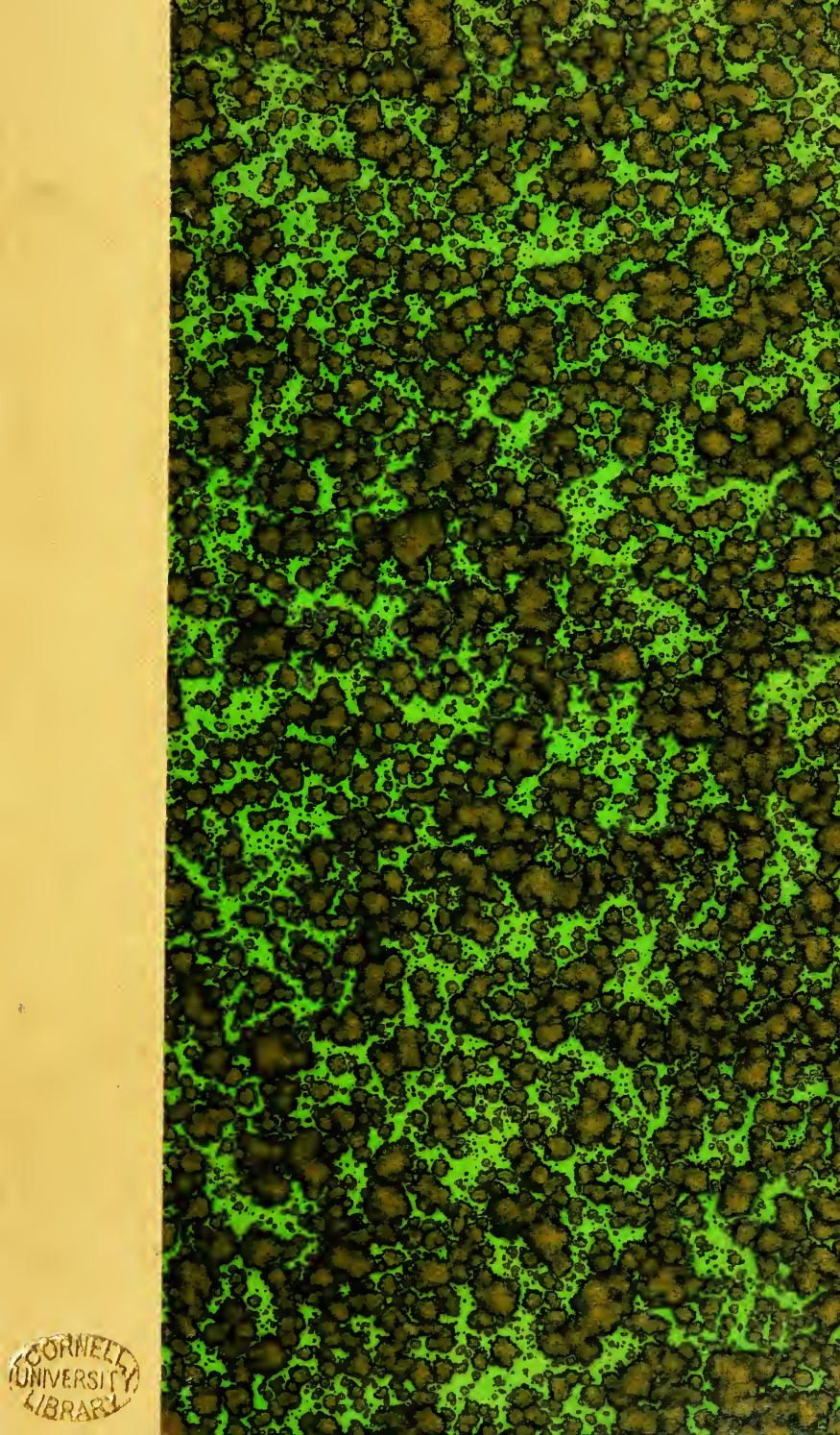

MS. Fragments of Coleridge

Letters on National Religion. By the Rev. C. Smith. Cambridge: Deighton. 1832.

The Rectory of Valehead. 1829. Smith, Elder and Co.

The Church of God. By the Rev. R. W. Evans. Cambridge: Deighton. 1832.

Testimonies of W. Wordsworth and of S. T. Coleridge to Catholic Truth. Leeds Christian Miscellany.

The Kingdom of Christ; or, Hints to a Quaker respecting the Principles, Constitution, and Ordinances of the Catholic Church. By F. D. Maurice, M.A. *Chaplain of Guy's Hospital, and Professor, &c.* Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Rivingtons. 1842.

Not quite an hundred years ago, the poet Gray, anathematizing a dull book, described it as containing "whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine." Now Gray was neither an unbeliever, nor a flippant nor a shallow person; but he was a man of letters, and looked on Theology as nearly any other man of letters in that day would have done. How would it have astonished him, as well as many between his time and our own, could it have been foretold that a day would arrive, when, from no lack of literature, even the very lightest—a day in which Poets were to have greater honour than ever he saw conferred on them; a day teeming with attractive Fiction of all sorts; a day in which whatever other faculties might be in active exercise, the gift of humour most assuredly should—the prominent subject of conversation should be, the Theologians of the time, and their sayings and doings! And this not in one circle only, but in every cognizable one; in the West End of London, and, as we have lately been assured, in the back-settlements of America, chance talk will naturally end in discussing the merits, or demanding the latest intelligence, of Messrs. Newman and Pusey. The great Church movement which is so associated with those two names is, viewing it merely as a Phenomenon, one of the most conspicuous features of our times; all eyes, whatever be their faculty of measuring its dimensions, or of tracing its form, are constrained to gaze upon it; and whether the attendant emotions be those of Triumph, Joy, Uneasiness, Alarm, or Hatred, the subject is an uppermost one in all minds.

Of course, those to whom the whole matter is an annoyance, are ready enough with plausible explanations of this portent, such as that an excited age must always want variety in its excitement, and that Theology may take its turn as a fashionable stimulus, quite as well as anything else. Now this may perhaps explain too much of the interest taken by the upper classes in the outward and superficial

aspects of the Oxford school; but it will not explain the vast progress of that school itself in all educated ranks; and still less the increasing hold that the high doctrines of the Church and the Sacraments are taking of minds unconnected with, and not always very kindred to, the Oxford writers. Make what you like of the less respectable concomitants of the phenomenon, find as many degrading explanations as you can of its more superficial manifestations, resolve the change and the seeming enthusiasm of the frivolous and the vain, into their original frivolity and vanity, as much as you please; when you have done all these things, you still leave a great portent behind. There is still a great Church movement which you may hate, but which you cannot despise—the Catholic Church is a word which is surely fast tending to have some great meaning, for good or for ill. Mighty powers are in action; the fountains of the great deep are opened. Whither we are tending, none may venture exactly to tell; nor need those who feel that they are moving, and that they are moving under the guidance of a Heavenly Light, care exactly to know. For them the words, "Lo, I am with you always," are enough. But it may serve to strengthen the Faith of such, that they are obeying no deception, and in itself it must needs be a pious and profitable work, to trace, as far as we can, the various causes which have been made in our day, to concur towards one end. If we find that the confluence has been from most distant sources, that all the great tendencies of our age have borne upon this one object —the Catholic Church—then we see enough to answer the man who sneers at those who are earnestly occupied with that object; then too we see enough at once to solemnize and awe as well as encourage and gladden our hearts; and then too, if we feel sure that this Catholic Church be indeed the Kingdom of God, do we see His manifold Wisdom and Might.

Before entering on this inquiry, there is a previous consideration which gives it additional solemnity. The time seems to have come for a further manifestation of the Catholic Church than we have seen for ages. Secular causes and considerations are bringing men together; geographical distance is losing more than half its power to keep them asunder: "Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased." There is a secular gathering of men which, in order that it be blessed and sanctified, demands for them a spiritual Unity. The causes which were keeping them apart are being done away. This is an important consideration. It is undeniable that in the beginning of the Church, although we cannot ascribe her Unity to anything short of a spiritual principle, she was provided with a secular framework of society, which greatly aided her in its development. We do not mean to say that the Roman Empire was either the ideal of Human Society in earthly respects, or the best ally of the Church; our opinion being the very contrary. But almost commensurate with the Church, and combined, coherent, bringing men together from the most opposite regions as it was, it

became, as we have said, a great assistance to her in the development of her Unity, and, in virtue of the characteristics to which we have referred, would have thrown on Herself the whole blame of any stoppage of Communion, had such then arisen to any great extent, or in any serious permanence. After its fall, a new state of things began. The history of modern Europe is a history of the growth of nations out of the great mass of the Roman Empire. The confusion into which that was thrown, was not left unvisited by formative principles, which, gradually casting off on the one hand such Imperial traditions as continued to hold Europe secularly together, and on the other, gradually aggregating all such smaller tribes as tended by great natural affinities towards union, did by this process at once of contraction and enlargement, fix and shape the great countries of Europe in their present dimensions and aspects. How slow a process this has been, how comparatively recent are the completed formation and fixing of the Britain, the France, the Spain, the Austria of our own time, we need not say at present. It is a truth which every man may master by a little reflection, but which is seldom considered, remembered, or realized as it ought to be. Now this process, as far as it has been Divine, is to be reverenced; and the nations in which it has issued, are to be regarded as God's Ordinance, ordained for some high end. But, as in all history we observe God's Purpose and man's infirmity strangely mingled, so here, though we cannot doubt that the formation of nations each integrally independent was ordained for good, it is easy to see that of necessity it gave scope for whatever might be tending to division in the Church. And thus, other causes conspiring, did Christendom become miserably divided.

Now in such a state of affairs, although it must still have been every man's duty to be Catholic, and though the members of a really Catholic Church must have been furnished with all essential resources for being so to the salvation of their own souls, yet there cannot have been, taking the best people at their best, all the fruits of Catholicity as manifested in the whole range and tone of thought, and in all habitual sayings and doings. Men cannot have duties beyond their allotted range. And thus, miserable as is much of our English retrospect, we may console ourselves with believing that many of our fathers were better Catholics than they seem to us, or than we should be were our words and actions the same as theirs. They may not have been called on, and not very fit, to make definitions or statements of the Church or the Sacraments, and yet may have been ranging among the immunities and privileges of the one, and living on the Heavenly nourishment that flows through the other; and they may have had what we think a very narrow range and sympathy, may have spoken, and even felt about the Church as though it were limited to their own country, and been radically Catholic notwithstanding; our Catholic duties, as we have said, being determined by the precise amount of our practical knowledge

of men, and our range of feeling and action. He who really, and in a practical way, knows no more than three adjoining parishes, may be a good Catholic in his feeling and behaviour within them. He who has not a duty, nor even a practical thought or feeling beyond his country, may be a good Catholic within its boundaries. The day will come when the world itself shall be too little for the fellowship of the Church; when he would be a sectarian, were such a case possible, who should limit himself to our planet. If, therefore, even the elect spirits of the ages immediately preceding our own, who must of necessity have been radically Catholic, present us with many phenomena which would be unsuitable amid a generally diffused Catholicism, it is easy to see that in the absence of such, the majority must have been altogether un-Catholic. And it is equally easy to see that the state of affairs which, if it did not justify, at least in great measure accounted for, the divisions of Christendom, is passing away. The formation of Nations in Western Europe seems a completed work; our instinctive feeling is that each, be it Britain, France, or Spain, must through every vicissitude continue Britain, France, or Spain, for good or for ill. While, therefore, national development is a completed work, other processes are going on, which, drawing men together as they are doing, demand, as we have said, a Catholic Church, in order that their operation may be wholesome and blessed; and the duty of keeping this object before her is especially incumbent on England, as is indicated in a thousand ways, in the wide range of thought and feeling, in the facilities of movement, and consequent enlarged intercourse with mankind now opened to us, in our ever-increasing colonial empire, in the Missionary character which we are now bound, as we would avoid National Apostasy, to take up, and in others which cannot be dwelt on at present.

That we have good reason for believing that God is mysteriously training us for a more Catholic development than we have known for ages, and, consequently, for believing that He for His Part will not be wanting to us if we dutifully endeavour after such development, it will be the aim of the following remarks to show, by means of the argument which we announced at the outset—the confluence of People and tendencies amongst us—all bearing on this one point.

Recent disclosures would at first sight seem to assign to the great ecclesiastical movement at present in progress, the origin of a political emergency. This is the impression which is made at first, both by Mr. Perceval's and Mr. Palmer's pamphlets. On the latter, by far the most important piece of recent history which has appeared, we dwelt at length in a late number. Again, however, we must express our conviction that to ascribe the progress of Church principles to the emergency of 1833,—to represent the steady and clear proclamation of them which has ever since been made merely as a means of meeting that emergency, is not more

remote from the truth than from the intention of either of the writers in question. They merely tell us how the dangers of 1833 brought certain persons together, induced them to find out a line of decisive action, and at the moment when the Church seemed environed with enemies, to call renewed attention to her Divine origin and Heavenly authority. But the least consideration will suffice to show that, as the proclamation of these things could have had no virtue, had they been other than living truths of the highest concern at all times, so it could not have been made to any effect, except by men who had been long conversant with them, and had in the first instance approached them by some other road than a mere outward emergency. From which it follows, that the great advance of Church principles was a thing to be looked for anyhow, and in fact, we think it had commenced before the date, and independently of the origin, commonly assigned to it. We must now, therefore, as we have said, trace the sources from which, under God's blessing, we think it proceeded.

And the first of these that demands attention was one which proceeded directly from Him. The majority of the clergy had ever formally held the leading doctrines, from the practical consequences of which many of them now recoil. In the year 1820, it would not be too much to say that the whole body of those called the orthodox clergy, held Apostolical Succession and Baptismal Regeneration, and would not have turned away from even high statements of the grace of the Eucharist, so long as they were only brought forward to shut out the views of the Evangelical Party. Their High Church principles were held merely negatively, and, of course, coldly. They were only brought forward when needed for a purpose which one cannot much respect, and were probably seldom heard of, except in the University pulpits, and in visitation sermons. The ordinary preaching of those men bore too near a resemblance to that of the Jortins and Paleys of last century, even when not, as was very frequently the case, *identical* with it. But in the ensuing ten years a great change was taking place among this body, and serious religion becoming far more prevalent amid their ranks. They learnt, without seemingly abandoning any part of their old position, to feel the importance of the peculiarities of the Gospel *at all times;* they learnt to make the Cross of their Lord as much their watch-word as it had ever been that of their self-styled evangelical brethren. The "Dialogues on Prophecy"—a most interesting and curious record of the state of affairs at the time to which we are referring, and one which cannot be identified in any way with the clergy in question,—speaks of "the genuine piety which is rising in the High-Church party,"* and testifies to the important fact, that it was "of a more manly kind than is to be found in the ranks of Evangelicalism."† Now, if the truths previously held by those high churchmen, not perhaps altogether in unrighteousness, but yet in coldness and mere antagonism

* Dialogues on Prophecy, vol. i. p. 361. † Ibid.

to the inconvenient zeal of others, were the great and pregnant ones we think them, it seems to follow that it needed but the breath of a better spirit to make them start up into an activity and prominence which ought ever to have been theirs; that in the mere fact of serious and earnest Religion becoming more prevalent in connexion with them, we have a sufficient cause of the increased and increasing attention which they are commanding. Illustrations of the change to which we are referring might easily be found. The present Bishop of London may, without offence we trust, be adduced as a very prominent one; the churches under his sway supply us with another; the sermons of Mr. Le Bas and Mr. Evans, even those of Mr. Benson, will explain our meaning. Perhaps the late admirable Mr. Rose, before his entrance on the very course of action for which we are now accounting, may serve as the type of what we are referring to. He indeed was the first in our day, as far as we know, who in England called attention to the Apostolical Succession, as a truth, not of negative and antagonistic, but of positive and intrinsic importance; as one which enhanced the solemnity, while it increased the encouragement, of discharging the priestly office.

This first cause, then, may itself seem sufficient explanation of the phenomenon before us; yet it will not, we think, be unprofitable to trace the subordinate ones, which were made to conspire with this.

Obviously the state of affairs in which we of the nineteenth century find ourselves, is one which, as we have already said, gives us a much wider range both of thought and feeling than was known before, connecting us more with other countries, and opening the way for Cosmopolitanism or Catholicity, according as the spirit of Error or of Truth has possession of a man. This is effected at once by the politics and the locomotion of the time. We have come back to one of those great epochs which, whenever they occur, are portents, —epochs in which the children of men are gathered together. This portent has been thus eloquently described in connexion with another more awful subject than that which is now occupying us, though not altogether alien to it:—

"One of the most obvious" heralds of our Lord's coming "is the communication existing, and still increasing, both in extent and intensity, between all the sons of Adam, divided though they be by sea and by land, by tongues and by customs. They are again once more gathering to a common head. Even our own life-time suffices to see a manifest increase here; almost daily the widening prospect takes in at least a nook hitherto unexplored by sight; and every nook is an hour or a day embodied, as it were, and visibly taken from the delay of our Lord's coming. In looking with hope and joy on such a prospect, we cannot err; there is nothing in its widening extent which can nourish a carnal feeling; for it is obvious that such extent, if it be due to peace and commerce and goodwill amongst men, is also equally owing to wars, ruined empires, subjugated nations,— to pestilence, to famine, and the sword. Having received our sign from God, let us, like his prophets, be content with it; let us see in faithful hope the day of our Lord and be glad."*

* Evans's Church of God, pp. 94, 95.

In considering this great portent, let us at present, being unable to embrace all its features, confine ourselves to its most material, and, as many may deem it, most frivolous, one; we mean the travelling of the present day. We have never been able to join in that approved and accredited moralizing which affects partly to ridicule, partly to deplore, the extent to which our countrymen visit Southern Europe. It is easy to wax facetious upon the Cockney south of the Alps; to be humorous on his resolute demand for his beef-steak on the wildest shores of the Mediterranean; a demand which, after some experience of the facts, we pronounce to be seldom, if ever, made, the Cockney stomach being altogether ready and kindly in its reception of foreign diet; to describe the opening of bottled porter within the walls of the Coliseum,—a sight with which we are quite unable to charge our memory; or, passing from this safe and well-established sort of pleasantry, to get sentimental on a growing taste for foreign luxuries, and a growing adoption of foreign morals. Now, we are quite willing to admit that if shoals of our countrymen cross the Alps, there must be a great many who seem rather out of place in the city of Dante, or amid the sights and remembrances of Rome; many who only go to show how unsusceptible they are of the legitimate and desirable influences of such places; and not a few who have contrived only to carry back the very things which they would have been better never to have learned. We have as little mercy as anybody can have on the young gentlemen and ladies who come back from a year of Italy, feeling it next to impossible to live in England, wondering at the sluggishness of northern blood, as though any other were flowing in their own veins, and the crassitude of northern perceptions, persuaded that the arts of living, liking, and loving, exist not on this side of the Channel; and, in addition, whilst they give no symptom of anything short of perfect health, pretending to be withered by every breath of Cisalpine wind. But we submit that this is only a slight manifestation of coxcombry in persons who would be making some such at any rate, whether they had ever seen the south of Europe or not. There must alway be a certain proportion of fools in any numerous class of mankind; and travellers are by this time a sufficiently numerous class to come under this rule.

Again, we frankly admit that there are sentiments now and then expressed and felt (if there be any feeling in the matter) about Italy which amount to very bad morality; we mean such as Lord Byron announced and disseminated. Of such, it seems enough to say that they are not the natural or legitimate associations with that land, and that consequently their occasional expression cannot be fairly pressed as an argument against the practice of visiting it. As to one remaining objection to which John Bull always listens with a ready and complacent ear, and which appeals to all that is most honest and genuine about him, that travelling interferes with domestic tendencies; we may ask whether all *pleasure*, as distinguished from

happiness, does not this during its continuance? A three days' walk in Wales, or a tour to the Lakes, is not compatible with domestic life at the time we are engaged in it. A winter in Rome differs from these only in duration, and the real question is, whether such difference in duration be enough to leave behind it a permanent disrelish for domestic life. We say *no*, in the case of those who ever had a relish for it, or were not on the point of losing it at any rate. Those who make the objection would do well to ponder the fact, that the most travelling, is also the most domestic, of nations. Viewing the case with reference to those who turn the seeing of foreign lands to good use, (and what advantage or blessing is there which can be commended except with reference to such?) we say that travelling, where attainable, is a more important ingredient in the education of an Englishman, than of any other man; that our abundant means of it, seem a providentially appointed remedy for the evils otherwise incident to our island condition and character, and therefore an instrument of Catholicism. As a fact, we think that our increased intercourse with the continent has tended to promote Catholic feeling and practice among us. Of course we do not refer to any *sentimentalism* which may be brought back to England about the beauties of Romish devotion, for such we class very much with the forms of coxcombry to which we have been just referring. But thoughtful Englishmen can hardly make a long sojourn in a Roman Catholic country without discovering the existence of living piety, of real spirituality there, a fact which those who were not prepared for it, of whom there have been numbers, could not but ponder, and which could not enter into minds full of Protestant prejudices, without seriously disturbing, and at least modifying them. Further, the great fabric of the Latin Church, more especially as seen in its centre, can hardly fail to awaken important musings. So distinct, so massive, so ancient, so full of relation to the whole history of the world, so definite a triumph over the vast opposing forces, on the ruins of which it originally rose, so grand a reality in the present as well as in former days,—is it not a Kingdom indeed? And was it not this, perhaps, which the Prophets foretold, and the Baptist proclaimed, and the Apostles established, as the Kingdom of God? And if not this exclusively, nay, even if this be not in all things a worthy manifestation of it; if much of the attraction and power of this proceed from a carnal perversion of the principles and character of the Heavenly Kingdom; still, if we are to meet such attraction and power, and guard against such perversion, must it not be by seeing that we are indeed part of the Kingdom, and that we are manifesting its true principles? Thus the truth of a Kingdom of God upon earth is one which a pious and teachable mind, that has but faintly possessed it before, may well learn from the sight and contemplation of Rome, awakening, as that ought to do, some such thoughts as we have been expressing. And when this has been learnt, another lesson may well follow in its train. Our own Church can only

protest against Romish perversions of the truth of the Kingdom; she cannot protest against Rome, in respect of the Kingdom itself, or anything she may have fairly developed out of it, any manifestation of spirit or conduct really congenial to its principles. From such she must rather be willing to learn. He who has given to every member his own place and gifts, has made a similar distribution among the different branches of His Church: one makes a greater manifestation of one kind of virtue, or develops more successfully one class of powers and resources, than another. Each, therefore, should be willing to study and copy that in which another most excels; and there is much in the Latin Church from which ours might borrow with advantage. Thus, while fortified in his Anglican position, may our traveller be preserved from a merely Anglican spirit; *i. e.* may be made more of an English Catholic than before. And such, we feel sure, has in fact been the influence of Rome on some of the best and most dutiful children of our own Church.

Further, the effect of travelling on a thoughtful man is, we think, to give an increased reality to his mind; and Catholic sentiment must flourish in an atmosphere of reality. This reality travelling produces in many ways, specially by stimulating a love for that which is the great intellectual instrument of it, we mean History. Disquisition may or may not be conducive to it, but *facts*, moral facts, facts connected with social or national life and character, must be so. A historical habit of mind forces us to look at things in their connexion with the past; he to whom it belongs can never be contented with a mere paper constitution; things are not sure to him till they are taken out of the region of mere disquisition, and made external to, and independent of, the workings of the human mind. The religious scheme will of necessity come under this law; it will not give satisfaction unless it be connected with History; unless it link us with the past; unless we can feel it to be an objective reality, even as the nation and the civil polity are objective realities.

The great literary revolution which has accompanied the political ones of the age, has been a conspiring cause, and no slight one, of the furtherance of Catholicism; indeed that furtherance may be safely pronounced to be at once its end and justification. In the most important of the works with the titles of which we have headed this article, it is very elaborately shown how the schemes of philosophy which arose in Germany during the last century, and are coming to their destined sway in this, issue in a demand for a Catholic Church. Its author finds the same want expressed in the more mystical poetry which followed in its train. Commending to our readers' careful attention the interesting chapter to which we refer, we must, for the present, avoid the large questions suggested by the subject, and confine ourselves to one or two of the broader features of the literary change, as manifested in England.

Here, as all the world knows, Poetry was the great agent of its accomplishment. Not till Wordsworth and Coleridge had wooed

their countrymen's attention by song, did the philosophy of the latter gain any ground. These two great men have, in a very remarkable way, promoted the cause of Catholicity. So important has been their influence in that direction, that the conductors of a very useful series, the Leeds Miscellany, have thought it worth while to devote a number to each, the titles and purport of which our readers will see by looking at the head of this article. Against such citations from their works we have no objection to make; they are certainly striking testimonies to a class of truths with which the public has not yet learnt to associate the two greatest minds of the age, and we therefore gladly recommend them to notice. But we shall greatly err and underrate the influence of Wordsworth and Coleridge in the direction of Catholicity, if we imagine that it principally consisted in the orthodox statements of doctrine scattered over their works, and carefully selected in the pamphlets in question. The later poems of Wordsworth contain much indeed, in this way, which it is most satisfactory to hear him saying; but full as they are of wisdom and beauty, they neither are now, nor will they hereafter be, the instruments of his sovereignty. His wizard power comes over us, when we are studying those of his poems which were written before the year 1820. It was by their means that he became a prime agent in an intellectual and moral revolution. Now these poems are less orthodox than those of his later years, and therefore of course less Catholic, as far as logical propositions, or even directly religious sentiments, are concerned. Nay, there are states of mind to which they might be dangerous, for some of them *seem* to have a Pantheistic meaning. Yet on the whole, it is by means of them that Wordsworth has forwarded the cause of Catholicity, rather than by the more strictly religious of his compositions. They are deep expressions of a longing after something truer and better than the intellectual food on which England was regaling at the time; passionate complaints of the hollowness of her worldly and Mammon-worshipping condition; great assertions in one form, of the principle that "man doth not live by bread alone." To come to particulars, their spirit is that of Humanity; or a deep, reverent interest in all that appertains to Man, when every conventional distinction is laid aside. Now, if the Church be the great human society, the brotherhood of Mankind, the society that looks at Man simply as Man, and proposes to itself, not the cultivation of anything conventional or accidental, but of the essential Manhood of her members, it is easy to see that transcendent poetry, animated by such a spirit as we have ascribed to Wordsworth's earlier poems, will do more in awakening Catholic desires, thoughts, and sentiments, than poetry, however beautiful, of inferior pitch, but more directly concerned with Catholic doctrine or practice. For example, such lines as those from the Old Cumberland Beggar—

> "———Many, I believe, there are,
> Who live a life of virtuous decency:
> Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel

No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide,
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go and demand of him, if there be here,
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart"—

profound no less than impassioned as they are, produce sentiments which rise up at the assertion of a Catholic Church, and respond to it with glad welcome.

Again, that seemingly Pantheistic element to which we have alluded in Wordsworth's earlier poems, that idolatry of Nature which we have admitted to be capable of mischief to many minds, is not, viewed under more favourable aspects, without its bearing on Catholicity; for, however wrong it may be to set up external Nature as an object of worship, yet that earnest and reverential scrutiny into its character, that wistful search into its hidden meanings, of which Wordsworth has set the example, are surely due to it, as the work of God, as "the shadow of His might," the result of His Idea. And such a faith as that the world around us cannot be dead matter, or a mere combination of mechanical forces, that it is wonderfully adjusted to the world of mind, and full of fruitful meanings, tends obviously to prepare him, of whom it has taken full possession, for the Catholic doctrine of sacraments, and for the sacramental scheme of thought. It leads people not to scorn and reject the visible as unspiritual, but to revere and cherish it *because it is spiritual.* Thus beautifully has our great poet done his part in the advance of good; thus, without quitting his appointed post, without merging the poet in the dogmatist, has he gently led us on from a state of Conventionality, Caste, and Selfishness, to one that at least asks for Reality, Humanity, and Brotherhood.

The poetry of Coleridge, though exceedingly different in its character, has had, as far as it has gone, precisely the same sort of influence as Wordsworth's. "Beautiful exceedingly," however, though it be, there is much less of it than there is of Wordsworth's, and it is much the least part of Coleridge. It is through his prose that this latter has shaped the thoughts of more choice and earnest minds than any other man of his time; and however people may differ in their precise estimate of him, few will now deny that his influence has seldom, if ever, been unfavourable. Of him indeed

one knows not what to say. Such a combination of magnificent strength and deplorable weakness the world perhaps never saw. But with the latter, surely we, his survivors, have nothing to do; nor have we much patience with those gentlemen who every now and then show off some detached piece of learning, which may enable them to add one humbling fact more to those which we already knew of the mighty departed, and which, taken at its worst, can hardly fail to come under the law which we had long learned to apply to the similar ones that we knew before. *Requiescat in pace.* Enough for us now to know and be thankful that the richest gifts bestowed on any man of this age were used to the glory of God, and the illustration of His Eternal Truth, and to trace, as we are now trying to do, the services he has rendered to the cause of Catholicity.

Coleridge differed from Wordsworth in exercising a directly theological influence. In addition to all his other faculties and functions, he was a divine; a deeply read, and we need scarcely say, a profound and earnest one. It will therefore be important, not merely to see how great, like Wordsworth, has been his indirect influence, but to show that as a theologian he was actually orthodox and Catholic. But before doing so, let us look at the results of such parts of his labours as were not actually theological.

Such of his prose works divide themselves into two classes—those designed to introduce into England and establish the transcendental metaphysics, and those illustrative of the English constitution. These classes are not to be found in distinct works, but in different parts of the same, and often they interpenetrate so as to render material separation impossible.

The devotees of German metaphysics consider Coleridge as having gone no further than their portal, and, we believe, as not having very accurately understood even the prospect open to him there. This is probable enough, for we think that he scarcely ever looked into them except with English eyes, or applied them otherwise than for English purposes. We mean that he saw in the Kantian Philosophy one great truth, the practical application of which would illustrate every English inquiry, remove every English perplexity, clear English doubts, and re-establish English faith. The distinction between the Reason and the Understanding was welcomed by him as a theological acquisition, and applied to theological ends. We do not think he would otherwise have succeeded in impressing his countrymen with its importance, or in calling any considerable amount of attention to it. Such importance however he has impressed us with, such attention to it he has procured, and whether or not we be led to investigate it more accurately than he, or whatever modifications of his claims to originality in expounding it an acquaintance with German Philosophy may lead us to make, it remains true that a principle has been widely circulated among us by him, which not only in its application to Theology, but even in its intrinsic character, has a necessary tendency to ripen the minds which

embrace it for the reception of Catholic truth. We say in its intrinsic character, for Mr. Maurice has shown in a very elaborate argument that the Kantian doctrine of the Reason, followed up to its legitimate conclusion, must issue in that same demand for a Catholic Church and Faith to which every thing vital and energetic in the present age is conspiring. It is enough for our present purpose to say, that whatever points to that which is common to Humanity, instead of leaving men to fancy themselves as apart from each other as they seem various; whatever lays greater stress on such common element than on the points of diversity between man and man, or race and race; whatever finds the true dignity and blessedness of Man in the development of such a common element, must pave the way for the assertion of a Catholic Church. This is done by the transcendental doctrine of the Reason; and therefore the wide dissemination of that doctrine through Coleridge's instrumentality, to say nothing at present of the subjects to which he applied it, was one among the many influences put forth among us for the furtherance of that mighty end.

We need not dwell long on Coleridge's political writings. In as far as they taught us to revere the past, the traditionary, the authoritative, —to retain and cherish ancient ordinances,—to look with awe on the mysteries of a nation's life; in as far, in short, as they taught us not to make our own conceptions the measure of right public conduct, and to see the spiritual in a nation's organization, in so far they must have been influences favourable to Catholic sentiment in a way too obvious to require illustration here.

It remains, then, that we look at Coleridge as a theologian. In this capacity few things were more conspicuous about him than his rare love of Truth. He pursued a study, which, beyond all others, is beset by the snare of partizanship with the most entire freedom from anything of the sort. He never can be caught special-pleading. His faith in Truth, in the certainty that nothing was better than Truth, that no dread of consequences could make it other than a crime to pervert or hide it, preserved him from such an evil. Hence his writings are continually baulking the spirit of partizanship. Hence much was admitted into his mind in the way of inquiry, which one would be sorry to think of as established there, to which fainter spirits, we do not say unwisely, give no entrance into theirs, and which, indeed, required a large influence of the Spirit of Truth to hinder from operating unwholesomely. We frankly admit there being things in his writings neither reverent nor safe, but it must be considered that they occur in the volumes of his Literary Remains, which are almost entirely collected from his copious pencillings on the margins of books, recording feelings and surmises to which we have no right to suppose that he would have deliberately adhered, or that he would ever have addressed in his own name to the public. They are very valuable when read with this caution, very injurious to his memory if read without it, but taken

at their worst, not absolutely incompatible with the Catholic Faith, admitted, as they were, into the mind of one who does not seem ever to have *preached* them to others.

When we come to Coleridge's deliberate writings, we find, as we might have expected, that his transcendental metaphysics reconcile him to mystery in religion, and lead him to enforce such reconciliation on others. But further, his orthodoxy on the subject of the Trinity is conspicuous in all his works, and we know in what high favour with him were both Bull and Waterland. Our own pages this month show how well he understood the relative functions of Scripture and the Church; and the mock superstitious reverence which the religionists of the present time pay to the former, he has elsewhere denoted by the happy term, *Bibliolatry*. The Leeds Miscellany likewise contains some important citations from his works on this subject.

On the subject of Sacramental Grace, indeed, a beginner in Coleridge will encounter some variety of statement. The doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is expressly denied in the Aids to Reflection; but it is denied on grounds which show that he did not then understand what was meant by it. Indeed, the whole discussion on Baptism in the work in question, is more unsatisfactory than any other dissertation in all Coleridge's writings. But his views on this subject seem to have greatly risen afterwards, as must be inferred from his beautiful letter to his godchild,—perhaps the most admirable statement of Baptismal benefit to be met with out of Holy Scripture. But whatever might be his views of Baptism, he seems to have long upheld the high doctrine of the other Sacrament. We know his assertion, that Arnauld's great work on this subject was "irresistible against the Sacramentaries;" and such testimonies as his against low views of the Eucharist are especially valuable, since not even the *Record* could succeed in connecting him either with the Oxford school or with the ordinary race of High Churchmen. But of far more consequence than this, is his discussion on the Grace of the Eucharist towards the end of the "Aids to Reflection." Perhaps nothing in the whole compass of English theology has thrown so much illustration on a subject, which may, though one cannot but hope and pray that so great a calamity be averted, become the battlefield of Catholicity in this Church and Kingdom.*

Such potent influences conspiring with those more direct ones to which we have already referred, were well calculated to introduce

* We have confined our remarks on the influence of contemporary literature, to Wordsworth and Coleridge, because round them has centred the whole intellectual revolution which this century has witnessed in England; and whatever literary influence has contributed to Catholicity will come, we think, under the considerations which we have connected with those two great men. More than enough in this way, has, we think, been elsewhere attributed to Scott. Beyond stimulating a taste for what was picturesque in the middle ages, we have never been able to see wherein he has been an especial instrument of Catholicity. There was nothing very earnest or wistful in his cast of thought; he has therefore been popular rather

Catholic thought among us; and no one who knows what was going on fourteen or fifteen years ago in Cambridge will doubt that the phenomenon must have appeared in the Church somehow or other, even though no Tracts for the Times had issued from Oxford, or though that university had been the scene of no combined exertion in furtherance of a theological movement. Those tracts and that exertion never could have told as they have done, were the case otherwise.

It may therefore be worth while to point out a little of the Catholic thinking which has been exhibited before, or altogether independent of, the Oxford school. The students of Prophecy, of whom we heard so much some years ago, were very often led to High-Church doctrines, partly from a growing sense of the rottenness of their self-styled Evangelical adversaries; partly doubtless from getting possessed with the thought of a Kingdom of God as the great end of the Gospel, to which even the salvation of individuals is subordinate; partly from being led to feel that the notion of "the Church's expectation" involves the notion of a Church to expect; partly from becoming more occupied with the Person of our Lord, than the most zealous religionists of the time immediately preceding. This tendency to Catholicism became very apparent, indeed, in the body of Irvingites, who we believe have now developed the true scheme of the Church in great perfection, but with this one fatal draw-back, that it is but the scheme, and not at all the reality.* But they belong not to our present inquiry, which relates only to Churchmen. Among many proofs of their minds being led, through the study of Prophecy, to orthodox and Catholic doctrine, we may adduce a book not nearly so well known as it deserves to be, entitled Letters on National Religion, by the Rev. C. Smith. This issued from the university of Cambridge, in the year 1832; and though disfigured by much eccentricity of style, and not a little of thought, and though containing some judgments on matters through which we cannot but think the author did not then see his way, bears the Catholic stamp deeply imprinted, and it is well worth reading as one of the most thoughtful and original dissertations on its subject which we possess.

Leaving the Millennarian school, we come to a writer who rose into conspicuous notice before an Oxford Tract was written, or the members of the Oxford school were brought together. It may seem

than adored; his influence has been wide, but not deep or potent. Still that influence, such as it was, was in the same direction as the others, by reason of the one circumstance to which we have alluded, combined with the fact that historical romances, if read with delight, strengthen a taste for History, which we have already pronounced to be a great ally of Catholicity. Before bidding adieu to the subject of Coleridge, let us call attention to the gratifying fact, that a son of his is now placed at the head of an institution, from which we hope for greater things in the direction of English Catholicity than from any other single influence at present in operation.

* The present Irvingites, dating it from a new Pentecost in which they unhappily believe, hold concerning their own body, all that Catholics, dating it from the true Pentecost, hold concerning the Church.

startling after to say that Mr. Evans's writings have not yet received either the praise or the attention which are their due; but so we think it is. Books may be very popular without being appreciated, for the public mind may misconceive their true excellence. Were we to ask people generally what is the character of Mr. Evans as a writer, from nine out of ten we should probably hear that he was an amiable sentimentalist; because the Rectory of Valehead is a sentimental book, and because, in addition thereto, he has written some tales, and indulged rather more of his fancy than is very desirable respecting the possible feelings and circumstances at certain times and conjunctures of some of the personages whose biographies he has undertaken. Granting all this, we say that sentiment though the most obvious, is no more the principal, than it is the most valuable, characteristic of the Rectory of Valehead. We consider it a hard thinking book. It is far more a treatise than a tale. The author had caught hold of a great principle, of which this little book is the exposition—the relation of the Family to the Church. Beautifully and profoundly does he trace the Divine principle of union, given to counteract Satan's work of discord, through its successive and ever-widening spheres, of family, diocese, and nation, up to the universal Church; and most practically wise are the canons and usages of the ideal family which he sets before us, not as an example to be followed to the letter, which might be often impossible, but as an image of what the Family is in the Church. And this leads us to observe, that such a method as is here pursued has been by far too much neglected by most modern writers on the Church. All the argument, and all the authority in the world, will be apt to fall dead on many minds, who might hail with delight a teacher who should point out to them that religion is an essentially social principle, and that just what a family is for our secularly childish training, is the Church for that of our spiritual childhood.

But the Rectory of Valehead was but the prelude to a far more elaborate work, which must always be a standard one in English Divinity. The Church of God is a treatise on the subject, than which our language contains few more philosophical or profoundly thought out. Without any parade, it is obviously the result, of much ripe learning; it is saturated with the sentiment and spirit of sacred Antiquity, and unites severe reasoning with the liveliest illustration, and the most glowing eloquence. We do not believe that it has been at all read in proportion to its deserts; but much of it was delivered from the university pulpit, to breathless audiences; and when we remember how young and old flocked to St. Mary's, to hear Mr. Evans, whenever he filled the post of select preacher, it becomes impossible to doubt that by him much Catholic seed has been sown.

Although its author is not merely numbered, but has long held, a foremost place among the Oxford school, we may consider the Christian Year as having exercised an influence, not merely anterior to, but independent of, it. And to those who fancy that

what startles them in the Oxford Theology is all owing to inflamed minds, rapidly catching each other's infection; who conceive that Messrs. Keble, Newman, and Pusey, have each been rapidly hurried on by the others; it seems a sufficient answer to refer to that little volume of poetry which came out in the year 1826, and will be found on examination to enunciate or imply nearly every important feature in what can fairly be called the Divinity of the Oxford Tracts. Now, we cannot think that the great hold which the Christian Year took on the public mind, is to be attributed to a mere sentimental fancy for religious verses; for its obscurity, the difficulty and delicacy of most of its thoughts, and the depth of its Theology, must have seriously stood in the way of any such influence. Its having been then so gladly received and cherished, surely indicates there having been abundant capacities of entering into its spirit. However ill-defined might be the doctrines avowed by many of its readers, they could hardly have loved the book, without some relish for that true and healthy form of Religion whereof it is an embodiment.

We need not do more than refer to the correspondence of Bishop Jebb and Alexander Knox, and the posthumous works of the latter, for they obviously bear on our argument; such Catholic results as they arrived at having been reached, not only independently of the Oxford school, but of any living one, by mental processes rather than the sympathies and contagions which accompany outward action, or the dependence of juniors on their seniors and superiors. It is worth while also to remind our readers of the time when Mr. Knox's mind and thoughts were first made publicly known: how completely that contributed to obtain for them a hearing, and invest them with an interest, which might not have been their fate had they been earlier known; and how completely, too, being the hour of need, it brought the great subjects of Church Communion and Sacramental Grace before readers who might not then have come in contact with, or might have turned away from, the Oxford writings. Of course we are speaking merely of those points wherein Mr. Knox was Catholic, there being others on which his claim to the title will be boldly denied by some, and questioned by many more.

But we must now come to a work far more remarkable than any, out of Coleridge, which has yet been occupying us. Mr. Maurice's Kingdom of Christ is perhaps one of the greatest treasures of the age. So few are competent to read it, and so few even of those laborious enough for the purpose, that many may think, that, with all its value, it can scarcely serve the present argument, or be spoken of as an illustration of the many lines which are now converging to the one focus of Catholicity. But such a book can never be still-born; there are minds of which it must take a mighty possession—which it must greatly mould—and who will work as its zealous interpreters to the many whose reasoning powers are too unexercised to receive such a banquet of pure concentrated

thought. Now, Mr. Maurice is a witness for, and propagator of, Catholicity, notoriously independent of the Oxford school. It would be saying more than could by possibility be true, to allege that, being their contemporary, and with such a mind as his, he had not come in contact with their thoughts, or in anything been influenced by them. But the traces of either are astonishingly slight, considering all the circumstances, and the identity of most of their general conclusions. He may, therefore, be cited as an independent witness, the more so that in spite of the identity of general doctrine, to which we have just referred, there are some far from unimportant points of diversity between him and the Oxford divines, and still more perhaps of difference in temper, spirit, and mode of looking at facts and events. With these, however, we are in no way concerned at present, our wish just now being to show how, independently of the Oxford writings, and by different methods and processes, Mr. Maurice arrives at the doctrine of a Catholic Church, set up in the world as a visible polity, organized by an apostolical priesthood, developed in sacraments, holding one unchangeable creed, by fellowship with which we join in the eternal fellowship of the blessed, by separation from which we separate ourselves from the promises of God.

It would be quite impossible at the end, or even within the compass of, an article, to give any worthy account of a work, which, however else it may be estimated, must be admitted by all who know it, to be vaster in its scope than any of the present day, and to carry the reader over a much greater variety of ground. We must, therefore, content ourselves with endeavouring to point out the diversity of method between Mr. Maurice and his contemporaries, in arriving at what we will call the doctrine of the Church. We may view it as the inductive or *à posteriori*, in opposition to what may perhaps be called the *à priori* method. By the latter we designate such a process as the following:—

When we look into the primitive, and as such, the true, form of Christianity, we find that it was a visible and organized polity—a polity designed to be universal—a polity founded and arranged by the Apostles, from whom alone the right to bear office in it was held to come. This was the Catholic Church, and as unbounded duration in Time was one of its characteristics, as well as extension in Space, it must still be to be found now. Where, however, can it be, except in those bodies which continue to hold the original faith, and have carefully preserved the derivation from the Apostles? This, which is the method of the Oxford Tracts, and perhaps that of High-Church writers generally, we have called the *à priori* one, as interpreting present facts by an antecedent principle (though, of course, that principle is gained inductively), rather than arriving at such principle by the investigation of present facts.—Their argument comes to this,—there must be a Catholic Church now, because Christianity at the beginning came in the form of, and was altogether bound up with, a Catholic Church.

Mr. Maurice's is the latter or inductive method. He surveys all the mental and moral facts around him, and finds this common element in them all, whether they be facts of Religion, or of Philosophy, or of Politics; that they have all issued, however unconsciously on the part of such as exhibit them, in a demand for an universal constitution,—a constitution for Man as Man,—a constitution, moreover, which while it must be distinct, must be spiritual also. He then looks into early ages, and sees that the nation which confessedly was under a spiritual education, was carefully trained to cherish the thought of precisely such an universal constitution. Returning to the present, he asks whether there be any signs in the world of such a constitution, and he finds two Sacraments that originated from the very beginning of what was regarded by those who first solemnized them as an Heavenly Kingdom; one Creed, though embodied in more than one formula; one Divine volume as a storehouse of teaching; and one Apostolical ministry to expound that volume, guard that creed, and dispense those sacraments. Every one of these features has universality stamped upon it, is adapted to Humanity as such, can enter into every accidental phase of that Humanity, mingle with every local variety of constitution or usage, and remain the while essentially unchanged. Is not this, then, the Catholic Church in which all these excellences are combined, and is not this Catholic Church that which satisfies what we have seen to be alike the craving of our religionists, our philosophers, and our politicians?

Now, of course, each of these methods has its especial advantages; neither can say to the other, "I have no need of thee;" nor is there any reason why an individual inquirer should not avail himself of both. Mr. Maurice obviously presumes the investigations and their results of the *à priori* reasoners: at the same time his plan has these advantages, that it looks at present facts more unflinchingly than theirs; that it starts with sympathy with all that is around him; and that it furnishes us with a better clue to distinguish between what was accidental and ephemeral, and what essential and to endure, in the phenomena of the apostolical age.

Having placed the second edition of the Kingdom of Christ at the head of our article, we are bound, as reviewers, to tell our readers who may be in possession of the first, that on the one hand they need not dread finding the value of that first superseded by the appearance of *a new and improved edition;* on the other, that they will be mistaken if they imagine that having read the first, they can have little occasion for the second. In truth, what Mr. Maurice has called two editions, we call two separate works—on the same subject indeed, and by the same hand, but still distinct, and each well worth being read by him who has mastered the other. What the second has lost in respect of the liveliness which belonged to the epistolary form of the first, of the allusions to co-temporary facts and persons which ran through it, and many passages of most thrilling eloquence, it has gained in system and completeness, in purity and

accuracy of style, in the absence of any personal asperity, and in the accession of much valuable matter.

We have now, as far as our necessary limits would permit, completed our view of the strange gathering together of various forces upon one point which is characteristic of our day. Many, many others might be added; the experience of each individual who recalls the recent past, may throw its own tinge, and introduce its own groups, into the picture. We might have dwelt, too, on the sterner teaching which is conveying the same lesson; the way in which our thoughts are carried to a Catholic Church, from ever multiplying experience of the vanity of all else, from the distress and perplexity, the fainting, weary vanity into which men's forgetfulness and abandonment of it have brought them. But we have said enough to suggest what we mean.

Neither have we dwelt on the piety, and zeal, and labours of some who held and proclaimed Catholic principles in the worst of times; and who are now enabled to breathe a freer air, and range amid more extended sympathies than were vouchsafed to them at the beginning of their course. Their names and their case are equally obvious; nor do they bear directly on our present argument, which has related rather to the thoughts awakened, the spirits evoked, the tendencies determined in the present age. Whereas such men as Dr. Hook and Mr. Churton, though most honoured and effective instruments in promoting the present revival of Catholic feeling and practice, constitute a different, but in its place very forcible, argument for the depth and value of their principles. They can testify to having *received* them from a former generation; they are *witnesses* to no mean or worthless fact,—the fact, that neither such principles, nor their realization in practice, can be stigmatized as new. On this fact we may have more to say hereafter. It would be a delightful, and we are sure a very practicable, task to show that our Church possesses an unbroken succession, not merely of Apostolical ordination, but of Apostolical sentiment, and that, like the shadowy creation of romance, she has been begirt with a sacred girdle, which, though it has at times seemed to wax fainter and fainter, has never been dissolved, and has now again enlarged its breadth, the omen of coming spiritual prosperity.

We have written, be it observed, to exhibit signs of Hope, not to lay grounds of satisfaction. The latter spirit we deprecate as strongly as we implore the cultivation of the former. Far be it from us to say that things are right as they are. Surely we, who have ever protested against setting up any past age of the Church as an ideal, would be most inconsistent were we to try and do that for the present one. If we have warned men against such an idolatry of the beautiful and venerable Past, mellowed by time and distance, with all that must have been base and earthly removed into the back-ground, and the great Images of Holiness and Heroism standing out in full relief and unsoiled purity; surely we shall not encourage an idolatry of the Present, where

carnality and earthliness are near and around whatever that is fair, and pure, and lovely, and of good report may be contained in it also;—where we see the good in all the imperfection which must characterise the *progress of* their course, and the bad in all the deformity of conspicuous and unsoftened intrusion. No; at no time must the Church, any more than her individual children, count herself to have apprehended: she must *press forward*, and woe to the man who would fain make her loiter! Woe to the man who cannot part with the feeling of comfort in the mere present organization around him; woe to the man who cannot bear the thought of movement, and is pained by the Heavenward progress of the Church! Woe to the man who says, who dares to say, that *things are well as they are!* We would endeavour to say from our hearts, God speed the movement to something higher, and better, and more Catholic! And we are encouraged to believe that He will speed it from a conviction that it is His own cause, and from the phenomenon which has been occupying our attention,—itself the most encouraging of all signs. Not one scanty rivulet alone, but the waters from a thousand springs are all rushing forward to the same mighty sea; and for the most part each new sweep in their course is bringing them nearer to each other, as well as to their common goal. Having such a sign, we can go on with high heart and hope; we can bear with much that seems contrary and discouraging,—with the opposing forces of this world, for their energy but manifests the rightfulness of our cause,—with the indiscretion, the eccentricity, the perversity of some who might otherwise serve us well, for such things are in their very nature ephemeral,—yea, even with the uneasiness and temporary alienation among many of the truly good, for that, calamitous though it be, cannot be more than temporary, can proceed but from misapprehension, and will vanish under the hand of Time the gradual enlightener, of Providence making all things work together for good, of Divine Grace, the increasing sway of which ever brings and binds its subjects into one.

How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England? By James Craigie Robertson, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Curate of Boxley. London: William Pickering, Pp. 190.

How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England? is assuredly a question of great importance in itself to every Anglican Churchman; and one of especial interest at the present time, when there is scarcely a possible form that it could assume, in which it is not suggested to us, and scarcely a degree of importance derived

from the authority or lack of authority of those who discuss it, with which the answer is not from time to time invested. For good or for ill; to direct his own conduct, or to cavil at that of his neighbours; in humility or in self-conceit, every one is asking this question. The ladies of Mr. Such-an-one's congregation: the five travellers with whom one happens to make a sixth on the railway: the "Record," and the "Christian Remembrancer," the clergy at visitation, from the deacon who seizes the auspicious moment to ask the question of his elder brethren, to the ordinary who speaks with authority from his chair: churchmen and dissenters:* men, women, and children,—all echo the question, and almost all answer it apparently to their own satisfaction, "How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England?" The subjects under discussion are somewhat different, but for the obtrusiveness of ill-assorted controversialists, it is much as it was when

> "The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,
> And trudg'd away to cry, 'No Bishop.'
> The mouse-trap men laid save-alls by,
> And 'gainst evil counsellors did cry;
> Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
> And fell to turn and patch the church;
> Some cried the covenant, instead
> Of pudding-pies, and gingerbread;
> And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
> Bawl'd out to purge the Common House;
> Instead of kitchen-stuff some cry,
> A Gospel-preaching ministry;
> And some for old suits, coats, or cloak,
> No surplices nor service-book;—
> A strange harmonious inclination
> Of all degrees to Reformation."

It is far from our wish to deny that while what is seen upon the surface is overcharged with uncharitableness, presumption, and meddlesome impertinence, there is on both sides an undercurrent of earnestness and sincerity: indeed it is the reality of these higher principles, which has called this mere bustle and obtrusion into activity, and irritated the self-conceit and uncharitableness into malignity; but who is there that does not feel ashamed for his kind, when he sees how mixed a medley of passions are ever ready to be excited by controversies upon the most grave and solemn subjects?

---

* The interference of dissenters with questions which cannot concern them, but which they are too ready to use as occasions of sowing or irritating discord in the Church, must have been observed by every one who watches the signs of the times. If an unhappy young clergyman, with half a dozen of the more humble and reverent of his flock, have scandalized the rest of the congregation, by bowing at the name of Jesus, or turning to the East at the Creed,—by "nodding of heads, and whirling about till their noses stand eastward," as Peter Smart, one of the great persecutors of Bishop Cosin calls it,—or by any other equal enormities, the dissenters of the parish, and the "organ" of the dissenters in the next county town, are sure to be among the first and the loudest in discussing the delinquency and condemning the criminal. This may be wise warfare, but it is not Christian peace and love.

And yet the question must be asked, and that not only by the clergy but by the laity also. The laity are too apt to forget, and perhaps the clergy are not careful enough to remind them, that the Church is not a hierarchy only, but that the laity are as essential a part in its constitution, as living and active a part in its faith and ordinances, as the clergy. We fear that in nine cases out of ten the layman asks the question, "How shall we conform?" only to find occasion of praise or blame to his pastor; forgetting that it has really an answer to himself, involving conduct and duty, to which he ought first of all to listen. If the priest were absolutely perfect in his obedience and in the spirit of his obedience, yet his Church could never present a fair picture of what our Liturgy requires, so long as all the people, or the greater part of them, are careless or rebellious. But more than this, the priest cannot, in all points, conform even *personally*, without the concurrence of the people. He cannot, for instance, "openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish, sent unto him, as he shall think convenient," unless "all fathers, mothers, masters, and dames shall cause their children, servants, and apprentices, to come to the church at the time appointed, &c.!" * He may admonish the people "that it is most convenient that Baptism should not be administered but upon Sundays, and other Holy-days, when the most number of people come together, that the congregation then present may testify the receiving of them that be newly baptized into the number of Christ's Church;" but unless "the godfathers and godmothers, and the people with the children be ready at the font" at the appointed time, he cannot obey the rubrics by which he is bound, in fact and in conscience, in "the ministration of public baptism of infants to be used in Church." And so in many other cases. The people also must conform, or the priest is driven to inconformity,—how sorely soever against his will. Surely, then, there ought to be more sympathy between priest and people on this question than one generally sees; and if it be right enough that a jealousy on the part of the laity should prevent the possibility of their being "brought into bondage" of obsolete, new-fangled, or superstitious usages; it is equally just that the clergy should not be forced into bondage to a broken law, by the carelessness or superstition of those who will not allow them their share of obedience. "It is impossible but that offences will come, but wo unto that man through whom the offence cometh!"—a denunciation which is ready enough upon the lips of those who cry out conscience against an ordinance *observed;* but which is surely rather to be directed against those who are the cause of an ordinance being disobeyed,—to the wounding of his conscience—by one who would obey it most readily, if he were but permitted by those on whom it is in fact as binding as on himself.

Now, these remarks, of course, are not intended to set the ques-

* Rubrics 1 and 2, after the Church Catechism.

tion, "How to conform?" at rest, either by answering or by checking the inquiry; but, indirectly, the principle on which they are founded would tend, if (which, alas! is but too improbable,) they might but be accepted as a practical lesson by those whom they most concern, to hasten the time at which the question shall be settled, and to smooth the controversy through which the answer may be attained. Moreover, if the great body of the Church, clergy and laity, would act on such principles, and make them the rule of their judgment, the answer would perhaps be different from what it may by possibility become in the present state of feeling. If we seek a high standard, it must be by high aspirations, and in meekness and love, or we shall assuredly seek it in vain. If the standard which the Church proposes to herself in the Liturgy be above and beyond any we have yet attained to,—and none can gravely deny that it is,—we must not think to raise ourselves up to it by descending to low, uncharitable, rebellious, self-willed conduct. If we would attain to uniformity, and that which is the soul of uniformity, truth, and love, it must be by exertions which have truth as their object, and charity as their measure. Truth may be the result of conflicting arguments, but those arguments must have truth for their object, not victory;—still less, hatred and partizanship. No; let us, if it be possible, draw together, not in opinions, perhaps, at first, that will come;—not in external observances, for the present we are not worthy so much as to seem united;—but let us have one aim towards which we would work;—obedience. If we could all alike, clergy and laity, of one party or another, seek this in sincerity, the question, "*How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England?*" would not be far from its solution.

But why is the question difficult? Is there not a written form, and rubrics, to direct the minister and the congregation in almost every minute point? Are these so vague in their meaning, or so inconsistent one with another, or so insufficient in number and exactness, that the question is rendered necessary by their defect? Whether or not there is any such defect, it certainly is not from thence that the question actually arises. It is not the doubtfulness of laws, but the differences of preconceived opinions, and the diversities of temper, that occasion questions and disputings; and where there are those differences, just in proportion to the authority of the law, and without the smallest reference to its perfection or plainness—will be the questions arising out of it. *Because* it is of paramount authority in its own sphere, an act of parliament affords matter of discussion to a thousand lawyers, and it may be for as many years. *Because* the vow of obedience is on him, and the stringency of the law ought not to be denied, the rubrics are not simply accepted or rejected, but submitted to processes of interpretation; and canons and injunctions are explained, or explained away, or modified in a thousand different ways. Not the very highest authority can rescue its behests from this treatment. We revenge ourselves on the authority which we must

admit, by questioning the meaning or the application of its requirements; and so, under the form and pretence of a more cautious obedience, render the greatest homage after all to ourselves. Thus it is with the Word of God;—and if the source of all authority is thus treated, what can any subordinate authority expect. All men admit the authority of the sacred Scriptures, yet each understands them according to his own bias. It follows of necessity that some at least reject *the thing revealed*, while they reverence *the words of the revelation*, and adore the Allwise and Almighty Lord God, who thus speaks His will to man. The true qualification for a right understanding and obedience in all these cases is moral and not intellectual. *The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him: Love is the fulfilling of the law.*

Hence, then, the question proposed by Mr. Robertson, is a moral question, as well as a question of the authority and interpretation of our Liturgy; and without assuming, for the present, on which side the ritual itself should be ranged,—on the side of ceremonies instinct with life and truth,* or of a cold and puritanical meagreness, misnamed simplicity,—this at least we may assume; that its worthiest and most successful expounder will be the man who most feels with its spirit. Even *opinion* is less important here than *feeling;* the two may be opposed, and if *opinion* be right and *feeling* wrong, the practical result will follow the worse guide. The question proposed may be, "How shall we conform?" The *opinion* may be *by a more literal and strict obedience*, yet the *feeling* may be, *by submission to the prevailing customs of the day:* and then the question may as well have been, "How shall we excuse inconformity?"

We do not mean to insinuate that he is conscious of it, but we do mean to assert, and we shall prove it, that this is very much the case with Mr. Robertson in the book before us. His question is one worthy of most diligent attention. His *opinions* of what is right are, perhaps, more frequently than not, on the side of obedience; but his *feeling* is singularly against conformity, in the only sense in which the word is not a mere quibble: the consequence is, that while he has collected authorities with some care, which may be very useful in other hands on the right side of the argument, the practical result of his work on the reader's mind is sadly against obedience to the ritual of the Church. We shall exemplify this incongruity by following Mr. Robertson through part of his argument.

---

* But there would seem to be little difficulty in deciding on which side the Anglican Church would rank herself, since, in the account "of ceremonies, why some be abolished and some retained," by way of apology for the disuse of some, she says that the gospel is "content only with those ceremonies which do serve to a decent order of godly discipline, and such as be apt to stir up the dull minds of man to the remembrance of his duty to God, by some notable and special signification, whereby he might be edified." And again; giving the reason for retaining others: "They be neither dark nor dumb ceremonies, but are so set forth that every man may understand what they do mean." It may be worth noting, that this article is in both the prayer-books of Edward VI., as well as in the present book.

In his introduction he thus states his view of "our engagements," and evidently believes that he is about to support his view through the following pages.

"That the Book of Common Prayer expresses, what is for the present the ideal of the Anglican system, rather than any thing which has been generally realized; that, while a conscientious clergyman will strive after the realizing of it, he is not bound to put every thing in practice at once, if there be difficulties in the way from the circumstances of the time, from prevailing notions and tempers, but is at liberty to go to work gradually and cautiously; and, that those who are over us in the Lord, *have* an authority (different, it is conceived, from that contemplated in the last charge,* but yet)—sufficient to warrant us in any such variations as do not contradict the spirit of the Prayer Book, and proceed, not from any unwillingness to conform, but from a desire to work prudently and effectually towards a conformity entire, general, and lasting."—P. 9.

How thankful should we be to any one who would really lead us to this conclusion, in such a way that our hearts might be warmed towards it, and our arm nerved for it as we went along. How just a thought, how full of the occasions of energy and courage:—that the Book of Common Prayer expresses an *ideal* towards which we may and should strive; one which, even to the framers of it, was only an *ideal*,—for the present distant, yet still to be reached after; so that their imperfection, the discrepancy, if there were any, or rather the disparity between the liturgy and their ministrations, should not teach us to sit still as being no worse, no less consistent than they; but should animate us with the thought that we are one with them in a struggle. And yet even that *ideal*, much as it was beyond their reach, and our endeavours, though we ought to have been striving for it these three hundred years, was even as an *ideal* only *for the present*.† A better and brighter was, and is beyond. Let us at least labour to attain "a conformity *entire* and *general*" to the *interim*, if we may so call it for argument's sake; which is only not permanent because it is to be perfected into, not superseded

---

* The Charge of the Bishop of Worcester, in which his lordship, with the greatest tenderness for the parochial clergy, takes all the burden of inconformity upon his own order; and in which he says, among other things of the like tendency, "when you sign a declaration that you will conform to the Book of Common Prayer, and to every thing contained therein, you bind yourselves to use in general that form—rather than the Missal of the Roman Catholics on the one hand, or the Directory of the Puritans on the other; and not that you will with more than Chinese exactness make a point of conscience to adopt every expression, and implicitly to follow every direction therein contained, notwithstanding any changes which altered habits of life, or altered modes of thinking may have rendered expedient."

† We subjoin Mr. Robertson's own note to these words, but not without a remark which it seems to demand. "I say *for the present*, because the Church herself, in the Commination Service, acknowledges a want of discipline, and expresses a wish for its restoration. And this may be considered as a kind of sanction to my argument, that we are not bound, because something appears desirable in itself, to establish it forthwith, without regard to any consideration of circumstances."

Surely Mr. Robertson forgets that from the moment that a thing, good in itself, is *also* commanded, it ceases to be *merely* good in itself. In truth, there is no parallel between the declaration of the Church to which he refers, and the partial nonconformity (to say no more) which he would make it indirectly sanction.

by, something better, as the bud is expanded into the blossom, and the blossom ripened into the fruit.

But in the very next page we begin to find symptoms of a much altered tone. With considerable *naïvete* he introduces his argument with a passage from Bishop Taylor's *Ductor Dubitantium*, which has very little indeed, if any thing to do with the subject:—

"It occurred to him that he might do well, and even might be of service to others, by inquiring into the history of the manner in which the orders of the Prayer Book had been obeyed; and before proceeding far, he was much pleased to meet with the sentence printed in the title-page, and which shall be here reprinted, as giving the sanction of a great divine and casuist to the course which he has pursued. 'Nothing,' says Bishop Taylor,* 'is more reasonable, *in questions concerning the interpretation of a law*, than to inquire how the practice of people was in times bygone; because, what they did when the reason and sense of the law were best perceived, and *what the lawgiver allowed them to do in obedience of it*, may best be supposed to be that which he intended.'"—P. 10.

We have directed attention to the words printed in italics, because in fact, so far is Mr. Robertson from maintaining his argument, as he says he does, on evidence such as Bishop Taylor speaks of in this passage, that there is seldom a question of *interpretation* to which Bishop Taylor's words refer, but of *obligation*, which is quite another thing; and besides, Mr. Robertson does not adduce what *was allowed* by way *of obedience*, but what *was taken*, in *disregard of the law, and often in contempt of it*, as the staple of his reasoning. Thus much appears without opening Bishop Taylor's work, but if the reader will turn to the passage adduced, he will find that the whole "rule" under which it occurs, is clearly subversive of the argument which is followed in Mr. Robertson's book. The "rule" is, "A custom can interpret a law, but *can never abrogate it*, without the consent of the supreme power." And the Bishop shows at length, that even though custom can originate a law, yet "when a law is established and is good," [and surely we are not now to prove that the law of the liturgy is established and good,] "the force of custom is not sufficient, of itself, to annul it, and to cancel the obligation of conscience." This is all that we contend for. But almost the next words offer a very useful hint in arriving at a fair presumption of what the custom may have been for which we seek. "*It is to be supposed that the law was obeyed.*" Now, the whole of Mr. Robertson's argument is that the law was not obeyed; and unless there is express testimony to obedience, he will not admit that it was given: whereas the rule of Bishop Taylor would certainly have us presume that obedience was given, and not admit the contrary without flagrant proof.

But we are keeping the reader too long from Mr. Robertson's argument, which is something of this kind: At no time was the Book of Common Prayer ever fully obeyed: "obedience [to it] without

* Ductor Dubitantium. III. vi. 6.

abatement was never required or given;"* not even by those who compiled it, nor by those who may be supposed to have been most anxious to carry it out; therefore entire conformity is not necessary. Nay, the argument is so managed as almost to leave an impression that at no previous time was it, on the whole, better obeyed than now; therefore we need not be very earnest to get rapidly nearer to the *ideal.*

The whole argument, then, is historical. It is of two parts; the general history of the Church, so far as conformity is concerned, and the history of particular usages, as obtaining more or less since the Reformation.

"The first English Prayer Book was set forth in 1549; the second in 1552. This latter, as is well known, was more agreeable than the earlier to the principles of the foreign Reformed, and of those who afterwards became known at home as *Puritans.* Among the changes, were the omission of some vestments which had been retained before, and the substitution of the surplice as the only attire to be worn by priests and deacons in their public ministration.

"We find, however, that while the first book was still in force, the *copes,* which were vestments prescribed to be used at the administration of the Holy Communion, were taken away from Westminster Abbey, by an order of the Council, (Strype, Eccl. Mem. ii. 239;) and that during Edward's reign, the offices of the Church, including the celebration of the Lord's Supper, were very commonly performed by ministers who wore only their ordinary dress. No one, of course, would wish to bring back such a state of matters: but it is plain, from these circumstances, that the first compilers of our book allowed people to do things very inconsistent with that rigid interpretation of the ordination-vow, which some would now force upon us. For be it observed, that the pledge already quoted, was in our ordinal from the first."—Pp. 11, 12.

In like manner, we are reminded that when Archbishop Parker was consecrated, no pastoral staff was delivered to him, though a rubric was then in force which required it; and it is said with a sneer, "it is very doubtful whether any eyes, from that day to this, have been more fortunate than Dr. Hook's, who 'does not remember to have seen an English Bishop attired as this rubric directs.'" † We

* Page 126. We give his own words, though we cannot tell how he uses, or would have us understand, the word *required.* To plain men, the very act of promulgation seems to be a *requiring* of obedience; the imposition of vows, and the framing of canons in support of the authority of the liturgy, seem to be a *cumulative requiring;* and for the very matters which are at present most in question, the article on ceremonies at the beginning of the Prayer Book expressly says, "although the keeping or omitting of a ceremony, in itself considered, is but a small thing; yet the wilful and contemptuous transgression and breaking of a common order and discipline is no small offence before God, 'Let all things be done among you,' saith St. Paul, 'in a seemly and due order:' the appointment of which order pertaineth not to private men; therefore no man ought to take in hand, nor presume to appoint or alter any publick or common order in Christ's Church, except he be lawfully called and authorized thereunto."

† "At the end of the Common Prayer Book, established in the second year of Edward VI., which is referred to as still obligatory, so far as the ornaments of the church and of the ministers thereof are concerned, in the rubric immediately before the Morning Prayer it is ordained, 'Whensoever the Bishop shall celebrate the

are reminded that Coverdale, at the same consecration, wore only "a long cloath gown." That Parker never succeeded in subduing the "Germanical natures" of the Puritans. That even Archbishop Bancroft succeeded only partially in enforcing conformity, and that with him "died the uniformity of the Church of England." Now we do not question the statements here made; but is not this the burden of the argument; the framers of Edward VI.'s first book were inconsistent, Parker, Bancroft, Abbott, all were inconsistent, or disobedient, or missed their ideal, why then should we strive to get nearer to it than they did?

Again, Laud, Wren, and Andrewes are thus mentioned, and Wren alone without *some* sympathy, because he was the most exact conformer to the Common Prayer. The *animus* of such a passage is clear enough, and surely it tends to excuse inconformity, not to further conformity.

"Laud and Wren, in fact, do not appear to have had any notions more extreme than those of Andrewes; but there can be little doubt that, if that wise bishop had been raised to the primacy when Laud was, he would have taken a different way of bringing the face of the Church to agree with his ideas from that pursued by his less discreet admirers. It by no means follows, from his having drawn up the rules just quoted,* with a view of producing an opinion favourable to the English Church, among a people devotedly attached to the Romish worship, ceremonious even in their common life, and prejudiced against our Reformation by the most extravagant fables,—that he would have attempted to establish a similar form of worship, as general in a land where the wiser heads had come to understand the indifferency of some things, while the prejudices of the multitude were in favour of Puritanism. Nay, it will rather appear likely that he may have erred in an opposite direction, if we may believe what is stated of him by Fuller, (Ch. Hist. Book xi. p. 127,) that 'Wheresoever he was, a parson, a dean, or a bishop, he never troubled parish, college, or diocese, with pressing other ceremonies on them than such which he found used there before his coming thither.' Indeed, Laud himself seems to have been exceeded by some of his friends. 'The compliancy of many, to curry favour,' says Bishop Hackett, 'did outrun the archbishop's intentions, if my opinion deceive me not.' (Life of Williams, p. 100.) And he himself tells us, (Troubles, p. 345,) 'That his own articles of enquiry were not excepted against, while he was treated as if accountable for those of Bishops Wren and Montague.'"—P. 19.

We should have thought that the struggles of these holy men, confessors and martyrs as they were, might have read us a different lesson. It is too cold to make their efforts and sufferings only cry aloud to the slothful or the coward, "There is a lion without, you will be slain in the streets."† And again, it is too much to bring

---

Holy Communion, or execute any other public office, he shall have upon him, besides his rochet, an alb, and cope or vestment, *and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne by his chaplain.*' The writer of this article does not remember to have seen an English Bishop attired as this rubric directs. Most, if not all of the Bishops probably omit this observance in condescension to the superstition of those whose consciences, though not offended at a transgression of a command of the Church, might be offended at ornaments which many pious persons reverence as emblematic."—*Dr. Hook's Church Dictionary, Art. Crosier.*

* Those for the arrangement of Prince Charles' Chapel in Madrid.

† See Proverbs xxii. 13.

in the methods by which such men as Sanderson, Jeremy Taylor, and Bishop Bull, continued to maintain a service as nearly like that of the Church as possible, without incurring extreme penalties, as proofs that rigid conformity cannot be a matter of conscience, or, at least, did not seem so to them. There are circumstances under which authority loses a part of its prerogative, and cannot shield those who obey it from destruction; and then surely it willingly relaxes its rule in things not in themselves essential, but only right because they are appointed; and a man need not fear to be justly drawn into an example of inconformity, although he may freely confess, with Archbishop Sancroft, that he does not "count himself obliged to go to chapel and read Common Prayer till his brains be dashed out."

So much for the use which he makes of the general history of ritual conformity. The first of the particular usages which Mr. Robertson touches, is the daily service, and it is that perhaps on which he has most freely expressed an opinion in favour of conformity. He says:—

"Let me state clearly that I am fully convinced of the desirableness of daily public prayer, and rejoice to think that our people are becoming prepared for it, and that it is growing more general. In what follows, I only wish to establish on historical evidence, the principle that we are at liberty to use caution and consult expediency in striving after the fulfilment of our Church's intentions in this respect.'"—P. 32.

Yet, in the next page, we find him saying,—

"It is, *as I hope to show*, a mere imagination to suppose that daily service was ever general in England."

Now, however stubborn the facts might be, and however inflexible the argument derived from them, yet one who longed for conformity in this great matter, would rather *hope to show* that daily prayers were once very general in England; especially if he feared that the finding it otherwise would suggest an argument against their very general adoption now. This is, in fact, the opposition between opinion and feeling. I *think it desirable;* I *hope to show* that there are reasons *against pressing it.* We need not say whither, practically, the subsequent reasoning tends.

The next subject on which we shall follow Mr. Robertson, is that of "*Lights on the Altar:*" in which conformity is desired on higher ground indeed than as *a matter of taste*, on which Mr. Robertson himself would not unwillingly see them restored; yet "not so much," even by the most rigid ritualist, "for the sake of the things themselves, as because the principle of obedience is involved."* On this subject, the ground that Mr. Robertson takes, is, that the authority on which they are pleaded for, extends not to parochial churches; though there is surely no law which can be urged for their use in cathedrals, that does not equally affect all other churches; and Cranmer, in his articles of visitation framed upon the injunction

* Page 50.

which appoints their use, certainly presumes that the law is for all churches alike. But let us follow Mr. Robertson in his argument.

"The argument," he says, "for lights runs thus:— By an act of parliament in Henry the Eighth's reign, the authority of law was given to his proclamations, and those which should be issued in the minority of his son. While this act was in force, injunctions were published in Edward the Sixth's name, (1547,) whereby it was ordered that the clergy 'shall suffer from henceforth no torches or candles, tapers or images of wax, to be set afore any image or picture, but only two lights upon the high altar before the sacrament, which, for the signification that Christ is the very true light of the world, they shall suffer to remain still.' This, *it is said*, was law in the second year of Edward; the Rubric,* therefore, *we are told*, now binds us to adorn our altars with the lights here sanctioned."—P. 55.

This statement of the argument is clear enough, although the "*it is said*," and "*we are told*," show that it is about to be attacked. The answer given to it is, that by "*the sacrament*" in the injunction is meant the consecrated wafer suspended in a pyx over the altar; so that *the sacrament* being taken away, its attendant lights would have now no more authority than those which were the accompaniment of the rood-loft and the sepulchre.

But it is singular enough that it has never been understood in cathedral churches, and royal and college chapels, (as Mr. Robertson would admit,) that this injunction is thus avoided, so far as the lights upon the high altar are concerned; and we must have a special reason why they still have authority in cathedrals, though *the sacrament* is removed, and yet have lost all authority in parochial churches because *the sacrament* is removed, or we shall scarcely admit the conclusion.

It is strange, too, that all the commentators on the Prayer-book, so far as we know, to whose judgment churchmen are wont to defer on other points, agree in stating that the two lights ought still to remain on the high altar, in obedience to the Rubric and injunction above referred to. And canonists are not wanting to maintain the same opinion.

But may not the injunction be allowed to speak for itself, and to give the reason upon which the lights were retained? If there be no trace of any farther meaning than an act of adoration to *the sacrament*, then we may admit that the lights should depart, albeit the high altar remains, and the sacrament also, in its true sense and glory. But the first year of Edward VI. was not likely to be marked with any such ascription of homage to *the sacrament;* and in the first book of Edward VI., it is expressly declared that there shall be no "elevation or showing the sacrament to the people."†

---

* Viz.—The Rubric immediately preceding this order for morning and evening prayer daily throughout the year, which stands thus:—

"And here it is to be noted that such ornaments of the Church and of the Ministers thereof at all times of their ministration shall be retained and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of Edward VI."

† Rubric after the prayer of consecration.

Some other reason then, and one which need not necessarily, even if it could possibly, be connected with *the sacrament*, in that sense in which it is taken away, is to be sought, for the continuing of the lights upon the high altar. Now the injunction actually gives the reason; and it is the more remarkable, because although in the article of ceremonies, it is declared in general terms that the things retained "be neither *dark nor dumb* ceremonies, but are so set forth that every man may understand what they do mean, and to what use they do serve;" yet this is the only instance in which the symbolical meaning of the rite retained is actually given. The reason then is this, "*for the signification that Christ is the very true light of the world.*" Surely we may allow the injunction to defend itself thus clearly, against all the explaining away to which it may be subjected.

Mr. Robertson requires proof that the lights were retained in parochial churches before the Puritan ascendency. Surely if the law be admitted, (and Cranmer certainly understood it as we do,) obedience to it ought to be supposed, and the *onus probandi* lies on those who deny that they were retained. This is reasonable in itself, and according to the letter of Jeremy Taylor's rule, to which we hope Mr. Robertson will defer, even when it makes against him. "*It is to be supposed that the law was obeyed.*" However, we do not shrink from proof; and here the *Hierurgia Anglicana* steps in to our assistance, and proves that, in several cases, lights were used in parochial churches, and that whether or no the "Puritans never complain of being obliged to set up candles;" they do rail against the setting of them up, as if it was, to say the least, very general, and certainly extended far beyond the cathedral and royal chapels. Thus we have (page 1,) items of expense connected with the candlesticks and candles in the churchwarden's account of the parish of St. Martin's, Leicester, anno 1548. In 1637, the Puritans of Ware, now again, after an interval of two hundred years, embittered against the Church on some such reasonable grounds, were scandalized by *tapers*, among other things:—

"But see the practice of these times. They will have priests, not ministers; altars, not communion-tables; sacrifices, not sacraments: they will bow and cringe to, and before their altars; yea, they will not endure any man to inquire after what manner CHRIST is in the sacrament, whether by way of consubstantiation, or transubstantiation, or in a spiritual manner; yea, they will have *tapers*, and books never used, empty basons and chalices there: what is this but the mass itself, for here is all the furniture of it?"*

And again,—

"Placing *candlesticks on altars in parochial churches in the day-time, and making canopies over them with curtains*, in imitation of the veil of the temple, advancing crucifixes and images upon the parafront or altar-cloth, and compelling all communicants to come up before the rails." †

---

* Retractation of Mr. Charles Chancey, formerly minister of Ware, in Hertfordshire; written with his own hand before his going to New England, in the year 1657.

† Neale's History of the Puritans, 1640, 1641.

And some other proofs there are of the use of lights in parochial churches; as many, indeed, as can reasonably be expected; for it is not generally considered how difficult it is to find proofs of such things even where the fact is undoubted. Suppose that the general laxity of the age should discard, and suffer to be destroyed, the fonts of stone, which are certainly required by the canon, and as certainly still exist in most churches; and that it became a matter of importance to find out whether they were generally in existence between the times of Edward VI. and Charles I. We may reasonably doubt whether the direct contemporary proofs would be very numerous. Of late years such things have become a subject of antiquarian research,* and the *Archæologia* and the like works record fonts which must be of a very remote antiquity; and just at present we have them figured and described in every variety of form; but, we repeat it, the contemporary direct evidence of their existence at any specific time, some generations past, would be extremely scanty. Yet in this case there is no doubt. Why, then, just for want of a large amount of direct contemporary proof should we doubt of the existence and use of what are equally with the font appointed by authority?

Perhaps, however, we have given too much space to the question of "*Lights on the Altar*," which we confess we had thought was settled long ago, and the more effectually since the *present Dean of York* discarded a pair of candlesticks presented to the altar of York Minster by *Archbishop Sancroft.*

And we have not space to carry farther the detailed examination of Mr. Robertson's argument. We must, however, note a few more instances of the *animus* which pervades his book.

It will be found then, throughout, that though his question is, "How shall we conform?" his arguments are, almost all of them, directed against those whose real desire it is to conform; and that his sneers are expended altogether on those who think themselves honest in wishing for a perfect conformity, and in seeking it in the wisest and best way. He does, indeed, more often agree with them on the meaning and authority of a rubric, than with the puritan faction; yet still the discouragement of banter and ridicule is cast entirely upon them: showing once again the strange opposition between opinion and feeling. Neither does he fairly represent their principles and habits of mind. Which of the most ardent lovers of ritual conformity would say or feel thus?

"I cannot pray unless I may turn my face eastward, unless I may kneel on encaustic tiles, unless the light which falls on me be tinted by the rich hues of holy figures and emblems in surrounding windows, unless two fair candles of purest wax flame in sight amid jewelled plate on a garlanded altar."—P. 151.

---

* For example, the contemporary print, reproduced in Markland's Remarks on English Churches, of Cromwell's soldiers desecrating a church, is that of a *parish church*; here the altar is decked with tapers, a crucifix (most probably, but certainly a cross), and a triptych; a more direct proof that these symbolical ornaments were actually in use before the revolution cannot be expected.

Surely the feeling is different from this, and intelligibly different, too,—"I would dedicate, where it is to be had, the best to God; and where there is wealth and pomp to be expended, I would not have the church alone desolate; but if all be poor, the church poor though it be, is richer than all palaces of cedar, gold, and vermillion, because it is the house of God. Yet *everywhere* I would see an

'*ordered* pomp,
Decent and unreproved.'*

I would see obedience, even where there may be little circumstance; and to this I can see no bar in the poorest and most retired country church."

But it should seem that, contrary to the proverb concerning other laws, rubrics are made only for the great, and not for the little:—

"Mr. Poole tells us, in his argument for lights, that 'cathedrals are regulated by no authority which does not equally bind the most private chapel, or the most remote parish church.' Buttermere must be a mimic York Minster, Capel Curig as ceremonious as Canterbury! I cannot understand on what grounds this is said."—P. 130.

Mr. Robertson's assertion that he cannot understand on what grounds this is said, should have followed the position he does not understand, and not his own ludicrous exposition of it: and then he would have himself seen that he was forgetting the difference between the same authority binding, and that authority binding to the same thing. But surely this is sufficiently intelligible: the canon and the rubric which regulate the ritual of the cathedral, regulate also the ritual of the remotest chapel, though, in some things, with a specified difference: but when there is no specified difference, the rule as well as the authority is the same. And there is no danger that Buttermere and Capel Curig shall become so ceremonious, or ape the splendour which is or ought to be in the solemn offices of York Minster. The same authority required an earl to attend the king's banner with so many men at arms, while it required of the yeoman only his personal attendance with his bow: surely John in the Wood, or Richard Cowherd, did not therefore ape my lord of Warwick or of Salisbury. The truth seems to be, that Mr. Robertson has written with the prior conviction, that there can be no sound sober sense in those whom he thinks

"Too ceremonious and traditional,"

and so that they are fair game for polemical ridicule.

But to be serious, it does seem to us, that whatever was his intention, he has written a book which will not greatly subserve the cause of conformity. He himself tells us for whom he has written; for those "who, without going so far, at least in practice," as the more rash upholders of ritual, "have felt the impulse of the time, and wish to do their duty in this respect to the best of their ability;

* Wordsworth.

while this wish is accompanied by some perplexing uncertainty as to what their duty really is."* Now, let us appeal to the experience of such persons. Is there not a little temptation to subserviency to the superstitious fear of obedience which they see around them, and of which perhaps they have, already, even for their slight efforts, been the victims? Is there not a little whisper of indolence, or cowardice, or prudence, as it would fain be called, dissuading them on all sides from doing that which they yet feel to be incumbent on them? Now these temptations should be opposed and checked, and these whisperings answered at least, if not silenced: we do not mean utterly, but that the tendency of our own heart is to listen and to yield; and therefore we want help on the other side to restore the balance. Now, it is this which Mr. Robertson's book might have given, and which it ought to have given. As it is (it is a grave thing to say, yet we are constrained to say it) it is a very forcible and vivid embodying of the temptations and whisperings to which we ought to listen with suspicion at best. It is such that a man will get up from the perusal of it, not determined to conform with prudence, but reconciled to the worse alternative, of prudently remaining as he is.

But we shall be greatly misunderstood if we are thought to deny the necessity of wisdom and prudence in every step that we take. But when is it that this prudence is to be most prominently set forth? Not, surely, when all the clamour and odium are against ritual obedience, so that those who are purposed in their hearts to obey, want encouragement and sympathy. On whom is this prudence, not to say timidity, to be pressed? Surely on those too forward spirits who are as self-willed and self-opinionated, and perhaps even as superstitious (though this were difficult) in their observance, as the puritanical are in their fear of ritual and hatred of order. It is to such as these, and some such we confess there are, that the line of argument which Mr. Robertson adopts, or any line of argument which can tend to the same practical result, ought to be addressed; and not to those who are willing, but with prudence enough, and with caution and consideration, to commence or maintain an upward course.

Nor will we deny that there are some who stickle for canons and rubrics with a temper as little worthy of the cause of ritual conformity, as that of its loudest opponents; in whom, in fact, self is still the mainspring of action, and to whom the prospect of an impending struggle ministers occasion rather of vanity than of humiliation. In reasoning with these, or rather in rebuking them, we should not indeed pursue the same line or tone which Mr. Robertson has adopted, which seems rather likely to irritate than to allay the bad elements of their character, and against which they will, without any great effort, reason triumphantly; but against the conceit, affectation, and coxcombry, which he fears, we will ever protest, not only as mean and frivolous in themselves, but as among the worst enemies of *ritual conformity.*

* Page 2.

1. *A Treatise on Roads.* By Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. London: Longman & Co. 1838.

2. *English Pleasure Carriages.* By W. B. Adams. London: Knight. 1837. 1 vol. 8vo. Pp. 315.

"A road," says Mr. M'Adam—who has been designated by professional joke-makers, "the Colossus of Roads,"—"ought to be considered as an artificial flooring; forming a strong, smooth, solid surface, at once capable of carrying great weights, and over which carriages may pass without meeting any impediment."

The very earliest roads may be said to have been formed involuntarily. Successive footsteps on the same track leave an impression behind them; yielding soils become indurated, and grassy meads become barren, along the line of march. According to traditional superstitions,—the unwritten poetry of unlettered hinds,—even fairy footsteps, as they weave their sportive dance beneath the soft light of the unclouded moon, impress a mystic ring on the spot which has witnessed their cheerful revels. It is only under the influence of that impassioned desire which finds utterance in hyperbole, that even the classical queen of love ventures to commend the absolute lightness of her tread:—

> "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
> Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
> Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
> Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
> Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
> Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire."

But we must leave these gentle paths to those who love to thread the simple tracks which intersect our fields and meadows; or wind, with capricious yet delightful undulations, through our woods and coppices. Our present concern is with roads of a much more hard and utilitarian nature; with those artificial paths which are the intentional creations of the hand as well as the foot of man; who is scarcely less nomadic in his civilized than in his savage state. The hand must assist the foot, and the head the hand, before we can obtain those paths, which, by their hardness, width, and definiteness of direction, constitute roads, properly so called.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the social value of roads. "Let us travel," says the Abbé Raynal, "over all the countries of the earth, and wherever we find no facilities for travelling from city to town, or from village to hamlet, we may pronounce the people barbarians." Although, indeed, in such cases, the "cities" and "towns" would themselves but little deserve these ambitious names, according to present notions: but would correspond, rather, to the description given by Cæsar of the earliest British towns, "A thick wood surrounded by a ditch and bank;" or, at best, to Strabo's more flattering description, "Woods of a broad circuit, in the midst of

which they (the Britons) clear away a part of the trees, and build huts, in which they and their cattle live together."

Accustomed to these means of easy and rapid transit, we can hardly picture to ourselves the condition of a country destitute of roads. Yet many years have not passed, since the northern and southern parts of our own island, in consequence of the absence of highways, were hardly less separated, than if the waters of ocean had rolled between, and made them as mutually insulated geographically, as they were isolated in regard of social and commercial relations. Nay, while a ship can plough its way through the pathless but yielding waters, the weary foot of man and beast forces itself, with toil and pain, and ever-growing difficulty, over the rugged surface of the stubborn earth, or wades through a treacherous morass, more toilsome and perilous than the hard irregular rock. At the period to which we refer, weeks were required for the passage of a conveyance. In many parts, wheel-carriages could not travel at all. Passengers and goods, and even articles so little able to bear any heavy expenses of transit, as grain, coal, manure, &c., were obliged to be transported on the backs of horses. A waggon, with but a moderate load, travelling only a few miles a day, required eight or ten horses to draw it over the soft and unequal ground. And it would be easy to multiply examples of the almost total absence of internal traffic, in numerous districts, in consequence of absence of roads, or the excessive badness of such as happened to exist. "Around every market-place," says Dr. Anderson, "you may suppose a number of concentric circles to be drawn, within each of which articles become marketable, which were not so before, and thus become the sources of wealth and prosperity to many individuals. Diminish the expense of carriage but one farthing, and you widen the circles; you form as it were a new creation, not only of stones and earth and trees and plants, but of men also, and, what is more, of industry and happiness."

In a more detailed history of roads than our limits will allow us to sketch, some notice would properly be taken of the roads of ancient Greece; of Egypt, where, however, during its more prosperous periods, roads were in great measure sacrificed to canals conjoined with the navigation of the Nile; of Phœnicia, the land of commerce; of the fertile regions of Syria; of the vast empires of Assyria and Babylonia; of Persia, extending into India; and of all or most of which sufficient historical records, and some few actual memorials, still exist, to attest their importance, and to shed a faint gleam of archæological light upon their obscure histories. But with the exception of the wonderful Roman roads, there are but few remains of the roads of antiquity.

And yet the Romans were but learners in an art which they afterwards carried to such an extraordinary degree of perfection; having derived their knowledge of road-making from the Carthaginians. This Tyrian colony, while, from their origin, they were essentially a commercial people, were remarkably attentive to agriculture; and as

their nation advanced in prosperity, the wealthy citizens employed their surplus revenues in the cultivation and improvement of their estates. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Carthage, and indeed all that tract which formed its real territory, and which corresponds to the present state of Tunis, was thoroughly cultivated. "When Agathocles landed in Africa, (B.C. 308-7); and when Regulus, half a century later, and Scipio Africanus, half a century later still, and Scipio Æmilianus, another half century after that, invaded the Carthaginian territory, their march lay through rich fields covered with herds of cattle, and irrigated by numerous streams; vineyards and olive-grounds were spread on every side; innumerable small towns and villages were strewed over the country; and as they drew near to '*Magna Carthago*' herself, the neighbourhood was thickly studded with the country-seats of the wealthy citizens." In such a country, the art of road-making must have attained considerable maturity; and it is to the Carthaginians that we are indebted for the invention of paved roads.

The Roman roads present an interesting subject of study. Several thousand miles of highway were constructed in Italy alone; while every country which this iron-handed people brought under their control, was more or less intersected by these channels of communication. Although originally constructed for military purposes only, they became, to a great extent, the arteries and veins, as it were, of the whole body politic, through all its gigantic limbs. They were, in many respects, very characteristic of the resolute spirit of the nation that planned and executed them. "*Aut inveniam, aut fiam,*" was the maxim of the old Roman road. Like an arrow from a bow, like a bolt from a catapult, onward it went through the heart of every obstacle; now cleaving its straightforward course through the bowels of the earth, by means of tunnels, which were often of considerable length; now converting the marsh into a solid pathway; and again, spanning opposing rivers with bold bridges. So firm were they in their construction, that many of them have borne the traffic of nearly two thousand years without material injury. The strength of the Roman pavements is shown by the fact, related by a modern traveller, that although the substratum of one still in use has been completely washed away by a current of water sweeping beneath, the surface remains undisturbed, and is still so secure that carriages pass over it as over a bridge.

The Roman roads were principally designed for military purposes and the immediate affairs of state. The roads constructed for this end were called Prætorian roads, being under the immediate government of the Prætors; and were strictly confined to their original purposes. For the purposes of commerce, and the ordinary intercourse of the Romans and strangers, Consular roads were constructed; and where military and commercial communications both took place between the same places, the two kinds of roads were found, often running side by side, as may be seen amongst ourselves,

in the not unfrequent parallelism of roads, railroads, and canals. These roads usually bore the name of the consul under whom they were first made. Thus the *Via Appia* was so called, because constructed during the consulate of Appius. In addition to these two great classes of roads, there were the *Viæ Vicinales*, or bye-roads, which branched off from the Consular roads to places in their vicinity, or which lay between places lying out of the range of the great lines.

The Prætorian roads were, for the most part, at least sixty feet wide; of which space the elevated centre occupied twenty feet, and each of the slopes twenty more. Only a part of this appears to have been paved. These roads were crossed, at right angles, by the *Viæ Vicinales*, or *Viæ Patriæ*, (that is, the neighbouring or country roads, or, as we should term them, the cross-roads,) and where four roads thus met, square gate-houses were erected, having arches opening upon each side.

The Consular, or high-roads, claim from us a more detailed consideration. Many remains are still to be seen. The *Via Appia*, lying between Rome and Naples, and extending to the distance of 350 miles, had a causeway, (as we by corruption call it,) or pavement, twelve feet broad. This pavement was composed of square blocks of freestone, each, for the most part, a foot and a half in measure; and this road, now 1800 years old, is still, for several miles in uninterrupted succession, along many parts of its line, as sound as when it was first laid down. Not indeed that it is the smoothest of roads; but this it probably never was:—

"—— Minùs est gravis Appia tardis,"

says Horace, speaking of the Appian road in his day; and this was probably the character of most of the Consular roads. They were solid enough; but perhaps not even a modern corduroy road can surpass them in the property of jolting. These Consular roads were of considerable breadth; although not equal, in this respect, to our own roads, thirty feet being the ordinary width of the carriage-way of English high-roads, exclusive of the foot-paths on either side, for the use of passengers.

Solidity, however, was the great quality aimed at by the Roman engineers. They first rammed the ground with small stones, fragments of bricks, and the like; then they spread upon it layers of flints, pebbles, or sand; and upon this carefully-prepared foundation, they would deposit, when necessary, a pavement of large stones, firmly set in cement; the stones being occasionally squared, but more commonly of irregular shapes, although in all cases accurately fitted to each other. For this purpose, many varieties of stone were used; but basalt seems to have been preferred, when it could be had. In many instances, basalt was employed when other materials might have been procured with less labour and expense. Where

large blocks could not conveniently be obtained, small stones of hard quality were sometimes cemented together with lime, forming a kind of concrete; masses of which, extending to a depth of several feet, still exist. In the neighbourhood of Lyons, there exist remains of Roman road-making, composed of beds or masses of flint-stones not bigger than eggs, laid in mortar, from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, and as hard and compact as marble. After a period of 1600 years from their formation, it is almost impossible to penetrate or dislodge these ancient masses by any force of hammers, mattocks, or other instruments, that have been brought to bear upon them.

Another kind of Roman road was the subterranean. These roads were carried under-ground, like our modern tunnels, and were constructed for the purpose of shelter from the sun;—subterranean parasols, first invented, it is generally considered, by the Egyptians, and afterwards adopted by the self-indulgent sons of Italy. They prevailed among the Romans during the period of their luxury, with their consequent national decay; and numerous vestiges of them still remain.

The earliest Roman roads in Great Britain do not date further back than about A.D. 45, under the reign of the emperor Claudius; but there existed native British roads anterior to the invasion of Great Britain by Julius Cæsar. That invasion was unquestionably the beginning of a great social revolution in our island; but Britain, long before ever Roman foot trod her soil, or Roman civilization cast her manners into a new mould, had her cities, towns, and villages; her roads for internal communication; her ships for the sea, as well as her wicker coracles for the river and the lake. Four great roads departed from London, before the time of the Romans in Britain, in the respective directions of southern, south-western, eastern, and north-eastern; namely, Watling-street, Ikenild-street, the Foss-way, and Ermin or Herming-street. It is exceedingly probable that London Stone was the standard, or point of departure, of these ancient roads. Watling-street is that most known to travellers in England of the present day. This street was probably a *via patriæ;* and is supposed to derive its name from the same root as the rustic word "wattle." A wattle is the same as a hurdle, and, like it, used as a kind of fence; it is sometimes made with the small osier, in the manner of basket-work, sometimes with stronger pieces of wood, such as we see in the hurdles composing sheep-pens, and in yet larger and stronger fences. According to Cambry (Monumens Celtiques,) Watling-street was so named by the Britons because it was a paved road leading to a sacred enclosure: "Chemin pavé de l'enceinte sacrée," he observes, "de *Wattling*, substantive et participle présent de *Wattle*, 'claie,' 'fermer de claies:' d'où le plurier *Wattles*, 'parc fait de claies.'" Ikenild, or the Essex road, left London in an eastward direction, and penetrated into the country of the Iceni, corresponding nearly to the modern county of Essex. Herming or Ermin-street was a considerable one, and it is supposed

to have run first to Colchester, (which was a place of rank under the Britons, as well as under the Romans,) and thence to Carlisle or to Chester. Its name is not improbably derived from Ermin, the subject of the celebrated monument of stone, the Erminseul. The Ermin-säul, or Irminsul (Heer-man-saul, the pillar of the War-man), destroyed by Charlemagne, in his zealous wars against the heathen Saxons, appears to have been the same, in many respects, with the statue of Mercury, or Hermes, among the Greeks and the Romans, which was erected in the market-places, the gymnasia, and where several roads met.

While the Roman roads, as we have already observed, proceeded straight on, without regard to natural obstacles,—the engineer's skill being exercised in raising causeways through marshes, throwing bridges over rivers, levelling mountains, and filling up valleys,—the British roads generally wound along the ridges and high ground, following the natural inequalities of the soil. A foundation of gravel, or the verdant turf, were preferred; the sides of hills and ridges of land were chosen for the sake of dryness; and the natural openings between hills were made subservient to the general purpose, because of the facilities of passage which they afforded, and because roads of this accommodating nature required less science and skill in their construction, and were laid down with much less expenditure of labour and cost than those in which art triumphed more fully over nature. The beautiful Pilgrim-Roads to St. Thomas' of Canterbury still remain; and we know not more lovely English scenery than where they dip down into, or skirt the noble Weald of Kent.

With the decay of the Roman power, the roads began to be neglected; until at last their ruins alone remained to attest their former greatness. From that time, the art of road-making appears to have been quite dormant, until its revival in periods of comparatively very recent date. In our own country, from the time of the departure of the Romans, to the revolution of 1688, foreign invasions and intestine commotions distracted our ancestors so much from the arts of peace and order, as to make them incapable of improving their means of internal communication. The roads over which merchandise was carried on horses' backs, seem to have been little better than foot-paths, or well-beaten sheep-tracks. The subject of highways had, however, occasionally engaged the legislature for many years. In the year 1285, the first act of parliament was passed relating to roads. In 1346, a toll was levied on carts or carriages travelling from St. Giles's-in-the-Fields to Temple-bar.

But it was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that the first decided attempt at improvement was made; by an act allotting to parishes the care of the roads passing through them, and appointing road-surveyors. The funds were to be obtained from a pound-rate, levied on the landholders, and assistance in labour was enforced. Little, however, was done until the reign of Mary. The first really important act passed on this subject was the statute 2 and 3 Philip

and Mary, c. 8. This was the first legislative enactment in which a regular provision was made for the repair of public highways. At common law, every parish was bound to keep its own roads in good serviceable condition. But as this duty was not assigned to any particular person, it was much neglected; so that in the preamble to the above act, the roads are declared to be "tedious and noisome" to travel on, and dangerous to passengers and carriages. The description of the streets of London, in the act for improving and paving the city, passed in 1532,—that they were "very perilous and noyous, as well for all the king's subjects on horseback as on foot, with carriages,"—was not less applicable to roads in general. By the act 2 and 3 Philip and Mary, c. 8, it was enacted that in every parish two surveyors of the highways should be annually chosen by the inhabitants in vestry assembled, and that the inhabitants of all parishes should be obliged, according to their respective ability, to provide labourers, carriages, tools, &c. for four days each year, to work upon the roads under the orders of the surveyors. Although the great lines of road have long been exempted from the operation of this act, its principles still regulate the construction, repair, and police of the cross or parish roads throughout England.

This system was improved and consolidated by acts passed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; and worked sufficiently well, until the great increase of population and wealth under the Stuarts, bringing with it an increase of travelling and internal communication generally, rendered this mode of road-keeping quite inadequate to the maintenance and repair of the great roads, especially in the neighbourhood of London. This led to the establishment of a toll, to be paid by passengers and carriages travelling along the road, in order to defray the whole or a portion of the expense incurred in keeping the road in repair. An act was passed to this effect, 26 Charles II. c. 1, which imposed tolls, payable at toll-gates (called turnpikes); ordaining the justices of the peace to appoint persons to take "sumes of money in the name of toll or custome, to be paid for all such horses, carts, coaches, waggons, droves, and gangs of cattell as shall pass that waye." This act did not apply, in the first instance, to England generally; but was confined to the Great Northern Road, passing through Hertfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire.

For a long time this system was very unpopular. This unpopularity was anticipated in the original statute so far, that it was enacted, that if any person refused to pay the toll, the horse, coach, or whatever else the mode of conveyance might be, should be detained and distrained until the toll was paid. More stringent clauses were introduced into subsequent acts; but the resistance to the payment of tolls long continued. Mobs used to collect for the purpose of destroying turnpike gates, as we have seen in our own days, in the "Rebecca" riots of Wales; and the military were not unfrequently called out. A penalty of seven years' imprisonment was attached to these acts of violence; and when improved turnpike roads were made

in 1754, it was found necessary to pass an act making it felony to destroy a toll-bar.

It was not till after the peace of Paris, in 1763, that turnpike roads began to be generally extended through all parts of the kingdom. Since that time they have ramified in all directions; and the turnpike roads of England and Wales, now extend to the distance of more than 23,000 miles. The roads of Scotland, originally among the very worst, have now become about the very best in the world.

The early history of the Highland roads is interesting. During the rebellion of 1715, the government was led to see the policy of rendering the fastnesses of the north accessible, by means of military roads. At that time the royal troops were unable to penetrate beyond Blair, in Athol. But, in 1725, General Wade was appointed by George I. to draw up a report on the state of the Highlands generally. In this report, the General observes:—"Before I conclude this report, I presume to observe to your Majesty, the great disadvantage which regular troops are under, when they engage with those who inhabit mountainous situations. The Savennes in France, the Catalons in Spain, have at all times been instances of this truth. The Highlands in Scotland are still more impracticable, from the want of roads and bridges, and from the excessive rains that almost continually fall in those parts; which by nature and constant use become habitual to the natives, but very difficultly supported by the regular troops. These, being unacquainted with the passages by which the mountains are traversed, are exposed to frequent ambuscades, and are shot at from the tops of the hills, which they return without effect; as it happened at the affair of Glensheal."

In consequence of this report, General Wade was appointed, with several regiments under his command, to construct certain military roads in the Highlands, adapted to the conveyance of troops and stores. The first line of road which they formed was from Stirling, across the Grampians, to Inverness; and from thence along the chain of forts, including Fort George, Fort Augustus, and Fort William, between the east and west seas. By means of this line, troops and artillery were carried into the central Highlands in '45, and the disturbances were repressed with comparative ease.

"These roads," says Pennant, "were begun in 1723, under the directions of General Wade, who, like another Hannibal, forced his way through rocks supposed to have been unconquerable. Many of them hang over the mighty lakes of the country, and formerly afforded no other road to the natives than the paths of sheep and goats, where even the Highlander crawled with difficulty, and kept himself from tumbling into the far subjacent water, by clinging to the plants and bushes of the rock. Many of these rocks were too hard to yield to the pickaxe, and the miner was obliged to subdue their obstinacy with gunpowder, and often in places where nature had denied him footing, and where he was forced to begin his labours suspended from above by ropes, on the face of the horrible precipice. The bogs and

moors had likewise their difficulties to be overcome, but all were at length constrained to yield to the perseverance of our troops. In some places I observed that, after the manner of the Romans, they left engraven on the rocks the names of the regiment to which each party belonged, who were employed in these works. These roads, began at Dunkeld, are carried on through the noted pass of Killicrankie, by Blair, to Dalnacardoch, Dalwhinie, and over the Coryarich, to Fort Augustus. A branch extends from thence eastward, to Inverness, and another westward, over High Bridge, to Fort William. From the last, by Kinloch Leven, over the Black Mountain, by the King's House, to Tyendrum; and from thence, by Glen Urquie, to Inverary, and so along the beautiful boundaries of Loch Lomond, to its extremity."

These roads now present but a poor specimen of road-making, according to modern ideas, and when estimated by the standard of modern improvements; but still they deserve much praise, as having greatly contributed to the present comparatively advanced condition of the Highlands of Scotland. Our readers are doubtless familiar with the encomiastic epigram upon their maker:—

> "Oh! had you only seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd lift up your hands, and bless Marshal Wade!"

"The epigram on Marshal Wade," says a modern querulous topographer, "is well known, but we might easily make a Marforio to it, and turn up our eyes at the manner in which the roads are made. If Fingal was a far greater hero, he was unquestionably, also, a much better road-maker; and really it is somewhat marvellous how the Marshal could have imagined, how he could have adopted the best of all possible plans when he formed the heroic determination of pursuing straight lines, and of defying nature and wheel-carriages both, at one valiant effort of courage and science. His organ of quarter-masteriveness must have been wofully in arrear, for there is not a Highland Donald of them all, nay, not even a stot or a quey in the country, that could have selected such a line of march. Up and down, up and down, as the old catch says, it is like sailing in the Bay of Biscay. No sooner up than down, no sooner down than up. No sooner has a horse got into his pace again, than he is called on to stop; no sooner is he out of wind than he must begin to trot or gallop; and then the trap at the bottom which receives the wheels at full speed. The traveller, says some sentimental tourist, is penetrated with amazement and gratitude, and so forth, at General Wade's road:—the amazement is probable enough. Pennant, who, if he is not very sentimental, is at least the very pink of good-humoured travellers, supposes the General had some valid military reasons for his hobby-horsical system; this is very kind."

The Lowland roads of the last century, were as bad as possible. "Persons are still alive," says Mr. Buchanan, "who remember per-

fectly the carriers between Edinburgh and Glasgow, going regularly with five or six horses in a train ; and so narrow was the track, that the leading one had a bell at his head, to give warning of their approach to the party travelling in the opposite direction, that the one might have time to get out of the way, while the other was passing." Robertson, in his Rural Recollections, informs us that the common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, thirty-eight miles distance, took two weeks for his journey between the two towns, going and returning. His fellow-townsmen, on the morning of his departure, took an anxious leave of him, fearing every time that their farewells might be final. At this time the mail between Edinburgh and London was conveyed on horseback, and required six days for its transmission : but so little communication was there between the two capitals, that when an order was sent, in '45, in consequence of the rebellion, to intercept and open all letters, not above twenty were found in the London bag. Between 1750 and 1760, a coach travelled from London to Edinburgh in thirteen days. The late London mail performed the journey in forty-three hours and a half. The first coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow was started in 1765, and occupied twelve hours on the road. Shortly afterwards "The Fly"—so called from its reputed great velocity—was started, and performed the journey in ten hours. Coaches can now complete the distance in five hours.

We can hardly expect that our readers would follow us with much interest into the details of the art of road-making ; and we will confine ourselves to a few general notices ; referring those who may be desirous of prosecuting the subject, to Sir Henry Parnell's very complete and valuable "Treatise on Roads." A perfect road ought to be straight, level, smooth, and hard ; and that is considered to be the best practical road, which conforms most closely to these four theoretical conditions, or which makes the best compromise, in those cases in which it is impossible to satisfy them all.

And yet it may reasonably be doubted, whether a long line of road which exactly conformed to all these conditions, would be the most desirable. In the first place, the arrow-like straightness of the old Roman military road would not find favour in the England of to-day. A gentle curve adds greatly to the beauty of a road ; and even in these degenerate days of hard utilitarianism, the absence of the beauty thus obtained, would be deplored. "These little turnings," says Dupin, in his comparative work on England and France, "produce an agreeable effect with reference to the surrounding scenery ; so that the road becomes an ornament to the country, and the country itself is exhibited to the best advantage to the eye of the traveller, who, by the course of the road, is led to those points which command the most pleasing prospects. Why should we neglect this mode of enhancing the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, when in our cities we expend such considerable sums in futile amusements, and in pleasures less pure and positive?" In the second place, a perfectly

level road is found to be much more fatiguing to man and beast, than one that occasionally and moderately undulates. A horizontal road requires the unvarying action of the same muscles; but the alternation of ascending, descending, and level ground, by bringing different muscles into play in their turn, affords relief, and creates an agreeable diversity of action.

These two first qualities of rectilinearity and horizontality, belong to the laying out of a road, or *the line of direction;* the qualities of hardness and smoothness belong to the execution of the road, and the materials of which it is composed, or *the line of draught.* Between these two sets of conditions there ought to be a very careful adjustment. Modern engineers are, in general, of opinion, that the line of direction has not been made sufficiently subordinate to the line of draught. One of the greatest impediments in travelling on a soft road is, that the wheel forms a ridge in front as well as at the sides, which has been calculated to create a resistance never less than one-seventeenth, and more frequently equal to one-ninth of the weight. Roads were formerly made unduly convex, in order to allow water to drain off; but Mr. M'Adam would make the road as flat as possible, consistent with effectual drainage; and Mr. Telford, in his celebrated road, has given no more for the transversal inclination, than that which is produced by a rise of eight inches in a width of thirty-three feet; or rather, we should say, he has made the convexity elliptical, the fall being half an inch at four feet from the centre, two inches at nine feet, and six inches at fifteen feet.

We will now endeavour to give our readers a popular account of the principles and methods of constructing the chief kinds of roads. And first, with respect to metalled or broken-stone roads. As there are some differences in principle, as well as in detail, between M'Adam and Telford, we will confine ourselves chiefly to the plans of the second and greater engineer. The characteristic feature of Telford's system is a *pavement* composed of hand-laid stones, placed on the natural bed of the road, technically called the foundation, for the purpose of supporting the small broken stones of which the surface is composed. M'Adam considered paving to be unnecessary; and even preferred a soil consisting of a mixture of hard and soft materials to one quite hard. His reason for this preference was, that an elastic bed was, as he presumed, more durable than an unyielding one; as an anvil will last longer when mounted on a block of wood than when mounted on a block of stone. But experience has not confirmed Mr. M'Adam's opinion; and Mr. Telford's plan of interposing a pavement between the natural soil and the superficial road, is decidedly and justly preferred. The foundation is first well rammed with chips of stone, especially if it is of a wet or spongy texture; then the pavement is laid down; consisting of a stratum, from five to seven inches deep, of stone of moderate and *uniform* size, broken into angular pieces, and placed with their broadest ends downwards. These stones, which are technically called *metal*, have

a strong tendency to bind together into a solid, compact, tenacious mass. The quality of a road depends essentially on that of its pavement. The absolute necessity of a firm bottoming of this kind was strikingly shown in the case of the Highgate Archway-road. That road rests upon a subsoil of sand, clay, and gravel, and is much exposed to the influence of water. It originally consisted of gravel and sand, covered with broken flints and gravel; and when this failed, the road was taken up, pieces of waste tin were laid on the subsoil, and over these were spread gravel, flints, and broken stone. This plan also failed. Twelve hundred cubic yards of gravel were used annually over an extent of a mile and a half in length; but in vain. In 1829, the road was placed under the management of the Holyhead-road Commissioners. As paving-stones could not be obtained, except at a great and undue expense, the Commissioners tried a coating of Roman cement and gravel, as a pavement or bed; and the experiment was completely successful. In the first winter after the cement was laid, four horses were able to trot a heavily-laden coach; while before these improvements were made, six horses with difficulty performed the same work at a walking pace. "Well-made roads," says Mr. Macneill, "formed of clean, hard, broken stone, placed on a solid foundation, are very little affected by atmospheric changes. Weak roads, on the contrary, or those which are imperfectly formed with gravel, flint, or round pebbles, without a bottoming, or foundation of stone pavement or concrete, are much affected by changes of weather. In the formation of such roads, and before they become bound or firm, a considerable portion of the subsoil mixes with the stone or gravel, in consequence of putting the gravel on in thin layers; this mixture of earth or clay, in dry warm seasons, cracks by the heat, and makes the road loose and open. The consequence is, that the stones are thrown out, and many of them are crushed and ground into dust, producing considerable wear and diminution of the materials. In wet weather, also, the clay or earth mixed with stones absorbs moisture, becomes soft, and allows the stones to move and rub against each other, when acted upon by the feet of horses or wheels of carriages. This attrition of the stones against each other wears them out surprisingly fast, and produces large quantities of mud, which tend to keep the road damp, and by that means increases the injury." Although, as a general rule, hard stone is the best for road-making, yet it is found that such stones sometimes wear out more rapidly than stones of a softer but tougher quality. The best kinds of road-material, according to Sir Henry Parnell, are basalt, granite, quartz, syenite, and porphyry rocks. Schistus stones, being of a slaty and argillaceous structure, make smooth roads, but are rapidly destroyed by wet. Limestone also is faulty in this respect. Sandstone makes a good pavement, but is too weak for the surface of a road. Hard flints are nearly as good as limestones; but the softer flints soon yield to the grinding pressure of wheels, and make the roads dirty and heavy. Gravel is

a good material, when it consists of hard and large pebbles, which admit of being broken; but when it consists of limestone, sandstone, or flint, it is too friable to be an effective material for roads. "Throughout Scotland," says Mr. Stevenson, "and even as far south as the approaching sources of the rivers Tees and Ribble, good road-metal is generally to be met with, containing the numerous varieties of granite, greenstone, basalt, porphyry, and limestone. South of this boundary, as far as the Trent and the Dee, in Cheshire, the formation is chiefly coal, sandstone, and the softer varieties of limestone. In the southern counties, chalk and gravel soils chiefly occur, affording flint and gravel, both of which, under proper management, make excellent roads. In North and South Wales we have all the varieties of road-metal which are common to Scotland. In Ireland they have excellent road-materials, as granite and limestone are pretty generally distributed."

From metalled we pass to paved roads. The construction of paved roads appears to have been well understood by the Romans, who were very careful to secure those two essentials to a successful pavement,—a good foundation, and an accurate fitting of the stones. Some of the modern stone-pavements of Italy are constructed upon these ancient models; and the stones are set with such accuracy in mortar, on a concrete foundation, that they have been designated *horizontal walls*. The *chaussée*, or roughly-paved causeway, which is used in the principal highways of France, and some other parts of the continent, is also considered to be derived from the Romans. In Holland, pavements of brick, probably suggested by the practice of the Roman engineers, are used for footpaths and for roadways for light vehicles. "Two kinds of pavement," observes a recent writer on this subject, "are chiefly adopted in the capitals of Great Britain and Ireland; the one is termed the *rubble* causeway, and the other the *aisler* causeway. In the rubble form, the stones are slightly dressed with a hammer; in the aisler form, the stones are nearly of determinate dimensions, varying from five to seven inches in thickness, from eight to twelve in length, and about a foot in breadth. A good specimen of the aisler causeway is to be seen in the Commercial-road, leading from Whitechapel to the India Docks, at Blackwall and Poplar. This road is seventy feet wide, and two miles long. The footpaths are laid with Yorkshire flags, and the roadway with granite. The tramway consists of large blocks of stone, eighteen inches wide by twelve inches deep, and from two-and-a-half to ten feet long. These are placed in rows, four feet apart, on a hard bottom of gravel, or on a concrete foundation; and their ends are firmly jointed together, so as to prevent any kind of movement. As an example of the value of this road, it is stated that a loaded waggon, weighing ten tons, was drawn by one horse from the West India Docks, a distance of two miles, with a rise in the road of 1 in 274, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour. In English towns generally the carriage-roads, if paved, are covered with blocks of

stone, more or less resembling cubes; while the footpaths are covered with broad thin flag-stones. In Florence, the whole breadth of the streets is paved with flag-stones, placed diagonally; and in Naples the surfaces are nearly as smooth. In both these cases, it is necessary to roughen the stones frequently with chisels, wherever there is a hill or bridge, to prevent horses from slipping; but in both cities, the horses, from habit, are sufficiently sure footed, even when running with some rapidity. In Milan, both kinds of pavements are mixed together in the same street; the smooth kind in two double lines for the wheels of carriages coming and going, and the rougher in the intermediate parts for the feet of the horses."

Roads of asphalte, and pavements of wooden-blocks, have been introduced of late years, with varying degrees of success. The asphalte appears to be well suited for side pavements for foot-passengers; the wooden blocks promise well, but are still in the hands of experimentalizers.

From the subject of roads we pass, by an easy transition, to that of carriages. The sedan-chair, the palanquin, and the litter, were among the simplest and earliest modes of conveyance, in which some kind of carriage was made use of in addition to animal power. The horse-litter, a native of Bithynia, was introduced into this country by the Normans. The body of William Rufus, as we learn from Malmsbury, was placed upon a "*rheda caballaria*," which Fabian renders, "a horse-litter." King John, in his last illness, was conveyed from the abbey of Swinstead in "*lectica equestre.*" Froissart says, with reference to Isabel, the second wife of Richard II., "La june Royne d'Angleterre en une litiere moult riche qui etoit ordonée pour elle." When Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII. visited Scotland, she rode upon a "faire palfrey;" but two footmen followed her with "one vary riche litere, borne by two faire coursers vary nobly drest; in the wich litere the sayd queene was borne in the intryng of the good townes, or otherwise to her good playsher." The litter continued in use long after the introduction of coaches. The mother of Henrietta, queen of Charles I., entered London in a litter, having previously travelled from Warwick in a coach. These litters were seldom used except on state occasions, and were often of a rich and gorgeous description, as may be seen in Holinshed's description of the litter in which Queen Katherine was borne at her coronation.

Wheel carriages were at first of the very simplest description. The carts used by the Chilian peasantry are probably among the rudest: they are constructed of wood and hides, and are sometimes tilted with canes and straw; not a particle of iron or any other metal being employed. The *essedum* of the ancient Britons, referred to in Cæsar's Commentaries (lib. iv. c. 29), was one of the simplest vehicles belonging to the class of chariot. As the Britons, when engaged in battle, used to run along the pole, the chariot must have been low in front; while the war-chariots of the Romans were

there breast-high, and the front was called *ἀσπιδίσκη*, or the shield-part. Strutt describes a kind of chariot in use among the Anglo-Saxons, as closely resembling the old British *essedum*. This rude contrivance was improved upon by the Saxons. In the Cotton Library there is a valuable Saxon illuminated MS., attributed by some to Ciedna, by others to Elfricus, Abbot of Malmsbury. In this, a slung carriage is represented, the delineation being an illustration of the meeting of Jacob and Joseph. The chariot in which Joseph is seated is a kind of hammock, (most probably made of leather, which was much used by the Anglo-Saxons,) suspended by iron hooks from a frame-work of wood; the whole resting on four wheels. Jacob is seated in a cart only, of the most primitive simplicity.

Italy, France, Spain, and Germany, contend for the honour of having first introduced private carriages. Beckman states that when Charles of Anjou entered Naples, (towards the end of the thirteenth century,) his queen rode in a *caretta*, covered without and lined within with sky-blue velvet, interspersed with golden lilies. In 1294, Philip the Fair, of France, issued an ordinance forbidding the general use of "cars," "chares," or "charats," as they were afterwards called. In the "Anciennes Chroniques de Flandres," a manuscript of the date 1347, there is an illustration of the flight of Emergard, wife of Salvard, Lord of Rousillon; where she appears seated in a "chariette" of a sufficiently clumsy and cumbrous construction, but curiously carved and fitted up with purple and crimson hangings. The "chare" was soon known in England. In "The Squyr of Low Degree," the father of the Princess of Hungary says:—

> "To-morrow ye shall on hunting fare,
> And ride my daughter in a chare.
> It shall be covered with velvet red,
> And cloths of fine gold all about your head;
> With damask white, and azure blue,
> Well diapered with lilies new:
> Your pomelles shall be ended with gold,
> Your chains enamelled many a fold."

Coaches were known in France and Spain sooner than in England. Stowe, in his Summarie of the English Chronicle, says that coaches were not used in England until 1555, when Walter Rippon made one for the Earl of Rutland: and that the same builder made one for Queen Mary in 1564; and, again, that he built, in 1584, "a chariot throne with foure pillars behind, to beare a crowne imperiale on the toppe, and before two lower pillars, whereon stood a lion and a dragon, the supporters of the arms of England." Taylor, the Water Poet, in his life of old Parr, says: "He (Parr, who was born in Edward the Fourth's reign, 1483) was eighty-one years old before there was any coach in England: for the first ever seen here was brought out of the Netherlands by one William Boonen, a Dutchman, who gave a coach to Queen Elizabeth, for she had been seven years a queen before she had any coach."

As coaches began to increase, a general outcry was raised against them. In 1588, Duke Julius of Brunswick issued an edict, forbidding his vassals to ride in coaches; because by that means "the useful discipline and skill in riding had been almost lost." In 1668, Philip, Duke of Pomerania Stetten, expressed his disapproval of coaches: and in the Churmark Archives there is an edict still preserved, in which the use of coaches is prohibited under pain of incurring the punishment of felony. But these and all similar prohibitions shared the natural and necessary fate of all sumptuary laws. In London, the watermen, led on by Taylor, the Water Poet, already referred to, were lustily clamorous in their opposition. Taylor's logic appears to have been on a par with that of the worthy who traced relations of cause and effect between Tenterden steeple and Godwin Sands. Hackney coaches, he says, "never swarmed so much to pester the streets as they do now, till the year 1605; and then was the gunpowder treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply." He is more successful in his direct vituperations; when he launches out in this strain:—"The coach is a close hypocrite; for it hath a cover for knavery, and curtains to vaile and shadow any wickedness. Besides, like a perpetual cheater, it wears two bootes and no spurs, sometimes having two pair of legs to one boote, and oftentimes (against nature) it makes faire ladies weare the boote; and if you note, they are carried back to back, like people surprised by pyrats, to be tyed in that miserable manner and thrown overboard into the sea. Moreover, it makes people imitate sea-crabs, in being drawn sideway as they are when they sit in the boote of the coach; and it is a dangerous kinde of carriage for the commonwealth, if it be considered." In 1635, Sir Saunders Duncombe obtained a patent for sedans; which were intended to diminish the use of coaches. There is a lively tract, dated 1636, in the Archæologia, entitled, "Coach and Sedan: a pleasant dispute for precedence, the brewer's cart being moderator." "Sedan was in a suit of green, after a strange manner, windowed behind and before with isinglasse, having two handsome fellows in green coats attending him; the one ever went before, the other came behind. Their coats were laced downe the back with a green lace suitable; so were their half-sleeves; which persuaded me at first they were some cast suites of their masters. Their backs were harnessed with leather angles cut out of a hide as broad as Dutch collops of bacon." Then comes the description of Coach. "The other was a thick, burly, square-sett fellow, in a doublet of black leather, brasse-buttoned downe the breast, back, sleeves, and winges, with monstrous wide bootes fringed at the top with a net fringe, and a round breech guilded, and on the back an achievement of sundry coats in their proper colours, &c. Hee had only one man before him, wrapt in a red cloake, with wide sleeves turned up at the hands, and cudgelled thick on the back and shoulders with broad shining lace (not much unlike that which mummers make of strawen hats); and of each side of

him went a lacquey, the one a French boy, the other Irish, both suitable alike." In this dialogue, Coach is hardly prest by Sedan, who cudgels the "thick, burly, square-sett fellow" after this fashion:—"And, Coach, twice or thrice a year, you must needs take a voyage to London with your ladie, under a cullor, to be new cullored, guilded, or painted, covered, seated, shod, or the like; when her errand indeed is, as one saith well, speaking to such ladies who love to visit the city:—

> "'To see what fashion most is in request,—
> How is this countess, that court ladie drest.'

Hence it happens, Coach, that, by your often ambling to London, Sir Thomas or Sir John sinks, as in a quicksand, by degrees, so deep into the merchant, mercer, or lawyer's booke, that hee is up to the eares ere hee be aware; neither can hee be well drawne out without a teame of usurers, and a craftie scrivener to be the forehorse, or the present sale of some land; so that wise men suppose this to be one maine and principal reason why within a coach journey of a day or two from the citie, so many faire inheritances as have been purchased by lord mayors, aldermen, merchants, and other rich citizens, have not continued in a name to the third—yea, scarce the second generation; when, go far north or westward, you shall find many families and names of nobilitie and gentrie to have continued their estates two or three hundred years, and these in a direct succession." The decision of the moderator is as might have been expected: "Coach and Sedan, you both shall reverence and ever give way to Beere-cart wherever you shall meete him, either in citie or countrie, as your auncient and elder brother."

From these rude and early times as regards the art of coach-building, let us pass to our own days; or rather, to a period of fifteen or twenty years ago, when stage-coaches had attained their perfection; and before the resistless Fire-King, the "giant Atmodes" of one of Mr. Gresley's cheerful holiday tales, had invaded their province, and outstript them in the race against old father Chronos. The late Mr. Apperley, better known as "Nimrod," has given a spirited sketch of the rise and progress of the stage coach, in his lively work, entitled, "The Chace, the Turf, and the Road." Neither the chace nor the turf have charms for us; but who has not thoroughly enjoyed a seat on the box? And if those days are past, why should we not recal their healthy luxuries? So we will even look back for fourteen years, and with the "Nimrod" of 1832, take a brief retrospective glance at the "Road" of that date. We must, however, take the liberty of considerably condensing Nimrod's vigorous sketch; hoping, at the same time, that we shall not cause its lively spirit to escape.

Suppose a worthy old gentleman of 1742—when the Oxford stage-coach consumed two mortal days in travelling from London to the metropolis of learning,—to have fallen comfortably asleep *à la Dodswell*, and not to awake till some Monday morning, 1832, in

Piccadilly. "What coach, your honour?" says a ruffianly-looking fellow. "I wish to go home to Exeter," replies the old gentleman, mildly. "Just in time, your honour, here she comes—them there grey horses—where's your luggage?" "Don't be in a hurry," observes the stranger; "that's a gentleman's carriage." "It ain't! I tell you," says the cad, "it's the Comet; and you must be as quick as lightning." The old gentleman is hurried in, gasping with apprehension lest his luggage should be left behind, and finds a clergyman and one of the proprietors of the coach as his fellow-passengers. Five-and-thirty minutes bring them to the noted town of Brentford; our friend's alarm at the rate of travelling having hardly been dissipated by the proprietor assuring him that they "never go fast" over that stage. "Hah!" says the old man, becoming young again, "what, no improvement in this filthy place? Is old Brentford still here? A national disgrace. Pray, sir, who is your county member now?" "His name is Hume, sir," was the reply. "The modern Hercules; the real cleanser of the Augean stable." "A gentleman of large property in the county, I presume?" said the man of the last century. "Not an acre," replied the communicative proprietor, "a Scotchman from the town of Montrose." "Aye, aye; nothing like the high road to London for these Scotchmen. A great city merchant, no doubt, worth a plum or two." "No such thing, sir," quoth the other, "the gentleman was a doctor, and made his fortune in the Indies." "No quack, I warrant you," said the ancient, doubtingly. The proprietor was silent; but the clergyman in the corner muttered something, which, however, was lost, owing to the coach coming at the instant, at the rate of ten miles an hour, upon the vile pavement of Brentford.

We must give our next extract entire; it is too graphic to be touched by any other pen than that of "Nimrod."

"In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London!—wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, waiter! I hope you have got breakf—.' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for, (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters,) and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—'My dear sir,' said he, 'you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow? surely they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!' 'Change horses, sir!' says the proprietor; 'why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horsekeepers.' 'You astonish me; but really I do not like to go so fast.' 'Oh, sir, we always *spring* them over these six miles. It is what we call *the hospital ground.*' This alarming phrase is presently interpreted; it

intimates that horses whose 'backs are getting down instead of up in their work'—some 'that won't hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up,'—others that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next,—in short, all the reprobates, styled in the road slang *bokickers*, are sent to work these six miles—because here they have nothing to do but to gallop—not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road, and so even, that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit-level."

After this, the resuscitated traveller, having safely arrived at Staines, travels somewhat more comfortably from Staines to Bagshot;—that stage being performed, not by "bokickers," but by staid strong horses, able to contend with hilly and severe ground;—save that he at last finds himself galloping over "a long fall of ground," at a furious pace; the coach rocking awfully, as its momentum continually increases, until the rise of the ground, after the "fall" had been traversed, meets and "steadies" the perilous vehicle. But our "ancient" has had enough of it, and accordingly alights at Bagshot.

"The worthy old gentleman is now shown into a room, and after warming his hands at the fire, rings the bell for the waiter. A well-dressed person appears, whom, of course, he takes for the landlord. 'Pray, *sir*,' says he, 'have you any *slow* coach down this road to-day?' 'Why, yes, sir,' replies John, 'we shall have the Regulator down in an hour.' 'Just right,' said our friend, 'it will enable me to break my fast, which I have not done to day.' 'Oh, sir,' observes John, 'these here fast *drags* will be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry-scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the road. What will you take, sir? mutton chops, veal cutlets, beef-steaks?'

"At the appointed time, the Regulator appears at the door. It is a strong well-built *drag*, painted what is called chocolate colour: bedaubed all over with gilt letters—a bull's head on the doors, a Saracen's head on the hind boot—and drawn by four strapping horses; but wanting the neatness of the other, the passengers may be, by a shade or two, of a lower order than those who had gone forward by the Comet, nor perhaps is the coachman quite so refined as the one we have just taken leave of. He has not the neat white hat, the clean doe-skin gloves, the well-cut trowsers, and dapper frock; but still his appearance is respectable, and perhaps in the eyes of many more in character with his calling. Neither has he the agility of the *artiste* on the Comet, for he is nearly double his size; but he is a strong, powerful man, and might be called a pattern-card of the heavy coachman of the present day:—in other words, of a man who drives a coach which carries sixteen passengers instead of fourteen, and is rated at eight miles an hour instead of ten. 'What room in the Regulator?' says our friend to the waiter, as John comes in to announce its arrival. 'Full inside, sir, and in front; but you'll have the *backgammon-board* all to yourself, and your luggage is in the hind boot.' 'Backgammon-board? Pray, what's that? Do you mean the *basket?*' 'Oh no, sir,' says John, smiling,—'no such thing on the road now. It is the hind-dickey, as some call it; where you'll be as comfortable as possible, and can sit with your back or your face to the coach, or both, if you like.' 'Ah, ah,' continues the old gentleman, 'something new again, I presume.' However, the mystery is cleared up; the ladder is reared to the hind wheel, and the old gentleman is safely seated on the backgammon board."

But unfortunately, even the steady Regulator,—although, according to the old conundrum, "all the other coaches *go by* it,"—can play tricks upon occasion; and when she reaches the "Hertford-bridge flat,"—a piece of ground at once firm and elastic, smooth but undulating, and therefore favourable to vigorous and continued

draught,—she flies along the springing, varying surface, at a rate which sadly discomposes the solitary tenant of the "backgammon board." Whoever is acquainted with the principles of mechanics, knows that under the circumstances we have just described, the hinder part of the coach would swing more than any other part; so that our resuscitated traveller was worse off than ever. At the time that the Regulator was in one of her best gallops, and the "backgammon board" was oscillating fearfully, she was met by the Comet up coach, driven by the "artist" whom we parted with a short time ago: and who thus describes the situation and appearance of his quondam passenger.

"He was seated with his back to the horses—his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death—his eyes cast down, as if he thought that the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what was called a top-heavy load,—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and, it may be, not quite in obedience to the act-of-parliament standard. There were also two horses at the wheel whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet passing her."

At Hertford-bridge, our friend is only too happy to part company with the Regulator; and as he descends from his perilous elevation, magnanimously resolves to *walk* into Devonshire; while at the same time he indignantly dismisses the coachman shillingless, accounting him "dangerous." But his hasty resolve to pedestrianize passes away with his tremour and wrath, and when he finds that he cannot post it for less than twenty pounds, he concludes to trust himself to a coach once more. As luggage had been the chief source of his terror, as he swung to and fro on the backgammon board of the deceitful Regulator, he now inquires anxiously for a coach that carries no luggage whatever upon the roof.

"'Have you no coach that does not carry luggage on the top?' he asks. 'Oh yes, sir,' replies the waiter, 'we shall have one to-night that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof.' 'That's the coach for me; pray what do you call it?' 'The Quicksilver mail, sir; one of the best out of London,—Jack White and Tom Brown, pick'd coachmen, over this ground,—Jack White down to-night.' 'Guarded and lighted?' 'Both, sir, blunderbuss and pistols in the sword-case; a lamp each side the coach, and one under the footboard,—see to pick up a pin the darkest night in the year.' 'Very fast?' 'Oh no, sir, just keeps time, and that's all.' 'That's the coach for me then,' repeats our hero; 'and I am sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the old Mercury.'

"Unfortunately, the Devonport (commonly called the Quicksilver) mail, is half a mile in the hour faster than most in England, and is, indeed, one of the miracles of the road. Let us, then, picture to ourselves our anti-reformer snugly seated in this mail, on a pitch-dark night in November. It is true she has no luggage on the roof, nor much to incommode her elsewhere; but she is a mile in the hour faster than the Comet, at least three miles quicker than the Regulator; and she performs more than half her journey by lamp-light. It is needless to say, then, that our senior soon finds out his mistake; but there is no remedy at hand, for it is the dead of night, and all the inns are shut up. He must proceed, or be left behind in a stable. The climax of his misfortunes approaches. Nature being exhausted, sleep comes to his aid, and he awakes

on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey,—it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time! The old gentleman starts from his seat, having dreamt the horses were running away with the coach, and so indeed they might be. He is, however, determined to convince himself of the fact, though the passengers assure him 'all's right.' 'Don't put your head out of the window,' says one of them, 'you will lose your hat to a certainty.' But advice is seldom listened to by a terrified man; and the next moment a stentorian voice is heard, crying, 'Stop, coachman, stop; I've lost my hat and wig!' The coachman hears him not; and in another second the broad wheels of a down wagon have for ever demolished the lost head-gear. But here we must take leave of our adventurous Gilpin of 1742. We have taken a great liberty with him, it is true, but we are not without our precedent. One of the best chapters in Livy contains the history of 'an event which never took place.' In the full charm of his imagination, the historian brings Alexander into Italy, where he never was in his life, and displays him in his brightest colours. We father our sins then upon the Patavinian."

We had intended to have traced, in connexion with our account of mail-coaches, the history of the successive arrangements for the conveyance of letters. But our limits forbid our entering upon this subject in our present paper; and, indeed, it may very fitly lie over until we resume the general subject, and treat of the rise and progress of railroads; which have now, for some years, cast all the ancient glories of "the road" into Cimmerian darkness, and involved them in hopeless eclipse.

We conclude, for the present, with a short account of private carriages. "Nimrod" has furnished a rapid and lively sketch of their later history; their earlier history we have already given. "Nimrod" *loquitur*:—

"As a fac-simile of the gentleman's family coach of fifty years back is now become difficult to produce, we will describe it. It had a most comfortable and roomy body, quite fit to contain six portly persons, and suspended by long leather braces, affixed to nearly upright springs. To enable the body to hang low, the perch of a bent form, called the compass-perch, was used, and the carriage was of great length and strength. In fact, it was, coachman and all, in strict accordance with the animals that drew it, and came under the denomination of 'slow and easy.' The fashionable open carriage of this day was a still more unsightly object,—the high, single-bodied phaeton, all upon the fore-wheels, and looking as if the hinder ones had nothing to do but to follow. This was the favourite carriage of the late king (George IV.) when Prince of Wales, and was commonly driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known epigram:—

'What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes; he can drive a phaeton and four!'

"The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically yclept curricle—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well-dressed and well-appointed grooms, of singular elegance certainly. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring no less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig. The curate's wife, a gouty attorney, or a rich old farmer, fifty years ago, might be seen boxed up in

a whiskey—which being hung on hind and fore braces, with a head to protect its inmates from weather, made a convenient family conveyance, and, with a steady dobbin to draw it, a safe one. Economy induced a leader of *ton* to cast favourable eyes on this snug whiskey—and hence the airy gig, with a hundred-guinea horse in it, has been the best friend to doctors and undertakers they have ever yet found. The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of their wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from their shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make gigs delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous. The Stanhope, so named after the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, who planned it, succeeded the Tilbury, so called from the well-known coachmaker. . . . The Buggy, Stanhope, Dennet, and Tilbury, have all, during some seasons past, been supplanted by the cabriolet for town work. . . . But this is now rather on the decline; and the light and airy Tilbury is making its appearance again."

Our limits will not allow us to take any notice of the cariole, britzscka, droitzschka, carriages introduced from Norway, Germany, and Russia respectively; nor of any other of the very various vehicles which throng the streets of the metropolis.

THE LIFE OF TORQUATO TASSO.

PART III.—FROM 1577—1586.

Tasso having left Ferrara in this deplorable state, avoided the great towns and even the high roads, for fear of being pursued and recognised. He arrived in a few days in the Neapolitan states: his design was to seek his sister Cornelia, who then dwelt in their native town, Sorrento. After the death of her mother she remained at Naples, under the care of her uncles, who resisted all Bernardo's entreaties that she might be sent to him. They gave her in marriage to a gentleman of Sorrento, named Serrale; she had been a widow many years, but it seems with an independent fortune. Though the brother and sister had not met since their infancy, they retained their affection for each other, and Tasso had no reason to doubt that he should be well received. However, the distrust natural to the unfortunate, suggested the idea of making an experiment on her affections. He exchanged his dress with a shepherd, and presented himself to his sister, as a person who was commissioned to bring her news of her brother. Her extreme emotion on hearing his misfortunes left no doubt on the mind of Tasso. He made himself known to her, and found in the affection of this beloved sister the sweetest consolations he had experienced since his distress.

There, in one of the most beautiful spots on earth, in a pure atmosphere, and watched over with the tenderest care, he soon found relief. The melancholy and dark fears which haunted him abated, and he began naturally to perceive that he had quitted Ferrara on too slight grounds, and to regret that he had excited the duke's displeasure. He

passed, as is commonly the case in this fearful malady, from one extreme to the other. He wrote to the duke and the princesses, entreating to be restored to his place, and, above all, to their favour. Neither Alphonso nor the duchess made any reply. Leonora's was calculated to deprive him of all hope. His next idea was, that it would be a noble action to place his life in the hands of the duke. Cornelia's entreaties were of no avail; and, whilst yet scarcely recovered from a dangerous illness, he left Sorrento to execute this design.

When arrived at Rome, he wished to give a public proof of his confidence in the duke, by going instantly to his agent: the agent and the ambassador of the duke both received him with kindness, and wrote to their prince to intercede for him. Scipio Gonzaga and the cardinal Albano, who was nearly as much attached to him as Scipio himself, recommended him not to return to Ferrara till he was invited thither; that he should only ask Alphonso's forgiveness, and request to be allowed to have the property and papers he had left in the palace at Ferrara. The cardinal wrote to the duke to this effect, who replied that he had given orders that all the papers Tasso had left behind him should be collected and remitted to him; but he expressed himself vaguely as to the rest. The papers were never sent, perhaps because the duke and the princesses having lost the poet, wished to retain possession of his valuable works. Tasso was not discouraged; he addressed fresh entreaties through the agent and the ambassador. At last the duke yielded to the request of his ministers, and consented that he should re-enter his service; but that he must first acknowledge that all his fears and suspicions originated in his disordered mind. He must submit to proper medical treatment; and, if he should again annoy him as heretofore with his complaints, the duke on his part was resolved not to admit him to his presence; and, should he refuse to follow the advice of his physicians, he would be immediately banished for ever from Ferrara.

Notwithstanding the dryness of this answer, and the indifference it betrayed, Tasso submitted to everything, and returned to Ferrara with the ambassador whom the duke had recalled. He was received kindly, and had the same access to the duke and his sisters as before; but he soon perceived, or fancied he perceived, that his talents were no longer held in the same estimation; that they sought to draw him aside from the pursuit of fame, and encourage him to lead a life of luxury and idleness. Probably this arose from a kind though mistaken idea, that amusement and rest from his wonted occupation would restore the balance of his mind. However, his manuscripts were still withheld; in spite of his repeated applications, they remained under the custody of one of the great officers of the household, which Tasso justly complained of as abitrary treatment. He appealed to the princesses, to the duke; they refused to listen to him—to their confessor, who would not interfere. Such treatment would have exhausted the patience of one in the best state of health and reason. At length he grew weary of remaining where he could obtain neither compassion nor justice, and, abandoning his books and manuscripts, he again left the court, to seek under the protection of some other prince, an asylum, and the means of repairing his shattered fortunes.

He first proceeded to Mantua, hoping that the duke, his father's and his own former friend would be disposed to receive him, but he there experienced much the same treatment as at Ferrara. He was destitute of money; and, in order to proceed, he was obliged to sell the valuables he had in his possession. It was with great reluctance he parted with a gold chain and the ruby given him by the duchess of Urbino. Advantage was taken of his distress, and he could only obtain for them a third of their value. He went to Padua and to Venice, where he met with little kindness. Maffeo Viniero, a patrician, wrote in his favour to the grand duke of Tuscany; but before a reply could reach him, he had quitted Venice for Urbino, and here at last he was received with the respect due to his genius and his misfortunes.

It is remarkable that his poetical powers never forsook him; he gave a proof of this on arriving at Urbino. The duke was in the country; Tasso wrote to him from his palace, and whilst waiting there for his reply, he began the celebrated Canzone :—

"O del grand 'Apennino,
Figlio picciolo si, ma glorioso." *

---

* CANZONE AL METAURO,

FIUMICELLO DEL CONTADO D'URBINO.

O del grand 'Apennino
Figlio picciolo sì, ma glorioso,
E di nome più chiaro assai che d'onde!
Fugace peregrino,
A queste tue cortesi amiche sponde
Per sicurezza vengo, e per riposo.
L' alta Quercia che tu bagni e feconda
Con dolcissimi umori (ond' ella spiega
I rami sì ch' i monti e i mari ingombra;)
Mi ricopra coll' ombra;
L'ombra sacra, ospital, ch' altrui non nega
Al suo fresco gentil riposo e sede,
Entro al più denso mi racoglia e chiuda;
Si ch' io celato sia da quella cruda
E cieca Dea; ch' è cieca e pur mi vede,
Bench' io da lei m'appiatti in monte o'n valle,
E per solingo calle
Notturno io muova, e sconosciuto il piède;)
E mi saetta sì, che ne' miei mali
Mostra tanti occhi aver quanto ella ha strali.
Oime! dal dì che pria
Trassi l'aure vitali, e i lumi apersi
In questa luce, a me non mai serena.
Fui dell' ingiusta e ria
Trastullo e segno, e di sua man soffersi
Piaghe che lunga età risaldà appena.
Sassel la gloriosa alma Sirena
Appresso il cui sepolchro ebbi la cuna.
Così avuto v'avessi o tomba o fossa,
Alla prima percossa!
Ma dal' sen della Madre empia Fortuna
Pargoletto divelse; ah! di que' baci,
Ch' ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti,

This son of the Apennines was the small river Metaurus, which flows through the duchy of Urbino. The poet goes on to say, that he is come to repose under the lofty oak that overshadows this river. (The duke bore an oak on his escutcheon.) Under this hospitable and sacred tree he hoped to find shelter and protection from the cruel goddess who, though painted blind, pursues him day and night, on plains and mountains, with her unerring darts. This stanza is poetical, but the two following, perhaps, surpass any that even Petrarch ever wrote, in truth and depth of feeling, as well as in poetical beauty. He retraces the misfortunes that had assailed him from his youth—his separation from his mother—his grief for the loss of his father. The arrival of the duke, who hurried back to welcome Tasso, checked this burst of poetry and feeling, and he never afterwards resumed the poem. It is to be regretted that the duke returned so soon, especially as all his kindness could only soothe for a moment the over-excited imagination of the sufferer. His melancholy increased in spite of every effort to remove it. Some able physicians recommended cautery; and an affecting little incident testifies the regard and interest he excited in the ducal family. The young and beautiful Lavinia della Rovere, a relation of the duke, prepared with her own hands, and assisted in applying, the bandages to the wound. His gratitude was expressed in a madrigal:—

"Se di si nobil mano
Dibben venir lì fasche all' mie piaghi."

But nothing could check the impulse which led him to restless change of place, and to rush into real danger in order to avoid imaginary ones. Believing himself no longer safe at the court of Urbino,

---

Con sospir mi remembra, e degli ardenti
Preghi, che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
Ch' io giunger non dovea più volto a volto
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci.
Lasso! e seguii con mal sicure piante
Qual Ascanio, o Camilla, il padre errante.
In aspro esiglio e in dura
Povertà crebbi in quei sì mesti errori;
Intempestivo senso ebbi agli affanni
Ch' anzi stagion matura
L' acerbità de' casi e de' dolori
In me rendè l' acerbità degli anni
L' egra spogliata sua vecchièzza; e i danni.
Narrerò tutti, or che non sono io tanto
Ricco de' propri guai, che basti solo
Per materia di duolo:
Dunque altri ch' io da me dev' esser pianto?
Già scarsi al mio voler sono i sospiri,
E queste due d'umor si larghe vene
Non agguaglian le lagrime alle pene.
Padre, o buon padre! che dal ciel rimiri
Egro e morto ti piansi, e ben tu 'l sai
E gemendo scaldai
La tomba e 'l letto; or che negli alti giri
Tu godi, a te si deve onor non lutto
A me versato il mio dolor sia tutto.
* * * * *

the duke of Savoy appeared to him to be the only prince in Italy capable of affording him protection. To him, therefore, he resolved to go, and secretly took his departure on a hired horse. He bent his course towards Piedmont; and years afterwards he recorded in one of his dialogues *(Il Padre del Famiglio)* an incident which befel him on that occasion, and which seems to have made a pleasing impression on his memory. In the beginning of this dialogue, he thus describes his adventure: "It was in autumn, that, as I was travelling on horseback between Novara and Vercelli, seeing the clouds collect, and the air darken around me, I began to press forward, in hopes of reaching a shelter before the storm came on, when I suddenly heard a confused noise of dogs and hunters; looking back, I saw a hare, followed by two swift greyhounds, which fell breathless close beside me. In a few moments a youth tall, active, handsome, and well-proportioned, came up, and calling off the dogs, gave the game in charge to a countryman. Then turning to me, he begged to know whither I was travelling. To Vercelli, I replied, which, if time will permit, I hope to reach to night. 'It would have been easy to do so,' said he, 'but for the flooded state of the river which divides Piedmont from the Milanese, and which will make the passage difficult, if not dangerous; let me, therefore, request you to become my guest for the night.' As he spoke, I was struck with his noble air and the courteousness of his demeanour. He was on foot, and I therefore dismounted, and, returning my horse to its owner, who accompanied me, I told him that, when we came to the river, I would be determined by his advice whether to attempt to cross it, or to accept his hospitable offer. Seeing that he fixed his eyes on me, as if desirous to learn who I was; I said I was a stranger. Not satisfied with this, he inquired from whence I came, and what induced me to come into that country. I replied, I was born in the kingdom of Naples; my name is too obscure to be known to you, were I to mention it; I fly from the frowns of fortune and of princes, and intend to take refuge in Savoy. 'You could not seek the protection of a more just and generous prince,' he observed, and, seeing I was unwilling to say more, he forbore to press me. We soon arrived at the river, which shot along with the swiftness of an arrow, and overflowed its banks. Some peasants assured me that the passage would be attended with danger; so, turning to the youth, I said, 'Necessity compels me to accept your hospitality, which, indeed, I feel no wish to decline.' 'I rejoice in the accident that makes you my guest,' he replied, 'though I should rather have been indebted solely to your inclination.'

"'Our home is close at hand,' continued he, pointing out a house not far from the river. 'The mansion is elegant,' I observed, 'and betokens that its lord possesses in this retreat the taste and refinement of a court. Are you the owner of it?' 'No,' returned he; 'it belongs to my father, and long may he live to possess it! he is not unknown in the world, though he has spent the greater part of his life in this retirement.' As he spoke, a youth younger, but not less prepossessing, in appearance, approached, and announced his father's return, who presently arrived on horseback. He appeared to be about sixty,

though his silver hair and beard spoke a still more advanced age, and increased the dignity of his appearance. I saluted him with the respect his years and demeanour claimed. 'From whence comes our guest?' said he to his son; 'his person is unknown to me.' 'From Novara,' answered the youth, 'and he is on his way to Turin;' then drawing nearer to his father, he spoke in a low voice. The old man desisted from any further inquiries, saying, 'Whoever he may be, he is welcome.'"

He goes on to relate that, during the repast, the conversation happened to turn on astronomy; and that his host, astonished by the knowledge he displayed on the subject, observed, "that he was now convinced he was a person whose fame had reached those parts."

The next day he pursued his journey, escorted by the good old man and his sons to Vercelli, and from thence continued it on foot, through rain, and rùgged, and miry roads; thus he arrived at the gates of Turin. The guards, seeing him in such a wretched plight, and without a passport, roughly refused him admittance. In this dilemma, Angelo Ingegneri, a literary man whom he had known at Venice, chanced to pass by, and, recognising him, procured him leave to enter the city, and conducted him to the palace of the Marquis Filippo d'Este, then General of the Horse to Philibert, Duke of Savoy, and high in his favour. He received him with kindness, and provided him with every accommodation.

Here Tasso began to feel at ease; the Archbishop of Turin, a friend of his father's and the Marquis d'Este, disputed the pleasure of entertaining him, and he was presented to the Prince Charles Emanuel, who wished to engage him in his service on the same footing as he had been in the Court of Ferrara. His compositions at this time prove that his genius retained all its former energy. It was at Turin that he wrote his "Discourse on Nobility;" and there, also, that charming Canzone addressed to the Marchioness D'Este, on seeing her dance with four of her companions. The last stanza betrays that, if all were beautiful, one far surpassed the rest in his eyes, and awoke in him those sweet emotions to which he had formerly been so prone to yield. We cannot see without pleasure this ray of light gilding, for a moment, the dark cloud that hung over his mind.

It was of short duration. The recollection of Ferrara, his attachment to the duke, his anxiety to recover his manuscripts, again took possession of his mind. It seemed as if an invincible destiny impelled him to seek in that court the extreme point of his misfortunes. He employed the Cardinal Albano to negotiate his return, and was informed that the duke would receive him with pleasure if he would attend to the directions of the physicians, and refrain from any aggression on the persons attached to his household.

The duke was making preparations for his second nuptials with Margaret di Gonzaga, a daughter of the Duke of Mantua, and Tasso was assured that, if he returned to Ferrara in so auspicious a moment, he would not only regain possession of his books and manuscripts, but probably receive marks of favour which would enable him to live honourably at the court. His joy and impatience to set out were

unbounded. In vain the Marquis D'Este advised him to wait till the spring, when he promised that he would himself conduct him to Ferrara: in vain did all his other friends at Turin, join in entreating him to listen to this advice—a fatality seemed to urge him on.

He arrived at Ferrara the 21st February, 1579, on the eve of the day when the bride was to make her entrance. The whole court was occupied in preparing for her reception; no one had leisure to announce his arrival to the duke or the princesses. His acquaintance in the palace, from whom he expected a welcome, treated him with rudeness and unkindness. We may imagine what were his feelings amidst the general joy, condemned to wander through the palace, in which no apartment was assigned him, unnoticed, and almost unrecognised, seeking in vain some place where he might obtain a short repose. The festival lasted many successive days, and when at last it ended, his situation did not improve. Excluded from the presence of the duke, and his sisters, neglected by his friends, rallied by his enemies, derided by the domestics, he lost all patience, his natural gentleness forsook him, and he vented his fury in a torrent of reproaches on Alphonso, the house of Este, and the whole court, cursing the years he had spent in their service, and retracting all he had written in their praise.

The duke, on being informed of his violence, instead of acknowledging that he had given him cause of complaint—instead of feeling some kindness for a man whom he had caressed and flattered in his happier days—to whose talents he had for eleven years owed his chief solace from the cares of state—gave orders that he should be instantly conducted to the Hospital of St. Anne, in which lunatics were confined, and there kept under restraint as a furious madman.

This stroke plunged Tasso into a kind of stupor; he remained thus for many days. Bodily illness was added to the disorder of his mind; and, when the fever which his agitation had produced abated, he felt still more acutely the misery and disgrace to which he had been subjected.

Every thing marked his degraded situation: deprived of even the means of personal cleanliness, to which he had always been scrupulously attentive, his hair, his beard, his dress, the cell in which he was confined, in a state that excited his disgust; condemned to solitude, which he had always disliked, and which was now insupportable to him; the ill-treatment he experienced from the subordinate attendants of the Hospital, and even from the prior himself, plunged him into the most pitiable state. A letter written at this time to Scipio di Gonzaga gives so simple and touching a description of his sufferings, that I have inserted it in a note.* Even the consolations of reli-

* "Oimè misero me! Io aveva disegnato di scrivere, altre due Poemi Eroici di nobilissimo ed onestissimo argomento, quattro Tragedie, delle quali aveva già formata la tavola, e molte opere in prosa, e di materia bellissima e giovevolissima alla vita degli uomini, e d'accoppiare con la Filosofia l'eloquenza in guisa che rimanesse di me eterna memoria nel mondo; e m'aveva proposto un fine di gloria e d'onore altissimo. Ma ora oppresso dal peso di tante sciagure, ho messo in abbandon ogni pensiero di gloria e d'onore, ed assai felice d'esser mi parebbe, se senza sospetto potessi trarmi la sete, dalla quale continuamente son travagliato; e se com' uno di

gion were denied him : in a letter to Buoncompagno, in the fourteenth month of his captivity, he complains that the chaplain of the Hospital had never visited him, and that his request to be allowed to confess and to receive the eucharist had been constantly refused.

The prior of the hospital, Agostino Mosti, had been a disciple of Ariosto, to whose memory he had erected a monument. Capable, as he was, of feeling the charms of poetry, and educated in such a school, it might reasonably have been expected that he would have pitied the misfortunes of a poet, and sought by every means in his power to soothe and alleviate them. On the contrary, he seems to have taken pleasure in inflicting on him every species of persecution, and making him acquainted with all the horrors of his prison. There appears to be only one way of accounting for this. His admiration for Ariosto approached to idolatry; in Tasso, he beheld a successful rival to his fame. Incredible as this solution may appear, party spirit has, ere now, aroused passions equally malevolent.

Tasso would, perhaps, have sunk under this treatment, but for the kind offices of Giulio Mosti, a nephew of the prior, who sought by every means to make amends for his uncle's severity. He was well educated, and capable of appreciating the charms of Tasso's conversation ; he passed many hours of the day with him, listening with interest to the verses he recited, and occasionally writing them from his dictation. He also undertook to convey the letters he wrote, and to bring him the replies. Tasso was touched with his attention, and took much pleasure in his society.

While thus confined as a dangerous madman, and subjected to treatment calculated to aggravate rather than to cure his malady, Tasso's greatest mark of insanity was the obstinacy with which he clung to the hope of obtaining either pity or justice from the Duke of Ferrara. He wrote the most submissive letters ; he addressed verses to him and the princesses, in which he described his sufferings in the most lively and affecting manner. Sometimes he could playfully allude to his privations. Being left one evening in darkness, a cat entered his cell, whose eyes shone in the obscurity; he addressed a sonnet to her, comparing her to a star which arose to guide him through the storm. Another cat followed the first ; they were the Great and

---

questi uomini ordinari potessi in qualche povero albergo menar la mia vita in libertà, se non sano, che più non posso essere, almeno non cosi angosciamente infermo; se non onorato, almeno non abbominato; se non con le leggi degli uomini, con quelle de' bruti almeno, che ne' fiumi e ne' fonti liberamente spengono la sete, della quale (e mi giova il replicarlo) tutto sono acceso. Né già tanto temo la grandezza del male, quanto la continuazione ch' orribilmente dinnanzi al pensiero mi s'appresenta: massimamente conoscendo che in tale stato non sono atto nè allo scrivere nè all' operare. E 'l timor di continua prigion'a molto accresce la mia mestizia ; e l'accresce l'indignità che mi conviene usare ; e lo squallore della barba e delle chiome, e degli abiti, e la sordidezza e 'l succidume fieramente m'annojano ; e sovra tutto m'affligge la solitudine, mia crudele e natural nemica, della quale anco nel mio buono stato era talvolta cosi molestato, che in ore intempestive m'andava cercando, o andara ritrovando compagnia."

This last sentence strongly brings to our mind the habits of Johnson, who suffered from the same awful malady.

Little Bear. He calls them his flambeaux, and entreats the aid of their light to write his verses:

> " Se 'l ciel voi pasca e di carne e di latte
> Fate mi luce a scriver questi carmi."

He also composed philosophical dialogues in the manner of Plato, in which he discusses the most abstruse and elevated subjects with profound sense, as well as eloquence.

What, then, was the cause of his malady? Was it love, as some of his biographers have asserted? Was that passion as foreign to it as others maintain? Was his confinement owing to the circumstances we have related, or must we attribute it, as others have done, to indiscretion and transports, which the pride of the Duke of Ferrara, and perhaps even the honour of his family, commanded him to restrain? This might supply matter for a long discussion, but we can only treat of it briefly.

Manzo, an intimate friend, indeed, of Tasso, but who only became acquainted with him in the latter part of his life, first authorized the belief that Leonora d'Este had inspired him with an ardent passion, which she doubtless shared; and that her reiterated invitations, and almost commands, were the cause of his return from Sorrento to Ferrara. He has diligently searched his poems to support this opinion, and discovered that the object of his love was named Leonora, and that there are two Leonoras whom he has celebrated—three indeed he imagines, but he appears to have been entirely mistaken as to the third.

The name of Leonora, sometimes disguised after the manner of Petrarch, sometimes openly appearing in many of his sonnets and madrigals, leave no doubt on the first point; but was this Leonora, or one of these Leonoras, the sister of the duke? Manzo, in addition to many other reasons which incline him to this belief, thinks it may be inferred from many poems addressed expressly to her, and which breathe a passion, pure and respectful, indeed, but tender and ardent; amongst others, in a sonnet on her being forbidden to sing, by her physicians:

> " Ahi ben è rio destin ch' invidia e toglie
> Al mondo il suon de tuoi chiari accenti."

The concluding lines speak clearly of his attachment:

> " E basta ben che i sereni occhi e 'l riso
> M'infiammin d'un piacer celeste e santo."

In a canzone he writes still more openly; one stanza describes the effect of her charms upon him from the moment he first beheld her—checked indeed by awe:

> " Ma parte degli strali e de l'ardore
> Sent' io pur anco intro il gelato marmo."

Perhaps still more convincing proofs may be found in a canzone dictated by jealousy, when Leonora was sought in marriage by some prince; and in a sonnet, on the same occasion, the last verse of which expresses his envy of the fortunate person who might obtain her.

Leonora, however, persevered steadily in her resolution to lead a single life, and Tasso continued to abandon himself to the passion which formed at once his happiness and his torment. It was after fifteen years of constancy that he addressed a sonnet to her, in which he declares that time had not diminished his love. It was then also he wrote that beautiful sonnet, already referred to, in which he speaks so poetically of her age. Serassi imagines that it was addressed to the Duchess d'Urbino, but there are traits which mark it for Leonora's. The words *ora*, *aura*, *Aurora*, were often used by him to typify the name of Leonora; her neglected dress also accorded with her delicate health and love of retirement, and not at all with the habits and character of Lucretia.

The second Leonora was the beautiful Countess Sanvitali, to whom he publicly offered his homage, and who was certainly the subject of many of his poems. But this was a mere poetical passion, not inconsistent with, and perhaps assumed to conceal, a more profound and lasting one. The same may be said of his professed admiration for Lucretia Bendidio in the early part of his residence at the court of Ferrara. It is true that he was then only twenty-one, and Leonora was thirty; but she was beautiful, accomplished, fond of arts and poetry; her delicate health, her retired habits, her dislike to the glitter of the world, would all conspire to awaken an interest and passion in a young and susceptible heart, which overcame the inequality of age; and the constant access he had to her, her regard, and her admiration for his poetry, blinded him to the inequality of their rank. If he feared the fate of Icarus and Phaeton, he derived hope from other examples in fable. "What cannot love effect?"

> "Egli giù trahe da le celesti rote
> Di terrena beltà Diana accesa
> E d' Ida il bel fanciullo al ciel rapisce."

Such is the subject of a sonnet which must relate to his love for the Princess of Este.

But, how was his temerity rewarded? It is impossible to know. We can scarcely believe that she ever gave encouragement to his passion; that would sully the fair portrait imagination loves to draw of her who had inspired such deep and constant love. But that Leonora should have been flattered by the devotion of such genius, of so noble a heart, that she took an affectionate interest in him—that her soft and pensive mind nourished in retirement some feelings that approached to love, it is scarcely possible to doubt.

Let us call to mind his testamentary paper; the sonnet which he wished to rescue from oblivion, and in which the name of Leonora is disguised in the same manner in which it confessedly is in other poems: his appeal to her aid, which she will grant for *his* sake. Is not this the enthusiastic feeling of a young lover, that, should he die in a distant land, he should still live in the memory of her he adored? Tasso, however, though ardent as a poet, was discreet as a cavalier; and I feel persuaded that the secret betrayed some years afterwards by his false friend, had no reference to Leonora. His verses, even those which contained her name, could not compromise her reputation.

Manzo himself confesses that doubts were entertained as to which of the several beautiful Leonoras, who at that time graced the court of Ferrara, they were addressed; and the manners of that age permitted ladies of the highest rank to listen to strains of gallantry without injury to their character.

Of all the verses she inspired, perhaps, the most flattering are those in which he describes her so beautifully under the name of Sophronia, in the second canto of his Gerusalemme Liberata. Every one recognised her in the

> " —— Vergine di già matura
> Verginità, d' alti pensieri e regi,"

who shunned all notice and admiration, and hid her charms in retirement. The whole portrait is characteristic: we see her covered with a veil—her eyes cast down—her air at once modest and noble—her unstudied dress. But sufficient attention has not been paid to Olindo, her young lover, as unpresuming as she was beautiful, who

> " —— full of bashfulness and truth,
> Loved much, hoped little, and desired nought."*

Is it not evident that Tasso thus described himself in the first transports of his passion? This episode, beautiful as it is, has always been considered out of place in this poem. All the friends he consulted advised him to leave it out. He agreed with them, but, though on other occasions docile to a fault, persisted in retaining what he himself perceived was a blemish to his work; and Serassi, incredulous as he is on the subject of his love for Leonora, assigns the resemblance to her as the motive.

His passion was liable to fluctuations. We have seen him pass many months with the Duchess d'Urbino; at which time there appears to have been some coolness between him and Leonora. A letter he addressed to her strengthens this supposition, and there are traces of jealousy in it. " He had not written to her for some months; having some recollection that he had promised to send her any new composition of his, he encloses, in obedience to her commands, a sonnet he lately wrote. Unlike the fine productions he imagines she is now listening to, this sonnet is as devoid of poetry as he himself is of happiness; in his present state he is incapable of producing anything better. But, lest she should imagine that any new attachment had engrossed his mind, and rendered him unfit for poetical composition, he must inform her that he wrote this sonnet at the request of an unhappy lover, who, after having for some time quarrelled with his mistress, is not able to endure his situation any longer, and is compelled to seek her forgiveness."†

---

* Fairfax's Translation.

† " Non ho scritto alla Eccellenza Vostra tanti mesi sono più tosto per diffetto de soggetti che di volontà: percio ora che mi s'è appresentata una occasione benchè picciola di farle riverenza, non ho voluto lasciarla. Le manda dunque un Sonetto, il quale per questa volta sarà mio introduttore con l'Eccellenza Vostra, parendo di ricordarmi ch'io le promisi di mandarle tutto ciò, che mi venisse fatto di nuovo. Il sonetto non sarà punto simile a quei belli, che m'immagino che ora l' E. V. sia solita di udire molto spesso, ed è cosi povero d'arte e di concetti, com io sono di ventura;

Serassi, who inserts this letter in his work, informs us that "the fine productions" mentioned were those of Pigna and Guarini, who were both admitted to read their works to the princess; and we may conjecture that Tasso took umbrage at the favour shown to Guarini, who always affected to rival him; that he was piqued, and that in this temper he accompanied Lucretia to Castel Durante. He passed months without writing to Leonora, but his anger abated, and love resumed its empire. The fiction of having composed the sonnet for a friend is the same he had already used when departing for France. On the whole, this letter, which Serassi quotes as a proof of Tasso's indifference for the princess, is one of the most convincing proofs of his passion.

Muratori has attempted to give an air of authenticity to the silly story of Tasso, having been so far transported by his love as to have embraced Leonora in the presence of the whole court; that the duke, on witnessing this audacity, calmly observed to his attendants, "How sad it is to see so great a man suddenly deprived of his senses!"—and to give a colour to this explanation of so daring an act, he ordered him to be confined in the Hospital of St. Anne. This Muratori professes to have heard from a certain old abate, who was secretary to the celebrated Tassoni, a contemporary of Tasso.

Serassi justly treats this improbable tale as a fiction. Besides all the other objections that might be made to its credibility, Tasso's letters to the duke prove clearly that the cause of his detention was the furious transport of indignation to which he gave way on seeing himself neglected on his return to the court.* Nor let our pity for Tasso lead us to overlook much that extenuates, though it does not justify,

---

nè in questo mio stato presente protrebbe venire altro da me. Pur gliel' mando, parendomi che o buono o cattivo farà quell' effeto, ch'io desidero. Ma perchè non si creda ch io per adessò sia tanto vacuo di pensieri, che potessi dare nel petto mio luogo ad alcuno amore: sappia che non è fatto per alcun mio particolare (che peravventura sarebbe men reo) ma a requisizion d'un povero amante il quale essendo stato un pezzo in collera con la sua donna, ora non potendo più, bisogna che si renda, e che dimandi mercè.

" Sdegno debil guerrier campione audace,
Che me sott' armi rintuzzate e frali
Conduci in campo, ov' e d'eterni strali
Armato Amore, e di celeste face:
Giù si spezza il tuo ferro, e già si sface
Tuo gelo al primo ventilar dell' ali:
Che fia se il foco attendi, e l'immortali
Saette? Ah temerario, ah chiedi pace!
Grido io merce, tendo la man che langue,
Chino il ginocchio, e porgo ignudo il seno,
S'ci pugna vuol, pugni per me pietude.
Ella o palma m'acquisti, o morte almeno;
Ma s'a colei stilla di pianto cade,
Fia vittoria il morir, trionfo il sangue."

* "Mi gitto ai piè della vestra clemenza, clementissimo signore; e la supplico, che voglià dare il perdono delle false, e pazze, e temerarie parole, per le quali io fui messo prigione."—*Lettera alla Duca Alfonso.*

" Io venni già due anni sono a Ferrara, chiamato dall' autorità di Monsig. Illustriss. Albano alle nozze della Sig. Margherita Gonzaga, nelle quali non impetrando io dal Sereniss. Duca de Ferrara quelle grazie, che 'l cardinale m'avera data intenzione che impetrassi, per soverchio d'ira e d'immaginazione trascorsi in alcuni errori per li quali fui imprigionato."—*Al Sig. Ercole Rondinelli.*

Alphonso's conduct. We have seen, that, on his first seizure, the duke and his sisters did all in their power to soothe his mind; but when their repeated efforts proved ineffectual—when he obstinately refused to submit to the advice of the physicians, which they considered the only means of cure—is it wonderful that they became somewhat weary of listening to complaints and terrors which they believed chimerical, but which no reasoning could induce him to lay aside? His enemies, probably, did not neglect to alarm their fears, and to represent all his well-founded complaints as the effect of a disordered mind.

The duke's impression of his insanity appears to have been strong. That he should submit to medical treatment was always the first condition on which he was to be restored to favour. Nor could he feel safe from the personal violence of a man who had once attacked a domestic in the ducal hall, and who had so little command over himself as to load his patron with imprecations in his presence. For the credit of human nature we must wish to believe, that, in commanding Tasso to be shut up in the Hospital of St. Anne, he persuaded himself he was taking the best method to restore him to reason, as well as to protect himself and others from his desperate sallies. When there, the prior's malignity would doubtless lead him to confirm Alphonso in the belief that the harsh measures he had adopted were necessary, whilst he concealed the cruelty by which they were aggravated. Painful as it is to think of the indignities and sufferings inflicted on such a man, we must remember, that, even in his own letters, there is abundant evidence of the unsettled state of his mind. He repeatedly mentions a spirit he calls "Il Foletto," who took away his food from before his face, stole his money and letters, and scattered about his writings and books. He describes his night visions; the sounds he heard, the flames and apparitions which he saw; and, speaking of a vision he had had of the Virgin with the Infant Saviour in her arms, he uses this expression—"penche potesse facilmente essere una fantasia cherch' io sono frenetico e quasi sempre pertubato da varii fantasmi, e pieno di maniconia infinita."

It seems clear, therefore, that he was a prey to delusions which justified the belief of his insanity, and how little it was the practice in those times to apply a balm to wounded minds, we may infer from the barbarities that have been exercised even within our own recollection. It is the glory of this age that science and humanity are abolishing the chain and the scourge; they are opening the cells, where the wretched victims languish in solitude and darkness, and restoring them to the air and light of heaven, and to kindly intercourse with their fellow-creatures. They are rescuing them from the tyranny of ignorant menials, whose power lies wholly in brute force, and substituting a moral influence, to which the fury of the maniac and the despair of the melancholy man have alike been found to yield. The health, the liberty, and the enjoyments of these sufferers under the worst of human ills, are now rendered compatible with the safety of their fellow-creatures, and they return to society undegraded by the bitter sense of having crouched under insolence and cruelty.

This mighty work is proceeding silently. Every English heart throbs high at the emancipation of the Africans; but the emancipation

of thousands of our own countrymen from worse bondage, severer woe, excites but little attention. Whilst the name of Howard has obtained —justly obtained—a deathless fame, theirs are little known who are now patiently devoting the whole energies of high and benevolent minds to the welfare of the innocent, not the guilty, to restore not merely health, but reason, to heal the broken in heart. The meed of human praise will surely not always be withheld from their labours, but, whether it be or not,

——— "There is a book,
By seraphs writ in beams of heavenly light,"

in which they will be registered, when all earthly records, and the very earth itself shall be no more.

The event which Tasso had so long foreseen and feared, was now superadded to his misfortunes. Fourteen cantos of his Gerusalemme liberata were printed at Venice in 1580, full of errors and gross faults, from an imperfect copy which the grand duke of Tuscany possessed. He had confided it to Celio Malaspino, one of his followers, who did not even attempt to conceal the base act of which he was guilty, but named himself on the title-page as the editor, and dedicated it to a Venetian senator.

Tasso, justly enraged and deeply afflicted, complained to the Venetian senate of the injustice of this proceeding; he also represented to his friend, Scipio Gonzaga, the irreparable injury he had sustained through this breach of the grand duke's confidence. But the mischief was done; and, when his first feelings of indignation had subsided, he again applied himself to composition to beguile the tediousness of solitude, and to console himself under his various misfortunes. It was at this time he wrote the beautiful dialogue, "*Il Padre del famiglio*," which has been already mentioned, and dedicated it to Scipio Gonzaga. He then collected all the poetical pieces he had composed during the last two years, many of which are admirable, and all interesting from the circumstances under which they were written, and dedicated them to the two princesses of the house of Este. The duchess d'Urbino was touched with the compliment, and evinced some pity for the misfortunes of the unhappy author. Leonora was probably unconscious of the circumstance: she was now fast sinking into the tomb. It is remarkable that at her death, which took place soon afterwards, Tasso, who had seldom failed to pay a poetical tribute to the memory of the illustrious persons he had known, does not appear to have done so to that of his loved Leonora.

Angelo Ingegnari, whose assistance so much availed him at Turin, now came forward ostensibly to vindicate his fame. He possessed a copy of the Gerusalemme liberata, which he had made from a manuscript corrected by Tasso himself. When he heard of the imperfect and faulty Venetian edition, he imagined it would be doing him a service to print the poem from this manuscript; and he published at the same time two editions—one at Casal Maggiore, the other at Parma,—dedicating both to the duke of Savoy, who expressed his satisfaction to the editor.

This has been recorded as an act of friendship, and a service

rendered to Tasso. But, though detained in confinement, the author still lived, and Ingegnari had the power of communicating with him. What right had a pretended friend to take such a step without consulting him? To appropriate to himself the fruit of so many years of labour, the only resource of this unhappy man, and his sole means of obtaining an independence, and escaping the evils of poverty? We are not told that the duke of Savoy extended any of the favour he showed the editor to the author of the poem, nor that any of the profits arising from the sale of these editions were remitted to Tasso. Unless this had been done, we must consider Ingegnari to have violated the rights of justice and friendship.

All that is known is, that the two editions sold in a few days, so eagerly was the poem sought for. Malespina, the Venetian editor, having been out-done by Ingegnari, surpassed him in his turn in a new edition from a more perfect copy which he had obtained, and that also being soon exhausted, he published another still more complete, being the fifth which had appeared without the consent of the unfortunate author. At last Febo Bonna, a young Ferrarese belonging to the court, and intimately acquainted with Tasso, undertook to publish one superior to any which had hitherto appeared. He had the advantage of consulting the original copy corrected by Tasso, and of applying to him personally in every difficulty; but the haste with which it was put forth, gave rise to many inaccuracies, which did not, however, prevent its selling as rapidly as the others had done. The same editor immediately prepared another, the first, according to Fontanini, which can be looked upon as correct. Three months afterwards, a still superior edition appeared at Parma, which has served as a model to all future ones; and thus, in the course of eight months, the work passed through eight editions—seven in Italy, and one in Paris,—and enriched all who were concerned in the publication, whilst the great and ill-fated genius, who filled all Europe with admiration, languished in confinement, neglected, despised, and in want of the common comforts of life. It appears from a letter of Tasso, that Bonna, though he availed himself of his assistance, unjustly and ungratefully withheld from him that share of the profits he had led him to expect.*

The duke's agents, instead of mitigating the severity of his treatment, doubtless increased it. The few indulgences permitted him seem to have been studiously withheld, till he had no longer any desire or need of them. The most insupportable part of his captivity was the constant interruption to his studies by the wild cries of the maniacs confined in the hospital—sounds, which (to use his own expression, in a letter to Maurizio Cataneo) might deprive the wisest man of his reason. In the year 1580, Montaigne saw him; and in his essays, thus records the impression made on his mind—"J'eus plus de d'espit encore que de compassion de le voir à Ferrare en si piteux estât survivant à soy mesme, mescoignoissant et soy et ses ouvrages, lesquels, sans

* "Febo m'è molto avaro, il quale avendo fatto quell' arte di stampare e di vendere i libri miei, ch' io pensava di fare, se ne sta in Parigi fra Dame e Cavalieri, e si dà bello e buon tempo, ne mi fa parte alcuna de' denari che se ne ritraggone, come m' avea promesso per sua polizza."

son sceu et toutefois à sa veuë on a mis en lumiere incorigez et informes." Tasso had, doubtless, been exhibited to him in his cell, in the same manner as the unhappy beings who stunned him with their cries. It is difficult to repress our indignation at the idea.

Goselini, in one of his letters, speaking of the younger Aldo, says, that he had seen Torquato Tasso at Ferrara in the most miserable state—"Non per lo senno del quale gli parve al lungo ragionar ch' egli ebbe seco, intero e sano, ma per la nudessa e fame ch' egli pativa, prigione, e privo della sua liberta."

The afflicted sufferer earnestly entreated some mitigation of the cruelties inflicted on him, and which he persuaded himself were unknown to the duke. They probably were; but is his heartless indifference excusable? Could he read that touching invocation—

> "Te magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritoglie
> Al furor del fortuna, e guidi in porta
> Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
> E fra l'onde agitato, e quasi absorto,"

without feeling that his remorseless hand had thrust back into the billows the grateful and confiding heart, whose effusions now filled all Europe with the praise of his generosity.

At last he was touched with some compassion, and gave orders that Tasso should be removed from the cell in which he had been confined nearly two years, and be allowed the use of some apartments in the same hospital, in which he could have space to walk when composing and *philosophizing*, as he says himself in a letter to the duke—a remarkable expression for a man supposed to be deprived of reason. He was indebted for this concession to Scipio Gonzaga, and his nephew, the prince of Mantua, who came at this time to Ferrara, and visited him in his prison. Their visit, and the indulgence they procured him, revived the hopes of Tasso, and he flattered himself that in a short time he should be restored to liberty.

The admiration excited by his poem induced many eminent scholars to visit Ferrara, for the sole purpose of conversing with him. Giulio Segni, a native of Bologna, of much talent and learning, obtained a letter of introduction to him from Passio, professor of law in that university, and an intimate friend of Tasso. It is remarkable that, in his first visit, he was so much overwhelmed at finding himself in the presence of that lofty genius, that he was unable to utter a word, and Tasso, had he not been assured to the contrary, would have supposed him devoid of sense. On his second visit, he acquired more confidence, and showed him some of his Latin compositions, which Tasso found to possess much merit, and, admiring the singular modesty which accompanied great skill and attainments, conceived a friendship for him. Segni repaid it by sincere affection and active kindness. Bernardo Castello, a celebrated Genevese painter, was also induced to make a journey to Ferrara for the purpose of seeing him. He brought him some of his designs from the Gerusalemme liberata, which Tasso admired and received with pleasure, and also a painting of the head of Christ which he prized highly, and kept till his death.

But his reputation procured him a still more valuable friend in

Padre Angelo Grillo, a monk of Monte Casino, well known for his own compositions, but still more for his friendship with Tasso. He introduced himself to him by a letter and two sonnets, which he requested a friend to deliver. Tasso warmly expressed his gratification, and replied in terms which increased the good father's desire to see and become acquainted with him. He hastened to Ferrara, and obtaining the duke's permission to share Tasso's apartments, they passed many days together in friendly discourse. He often afterwards returned to Ferrara to visit and console him, and, to the indefatigable exertions of this kind friend, Tasso was at last mainly indebted for liberty.

His patience had, however, still to endure long trials, rendered, perhaps, still more bitter by the gleams of hope which occasionally brightened his prison. The duchess d'Urbino sent one of her attendants at this time to assure him he should soon be released. The beautiful Marfisa d'Este, a cousin of the duke, princess of Massa and Carrara, was an enthusiastic admirer of the Gerusalemme liberata. At her entreaties, Alfonso consented to her taking the author with her for one day to her villa near Ferrara, on condition that he should return at night to the hospital. She assembled there several ladies distinguished for their wit and beauty. Tasso, who always shone in the society of women of talent, now appeared among them as amiable and brilliant as ever, and returned to his confinement with pleasing recollections, and brightened hopes.

But time passed away, and no favourable change took place in his lot. The Muses were his only resource. His studies were constant, except when interrupted by illness, by the visits of eminent men from all parts of Italy, whom the madman of St. Anne astonished by his wisdom, no less than by his genius and learning—by letters from Rome and other states, bearing testimony to the general admiration his poem had excited—or by promises which were often renewed, and still unfulfilled.

At last, in the year 1584, the solicitations of the Cardinal Albano, the duchess of Mantua, and others who had influence with the duke became so pressing, that he sent for Tasso, received him graciously, even kindly, and assured him that he should soon be set at liberty. He ordered that more apartments should be allotted to him, and allowed him to leave the hospital occasionally, when accompanied by some friend who would be responsible for him. This enabled him to frequent the houses of the most distinguished persons in Ferrara, and to enjoy his favourite pleasure—animated conversation on literary and philosophical subjects. Many of his dialogues composed at this time appear to have been suggested by these conversations. During the carnival, he went accompanied by two friends to the masques—an amusement in which he always took delight, and to the tournaments, which were held this year with unwonted splendour. But in a short time all these indulgences were withdrawn, and he was again condemned to solitude and despair.

In this sad condition, an unforeseen and dreadful storm burst on his head. Camillo Pellegrino, in a discourse on Epic Poetry, had drawn a comparison between Ariosto and Tasso, and warmly maintained the

superiority of the latter. This discourse proved the apple of discord to all Italy. The admirers of Ariosto were indignant, but none came forward publicly in his defence till Leonardo Salviati, who had lived on terms of intimacy with Tasso, entered the lists against him.

He was deeply skilled in Italian literature; and, when Tasso began to consult his friends respecting his Gerusalemme liberata, Salviati, who had seen some cantos, wrote him a letter full of commendations, and declared his design to make honourable mention of the poem in his Commentary on Aristotle, a work which he was then composing, but which he never published. Tasso entered into a friendly correspondence with him, communicated to him the whole of his work, and received fresh applause. On the present occasion, Salviati's object appeared to be to destroy the reputation of Tasso still more than to exalt that of Ariosto. The only motive that can be conjectured for so base and inconsistent a proceeding is, that he was poor and involved in debt; he wished to enter into the service of the duke of Ferrara, and he thought he could not do a more acceptable service to those who had most influence over the mind of that prince, than to defame the victim of their jealousy and hatred, and exalt their illustrious countryman, Ariosto.

He dared not, however, openly attack an unhappy man of genius, whose friendship he had sought, and whose fame he had loudly sounded. He sheltered himself under the authority of the Academy della Crusca. This academy, which afterwards became so famous, was then in its infancy. It originated with a few poets and critics, who met occasionally to discuss literary subjects, and to recite poems and burlesque pieces, composed expressly for their own society. As their professed object was to refine and sift the Italian language, their device was a sieve, and their motto — "Il piu bel fior ne coglie." Crusca signifies bran. Each member assumed a name relating to some branch of a miller's trade—l'Infarinato—l'Inferigno—and their writings were filled with conceits and allusions to the same. Salviati's first step was to contrive that Bastiano de Rossi, a tool of his, should be elected secretary to the Academy, and, with his assistance, published a work, which he called "The Academy della Crusca's defence of the Orlando Furioso, against the Dialogue on Epic Poetry, by Camillo Pellegrini."

Tasso was thunderstruck at this attack. Never having heard of the Academy della Crusca, he fancied that the Grand Academy of Florence was concealed under this strange appellation, as Plato relates the images of the gods were under the form of Silenus, and that they spoke the sentiments of the whole nation. He had always been a warm admirer of Florentine literature; and he had reason to imagine, from the kindness of the grand duke and other distinguished persons of that state, that he was favourably looked upon there, and little expected to find enemies among a nation he so highly esteemed.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Notes of the Ministry of Cardinal B. Pacca, Secretary of State to his Holiness, Pope Pius VII., &c. Translated from the Italian. Dublin: Cumming. London: Dolman. 1843.

In every respect a remarkable book; we are speaking of the original, for the translation is also remarkable in its way, being the most extraordinary attempt at English, which it has been our fortune to fall in with. Cardinal Pacca—he still survives, though very old—carries us back to the thrilling days of the Contarini and Aldobrandini: he was the life of the pontificate during the eventful years which commenced the present century; and could his prudent and religious energy have directed the actions of the curia, unswayed by Italian duplicity and treachery, or by Gallican worldliness, the whole aspect of Europe might, at the present day, have been very different. As long as the good and weak Pius VII. was entirely under Pacca's influence, his resistance to Napoleon's policy presented but a well-principled and thoughtful, and, in the end, it would have been a successful barrier. Pacca was eminently skilled in disentangling that complex problem—the Pope's temporal and spiritual rights. As a prince, the Cardinal was willing that his master should take cheerfully the spoiling of his goods: but as a christian patriarch, the Pope had duties boldly to rebuke vice, tyranny, and oppression, to defend with spiritual arms those millions of faithful Catholics who, whether right or wrong in this their belief, looked to Rome not only as the citadel of the faith, but as the very arsenal of heaven itself. And if Pius had possessed a tithe of the firmness of the Victors and Innocents, who had gone before him, he would have earned a name before which the proudest in the long list of pontiffs, even that of Gregory VII., would have grown dim.

Never was so magnificent a position before a christian Bishop: Napoleon's power, eminently the most anti-christian and awful development of evil which the world since Mahomet has been cursed with, had attained all but universal empire: the Pope himself had been—and surely this in itself was a righteous delay—backward in interfering with the course of Divine judgment, till at length he was compelled, on the 10th June, 1809, to publish the famous bull of excommunication—*Ad perpetuam rei memoriam.* Then followed the violent deportation of Pius from Rome; and, in 1812, the still more atrocious scenes at Fontainebleau, which ended so calamitously for the fame of Chiaramonti: principally, because Cardinal Pacca was still kept in captivity at Fenestrelles. But we must give specimens of our author:—

"In the beginning of 1812, the glory and power of Napoleon had reached their height; and it might be said, without exaggeration, that the Continent of Europe trembled at his look. Emperor of the French, which was then an empire of immense extent, comprising all the Belgian provinces, Austria, as well as those composing the republic of Poland, many and the most fertile principalities of Germany on both sides of the Rhine, Dalmatia, all the states of the kingdom of Sardinia, (excepting the

island itself,) the duchy of Parma, and Piacenza, Tuscany, and Rome. He was, besides, king of Italy, and, if not in name, he was in fact, also of that part of Spain occupied by his troops, as well as of the kingdoms of Westphalia and Naples. Under the majestic title of Protector, he ruled over that part of Germany which formed the Confederation of the Rhine, the princes of which, raised to the royal and grand-ducal dignity, depended on his will, as in ancient times the Roman Senate and the Reguluses of Asia did on that of the Cæsars. Add to that the relationship and alliance of the house of Austria, and the succession to the throne assured by the birth of a son scarcely one year after his marriage. However, in the midst of such glory and power, an event was preparing in the latter months of that same year, in the designs of Providence, which 'dissipates the counsels of princes,' that for the moment eclipsed his glory, and disposed of things towards the fall of his colossal power.

"Nothing worthy of remark happened in the fort in the course of this year. Towards the middle of June, the news arrived that the passage of foreigners across the Mount Cenis was stopped for some hours, and the reason was afterwards known to be the arrival of the pope from Savona at the hospice of the monks, whence, as we shall relate hereafter, he was transported to Fontainebleau, though infirm, and with great danger to his life.

"I shall speak of this journey more than once in the sequel; I shall at present observe, that the violent and almost barbarous transportation of the pope from Savona to Fontainebleau was in Buonaparte the last crime which, as the holy Scriptures teach, tire at last the longanimity of the Lord, and caused him to take in hand the till then suspended scourge. 'Thus saith the Lord, for three crimes of Damascus, and for four, I will not convert it.' In fact, I must remark, that on the 20th June, the pope arrived at Fontainebleau a prisoner, and in a dying state; and on the 22d day of the same month, Napoleon, intoxicated by an uninterrupted and wonderful prosperity of fifteen years, made his troops pass the Niemen, and invade the Russian territory; thus beginning that war so fatal to him, which hurled him from the throne, and made him lose in a few months the fruit of so many victories and triumphs. The account of the ever memorable expedition of the French and allied troops in Russia in the year 1812, does not belong to the subject of my present history. The omnipotent hand of God, and not that of man, destroyed there one of the most numerous and best-disciplined armies ever known.

"I must now add an anecdote, with an observation of my own, which will be read with scorn and derision by our modern free-thinkers; but which I relate for all pious and religious souls, who always recognise and acknowledge the hand of an invincible and superior Being in the events of the world, governing them all. In a letter written by the Emperor Napoleon to the viceroy of Italy, the Prince Eugene complaining of Pius VII. for not having agreed to some of his requests, the following notable words are to be remarked: 'Does he not know how much times are changed? Does he take me for Louis the Débonnaire? Or does he think that his excommunications will cause the arms to fall from my soldiers' hands?' After the noted excommunications issued by Pius VII., Napoleon, in the discourses and conversations which he held with the Cardinal Caprara on this subject, frequently told him, between sarcasm and irony, that as the excommunication had not caused the arms to fall from his soldiers' hands, he only laughed at it. But God permitted that the fact should really occur. I read with wonder and dismay in the history of Napoleon, and the grand army of 1812, written by the Count Segur, one of the generals and eye-witnesses of that great catastrophe, 'that the arms of the soldiers appeared an insupportable weight to their frozen limbs. In their frequent falls, they dropped from their hands, were broken, and lost in the snow. If they rose again, they found themselves without them; for they did not throw them away, but hunger and cold made them absolutely fall from their hands.' The fact is mentioned in vol. xx. chap. 5, of the above quoted work, 'Memoirs of the History of Monsieur de Salgues:' 'The soldier could not hold his arms; they fell from the hands of the bravest.' And again, in the 7th chap. p. 164: 'The arms fell from the frozen hands which held them.' Our free-thinkers will say, that this was the effect of the snow, frosts, and storms. But whose command do these meteors obey? What says the sacred Scriptures in the 148th Psalm? 'Snow, ice, and stormy winds obey the word of the Lord.'" —Pp. 185—188.

Upon which we have to remark, that we agree entirely with the good Cardinal, that the excommunication of Pius was instrumental in the

destruction of Napoleon: and it is with more surprise and regret than we choose to express that we find Mr. Palmer, in his recent Narrative of Events, p. 56, objecting to our contemporary, the British Critic, a sentence such as this:—

"This little act of the pope is almost imperceptible: but who knows what unseen powers fought with England against Napoleon, whom the Church had condemned?"—*British Critic*, No. LXIV. p. 295.

We presume that Mr. Palmer will not dispute that Pope Pius VII. was a christian Bishop: and that he was bound,—"unless," to use his own, or rather Pacca's, glowing words, in the bull of excommunition:—

"Unless we would be taxed with cowardice and apathy, or perhaps of shamefully abandoning the cause of God, but to lay aside every earthly consideration, and rejecting all human prudence, follow that evangelical precept: 'He that hears not the Church, let him be to thee an heathen man and a publican,'" (*Pacca's Memoirs*, p. 416,)—

to use the keys, which were committed to him, with the care of the flock, against such a godless power as Napoleon's: and if Mr. Palmer is prepared to doubt the efficacy of a Bishop's curse, pronounced in a righteous cause, we refer him to Hooker:—

"The power of the ministry of God translateth out of darkness into glory—when *it poureth malediction upon the heads of the wicked they perish.*"—*Ecclesiastical Polity*, b. v. c. 77, 2.

If it were neither superstition nor blasphemy for Queen Elizabeth, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, to strike a medal with the pious legend, *Afflavit Deus et dissipantur venti*, we cannot understand how a Christian can affect to doubt the connexion between the terrible retreat from Russia and the Church's anathema on Napoleon.

The Concordat at Fontainebleau is sufficiently melancholy: but we must make every allowance for the pope: he was neither strong-minded nor learned; he was old, sick, and alone; he was deprived of his faithful and earnest Pacca; he was surrounded by the Gallican Bishops; he was alternately threatened and cajoled by the surprising conversational and diplomatic talents of Napoleon himself: what wonder, then, if the aged and miserable Pontiff yielded, in a moment of weakness, to the too flattering prospect of peace? It is consoling, though terrible to hear of his subsequent penitence:—

"I found some French prelates in the anti-chamber, and entering the apartment in which the pope was, I found him in the act of advancing some paces to give me the meeting. I stood confounded and afflicted at seeing him bent, pale, and thin, with his eyes sunk in, and almost immoveable, like a man become stupified. He embraced me, and said, with much coldness, that he did not expect me so soon. Having answered him, that I had hastened to have the consolation of throwing myself at his feet, and to express to him my admiration of the heroic constancy with which he had suffered so long and severe an imprisonment, he said the following words to me, full of grief: 'But here are we in the end dragged through the mire.'"—Pp. 202, 203.

"I returned to his holiness, whom I found in a really deplorable state, such as to give fears for his life. He had been told by their eminences, the Cardinals di Pietro, Gabrielli, and Litta, of the fault caused by his signing the whole of the concordatum, and had conceived a just horror of it, understanding well from what a height of glory

the bad counsels and suggestions of others had caused him to fall. Then, plunged into a profound melancholy, in talking of his fall, he broke out into accents of excessive grief, concluding, that he could not drive away from his mind the tormenting thought, which prevented his sleeping at night. He scarcely eat [sic] food sufficient to keep him alive, and often exclaimed, (these are his own words,) "I shall die mad, like Clement XIV.' I then did and said as much as I could to console him. I conjured him to tranquillize his mind. I added, that the worst of all the evils that hung over the church, and the most fatal, would be that of his death; that he would in a few days have all the cardinals who were in France round his person, some of whom had given unequivocal proofs of their zeal for the interests of the Holy See, and of their devotedness to his sacred person; that he could place his confidence with a quiet mind in them, and calling them to his counsels, could still find a remedy to the evil that had already befallen him."—Pp. 203, 204.

Indeed, this was poor Chiaramonti's main strength and gift; viz. his sincerity and earnestness: weak, irresolute, timid, but honest—he sinned and he repented, and in the end he was rewarded. His whole career is a triumph of a good heart: he was blessed for his obedience and a child-like simplicity.

The book is perfectly delightful; history is invested in its pages with the splendour of the most charming romance; and the storming of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, is not a more stirring subject than the escalade of the Quirinal—the journey to Grenoble—the quiet pathos of the imprisonment at Fenestrelles, solaced only by religion, and the triumphant return, one long ovation, of the Pope and his minister from Fontainebleau to Rome, in 1814; these are fine scenes and well described. We recommend the Cardinal-Minister's memoirs unconditionally: Pacca is not only a very great man, but a most delightful writer.

Poems, original and translated. *By* Charles Rann Kennedy, Esq. London: Moxon. 1843.

Law and poetry—oil and vinegar; when will young barristers learn that poet is the last name they ought to attach to their forensic titles. Is it not enough at once to condemn a rising young man at the bar, to write after his name, barrister and poet? True it was, Somers dallied with the Muses, and got nothing by his motion, as the old reports have it; and Blackstone indited some verses, which would never have survived, if he had not written his Commentaries. Still they are curious examples of how good a lawyer, elegant a scholar, and bad a poet, can be united under one wig. Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister and poet, has essayed to follow the lordly Somers and the knightly Blackstone, in verse as well as prose. There is an old fallacy, some great men are eccentric; I am eccentric; ergo, my greatness is demonstrable. Some great lawyers were bad poets; Mr. Kennedy is a bad poet; ergo, the wished-for conclusion. Some people write precisely what they do not intend; and as a pig's tail should be pulled to ensure his forward progress, so they ought to set to work at A, when they want to do B. Some people found themselves writing political economy, when they thought they

were inditing plain matter-of-fact stories; as Mrs. Marcet: others have discovered, that what they meant for political economy was the contrary; as Miss Martineau. Some persons, when composing a treatise on mechanics, have risen into poetry; as Dr. Whewell, when he set the mechanical axiom in verse—

> "There is no weight, however great,
> Can draw a twine, however fine,
> Into a horizontal line,
> So that it shall be accurately straight."

Other persons, when writing poetry, have found it turn out prose to their hand; as gentlemen and ladies too numerous to mention.

Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, barrister and poet, has some peculiarities; he affects monosyllables, and adheres so closely to them, as to compose not only stanzas, but entire poems of them. The ballad of the maid of Lucerne, who had a lover named William, who had a scarlet coat, and went into the militia, is no mean instance of a monosyllabic poem. As for a monosyllabic stanza, the following is unique:—

> "Seem'd as she
> Smil'd on me,
> Yet to look I dare not;
> For those eyn
> Do so shine,
> Sight of them I bear not."

Surely the poet's, or rather the versifier's trade, is no great mystery, when stanzas can be eked out as the above, printed in fair type, on fairer paper, and called poetry; or when, "Yet I would," "If I could," claim to rank as lines in a brother stanza.

Our legal poet is far from condescending to be a man of one peculiarity; on the contrary, he has many. The following stanzas, describing the fate of an over-ambitious nightingale, who got shot one day for not listening to the raven's boding croak, exhibit Mr. Kennedy's humble imitation of the notorious Tom Ingoldsby, in eking out a rhyme, by splitting a word or sentence in half; and also the very peculiar theory, to be hereafter more fully illustrated, on which our legal poet compels one word to rhyme with another:—

> "Near the lady,
> Sat in shady
> Bower a nightingale;
> Thro' the valley,
> Musically
> Rang the pensive tale.
>
> "One dear to me
> Came to woo me,
> A sweet singing *bird;*
> Warmer *suer,*
> Fonder, truer,
> Never yet was *heard.*
>
> "Feathers brown he
> Wore, a downy
> Mantle on his breast;
> Oft with meaning
> Fond, there leaning,
> I my cheek would rest.
>
> "Aiming crafty,
> Sped a shaft he
> At my tender mate;
> Than the greedy
> Kite more speedy,
> Came the winged fate."

What Mr. K. is pleased to write "*suer*," used to be suitor, at least in our time, unless the printer is at fault in his spelling, and the errata should stand, for "suer," read "sewer." If the above stanzas are poetry,—and they certainly are not the worst in the nightingale's ballad, of a truth poets and their doings are at a discount: more especially

the elegant term "whining," usually applied to pet dogs and puppies —see stanza last but three in the Nightingale's Lament, p. 61—is a poetical appellation for mental agony.

According to our poetical barrister, the following words are supposed to rhyme:—"story," "more I;" "holy," "folly;" "power," "o'er;" "thou," "show;" "mass," "erase;" "grown," "down;" "embrace," "delays;" "toil," "while;" "wrath," "path;" "weep enough," "cut me off;" cum multis aliis quæ nunc prescribere longum est.

Another poetical peculiarity of our poet of the home circuit, is his love of making the most of a word of three or more syllables; he evidently considers such words as delirium, oblivion, and patriot, et hoc genus omne, very ill-treated by the world, and therefore makes the most of them. Exempli gratia:—

> "From earth, not heaven, these raptures come;
> 'Tis nothing but de-li-ri-um."—P. 13.
>
> "The people bless their happy lot,
> And shout, and hail him pa-tri-ot."—P. 15.
>
> "Vain mortal! thou among the dead,
> In cold o-bli-vi-on shalt lie."

Again, we are inclined to doubt whether Juno, the haughty queen of heaven, when venting her wrath on Semele, for seducing the affections of her vagabond lord and master, would exactly use the word "*tice*," unless she were a cockney.

> "A woman here,
> A mortal creature, moulded of the dust,
> Dares from my arms to *tice* the wanderer."

In the majority of his verses Mr. Kennedy seems to have little notion of metre or time; and it is as difficult to arrange some of his irregular compositions, as to set in metrical order that pleasing metrical delusion, a Greek chorus. Even his best poem, that of the horses, is injured by the author's inattention to metrical accuracy; and many a line, of good thought and more than average poetry, loses all its effect by tripping too quick, or creeping too slowly after its predecessor. On what principle are the following stanzas, of a by no means inferior poem, composed? The two first lines of the first stanza consist each of three Iambi; the third line contains five monosyllables, the last only four. The second stanza presents the appearance of three lines, similar to the first and second of the first stanza, and one like the fourth of the same, if indeed like anything but itself. Here they are:—

> "Methought I was alone;
> That none the deed espied!
> Yet, oh! if but one!
> Where shall I hide?
>
> "And if no mortal eye,
> Yet God was there!
> From him I cannot fly,
> For he is everywhere."

Doubtless our poetical barrister will plead that greater men than he, even Dryden, Pope, or Byron, have been careless in their rhymes, indifferent to metre, and unhesitating in dividing adjectives from their nouns, to suit a metre or rhyme. Even so. It is but the fallacy of

eccentricity in a new form. Homer sometimes nods; and when Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy is a Homer, he may nod too.

Mr. Kennedy has an odd taste in similes. Among a multitude we will notice three:—a cock crows like a waterfall springing down a mountain, or like the silver bell of a chime ringing in a turret, (p. 41). Mr. Kennedy's cocks would make the fortune of an itinerant showman. Richardson, were he alive, might rise again to eminence and fortune, on the strength of a Kennedean chanticleer. In some very bustling, and by no means bad stanzas—save as hereafter excepted—Mr. Kennedy has described a railroad journey. The people get their tickets in verse, the bell rings in verse, the engine spits, screams, and hisses in verse; and all is metrical motion, until the town of their destination appears. Now sings the barrister—standing counsel to the antipodean railroad peradventure:—

> "And steeple now, and pinnacle, and turret rose to view:
> Our pace we gently slacken'd, and the station gliding to,
> We halted; as———"

What do our readers suppose that "as" introduces? "A TURTLE DOVE!"

> "We halted; as the turtle dove stoops from her airy round,
> And drops with pinion tremulous, alighting on the ground."

What, that screaming, scratching, lumbering, lingering load of iron, wood, water, and human beings, that rumbles up to the station with a spit and a hiss, a rub and a grunt, a jolt and a jumble, like a turtle dove dropping with tremulous pinion on the ground! Far more like the lord of Calipash and Calipee, with his rattling shell, his splay flappers, and the rough-and-tumble motion of his case-hardened body: not the turtle dove; the turtle without the dove, Mr. Kennedy.

We cannot now delay over our author's laureate attempts on her Majesty and our infant prince; we admit their loyalty; loyalty equal to that of the compounders of the birth-day odes that used to encumber the poetical appendix of the Annual Register; equal to them also in their poetry. Pass we on to the last portion of Mr. Kennedy's labours, his by no means unpleasing translations from various German writers; Goethe, Schiller, Körner, Uhland, and several others, are versified with some freedom by our poet. Still, however, there is a disregard of critical accuracy, utterly unwarrantable in one who professes to be a German scholar, and soundly rates those who find accuracy in translation incompatible with freedom of poetic diction. Take, for instance, the translation of "Archimedes and the Scholar."

> "A studious youth to Archimedes came:
> 'Teach me that godlike art, that art of wondrous fame,
> Which to our father land such blessed fruits hath given,
> And from our city wall the fell besieger driven.'
>
> 'Godlike thou call'st the art? Shé is,' the sage observ'd;
> 'But that she was my son before the state she serv'd.
> *Wouldst thou from her such fruits as mortals too can bear?*
> *The goddess woo; do not the woman seek in her.*'"

The real translation and meaning of the last two lines we believe to be:—"Wouldst thou only have fruits of her? Mortals even can produce them. Let he who courts the goddess not think of courting the woman." But we will not pursue this portion of our notice, equally unpleasant to our readers and ourselves. People must not think that critics love to find fault; praise is much easier, because less discriminating than censure; but there are times when the rod must be used; and there are temptations that cannot be resisted. The following translation of one of Körner's extraordinary lyrics is about the best specimen of Mr. Kennedy's powers:—

"Good night!
Peace to all that taste of sorrow!
Day now hastens to its close,
Busy, toiling hands repose,
Till awakes the morrow;
Good night.

"Go to rest!
Shut your eyelids: darkness falleth!
Hush'd are all the streets around,
Save the watchman's stilly sound;
Night to all the weary calleth,
Go to rest.

"Slumber sweet!
Of your paradise be dreaming:
Who for love no peace can find,
Let him see a vision kind,
Lov'd by his belov'd one seeming,
Slumber sweet.

"Good night!
Sleep ye till the morning breaketh:
Sleep ye till another day,
Calls to other cares away:
Fear ye nought, your FATHER waketh:
Good night."

If Mr. Kennedy will be a poet, let him turn his attention to versifying Blackstone, or to an edition of Queen's Bench reports in Sapphics. And then, on attaining to the dignity of the coif, he may with a calm conscience give in his sergeant's ring, with this motto, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

Justorum Semita: a History of the Saints and Holydays of the present English Kalendar. Edinburgh: Grant. London: Burns. 1843.

A BOOK which we commend heartily to the Church, if we will be content to read in a practical, rather than a disputatious spirit. Such a publication has long been a desideratum; and though we may not say, for we do not so think, that this is the very best that could be provided, yet it is so evident to the right-minded that it is written by a person of great devotional warmth, as well as creditable erudition in ecclesiastical matters, that we have but little sympathy with those who will make it an occasion for wrangling. It will serve to show to strangers from our communion, what depths of ancient piety and truth are involved in our Prayer-Book; and it is not a little creditable to the Scottish Church, that one of her sons has done so much in wiping away the stigma under which our Church labours, for not having already protested against that mean and miserable view of the Anglican Kalendar, which Wheatley's authority has rendered all but received among us. On this point, we venture on an extract from a most able preface:—

"How many changes have we beheld in our course since the fourteenth century, when the Council of Magfield enacted pious laws for the due honouring of the saints. Yet throughout all these changes one principle seems to prevail; the nearer any age approached in feeling and in creed to the standard of Catholic antiquity, the greater reverence did it pay to the memory of the saints. The Church of England was defrauded of nearly all of them by Cranmer and his foreign assistants; then Puritans prevented their restoration under the reign of Elizabeth. When men such as bishop Andrews were in favour the partial restoration of the Kalendar in 1604 was not surprising; nor that the rebels and fanatics in his son's reign should sweep away every trace of ancient devotion. And under the care of such guardians as Sparrow and Cosins and Pearson and Thorndike the Kalendar recovered more than it had lost since the days of King James I. The Puritans and Presbyterians still cherished the design of effacing from the English Church every remaining trace of her Catholic origin, and when her best sons were driven from her communion at the Revolution, they renewed their importunity that 'the legendary saints' days should be omitted.' Again she refused to purchase their obedience by such a sacrifice. Is it possible to believe that in those times at least the saints' days served no religious purpose? or that they were preserved, notwithstanding so many attempts to remove them, for no weightier reasons than those which Mr. Wheatley gives? The Church of England has declared the preservation of the memories of the saints to be one reason for retaining them in the Kalendar; and she has shown how highly she valued them in past times. Will her children now suffer these holy commemorations to be lost through neglect which their forefathers at great sacrifice secured for them? Will they continue to follow the example of Puritans and Protestants rather than of the holy Church throughout the world, and of the men of Catholic minds in their own? Oh, that the golden tongue of a Chrysostom, or the mellifluous eloquence of a Bernard could be heard in these days, to win Christians back to their duty and their high privilege! But 'when iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold.' And truly if the contemplation of the gentle and holy persons whom we find in the Kalendar does not move us, the tongue of an angel would be heard in vain. 'Only reflect what men they were,' says the author of *Morus*, 'spirits so high above the world, dead to every selfish and sinful thought; possessed of such perfect devotion of mind and heart to the eternal world.' Behold the youthful virgins and martyrs, S S. Agnes and Margaret and Agatha; the blessed Magdalene, whose love to the Lord was great, because she had much forgiven; S. Hilary and S. Ambrose, the champions of the faith against the Arians; S. Alban, the protomartyr of England; and S. Augustin and S. Benedict, and S. David! Behold also S. Gregory the Great, and S. Augustin of Canterbury, the Apostles of England; the Venerable Bede, the light of the Anglo-Saxon Church; and S. Edward the Confessor! Isolated as has been the position of the Anglican Church for three centuries, there is still in the Kalendar a bond of union with the Catholic Church, which may one day be renewed as it was of old. The Eastern, African, Spanish, Roman, and Gallican Churches are all represented in it, and as we turn from one venerable name to another we are carried from century to century, from land to land, yet in all is displayed the same unity of faith, the same holy life, the same blessed death. Thus even in its present imperfect state does the Kalendar become to us an epitome of the Catholic Church, the communion of saints."—Pp. xxxvi.—xxxviii.

We object to the title: Prov. iv. 18, from which it is taken, has a very different meaning. In some quarters, we cannot give *Justorum Semita* greater praise than to say, that it reminds us not only in style —though this rarely, but in matter also of *Mores Catholici*. We venture, however, to add, that somewhat more of the quality and tone of mind which marks the author of the "Mores," as well as some of the living ornaments of our own communion, would have been a great improvement in the work before us. Those who have read Mr. Newman's last volume of sermons, and will compare their prevailing temper with that of some portions of the *Semita* (few portions, we willingly admit) will understand what we mean. High principle does not necessarily, and ought never to, lead to a contracted

and one-sided view, either of our actual position, or even of history; faults into which young and over-zealous converts to Church-principles are apt to fall. Such must not take offence, if we remind them that they are altogether inconsistent with the *perfection* of the saintly character.

The two great "serials" of the Church, the Oxford Library of the Fathers, and the Anglo-Catholic Library, are proceeding with creditable punctuality and care. Each has been enriched with two volumes: the former with a volume of S. Chrysostom's Homilies, and another of S. Athanasius (enriched by Mr. Newman's erudition): the latter has brought out another portion of Beveridge, and the first part of Thorndike; and we are glad to find Johnson, Gunning, and Marshall already announced. It is scarcely possible, at the present juncture, to overrate the importance of this collection; and, while it is almost fearful to find what treasures we have hitherto disregarded, it is of course most encouraging to watch their present success. Happy omens are around us, if we will be worthy to retain them.

Very late in the month we received Dr. Grant's Bampton Lectures for 1843, on "Missions," (Rivingtons.) The interest of the subject, the author's station, and the occasion on which these sermons were delivered, combine to render this one of the most important volumes of the year. We propose—any other course would be disrespectful—to devote an early paper to this very interesting and delightful work.

A curious little—what shall we call it?—instrument, and explanatory pamphlet, called "The Orientator," has been put forth by the Cambridge Camden Society, to determine, by an extensive examination of examples, how far a rule obtained in determining the eastward bearing of our ancient churches. Wordsworth, of moderns, was among the first to observe that they varied according to the sun-rising on the day of dedication.

The Marquis de Custine's remarkable book, "The Empire of the Czar," &c. has been translated, (Longman,) and will be found well worth reading, not merely for the sake of its subject, but of the opinions expressed in it on the state of Europe, especially on ecclesiastical matters. These are striking,—too striking, it may be; for M. de Custine is a Frenchman, and not given to say things in a quiet way,—but yet they are worthy of attention.

We cannot think highly of the greater part of "Harry Mowbray," by Captain Knox, (Ollivier.) The foreign scenes seem to us a good deal better than the home ones. The author is, we believe, a man of real talent; and we have heard others of his works well spoken of by a competent authority; but, on the present occasion, we think he has aimed too high. The creation of character does not seem his *forte*, which rather resides in the narration of incident and adventure. He would write, we think, a romance better than a novel.

We have not for a good while seen so thoroughly important and serviceable a book as "Notes on the Episcopal Polity of the Holy Catholic Church," &c. by T. W. Marshall, B.A., (Burns.) The "Account of the Development of Modern Religious Systems" is full of valuable information, and ought to be in the hands of every religious inquirer in our land. It is very common to speak of presbyterian Scotland as a splendid exception to the common tendencies of schism, and there are respects in which it is so; at the same time, we have always suspected that her doctrinal and practical condition, for the last century, have been regarded by all parties in a far more favourable light than the facts would be found to warrant, and Mr. Marshall establishes this. We wish, however, he had gone into it more fully, as those who are willing to surrender foreign Protestantism have often far too good an opinion of Scottish presbyterianism.

Whilst we are on the subject of Scotland, we must recommend Mr. Lyon's very interesting "History of St. Andrews," (Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.) This will give much information on a subject concerning which all parties, Churchmen and sectaries, Scotchmen and Englishmen, the illiterate and the well-informed, have been contented to remain in inconceivable ignorance, and under the falsest impressions—we mean the religious state of Scotland during the latter half of the seventeenth century. We are sorry that the writer has committed some literary blunders, which will damage its authority.

Of course the author (we believe we should say *the authoress)* of "Christ our Law," (Seeley and Burnside,) does not expect us to approve of the theology contained in the volume so entitled. The book is nearly all rhetorical, and sometimes truly eloquent, though the grammar is not always sounder than the doctrine. We are led to notice this volume, because it partakes of the characteristic which we lately commented on in the case of Charlotte Elizabeth—a boldness, a fearlessness of consequences, very unlike the usual simpering and inanity of assertion and denial, which we find in the common run of modern Evangelicalism—a turn for reality rather than phrases, which is both encouraging and alarming, as bringing the person in whom we see it near Truth and near Heresy. The writer of the work before us seems a person who could be brought on to Catholic sentiment, and could too easily fall into fearful and deadly errors.

The latter tendency is but too apparent in Mr. Barham's "Life and Times of Reuchlin," (Whittaker,) as it was in his memoir of Savonarola. We do not, however, dread the progress of Syncretism in England, there being little in it congenial to the national mind; and Mr. Barham has further disarmed himself of power, by writing in a style outrageously pedantic. The subject, we need not say, is an interesting one, and the book gives much information in spite of the author's perversities.

"Modern Wesleyanism compared with the teaching of Mr. Wesley," (Leslie,) is a pamphlet affording one proof more of a fact, about which there can be no doubt, the apostasy of the Wesleyan body from many of the most important sentiments of their founder.

The Rev. T. Lathbury has published an important Letter to Sir R. Peel on "the Restoration of Suffragan Bishops," (Parker,) deprecating having recourse to Parliament for the purpose, inasmuch as the authority of Crown and Convocation seems to him sufficient.

Our catechetical stores have been increased by "A Historical and Practical Exposition of the Catechism of the Church of England," &c. by the Rev. Thomas Halton, (Burns,) which is sensible and orthodox, besides giving further information than do most books of the sort.

We have sometimes had to regret what we could not but consider something more than the wisdom of the serpent, an unjustifiable timidity in the orthodox Scottish Clergy. We have no such accusation, however, to prefer against the Rev. J. B. Pratt, M.A., who has published a sound and stout-hearted "Pastoral Letter addressed to his Congregation, on the Opening of the new Church of St. James, Cruden," (Brown & Co. &c. Aberdeen; Burns, London.) Though bold and faithful, there is nothing indiscreet or eccentric in it. It is strange and sad to find so much ritual irregularity, and such very rare communion, as seem, from Mr. Pratt's account, to have hitherto characterised the Church at Cruden, in the part of Scotland in which Church principles have been generally supposed to have had a more powerful sway than elsewhere, and which was under the influence of the Skinners and the Jollys, who witnessed so powerfully for primitive truth.

A Mr. Bell has put forth the first number of a series of line engravings "illustrative of the Liturgy," (Longman.) By the term *Liturgy* the whole Prayer-book seems meant, the contents of this first number having reference to the Apostles' Creed. The first two are by much the best.

"Pietas Domestica," by the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, M.A., (Cleaver,) is a guide to family devotion, seemingly on a very good plan, but we have had no time to examine it. The second paragraph of the preface requires modification. Mr. Best speaks as if the family altar were the only one which survived the Jewish Temple.

"Oxoniensis," the author of "An Apology for the Universities," (Macpherson, Oxford,) does indeed refute the formal assertions of his opponents, and in great measure succeeds in exonerating the Universities from the imputations cast upon them in respect of neglecting theology as a distinct study. It is quite true, as he says, that their theory does not contemplate such study during the student's progress in arts; and that if people will leave them, on taking the first degree in that faculty, they preclude themselves by their own act and deed from academic guidance in divinity. But though this be so, "Oxoniensis" must admit that residence after the B.A. degree is to most a matter of extreme difficulty, and that it would be most desirable to find some plans, though certainly not such as should impair the existing course of study, for remedying the defect. Again, it is too much to say that the Universities are blameless in the matter of general religious education. Their theory, we grant, is entirely so; but, in all loyalty and affection for them, we ask what their practice has been? Of a mixed character, surely, at best, and, we are thankful to add, of an improving one; but that is all which can judiciously be said.

The Propagation Society has printed an interesting letter from the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, giving an account of one or two features in his late Metropolitical Visitation, and of a subsequent Ordination in his own diocese, at which three of the candidates had been educated entirely at Bishop's College.

"A Paper on Monuments," (Oxford, Parker) read by Mr. Armstrong of Exeter before the Diocesan Architectural Society, is on a subject which dulness itself could not make tiresome. Mr. Armstrong, however, is a very lively writer, and exposes, as all of us have done, with infinite gusto the present mural and Pagan abominations. We are glad that he has given examples of the ancient flat stones inscribed with crosses plain and floriated; but we lack a coped grave-stone. Among the headstone crosses Mr. Armstrong has supplied one, the absence of which we noted both in Mr. Paget's and the Camden Society's collection, the simple coped wooden cross. From his suggestion to copy a piscina for a monument we differ poles asunder: the piscina has a use, and ought always to be used; to reproduce it for an insertion bearing a mortuary inscription is as bad in taste as copying an altar in cast iron for a stove.

Our single sermons have this month, much to our discomfort, expanded into volumes, some not a little ponderous. "Discourses on the Festivals," by Mr. Marsden, of Tooting (Hamilton) are heavy, and in theology exceptionable, but it is comforting to find the subject taken up in this particular quarter.

We have also to notice "Sermons designed chiefly for Parochial and Family use," by the Rev. F. E. Tuson, M. A., (Hatchard; Rivingtons,) of which the profits are designed for the author's church.

We are glad to see another excellent "Charge," by the Archdeacon of Bristol.

We ought before to have noticed Mr. Watson's very useful monthly publication, "The Churchman's Sunday Evenings at Home," which has now reached a fourth or fifth number. It will be found a most useful family companion. The like may be said of "The Prayer Book a safe Guide;" a Series of plain Lectures by the same author. Both are published by Cleaver.

We have just received a copy of the promised "Appeal to the Members of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge on doctrinal Changes lately introduced into the Series of Tracts circulated under their authority," (Burns, Leslie, &c. and Parker, Oxford.) We are sufficiently aware of the painful importance of this subject (on which we must enlarge in our next) to every member of the Society, and we have seen enough of the present striking "Appeal" to warrant us in recommending it to general and most serious attention. May we suggest, *for yet more general distribution*, a reprint of the proofs of GARBLING, adduced against the managing body of the Society? Its state only requires to be known to be remedied; and that both speedily and effectually.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in this department.*]

TO THE REV. PROFESSOR MAURICE.

Dear Sir,—I have just been reading, in the *Christian Remembrancer* for the month of October last, your remarks on the Review of Mr. Carlyle's work on Hero-worship. There is nothing that I read with so much delight as the thoughts which flow from your pen: they excite in me always a feeling of respect and of sympathy for you, which I hope you will forgive me for taking the liberty thus to express, by way of preface, to one or two observations which I wish to submit upon the subject of this review.

You quote Mr. Carlyle's definition of a Hero as being *one who looks straight into the face of things, as not content with second-hand reports of them, and does not submit to receive semblances for realities;* and you maintain that this is a true definition of the Heroic characters, as exemplified in the instances adduced by him of Mahomet, Cromwell, and Rousseau; of Mahomet, because, you say, he felt the will of God to be a reality, and devoted himself to the fulfilment of it: of Cromwell, because he felt the spiritual life in man to be a reality, and devoted himself, in like manner, to the service which it dictated; and of Rousseau, because he felt that there was a deep ground of fact against the conventional maxims of his age, and that they must perish if set against it. You, probably, intended to add, with respect to Rousseau, that he powerfully, publicly, and fearlessly taught and asserted what he so felt; for, unless he had done this, he could have had no claim to the title of a Hero.

If, my dear sir, I rightly understand your meaning, I entirely agree with you; but permit me to ask, whether I do rightly understand it, and whether your expression of it may not admit of some improvement.

The point you wish to establish I conceive to be this; that there was some elementary principle, common to the three individuals in question, and to which the moral power and influence exercised by them in their generation, is mainly to be attributed. If this be so, the principle in question might, I think, receive some more adequate definition than that which either you or Mr. Carlyle have supplied.

What, then, is the Heroic principle, by means of which one man obtains ascendency and influence over his fellows, claiming and receiving their homage as God's vicegerent? Is it, according to Mr. Carlyle, merely a spirit of earnest and disinterested love for, and search after, truth, and of active, zealous, strenuous, and fearless working in support of it: or does it, according to your improvement, involve the acknowledgment of some superhuman and supernatural power, to which man yields instinctive obedience, making himself its willing and devoted instrument; or must we not, in order to perfect our idea, still further add to our definition the attribute of wisdom, implying the knowledge, as well as the love of truth, and a just apprehension of that Higher Power to which allegiance is rightfully due?

If, in order to be a Hero, it is not sufficient that a man be earnest, disinterested, self-devoted, and religious; if it is further required that he be wise, there will be no difficulty in ascertaining the causes of failure in all the Heroes who have ever appeared upon the theatre of the world, with the single exception of that One, Whose wisdom, and Whose only, was perfect, being a direct and unsullied emanation from the pure Fountain of all Truth.

A man may seem to be a Hero, and for a time be acknowledged and enthroned as such, by the acclamations of the world, who founds his pretensions merely upon a shrewd and just apprehension of some popular notions, opinions, or propensities, which chance to be prevalent in the world in his day, and upon his devotion to them; that is to say, taking these for his god, and, more especially, if he has the art to mix with them something of superstition, some pretension to an authority derived from some unseen, dark, mysterious, superhuman power. If he begins by deceiving himself in this, he will more easily mislead

others; and if he begins by deceiving others, he will soon come to believe his own lie, by witnessing its temporary efficacy; but his ultimate failure will be an inevitable consequence of the defect in his fundamental supposition.

It follows, therefore, that a man who is earnest, disinterested, self-devoted, active, zealous, strenuous, and fearless in maintaining a principle, though he may seem to be a Hero in the eyes of the world, ought not to be so accounted unless his principle be founded upon that Wisdom which is from above, according to such manifestation of it as is vouchsafed to the age in which he lives.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours, &c. G. T.

MANUSCRIPT FRAGMENTS OF S. T. COLERIDGE.

To the Editor of "The Christian Remembrancer."

My dear Sir,—In transmitting to you the accompanying fragments of Coleridge, I am sure that you will sympathize with my wish not willingly to let die any of his "Sybilline leaves," however trifling; and as your Review still retains somewhat of its Magazine profession, I am induced to think that you will allow space to some of the fugitive thoughts of one of our great thinkers.

The following scraps scarcely require authentication; for the most part, they at once authenticate themselves; but it may be as well to mention Coleridge's practice—one well known to all his intimates—of scribbling most unmercifully on the fly-leaves and margin of every book which passed through his hands: even the otherwise-sacred pages of the books of the Highgate Society had no immunity; and our periodical sales were sometimes enriched by extra biddings for works more than usually bepencilled. From one of these, the dissenter Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, in the possession of a friend, I copied what I now send; and, though I did not reside at Highgate till after Coleridge's death, I am acquainted with his handwriting, having seen many of his MSS. in the possession of his and my friend, the late Mr. Gillman. Had they come into my possession earlier, they would have been forwarded to Mr. H. Nelson Coleridge, whose Remains of his uncle are derived in part from similar sources; and I am not without hope that, if the example be set, you may recover other fragments.

The readers of the Christian Remembrancer do not require to be reminded that neither you nor I wish to be considered implicit followers of Coleridge; nor to attach undue value to his unequal, and often inconsistent, speculations. What Coleridge might have been, had he lived until the present restoration of the Church had assumed greater prominency, and which he watched with so keen an interest, many, perhaps you among the number, may have amused themselves with conjecturing. You will agree with me in considering these notes as eminently characteristic of his very opposite tendencies and opinions; and should the author of Ancient Christianity be disposed to plume himself on the admissions of the first two passages, his triumph will be dashed by the remarkable observations on the relative offices of the Church and Scripture, in a subsequent note. They are Coleridge all over, both in thought and expression.

Should any critics discover other such mistakes as placing Ulphilas in the second century, they will do well to bear in mind that few writers expect themselves to be very accurate in such fugitive thoughts as fall from them in this desultory way: and I do not know that it would be quite fair to any author's reputation to make him incur grave responsibility for the like: indeed it would become a question, had not Coleridge been already, and perhaps to an injudicious extent, subjected to the publication of all his *Adversaria*, whether it was right to publish them. However, should there be any literary responsibility, it must be fastened upon, my dear sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

Hoxton, *Nov.* 7, 1843. William Scott

Notes upon Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe.

Vol. i. p. 38.—"One of the great errors of the Protestant polemic divines, but especially those of the Church of England, is that of assigning too late a date to the corruptions of the Latin Church. Laud's party regarded the first five centuries as almost of apostolical authority. Alas! before the year A.D. 200, I could show the germs of every abuse and every false doctrine."

P. 42.—"Few things more disgusting than the impudent blank contradictions given by Butler, and sundry Irish papists, to the testimony of Blanco White, on a point so notorious to every man who has for any time resided in Spain, Portugal, Italy, or Sicily. I was, when abroad, in confidential intercourse with the best and most intelligent of the Roman clerisy, secular and religious, and I never met a man who pretended to deny the fact that the obligation of chastity hung very lightly on them; and that if a priest was attentive to his duties in other respects, occasional deviations of this kind found easy absolution."

P. 102.—"But these are the effects of Christianity, *in spite of* the papacy, or at all events the papacy notwithstanding. The Church of Christ existed, or Antichrist could not have been throned therein. Mr. Vaughan should have distinguished the good effects of the papacy, *quoad* papacy, *ex. grat.* the facilitation of the settlement of the feudal tribes into the federal unity of a Christendom with international laws. Item, the universality of the Latin as the common language of intellectual commerce, though dearly purchased by the superstition and ignorance of the laity, excluded from the Scriptures, and praying in an unknown tongue. N.B. England derived less benefit and more evil from Rome than any other state."

P. 156.—"This frightful massacre itself, (the crusade against the Albigenses,) under the circumstances of that dark and ferocious age, is less shocking to the moral sense than the reiterated attempts of recent Catholic writers to defend or palliate the atrocity, by keeping up anew the infamous calumnies on the innocent victims. The great objects of our Church at present ought to be, first, the removal of the wall of separation between them and the orthodox dissenters, by explaining the difference between the national clerisy, which ought to include all the three liberal professions as an *ordo civilis ad erudiendos mores institutus,* and the Church, *i.e.* the Christian Church. 2. To promote throughout the continent, especially in France, Germany, and the north of Italy, the commencing reform *in,* not *from,* the Catholic Church, strictly confining their exhortations to two points—the emancipation of the bishops and their sees from all dependency on the Roman Pontiff,—and of the Clergy collectively from the obligation of celibacy. These points attained, all other errors will die away gradually, or become harmless, or at worst, *ineptiæ tolerabiles.*"

P. 187.—"There are myriads of Catholics at the present time most anxious for a reform *in* the Catholic Church, who would resolutely oppose a reform *from* it. They perhaps attach too much importance to the unity of the Church,—we too little."

P. 288.—"1. That Peter never was bishop of Rome; and that his ever having been at Rome, or in any part of Italy, is a mere tradition,

unsupported by any tenable historical evidence easily explained [*sic* in MS]. 2. That if he had been, and had been, in direct contradiction to Paul's Epistle to the Romans, a Roman bishop, it proves nothing in support of the papal pretensions. 3. That the sole pretext, the only plausible ground for the pontificate, is the supposition that it is a necessary condition of the unity of the Catholic Church. But 4. Mede has demonstrated (see my Essay on the Constitution in Church and State) that *à priori*, it is an inept and inadequate means to that end; and that, in fact, it has ever worked in the contrary direction."

P. 295.—"Still, the elevation of the national character in the inheritable and inherited consciousness of the natives, which still lives and works in the heart of every Englishman, must be taken as an important set-off against the evils of our continental wars (in the fourteenth century)."

P. 311.—On the words 'moral loveliness of the state in which it [human nature] *first* stood.'—Where is the proof of this? How long did Adam stand? and even during this brief probation he was but a *living* soul, not a life-making spirit. Of this "moral loveliness," the aim and goal of our Christian race, Christ is the only *righteousness*, and in Him alone God loveth the world."

Vol. ii. p. 37.—"The Gothic version by Ulphilas, in the close of the second century, renders the existence of a Celtic translation of parts at least of the Bible (the Psalms, for instance, and St. John's Gospel) not improbable."

P. 39.—"Query. What is the date of the earliest Welsh translation of the Scriptures, or of any integral portion, as the Psalter? An ecclesiastical history of North and South Wales—are there materials for such a work? It could not but be of great interest; and the Welsh genius hath been hitherto eminently antiquarian. I cannot bring myself to believe that the British, Scottish, and Pictish monastic clergy of the fifth to the eighth century were an exception to the zeal for translation. But we must remember, that during this period, when the purer Church of Britain succumbed to the papal domination, the numerous clergy in their vagrant cœnobitic establishments, were men of learning sufficient at least to use the Latin version, which doubtless they rendered and expounded in their itinerary to the people *vivâ voce:* while, except these ministers, few indeed could read. . . .

". . . Nevertheless I think it probable that metrical versions and paraphrases did exist, probably may still be discovered, in the Welsh language. How glad I should be to converse with Sharon Turner on this subject!"

P. 44.—"Strange power of prejudice on the strongest minds! Even Vico, that profound thinker, lays it down as a rule, that in Jerusalem (?) religion cannot hold its ground, unless by the jealous confinement of its sacred writings to a learned order. Yet Vico, though a Catholic, almost idolized the writings of Bucer and Grotius. But I fear that Vico inwardly regarded the Christian only as one of the various positive religions, the examples of which he quotes.

P. 48. "Note.—To *ascertain*, not for the first time to *learn* the truth. In order to this, Christ had founded a *Church*, and by the first spiritually-gifted ministers of this Church, *some* of them instructed

by Christ himself while in the flesh, and all by the Spirit, with whom, and in whom, Christ returned to the faithful, as an indwelling Light and Life;—by the first ministers of the Church, I say, who were the fathers and founders of particular churches, the universal (Catholic) essential truths and doctrines of Christ were committed to writing, without withholding of any truth applicable to all times and countries, and binding on all Christians. Now these writings, collectively, form the New Testament, and whatever cannot be *recognised* there cannot be an essential article of faith. But the Scriptures, the great *charter* of the Church, does not supersede the Church; and till we have learnt the *whole scheme* of Christianity from the Church, by her creeds, catechisms, homilies, and according to the constitution of the apostles, the Bible could not but produce erring fancies, perplexities, jarring subjects;—and on the other hand, withdraw the Scriptures, and where is the check on the proceedings and pretensions of the certainly uninspired, and too probably ambitious Churchman? No! learn from the Church, and then in humility, yet freedom of spirit, test it by the Scripture. Note.—The Church doctrines are the bank-notes, the Scripture the bullion, which the notes represent, and which the Bank (*i.e.* the Church) must be always ready to bring forwards when fairly demanded.

"Note to this note, by S. T. C.:—

> "Nullum simile omnino quadrat—
> Quicquid *simile* est, non est *idem*.
>
> "No simile goes on all fours, or
> Every *simile* necessarily limps.

"With this understanding, and so qualified, must the reader take my comparison of the Church doctrine relatively to Scripture as bank-notes relatively to bullion. Now in this respect the simile halts,—that the bullion *may be* subdivided into doubloons, sovereigns, half-sovereigns, or to penny-pieces; and yet, notwithstanding this divisibility, we are assured, by the great master of the science of trade, our most experienced Ploutonomists, (Rothschild, Ricardo, Lloyd, &c. &c. &c.,) that the trade and commerce of this kingdom could not be carried on without ruinous stops and retardations, for a single week, by a metallic currency, however large! But be this as it may, the bullion of Scripture is not a bullion of this kind. It may be formally, I own, divided into bars=books; ingots=chapters; and coins, *i.e.* verses; but, alas! you might almost as well subdivide an organized body, and expect that the extracted eye would see, the insulated heart remain a heart, as attempt to interpret a text without its context, or that context without reference to the whole scheme. It is in the ὁμοπνευστια, in the one and same divine spirit pervading and modifying all the differences, all the sundry workings of the *human* mind under different lights and different dispensations that the *divinity* of the Bible is manifested. The imperfect humanity must be there, in order, by its diversity and varying nature, to contrast with the *One* breathing in all, and giving to all one and the same direction."

P. 52.—"I have ever regretted that the efforts of our Luther and his followers had not been limited to the reclaiming of the cup for the laity; and that the controversy on the dogma of transubstantiation had not been deferred to a later and calmer period. For hence, as the main source, flowed the bitter waters of strife among the Protestants themselves. Instead of *advancing* . . . . Berengarius, Luther *retrograded.* The best that can be said of him is, that he substituted a comparatively harmless for a positively mischievous *nonsense*, while the sacramentary hemlock extinguished the very life of the awful mystery."

P. 55.—"Now Berengarius, (see his uncompleted Treatise, edited by Lessing from a MS. in the Wolfenbuttel Library,) Bucer, and the Church Catechism distinctly assert the *real* presence, with and in the spirit of the Gospel (John vi.), and contradistinguish *real* from *phenomenal*, substantive from accidental. The Romish doctors sensualize the doctrine into an idol; while the sacramentaries volatilize it into a metaphor; and, alas! too large a number of our clergy are sacramentaries! Often I have had occasion to mourn the dissonance between the sermon and the service."

P. 192—"1. The separation of the poor's-rates from the tythes, *i. e.* the reserved nationalty as distinguished from property, or the estates of individuals and families. 2. The confounding the maintenance of the proper *poor* with the maintenance of healthy workmen thrown out of employ by the fluctuations of trade—a compromise entered into in order to make the rate of wages measured by the demand. 3. The extension of this from trade, of which *things* are the proper objects, to agriculture, of which *persons* should be the final end. And, 4. The consequent withdrawing of the poor-laws from the national Church and all Church discipline. These four I regard as the main causes of our national distress and corruption."

P. 206.—"These four 'accursed methods' [viz. 1. That the Church is of more authority than the Gospel. 2. That Augustine saith he would not believe the Gospel unless the Church had taught him so. 3. That no man now alive knoweth which is the Gospel, except it be by an approval of the Church. 4. And hence, if men say that they believe this to be the Gospel of Matthew or John, they do so for no cause but that the Church confirmeth it, or teacheth it,] are weakened but not fully answered by Wycliffe, or even by the Protestant divines down to this day. That the papal hierarchy, nor the clergy generally, as a distinct class from the laity, constitute the Church is indeed shown, and ably shown; but not so the question, what, then, *is* the Church?"

P. 227—"In the eye of a philosopher, the papal hierarchy is the pope. Think, then, of Ireland, and ask whether it is not as fearfully and mischievously active at the present day as it ever was in the age of Wycliffe."

P. 239.—On Wycliffe's words, "Yet we read not that He, or any apostle, paid tithes to the wicked high-priests, &c."

"With sorrow, I say, a very weak reply. Have we any reason to assert the contrary? But the fact is, that Wycliffe overlooked (and how few since his time have seen!) the distinction between the legal,

constitutional, and civil claims of a parson as a member of the national clerisy, and his claims as a minister of the Gospel. Wycliffe erroneously regarded the clergyman in this latter relation exclusively. But had he considered the tythes as a revenue set aside and appropriated to a learned order, say authority, of the nation itself, and independent of, because prior to, the introduction of Christianity, and therefore resting on the same ground as the property of the laity, he would have made no such conclusion, and therefore it is most unfair in his adversaries, to infer from his opinion respecting clerical revenues, a similar opinion as to the rights of the gentry. Wycliffe said no more of the clergy's rights than we say now of the rights of placemen, that the rights depend on the competence of the person to the duties."

REVIVAL OF CONVENTUAL INSTITUTIONS.—No. II.

(Testimonies continued.)

"How many daughters of the clergy, of military and naval officers, of that numerous class who derive their support from life-incomes, and of those whom the vicissitudes which are always occurring, in commercial countries, have reduced from affluence to distress, are yearly left with a scanty provision, or with none! . . .

"As a remedy for this evil, though it was far less in his days than in ours Richardson suggested the establishment of PROTESTANT NUNNERIES in every country 'in which single women of small, or no fortunes, might live with all manner of freedom, under such regulations as it would be a disgrace for a modest or good woman not to comply with, were she absolutely on her own hands; and to be allowed to quit it whenever they pleased.' The governesses he would have had to be women of family, of unblameable characters from infancy, and noted equally for their prudence, good nature, and gentleness of manners. The attendants for the slighter services should be the hopeful female children of the honest industrious poor. 'Do you not imagine,' he continues, 'that such a society as this, all women of unblemished reputation, employing themselves as each (consulting her own genius) at her admission shall undertake to employ herself, and supported genteelly, some at more, some at less expense, to the foundation, according to their circumstances, might become a national good; and particularly a seminary for good wives, and the institution a stand for virtue in an age given up to luxury, extravagance, and amusements, little less than riotous?' In reply to the question how it could be supported, he says, 'Many of the persons of which each community would consist, would be, I imagine, no expense to it at all; as numbers of young women joining their small fortunes, might be able, in such a society, to maintain themselves genteelly on their own incomes; though each singly in the world would be distressed. Besides, liberty might be given for wives in the absence of their husbands in this maritime country; and for widows, who, on the death of theirs, might wish to retire from the noise and hurry of the world, for three, six, or twelve months, more or less, to reside in this well-regulated society; and such persons, we may suppose, would be glad, according to their respective abilities, to be benefactresses to it. No doubt but it would have, besides, the countenance of the well-disposed of both sexes, since every family in Britain, in their connexion and relations, near or distant, might be benefited by so reputable and useful an institution; to say nothing of the works of the ladies in it, the profits of which perhaps will be thought proper to be carried towards the support of a foundation that so genteelly supports them. Yet I

would leave a number of hours in each day for the encouragement of industry, that should be called their own; and what was produced in them to be solely appropriated to their own use. A truly worthy Divine, at the appointment of the Bishop of the Diocese, to direct and animate the devotion of such a society, and to guard it from that superstition and enthusiasm which soars to wild heights in almost all nunneries, would confirm it a blessing to the kingdom.'"—*S. Richardson.*—Quoted in *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxii. p. 92.

"God may be served and glorified in every state of life. But as there are some states of life more desirable than others, that more purify our natures, that more improve our virtues, and dedicate us unto God in a higher manner; so those, who are at liberty to choose for themselves, seem to be called by God to be more eminently devoted to His service.

"Ever since the beginning of Christianity there have been two orders or ranks of people among good Christians. The one, that feared and served God in the common offices of a secular, worldly life; the other, renouncing the common business and common enjoyments of life, as riches, marriage, honours, and pleasures, devoted themselves to voluntary poverty, virginity, devotion, and retirement, that by this means they might live wholly unto God in the daily exercise of a divine and heavenly life.

"This testimony I have from the famous ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius, who lived at the time of the first general council, when the faith of our Nicene Creed was established,—when the Church was in its greatest glory and purity,—when its bishops were so many holy fathers and eminent saints.

"Therefore," says he, "there have been instituted in the Church of Christ two ways or manners of living. The one raised above the ordinary state of nature and common ways of living, rejects wedlock, possessions, and worldly goods, and being wholly separate and removed from the ordinary conversation of common life, is appropriated and devoted solely to the worship and service of God, through an exceeding degree of heavenly love.

"They who are of this order of people seem dead to the life of this world, and having their bodies only upon earth, are in their minds and contemplations dwelling in heaven; from whence, like so many heavenly inhabitants, they look down upon human life, making intercessions and oblations to Almighty God for the whole race of mankind. And this, not with the blood of beasts, or the fat or smoke and burning of bodies, but with the highest exercises of true piety, with cleansed and purified hearts, and with a whole form of life strictly devoted to virtue. These are their sacrifices which they are continually offering unto God, imploring his mercy and favour for themselves and their fellow-creatures. Christianity receives this as the perfect manner of life.

"The other is of a lower form, and, suiting itself more to the condition of human nature, admits of chaste wedlock, and care of children and family,—of trade and business, and goes through all the employments of life under a sense of piety and fear of God. Now they who have chosen this manner of life, have their set times for retirement and spiritual exercises; and particular days are set apart for their hearing and learning the word of God. And this order of people are considered as in the second state of piety."—*Eusebius, Demonst. Evang.* lib. i. c. 8.

"If, therefore, persons of either sex . . . desirous of perfection, should unite themselves into little societies professing voluntary poverty, virginity, retirement, and devotion, living upon bare necessaries that some might be relieved by their charities, and all be blessed with their prayers and benefited by their example; or if, for want of this, they should practise the same manner of life in as high a degree as they could, by themselves, such persons would be so far from being chargeable with any superstition, or blind devotion, that they might be justly said to restore that piety which was the boast and glory of the Church when its greatest saints were alive.

"Now, as this learned historian observes, that it was an exceeding great degree of heavenly love that carried these persons so much above the common ways of life to such an eminent state of holiness;—so it is not to be wondered at that

the religion of JESUS CHRIST should fill the hearts of many Christians with this high degree of love.

"For a religion that opens such a scene of glory,—that discovers things so infinitely above all the world,—that so triumphs over death,—that assures us of such mansions of bliss where we shall so soon be as the angels of God in heaven;—what wonder is it if such a religion, such truths and expectations, should in some holy souls destroy all earthly desires, and make the ardent love of heavenly things be the one continual passion of their hearts?

"If the religion of Christians is founded upon the infinite humiliations,—the cruel mockings and scourgings,—the prodigious sufferings,—the poor persecuted life and painful death of a crucified SON OF GOD;—what wonder is it if many humble adorers of this profound mystery,—many affectionate lovers of a crucified Lord,—should renounce their share of worldly pleasures and give themselves up to a continual course of mortification and self-denial; that thus suffering with Christ here, they may reign with him hereafter?

"If truth itself hath assured us that *there is but one thing needful*, what wonder is it, that there should be some amongst Christians so full of faith as to believe this in the highest sense of the words, and to desire such a separation from the world, that their care and attention to the one thing needful may not be interrupted. If our blessed Lord hath said, *If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me;*—what wonder is it that there should be some such zealous followers of Christ, so intent upon heavenly treasure,—so desirous of perfection, that they should renounce the enjoyment of their estates, choose a voluntary poverty, and relieve all the poor they are able? If the great Apostle, St. Paul, hath said, '*He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord;*' and that '*there is this difference also between a wife and a virgin;—the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and spirit;*'—what wonder is it, if the purity and perfection of the virgin state hath been the praise and the glory of the Church in its first and purest ages;—that there have always been some so desirous of pleasing God,—so zealous after every degree of purity and perfection, so glad of every means of improving their virtue, that they have renounced the comforts and enjoyments of wedlock, to trim their lamps, to purify their souls, and wait upon God in a state of perpetual virginity?

"And if now in these our days we want examples of these several degrees of perfection; if neither clergy nor laity are enough of this spirit;—if we are so far departed from it, that a man seems, like St. Paul at Athens, a setter-forth of strange doctrines, where he recommends self-denial, renunciasion of the world, regular devotion, retirement, virginity, and voluntary poverty, it is because we are fallen into an age where the love not only of many but of most is waxed cold.

"I have made this little appeal to antiquity, and quoted these few passages of Scripture, to . . . show, that the highest rules of holy living, devotion, self-denial, and renunciation of the world, charity, virginity, and voluntary poverty are founded in the sublimest counsels of Christ and his Apostles, suitable to the high expectations of another life, proper instances of a heavenly love, and all followed by the greatest saints of the best and purest ages of the Church. 'HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR, LET HIM HEAR.'"—*Law's Serious Call*, chap. ix.

"I am entirely of your mind in regard to Protestant nunneries or convents, which are much wanted in this country, and which, under proper regulations, might, as you justly observe, be productive of the best effects. Our Reformers seem to have wholly forgot the old maxim: 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.' If any practice was in use among the papists, this was enough to make them reject it; and it was almost enough to recommend any practice to them, that it was contrary to the usage of their adversaries."—*Letter of Dr. Beattie to Sir W. Forbes.* (Forbes's Life of Beattie.)

"The system of monasteries, though pernicious when abused, and defective in its intellectual regulations, yet contained much that was fairly interesting

both to the imagination and to the heart of the Anglo-Saxons, and that actually contributed to increase the happiness of life in their day. Even now, in the opinion of many thinking men, if they were confined to the middle and declining periods of life; if they were frequented by those only, who, after having discharged all their social duties, desired to withdraw from the occupations, troubles, and fascinations of the world, to a halcyon calm of mind, uninterrupted study, tranquil meditation, or devotional sensibility; if they were not shackled by indissoluble vows of continence, imprisoning the repining; if they were made seminaries of education, and allowed to be temporary asylums of unprovided youth; and if their rules and habits were framed on such moral plans and religious formulæ as should be found worthy of an intellectual age, which seeks to combine the fancy and the feeling in a sweet harmony with its knowledge and its reason: thus formed and directed, such institutions might again contribute to the happiness of the aged, the destitute, the sorrowful, the lonely, the abstracted, the studious, the pensive, the unambitious, the embarrassed, and the devout, as well as to the instruction of the young, the relief of the poor, and the revival of religious sensibility in the community at large."—*Sharon Turner.—Anglo-Saxons*, vol. iii. page 491.

"Sir Thomas More.—Hermits, as well as monks, Montesinos, have been useful in their day. Your state of society is not the better because it provides no places of religious retirement for those who desire and need it.

"Montesinos.—Certainly not. I consider the dissolution of the religious houses as the greatest evil that accompanied the Reformation.

"Sir Thomas More.—Take from such communities their irrevocable vows, their onerous laws, their ascetic practices; cast away their mythology, and with it the frauds and follies connected therewith, and how beneficial would they be found! What opportunities would they afford to literature, what aid to devotion, what refuge to affliction, what consolation to humanity!

"Montesinos.—And what relief to society, which, as it becomes more crowded in all its walks, and as education and intelligence are more and more diffused, must in every succeeding generation feel more pressingly the want of such institutions! Considering the condition of single women in the middle classes, it is not speaking too strongly to assert, that *the establishment of protestant nunneries, upon a wise plan and liberal scale, would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon these kingdoms.*"—*Southey's Colloquies*, pp. 35, 37.

"Owing in part no doubt to the total want of a religious character, they (communities for women) have never become respectable in public opinion. Human beings cannot live happily in constrained community of habits without the aid of religious feeling, and without implicit obedience to a superior," &c.*—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 309, 311.

"The business of female education would naturally be transferred to those institutions gradually, and to the evident advantage of all parties: the parents would here be secured against the danger of trusting their daughters to the care of careless or unworthy persons; girls would have the advantage of elder society; and the class of women who are now employed in tuition would find there the asylum which they need, the respectability of station which they deserve, and as much or as little as they might choose to undertake of the employment for which their talents and acquirements qualify them."—*Ibid.* page 316.

"The fewer regulations the better; none beyond what are indispensable for the well-being of the community; even a common table is not to be recom-

* It seems to have been owing in part to this very defect, that a comparatively recent attempt to establish a sort of conventual institution for women of the upper and middle classes, first at Bath, and afterwards at Clifton, by the late Lady Isabella King, under the patronage of the good Queen Charlotte (see Quarterly Review, vol. xxii. Art. "British Monachism,") owed its failure.

mended; the members may better be left to choose their own society, and to make all minor arrangements among themselves.* But uniformity of dress would be proper for preventing expense and vanity, and for a visible sign which might attract notice; and if the habit were at once grave, convenient, and graceful, would ensure respect. In like manner, for the sake of effect, the domicile ought to have an appearance in character with its purpose."—*Ibid.* p. 313.

"The scheme is intended for sober piety, for the meek, the retiring, and the gentle, whom nature has enabled to suffer rather than to act; and who would thus be saved from suffering, not indeed the numerous evils which flesh is heir to, but all those (and they are hardly less numerous) which reverses of fortune bring with them."—*Ibid.* p. 317.

"A local habitation is all that should be desired when a secular nunnery, or rather college for women, is to be established, with just ground enough for use, for recreation, &c. . . . Money alone is wanted—money from the noble and the wealthy. Were the edifice ready, it might be expected that as such persons in former times founded charities for the sake of relieving the souls of their ancestors, they would now, in prospective kindness to those of their own blood, found bursaries for such a college, reserving to themselves and their heirs the right of presentation."—*Ibid.* p. 315.

"As we walked among the ruins [of Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight], and meditated upon the days that are gone, we could not but feel that the restoration of some religious houses, upon christian principles, might be attended with the happiest effects. Some might afford an asylum for unprotected females, that they might, in the language of St. Paul, 'attend upon the Lord without distraction.' Others might be opened for the reception of men who were tired of the world, or unfitted for it; and some of whom might cheerfully occupy their time in visiting the sick, educating the young, instructing the ignorant, and comforting the distressed. Surely the day is not far distant, when such religious communities, free from corruptions, and under the control of the bishop, shall be re-established amongst us. If this is popery, then were Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer papists."—*British Magazine*, No. 132,† *November*, 1842, p. 536.

"If monasteries, instead of being swept away, had been reformed; if it (sic) had been reserved for persons not tied by monastic vows, but who, satisfied to endure hardship, and content with poverty, were ready, from the pure love of God, to devote themselves to preaching, study, and prayer, our large towns would have been supplied, not as now, with some three or four overburdened clergymen, but with a numerous body of men, ready, under episcopal guidance, to do the work of apostles and evangelists, to multitudes now lying in darkness and in the shadow of death."—*Paget.*

"There are not many who have the blessing of being subject to a proximate superior; to any rule out of themselves, by which the detail of their life is ordered. More is thereby thrown upon the energy of the individual will. The need of some imposed discipline, which shall bear upon the actings of our inner nature, is wonderfully attested by the yearnings of thoughtful men at this time. On every side we hear them painfully striving to free themselves from the bondage of unmeaning and artificial habits, and to find some basis on which they may rest the full weight of their living powers . . . They crave after something through which they may submit themselves to the realities of the eternal world. And for this end was the visible Church

---

* This recommendation seems ill-judged. A common table would appear necessary to enforce the requisite restrictions as to the quantity and quality of diet, and to keep table-talk under proper restraint.—EDITOR.

† Should any objection be raised to the quotation of recent or anonymous authorities, it is suggested that such, though of inferior moment, are yet not without their weight as evidences of the popular sentiment on the subject referred to.

ordained. To meet the yearnings of our baffled hearts, it stands in the earth as a symbol of the everlasting; under the veil of its material sacraments are the powers of an endless life; its unity and its order are the expressions of heavenly things; its worship of an eternal homage. Blessed are they that dwell within its hallowed precincts, shielded from the lures and spells of the world, living in plainness, even in poverty; hid from the gaze of men, in solitude and silence walking with God."—*Archdeacon Manning's Sermons*, Serm. X., pp. 144, 145.

"As for the religious orders of virgins in the present Roman Church, though some, and those very great, abuses have crept in, yet I think it were to be wished that those who suppressed them in this nation, had confined themselves within the bounds of reformation, by chusing rather to rectify and regulate, than abolish them."—*The Ladies' Calling*, Part II. Sect. 1.

"The choicest records and treasures of learning were preserved in these houses. They were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose, and all the neighbours that desired it, might have their children taught grammar and church music there, without any expense to them. In the nunneries, also, young women were taught to work and to read; and not only the lower rank of people, but most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's daughters were taught in those places. All the monasteries were in effect great hospitals; and were most of them obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise houses of entertainment for almost all travellers. And the nobility and gentry provided not only for their old servants in these houses, by corodies,* but for their younger children and impoverished friends, by making them first monks and nuns, and in turn, priors and prioresses, abbots and abbesses."—*Burn's Ecclesiastical Law* art. *Monasteries.*

"Mary Wandesford, of the city of York, spinster, by will, 4 Nov. 1725, gave all her lands, &c. to the Archbishop of York, and others in trust, for the use and benefit of *ten poor gentlewomen, who were never married*, and should be of the religion practised in the Church of England; *who should retire from the noise and hurry of the world, into a religious house; a Protestant retirement* to be provided for them, where they should be obliged to continue for life [*i. e.* if they wished to enjoy the benefits of the establishment]. And she directed her trustees to purchase a convenient habitation for the said poor gentlewomen, where they might all live together under one roof, and *make a small congregation once, at least, every day, at prayers*, such as her trustees should think proper for their ease and circumstances; and she appointed £10 *per annum, to be paid to a reader*, who should be appointed by her trustees [This Charity is still in existence]."—*Report of Commissioners for Enquiry into Charities*, IV. p. 378, *in Edwards's Collection of Remarkable Charities.*

"*Convents without vows*, for disabled or impoverished Clergymen, or for godly women, who have determined never to marry, and wish to devote the remainder of life to prayer and meditation, and the active exercise of charity, in visiting the sick, and instructing the ignorant, *would be a blessing to the Christian Church.*"—*Address to the Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, by the Rev. S. F. Jarvis, D.D. LL.D.* 1843.

"As for the other point of Monasteries, I told him, I could not take upon me to defend all that had been done in demolishing them; I knew they had nourished men of piety and good learning, to whom the present age was not a little beholden; for, what do we know of anything past but by their labours? That divers well affected to the Reformation, and yet persons of integrity, are of opinion that their standing might have continued to the advancement of literature, the increase of piety, and relief of the poor. That the king, when he took them down, was the greatest loser by it himself. Whose opinions I would not contradict."—*Sir Roger Twysden, Historical Vindication*, p. 2.

---

* A corody is an allowance of the necessary supplies of life.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF LINCOLN, *March* 3.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, *on Sunday, Dec.* 24, *at Gloucester.*

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Clements, B.A. Oriel; T. C. Gibbs, B.A. Trin.; R. Gregory, B.A. Ch. Ch.; W. C. Randolph, B.A. Trin.; W. H. Twyning, B.A. Jesus; V. C. Day, B.A. New Inn H.; H. F. Edgell, B.A. Oriel; H. L. M. Walters, B.A. Ch. Ch. (*l. d.* Bp. of Salisbury, acting for Bp. of Bath and Wells); C. Cox, B.A. Exet.

Of Cambridge. — W. S. Lewis, B.A. Trin.; R. B. Brereton, B.A. St. John's; E. Godfrey, B.A. Clare H.

Of Dublin.—J. Hughes, Trin. (*l. d.* Bp. of Llandaff); A. Forbes, B.A. Trin.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—C. Cripps, B.A. Magd. H.; O. Goodrich, B.A. Oriel; J. G. E. Hasluck, Pem.; H. C. Key, B.A. Ch. Ch.; J. Pitt, B.A. Oriel; A. C. Rowley, B.A. Wad.; J. Acres, B.A. Linc.; H. Edwards, B.A. Linc. (*l. d.* Bp. of Exeter.)

Of Cambridge.—G. H. Hodson, M.A., J. G. Young, B.A., and B. Webb, B.A. Trin.

Of Lampeter.—D. Morgan (*l. d.* Bp. of Salisbury, acting for Bp. of Bath and Wells).

By the LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, *at Chichester, on Sunday, Dec.* 24.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—H. J. Rush, B.A. Worc.; J. H. Sheppard, B.A. Queen's.

Of Cambridge.—A. Spalding, B.A. Trin.; J. I. P. Wyatt, B.A. Magd.

Literate.—H. H. Hamilton.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—T. Bayly, B.A. Magd. H.; S. Minton, M.A. Exet.; A. Wigan, B.A. St. John's.

Of Cambridge.—G. D. Dawes, B.A. Trin.; O. E. Vidal, B.A. St. John's; J. H. Vidal, B.A. St. John's; W. F. W. Watson, B.A. Emm.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	*Preferment.*	*Diocese.*	*Patron.*	*Val.*	*Pop.*
Borton, W.	Thornton-le-Moors	Lincoln	Bishop of Ely	£319	99
Bryan, R. L.	Cheldon, R.	Exeter	The Hon. N. Fellowes.	114	90
Coghland, W. L.	St. Mary-de-Lode, Gloucester, V.	G. & B.	D. & C. of Gloucester..	284	...
Dinham, W. B.	St. Swithin's, Winchester, R.	Winchester	Lord Chancellor	64	284
Daniel, J.	East Ardsley	Ripon	Earl Cardigan	369	853
Davies, D.	Llanarmon, R.	St. Asaph	...	...	...
Dykes, J. B.	Bridekirk, V.	Carlisle	Mrs. Dykes	137	2112
Evans, T. D.D.	Sandhurst, V.	G. & B.	Bp. of Glouc. & Bristol	209	434
Gardner, S. W.	Trostrey, P.C.	Llandaff	Sir S. Fludyer	72	196
Gillbee, W.	Gwennap, V.	Exeter	D. & C. of Exeter	482	8539
Gould, R. J.	Clewer, R.	Oxford	Eton College	460	3975
Hannay, J.	Ashley, R.	Sarum	D. of Lancaster	220	96
Harries, E.	Egremont, P.C.	St. David's.	Sir M. Phillips	51	140
Hill, M.	Lye, P.C.	Worcester..	Thos. Hill, Esq.	152	4432
Hippesley, R. W..	Stow-on-the-Wold, R.	G. & B.	H. Hippesley, Esq.	525	1810
James, J.	Pinhoe, V.	Exeter	Bp. of Exeter	227	568
King, G.	Worstead, V.	Norwich	D. & C. of Norwich	251	834
Lane, E.	St. Mary's, R. Manchest.	Chester	Manchester Coll. Ch.	166	...
Mackenzie, H.	St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, P.C.	Norwich	D. & C. of Norwich	430	...
Master, G. F.	Stratton, R.	G. & B.	Miss J. Masters	500	546
May, G.	Liddington, R.	G. & B.	The Prebend thereof	325	407
Meller, T. W.	Woodbridge, R.	Norwich	T. W. Meller, Esq.	500	4954
Monteath, G. W. S.	Ranceby, V.	Lincoln	Sir J. C. Thorold	165	262
Mould, J.	St. Paul's, P.C. Walsall.	Lichfield	Govs. of Grammar Sch.	50	...
Mulleneaux, W.	St. Luke's, Liverpool, P.C.	Chester	Sir J. Walmsley	...	...
Rowlandson, T.	Whittle-le-Woods, P.C..	Chester	Vicar of Leyland	150	2295
Wheeler, G. D.	Great Wolford, V.	Worcester ..	Merton College	131	580
Wodehouse, A.	Carleton Forehoe, R.	Norwich	Lord Wodehouse	120	132

APPOINTMENTS.

Anderson, J. S. M. Preachership of Lincoln's Inn.
Bonstead, J. ..... Chaplaincy in Bengal.
Collins, C. M..... Master of Cludleigh Grammar School.
Danby, F. B..... Master of the Gram. Sch., Kendal.
Drury, C..... Hon. Stall in Hereford Cath.
Galbraith, J ..... Provost of Tuam Cathedral.
Lancaster, G..... Head Master of the Free Gram. Sch. of Slaidburn.
Moseley, H. ..... Inspector of Normal Schools.
Mould, J. ..... Head Mast. of Queen Mary's School, Walsall.
Thornton, W. J.. Hon. Stall in Hereford Cath.
Twist, J. W..... Clerk in Orders of Leeds Parish Church.
Venn, J..... Hon. Stall in Hereford Cath.
Webb, J. B. ..... Hon. Stall in Hereford Cath.

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Bedford, R. G., M.A., Vicar of St. George's church, Brandon-hill, Bristol.
Bellman, E., Rector of Helmingham.
Bomford, T., Vicar of Woodbridge, Suffolk.
Dixon, W., of East Ardsley.
Downing, S., Rector of Fenagh, county Carlow.
Freeland, H., Rector of Hasketon, near Woodbridge.
Graham, J., Rector of St. Saviour's and St. Mary's Bishophill, Yorkshire.
Hall, A., of Hensingham.
Holmes, W. A., D.D., Chancellor of Cashel and Rector of Templemore.
Lumb, J., of Methley.
Maber, G. M., Rector of Merthyr Tidvil.
Murray, J., P. C. of Whixhall
Pollard, R., of Parson Drove.
Powell, W., Rector of Shelley, Suffolk.
Townsend, T., of Doonass, Ireland.
Turner, J., Rector of Hagley and Frankley, Worcestershire.
Westropp, T., M.A., Rector of the united parishes of Kiltanlea and Killokennedy, in the Diocese of Killaloe.
Williams, B., P. C. of Pentraeth, Anglesea.
Wilton, W. J., M.A.
Winstanley, J. R., D.D., of Bampton.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

Dr. Jeune has been appointed Master of Pembroke: but the nomination is disputed.

CAMBRIDGE.

BACHELOR'S COMMENCEMENT, JANUARY 20, 1844.—EXAMINATION FOR HONOURS.

Moderators.—Matthew O'Brien, M.A. Caius College; Robert Leslie Ellis, M.A. Trinity College.

Examiners.—Harvey Goodwin, M.A. Caius College; George Fearns Reyner, M.A. St. John's College.

WRANGLERS.

Hemming,	Joh	Hiley,	Joh	Thompson,	Cath	Gurney,	Trin
Hopkins,	Caius	Wilkinson,	Christ's	Bell,	Jesus	Maxwell,	Corpus
Budd,	Pemb	Nicholson,	Emm	Hughes,	Trin	Curtis,	Joh
Stephen,	Joh	Waddingham,	Joh	Bowring,	Trin	Somerville,	Queen's
Dixon,	Joh	Woodhouse,	Caius	Wall,	Joh	Fenn,	Trin
Warren,	Trin	Green,	Corpus	Staley,	Queen's	Edwards,	Trin
Hedley,	Trin	Tryon,	Clare	Rastrick,	Trin	Wright,	Joh
Walker,	Trin	Jones,	Jesus	Buck,	Christ's	Gorham,	Joh
Woolley,	Pet	Gutch,	Sid	Goodman,	Christ's	Lawson,	Joh
Yates,	Pemb						

SENIOR OPTIMES.

Hardwick,	Cath	Cooper,	Trin	Smith,	Joh	Hamilton,	Caius
Harrison,	Corpus	Lynes,	Chr	Wratislaw,	Christ's	Day,	TrinH
Brooke,	Caius	Patey,	Cath	Harris,	Trin	Walker,	Joh
Rigg,	Pemb	Holmes,	Trin	Richardson,	Trin	Lathbury,	Jesus
Walton,	Pet	Richards,	Trin	Davie,	Joh	Lugg,	Clare
Underwood,	Joh	Davies,	Trin	Kewley,	Magd	Steuart,	Trin
Broadmead,	Trin	Clark,	Trin	Field, J. W.,	Joh	Keary,	Trin
Whittaker,	Joh	Frampton,	Clare	Nash,	Trin	Maine,	Pemb
Bodley,	Queen's	Frewer,	Joh	Byers,	Christ's	Sells,	Clare
Mason,	Joh	Cox,	Jesus	Leeding,	Joh	Weston,	Christ's
Kingdon,	Trin	Fisher,	Emm	Stewart,	Joh	Morgan,	Joh
		Hodgson,	Pet				

JUNIOR OPTIMES.

Robertson,	Caius	Field, T.	Joh	Gifford,	Emm	*Ægrotat.*	
Snowball,	Joh	Stcventon,	Corp	Morse,	Trin	Hotham	Trin
Byers,	Pet	Martincau,	Caius	Swann,	Trin		
Tatham,	Joh	Evans,	Sid	Fowler,	Joh	Barker,	Caius
Porter,	Corpus	Welldon,	Queen's	Smith,	Christ's	Barrett,	Joh
Linthwaite,	Jesus	Bennett,	Joh	Wilson,	Queen's	Blaker,	Joh
Mason,	Pemb	Tomlin,	Queen's	Rodger,	Trin H	Crawley,	Joh
Sharpe,	Trin	Geldart,	Clare	Taylor,	Magd	Levett,	Cath
Hoare,	Joh	Murton,	Joh	Dalyell,	Trin	Lower,	Pet
Mould,	Trin	Dikes,	Clare	Wallas,	Pemb	Platt,	Trin
Sutcliffe,	Magd	Baker,	Trin	Parr,	Joh	Snow,	Trin
Kirby,	Joh	Trevelyan,	Caius	Wren,	Joh	Tompkins,	Joh

QUESTIONISTS NOT CANDIDATES FOR HONOURS.

Mathematical Examiners.—D. T. Ansted, Esq. M.A. Fellow of Jesus College; Rev. W. C. Mathison, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College.

Classical Examiners.—Rev. W. Bates, Fellow of Christ's College; Rev. E. Warter, M.A. Fellow of Magdalene College.

Examiners in the Acts of the Apostles and Paley's Moral Philosophy.—Rev. J. Clark, M.A. Fellow of Christ's College; Rev. S. Lewthwaite, M.A. Fellow of Magdalene College.

Graham,	Trin	Chisholm,	Joh	Tonkin,	Corpus	Scott,	Trin
Faulkner,	Trin	Sutcliffe,	Cath	Andrews,	Joh	Bastard,	Magd
Tritton,	Joh	Fielding,Lord	Trin	Best,	Pet	Treweek,	Jesus
Killpack,	Corpus	Davies, A. G.	Queen's	Townshend,	Trin	Westropp,	Caius
Girdlestone,	Christ's	Galton,	Trin	De Crespigny,	Magd	Hooper,	Trin
Barrow,	Joh	Purches,	Corpus	Sharp, W.	Trin	Gisborne	Pet
Buxton, T.F.	Trin	Walton,	Christ's	Norman,	Corpus	Hilton	Caius
Denman,Hon.	L. Mag	Kay, I.	Trin	Gregory,	Pet	Fearinside,	Joh
Faulkner,	Sid	Sharples,	Qu	Spring Rice,		Sabine,	Jesus
Bateson,	Trin	Kingsford,	Joh	Hon. A.	Trin	Hill,	Corpus
Hayward,	Trin	Greenwood,	Pet	Blathwayt,	Corpus	Parkinson,	Corpus
Wallas,	Trin	Formby,	Cath	Marsham,	Magd	Simcockes,	Trin
Burchell,	Corpus	Pritt,	Trin	Kent,	Corpus	Loyd	Trin
King,	Trin	Stokes,	Trin	Russell,	Trin	O'Neil,	Queen's
Nelson, Lord	Trin	Turner,	Sid	Gray,	Joh	Hall,	Corpus
Whish,	Queen's	Charlesworth,	Trin	Willoughby	Trin	Barf,	Christ's
Brown,Lord J.	Magd	Booker,	Magd	Dove,	Caius	Hillman,	Clare
Gascoigne,	Cath	Heygate,	Trin	Lyon,	Trin	Brumell,	Joh
Chamney,	Pet	Lister,	Cath	Seymour, H.	Trin	Delacour,	Pet
White,	Pet	Watson,	Caius	Lloyd,	Christ's	Mellor,	Joh
Randolph,	Jesus	Fife,	Trin	Hinde,	Joh	King,	Christ's
Stedman,	Christ's	Blake,	Pet	Andrews,	Emm	Homfray,	Cath
Chawner,	Joh	Stutzer,	Trin	Housman,	Joh	Jervis,	Pet
Tarr,	Sid	Barker,	Clare	Banks,	Cath	Noott,	Queen's
Bray,	Queen's	Kay, E.	Trin	Walker,	Pemb	Hicks,	Down
Wilbraham,F.R.	Pet	Swindells,	Joh	Babington	Trin	Browne, L.L.	Trin
Hodson,	Trin	Oliver,	Trin	Knox, A. A.	Trin	Purchas,	Christ's
Pyper,	Cath	Beresford,	Pet	Smith, S. G.	Trin		
Leader,	Corpus	Thompson	Qu	Clark, J.	Corpus	Brooks,	Clare
Miles,	Magd	Bromhead,	Caius	Thompson,	Pemb	Davies, W.	Queen's
Powlett,	Trin	Reade,	Cath	Trotman,	Trin	Fitton, W.	Trin
Raven,	Magd	Jermy,	Trin	Hamilton,	Trin	Hill,	Caius
Kingdon,	Sid	Hendy,	Joh	Bere,	Emm.	Law, G.	Joh
Burton,	Joh	Lighton, A.	Joh	Holmes,	Corp	Lutt,	Sid
Magnay,	Clare	Green,	Trin	Woodd,	Corp		
Oldham,	Trin	Rogers,	Trin	Frost,	Pemb	*Ægrotat.*	
Barker,	Christ's	Walker	Cath	Cruttenden,	Joh	Hall,	Joh
Badger,	Qu	Priestley,	Trin	Milligan,	Cath		
Thomas,	Trin	Baumgartner,	Caius	Harris,	Qu		

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

INCORPORATED SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE ENLARGEMENT, BUILDING, AND REPAIRING OF CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

A MEETING of this Society was held at their chambers, in St. Martin's-place, on Monday, the 15th January. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. There were also present the Lord Bishop of London, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart, M.P., the Very Rev. the Dean of Chichester, the Revs. Dr. Spry, J. Jennings, and B. Harrison; Messrs. James Cocks, N. Con-

nop, J S. Salt, W. Davis, E. Badeley, A. Powell, W. Cotton, &c. The reports of the sub-committees having been read, the meeting proceeded to examine the cases referred to their consideration, and finally voted grants of money towards building churches or chapels at Seacroft, in the parish of Whitkirk, Yorkshire; at the Link, in the parish of Leigh, Worcester; at Blaydon, in the parishes of Ryton and Winlaton, Durham; at Thorpe Acre, Peterborough; at Great Wyrley, in the parish of Cannock, Staffordshire; and at the Groves, in the parish of Sutton, near Hull; also towards enlarging, by rebuilding, the church at Bednall, Staffordshire; and towards enlarging, or otherwise increasing the accommodation in existing churches at Usk, Monmouth; Hunmanby, Yorkshire; Spernall, Warwick; Lewes, St. Ann, Sussex; Buckley, in the parish of Hawarden, Flintshire; and Stoke, St. Gregory, Somerset. These parishes contain a population of 34,831 souls, and possess church accommodation in seventeen churches and chapels for 7,611 persons, including 2,149 free seats, to which provision of church room 3,826 sittings will be added by the erection of six new churches, and by the rebuilding, enlarging, or increasing by other means the accommodation in seven existing churches, and of this additional accommodation 2,942 sittings will be free. Certificates of the completion of the erection of three new churches and chapels, and the enlargement, or other increase of accommodation, in seven existing churches and chapels, were examined and approved, and orders were issued for the trustees to pay over to the treasurer the sum awarded in each case, in order that he may remit the amounts of the grants to the respective applicants. The population of these ten places is 85,115 persons, for whom church accommodation to the extent of 7,729 sittings only were provided, previous to the execution of the works now certified to be completed, of which 2,580 were free. To the church room then provided 3,796 seats have been added, 3,266 seats of which are free. Since the last meeting of the committee, the requisite forms have been forwarded to twenty-four applicants, to enable them to submit to the board the applications they propose to make for aid. In ten of these cases assistance will be solicited towards building additional churches. The Rev. Thomas Bowdler has been appointed to succeed the late W. J. Rodber, in the office of secretary to the Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oxford Cemetery. — At a meeting convened by the Archdeacon of Oxford at his rooms in Christ Church, on Tuesday, Jan. 16, for the purpose of considering the propriety of providing additional burial ground for the several parishes of Oxford, the Ven. the Archdeacon in the chair, the following resolutions were agreed upon :—

Moved by the Rector of Exeter College, seconded by J. Parsons, Esq.

1. That the crowded state of some of the church-yards in Oxford renders it desirable to provide additional burial ground or grounds, to be placed on the same footing as the present church-yards.

Moved by the Rev. Vaughan Thomas, seconded by Baker Morrell, Esq.

2. That a Committee be formed for the purpose of considering the best means of giving effect to the principle embodied in the foregoing resolution, and that they report on the same to an adjourned meeting, to be convened by the Archdeacon.

Moved by Dr. Ogle, seconded by the Principal of Brasennose College,

3. That in addition to the parochial clergy and churchwardens of the several parishes, this Committee consist of such heads of colleges and halls and canons of Christ Church as may be willing to lend their assistance, together with the Rev. Vaughan Thomas, Rev. R. Greswell, Rev. R. Walker, Baker Morrell, Esq. Henry Walsh, Esq. J. Parsons, Esq. Guy Thompson, Esq. F. J. Morrell, Esq. Joseph Parker, Esq. Dr. Wootten, Dr. Ogle, C. Wingfield, Esq. M. Johnson, Esq. J. M. Davenport, Esq. G. Hitchings, Esq. Lewis Parker, Esq. D. V. Durell, Esq. Mr. Combe, Mr. J. H. Parker, with power to add to their number.

Moved by the Rev. Dr. Jelf, seconded by F. J. Morrell, Esq.

4. That these resolutions be printed and circulated.

Moved by G. Thompson, Esq. seconded by H. Walsh, Esq.

5. That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Archdeacon, for his kindness in taking the chair.