince of Wales shall take her stand against any further encroachment of democracy on the Constitution—the country, we have no doubt, would stand gladly and gallantly by her. But if a ministry, in the desperation of either spite or weakness, shall be permitted to abuse the name and influence of the CROWN to forward revolutionary reform, God help all—prince or people—who have anything to lose by a REPUBLIC!

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST NUMBER, p. 228.

The account we gave of the affair at St. Philip's, Birmingham, in our last number was, as we stated, derived from the 'Ecclesiologist' of June. The dates not having been there given, we supposed that they were very recent, but we find from the original correspondence since published that the Bishop of Worcester's decision was delivered on the 30th of last November, and therefore not, as we had been led to suppose, subsequently to the address of the Prelates from Lambeth. We must add that we have been surprised to find ourselves misunderstood on a more important point. We were at pains to guard ourselves against being supposed to impute Puseyism either to the Rector of St. Philip's or to his Diocesan; and are at a loss to conceive how our language should have been misunderstood—we referred exclusively to one special innovation; which we are glad to hear has been now abandoned.