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ART. I.—*Faustus. A Dramatic Mystery.* Translated from the German of Goëthe, and illustrated with Notes, by JOHN ANSTER, LL.D., of Trinity College, Dublin. London, 1835.

How many translations of Faust have appeared during the last fifteen years, it would not perhaps be any more useful than it would be easy to ascertain. As it is the first ambition of every young player to act Hamlet, so it seems every student of German, as soon as he has mastered his grammar and can spell out a sentence without too much help from a dictionary, thinks he must make use of his new acquirement in giving the public one more version of Faust in good or bad English verse. We have no intention of examining their respective merits,—we have only seen a few of them, and those we have only serve to convince us, that like a metrical version of the Psalms, what they are attempting is, strictly speaking, an impossibility. Not that the English language is unfit to represent shades of thought so deep and intricate, but that full-grown thought, like full-grown trees, does not admit of transplanting without a sacrifice of at least all such growth of leaves and flowers as may be blooming on it when it is moved. Faust may take root in any human mind as Plato's Dialogues may, and reappear under a metamorphosis with such form and foliage as suits its new climate; but of being rendered literally, verse for verse and line for line, it admits as little as the Iliad or the Agamemnon. A prose translation which would be content to sacrifice form to a close adherence to the letter of the original, would be a real benefit to us; but till such appear, whoever wishes to understand anything of Goëthe must be content to study him in the original. Of the translations, however, such as they are, Dr. Anster's is certainly very much

the best. Aiming so little as he does at ornament, he has preserved far the largest share of the meaning, and his careful and voluminous notes have gained him the respectful attention even of the fastidious critics of Germany. It is with the poem itself, however, rather than with its translators, that we have to do, and here we take leave of them, with all gratitude for what they have done and what they have tried to do; saying, at the same time, that they indicate at least this, a growing feeling in men's minds, that somehow or other, whatever it mean, Faust is the poem of this century—the mirror which all thinking men in all countries just at present will receive good from looking into, as likely to give them more insight than they will get elsewhere into what is going on inside their own breasts. Dr. Anster will kindly permit us to avail ourselves of his translation for such extracts as we shall have to make; yet, before we leave him, will he as kindly allow us to ask him one question, and take some opportunity in his future writings to give us something like an answer to it. Why did he translate the poem at all? What does he understand by it? He has examined all the commentaries, he has tried all the solutions, and in the end he is obliged to acknowledge that either he has missed the meaning altogether, or if his conjecture is right, so far from having any light of God's truth about it, it is all devilish falsehood.

'I remember,' he says, 'but one passage in which it can be anticipated how the difficulties of this drama can be solved, rendered so complicated as they are by the hero falling the victim of every artifice of the tempter. In that passage it seems to be obscurely intimated that the victim will finally escape from the toils; that while the desire for good continues, man cannot utterly fall; that sin is but the error of our wandering in permitted darkness; that evil, known as evil, will cease to be; that increase of light is in fact all that man wants to release him from error and perplexity, for if I understand my author rightly, it cannot properly be called sin. If this be Goëthe's creed, I have little hesitation in describing it as "vain wisdom all and false philosophy." The increasing light and knowledge may be easily imagined without any corresponding effect on character, and the most fearful enigma of our mysterious nature, is the possibility of sinning against light. If what Goëthe means is this, that while the principle of conscience still survives, there is hope for man; that every undirected aspiration is evidence not alone of his fitness for something better, but also of this, that what we call moral evil is only the evil of surrounding circumstances, and that the ultimate rescue for which man is to hope, is not a change of nature and of heart, but a removal of all that is inconvenient in his circumstances, and the provision of a heaven fitted for his unchanged nature; and if the poem is to be regarded as seriously teaching this doctrine, or any doctrine that involves the admission of these principles, I have nothing more to say, than that among the shapings of the unregenerate heart no wilder

theory has been before suggested; that in my view, the most dreary infidelity would be better than such a hopeless faith. A belief that regards as indifferent everything but vague sentiment, is worse than any scepticism.'

Now, if this was all that Dr. Anster made of Goëthe's philosophy, or if he made this at all of it, we can find no excuse for or explanation of his publishing either this poem, or the many others of Goëthe's which he has done at various intervals since. We cannot flatter him (as we cannot believe that he himself can persuade himself) that 'after all a poem will be judged as a poem; that the Faust of Goëthe will have as little effect on morality or theology, as the Faustus of Marlowe.' From what he says we should think he has never seen the second part, or if he has, he has assumed with many other worthy critics, that it has no connexion, except in the accident of the name, with anything that has occurred before. We cannot see how, studying Goëthe as he has done, he can have failed to learn that of all the philosophic teachers who have appeared on this earth since Shakspeare, he is by far the most remarkable; and that as such, what he has written must not only influence but will more or less have the entire forming of the coming world. Goëthe's writings, if we study them in connexion with the history of his life, are all pictures of conditions through which his mind passed, and which as he rose through them he crystallized into form, and so delivered himself of them; Werter, Prometheus, Epimenides, last of all this great life drama of Faust

> 'Hurrying with speed more swift than words can tell,
> Rapid as thought, from heaven, through earth, to hell,'

are but the history of his mind, (the type in this matter, and completest exhibition of all minds at this age,) struggling with the obscurest and deepest questions of human nature. Faust for sixty years incessantly present in his thoughts, as a whole, must be supposed to contain such answers to these questionings as the full powers of his truly most awful mind were able at last to give; and therefore we believe that as the world grows older, and more and more grows up to him, this poem will exercise more influence over the entire scheme of thought, in time to come, than any other book, poem, treatise or philosophy whatsoever; and we cannot agree with Dr. Anster, and we cannot excuse him for having given so much of his precious time and labour to the making accessible to persons, who might have been saved from it, what he considers to be deadly poison.

Perhaps this may be the best opportunity to notice a question

often asked, whether Faust is a moral poem, to warn people against such questions, and to say, once for all, that in no work of art whatsoever of a higher kind than the Edgeworth novels, is any didactic sentiment capable of being expressed in propositions ever to be looked for: for all art is imitation; dramatic art imitation of human life, thought, and action. If, as the Miss Edgeworth school of writers would have us believe, a poem must contain a moral sentiment; one simple and incomplex, and nothing more; then the lives and actions of human beings, would be equally reducible to such simple formulæ, which we cannot think is true: if it were, the world would be a far simpler business to manage than it is. It is *not* true, in any sense at all, even of the most common-place character, and therefore the very simplest stories that have got *such* moral to them, are exactly, in so far as they have this moral, untrue to nature. Faust, like Hamlet and Othello, must be read as human nature in a case of crystal, where we may learn to read the anatomy of our own hearts in that which is the epitome of all hearts, and know ourselves, and govern ourselves, and that is all; perhaps enough, if we go to work as we may do. In this lies the true difficulty of the poem: because the hero, as being not only an individual, but a representative of the Universal, has to assume such Protean forms. He is Prometheus over again: now a person thinking, working, suffering, rising, and falling: now the human race: now a part of it at a particular time. In the second part it is yet worse. Modern politics, romantic art, each are represented in the person of Faust, and at last he falls again into the individual soul to be saved. But to all this we shall return hereafter.

We have said we believe Goëthe to be the most remarkable person the world has seen for centuries. And this is the reason we believe so. It is said by certain not very wise philosophers, that men never know the value of faith till they have passed through a state of doubt. It would be nearer the truth to say that a man who had once doubted never could believe—the objects of faith are not like the objects of pure reason, self-convincing to all persons under all circumstances; if it were so, how could believing rightly be a part of our trial: nor would it be right to say they are so (that the creeds are so, for instance) to fair minds, to unprejudiced minds, who will weigh evidence, and so on. Evidence (meaning external evidence of certain facts) has very little to do with it. It is with the heart man believeth; to the prepared heart only the objects of the Christian faith are the proper correlative; and, as a general rule, almost without exception, it is only by the antecedent presence of faith in the heart that it can be so prepared. To this rule an exception

is Goëthe; and Goëthe's spiritual history is embodied (we may see it from first to last, see the cotyledons bursting from the acorn, see the young tree at each and every one of its succeeding stages, see it at its sixty years' growth towering up the monarch of the forest) in this drama of Faust. When we meet him first, the faith of his childhood is still ringing with heart-touching melody in his weary heart, like distant church-bells, but they call him to prayer no longer: doubting every thing, doubt has taken the place of faith so entirely, that, in the same way as the real believer is not conscious of his belief but through his belief lives in love and peace, here he is not conscious that he doubts, but only is by his doubts made miserable:—

> 'Scruples, perplexities of doubt,
> Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil;
> But I have lost all peace of mind.'

Through the entire first tragedy, making shipwreck of all hope and fear in this world and the world to come, he plunges deeper and deeper down into the abyss of sin. The second part is the regeneration, where we shall hereafter see him reascending, inch by inch, fighting, struggling, at last conquering, having won his way to final triumph, like gold purged in the fire, in the calmness and serenity of faith. A picture it is, where we may see these secret things in all their depth and bitterness, without learning them ourselves by our own bitter experience: shadows of such thoughts at dark hours may have passed like muttered thunder over many of us; 'Who is there,' says Hooker, 'that of awfullest truths at times doubteth not;' but here we see them in all their terrors; we see them for a time triumphing, we see them too destroyed; every power of good and evil battling in fiercest confusion, and through it all at last the victor, soaring up on angel's wings, till at last we lose him in the glory of the opening heavens. I say it is a picture at which we must be content to look; gaze on the tree of knowledge, but taste not its fruit; woe to the miserable wretch who thinks to follow Goëthe to the depths into which he plunged. Better had he gone down among the sea-monsters in Charybdis; it is with awe and fear we look on him; but as an example, God forbid we should think to follow him! he is so far away from us that we can scarcely sympathize with him, save where here and there his orbit crosses our fixed points.

And yet in this mysterious world of ours we do find that faith ebbs and flows, and the believing age alternates with the sceptical as light with darkness, day with night, summer with winter, waking with sleep; and our lot, alas, seems cast in a twilight of gathering darkness, where all old things seem passing away, and as yet no sign, or scarce a sign, of the new which is

to come: a time seems coming when thinking men, many of them, will in some way be obliged to experience what Goëthe experienced, and as they fall deeper down, they will learn more and more to value what he has done for them. Is it not so? Is not this an age when men are acting one way and professing to believe another? Is there not then, must there not be, a hollow somewhere which we may soon look to see fall in? On the whole, we take this to be true with nations as well as individuals, that the way men are acting is a statement in hieroglyphic of the way they will by-and-by believe. What are in general the principles of a dissipated young man when he grows to manhood? Nature will not be mocked: we cannot go on working upon contradictions. Consistency of some kind all men at all times are tending towards. Look at the state of the Christian world. Look what Lutheranism has developed into. Look at Young Germany, with its 'Friends of Light,' 'Friends of Darkness,' and 'Friends of Twilight.' Look at France, with its Napoleon Concordat Catholicism; there was some meaning in that old Republican bitter bit of irony in the nave of Notre Dame; 'It only wants the half million men that have lost their lives to get rid of all this, to make it perfect.' The fiats of a First Consul Napoleon will hardly determine the minds of human beings into believing either this or that. Above all, look at the Acts of our own Parliament, most members of which would say that they were Christians, and as Christianity is an exclusive religion, one would think exclusionists. Yet let a question bearing on the religious relations of the soul be brought forward, and immediately it appears to be impossible to act with any fixed principle on such a question at all;—Toleration Bills, Jews Disabilities' Bills, Repeals of Test Act, Irish Education Bills; the problem of modern English legislators is to find the greatest common measure of opinion on these matters, and establish that. Significant enough of where things at present are all tending.

Or, to look at a more awful question by far; on the whole men seem to agree in the reception of the articles of the Christian Faith; yet how far can they be brought to agree on the grounds on which they receive them? Thirty years ago men were Christians because Locke and Lardner and Paley had proved Christianity to be reasonable; then a Church feeling rose, and in the strength of our new position we looked on with the greatest pleasure at the demolition of all that ground as utterly weak and untenable. Now Church principles seem to lead to Rome; and there, at all hazards, we will not go; every thing is slipping from us; where men's faith is firm, we see it is so because it has become by habit and teaching a part of their minds, not for this or that reason that they assign. This will

not last long, more particularly with us English; *i. e.*, we are all, more or less, rapidly developing into the condition of which the German Faust is the type and representation.

In healthy times men believe what they are taught because it is taught them; asking no question of why or wherefore, and never challenging the authority that imposes it. Faith grows up and forms the nerve and sinew of a man's mind, as the food he eats does of his body. His actions will be simple and straightforward, because he has no misgivings about his being right; and his reason is confined to the comparatively easy process of developing the successive formulæ virtually contained in the premises to which he has submitted, as surely and certainly as the successive theorems of Euclid are developed out of the primary axioms of the mind. Hence the healthy, vigorous harmony in the writings of the Catholic Fathers. But in this unhealthy modern time, when all is re-examined, researched into, questioned, and, therefore, supposed possibly to be false, how is all jar, discord, and uncertainty! With hearts aching, with misgivings and perplexities, our poor seekers find all answers from without and from within alike hollow and unsatisfying; eager to do something, yet not knowing what to do; craving for knowledge, yet, from all their seeking, finding only nothing can be known; if they cannot force their minds into a surrender to the supreme law that faith, not knowledge, is the root of man's happiness and man's activity, in despair of life they are like enough with Faust to fly to poison as their best deliverer from a system for which they have deliberately unfitted themselves, and seek the peace they cannot find here, either in a higher brighter life—or in silence. How far in the working out so vast a scheme as the development of humanity there must not be whole eras of doubt and scepticism, as there are trial eras in the life of each several individual when the simpler faith of childhood is remodelled with the expanding of his mind; how far amidst the growing light (we use the word 'light' advisedly) of these modern times, some such transition state of perplexity on matters of deepest moment it were possible to have avoided,—is a question which can be answered only by those who have thought long and deeply on the great problem of the history of the world. Perhaps the same law holds in the history of truth, which we find for certain in the social and moral life of mankind; that corrupt practice brings suffering; that sin and its punishment grow out of one stem; that institutions and practices which were healthy, when worked by healthy men for healthy ends, become poisonous as soon as these ends are lost sight of, and they are supposed to have an inherent divinity of their own; that all human fabrics, as they begin in time, so in time must come to an end, that when the channels of truth become overgrown and polluted, she

herself may contract pollution in passing through them; and they must be re-fused and purified in the fire before they are fit for the transmission of so divine an element, unless the end of all things be indeed *come,* and the sun is to give his light no longer. The minds of men are like steel reflectors, which must be kept bright by polishing. When they are eaten up with rust, they must be hard ground and scoured in an element dirty enough before they can do their work again. We can suppose there may be entire generations when all real thought is sceptical, and all the thinkers for their earthly time at least shut out from all light and all pure faith, and even love, from every thing but hope. Nevertheless, if by their suffering there be purchased long ages of light and peace to the great world, if they are true men they will not repine, nay, will think it high honour that they are thought worthy to be made anathema in a cause so glorious.

Anyhow we have the hard fact between our teeth, digest it how we can, that this age *is* an age of questioning and trouble and perplexity. That the Reformation split asunder the framework that bound Christianity together; and as soon as men arrived at the point where what had been the nearest and dearest portions of it to simpler ages as well as the surest evidence of its truth, its positive exclusive form and its miraculous narrative, became themselves the greatest sources of difficulty—it began to dissolve and fall away, first the mysteries, then the dogmatism, now, last of all, the history itself. Where before every thing was received without doubt, now every thing is doubted.

We must beg particular attention to the following dialogue, which, at the risk of disturbing the natural structure of the play, we extract from the Second Act. It is introduced to show by a most terrible example how what was once thought to be purest medicine may be discovered to be a deadly poison; and Faust is haunted by a terror that growing knowledge may make the same awful discovery with respect to all other body and soul medicines whatsoever. It is the Easter morning, and Faust, and Wagner his pupil, are out among the peasantry before the gate of the city, who press round Faust with every token of reverence and admiration.

It seems there had been a dreadful pestilence in the city, and the peasants express their thankfulness for Faust's activity and help.

'*Wagner.*

With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd . . . . .

The caps flung up on high.
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the host.

Faust.

A few steps farther, and we reach yon stone;
Here sit we down, and rest us from our walk.
Here have I often sat in thoughtful mood
Alone, and here in agonies of prayer,
And fast, and vigil—rich in hope, in faith,
Unwavering sought, with tears, and sighs, and hands
Wringing in supplication, to extort
From Him in Heaven that he would stay that plague.
These praises come upon my ear like scorn.
Oh! could you read the secrets of this heart,
You then would see how little I deserved them.'

His father was an alchemist, who conceived he had discovered a sovereign remedy for all sickness.

'This was our medicine. They who took it died;
None asked, or thought of asking, who recovered.

I have myself to thousands given the poison;
They withered and are dead. And I must live—
I, who have been their death, must live to hear
This lavish praise on their rash murderers.

Wagner.

How can this be so painful? Can a man
Do more than practise what his own day knows?
All that thy father taught must have been heard
By thee, as by a young man learning then—
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
When thy time came to teach, thou didst enlarge
Our field of science; and thy son, who learns from thee,
. . . . . If this be so, why grieve?

Faust.

Oh! he indeed is happy, who still feels
And cherishes within his heart the hope
To lift himself above the sea of errors—
Of things we know not each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless.'

This is very stern and very dreadful, and gives reason for some very serious reflections. But we return to the beginning of the poem.

It is introduced with a double preface; the first, a dialogue at the theatre between the manager, poet, and other caterers for the public amusement: the earthly or natural side of what is to come. The second, the much canvassed and questioned prologue in Heaven. In the first, the manager and a dilettante critic are represented as instructing the poet how best to pur-

vey for the existing European public. They direct him on the whole right; though, as we are admitted to see, not knowing really what they say. Speaking merely as men of the world, they tell him he must come down from his dreams and visions; something solid, strong, practical is wanted to go down in times like these; common life—the common life that common people lead, he is to take a good picture of this; hold up a looking-glass to the world, and let it see itself. If the opportunity can be taken to throw in a dash of instruction, all the better.

In strange, awful contrast to this very common scene, we pass abruptly into the open court of Heaven, and listen to the choral hymn of the archangels before the throne of the Eternal. It is a not uncommon objection brought against Faust, that so little comes out of such vast machinery; something grander surely ought to be expected from a written compact with the power of darkness than a mere village tale of seduction. Whether it ought or not abstractedly, it certainly ought not from Goëthe, for to teach the extraordinariness of the ordinary everyday life, one might say is the whole object of all he ever wrote or said; the infinitely pregnant meaning that underlies the meanest action of the meanest man. Accordingly, he has not scrupled to avail himself of the entire gigantic machinery of the Mystery plays of the middle ages to array this so simple story in the darkness and terror of the most tremendous tragedy. You want a picture of common life. First, then, let us see what this common life is; let us begin with having a strong impression of what it is stamped upon us, so that we shall not forget it; and the everlasting doors of heaven are flung back, and something of this mystery shall be unfolded to us. The prologue is too long to extract entire, and we cannot venture to mutilate it. It is enough that the evil spirit appears before the throne of God, and asks and obtains permission to exhaust his malice so long as he shall live on the person of Faust, of whom thus much is told us, that he is an unsatisfied seeker after truth and goodness, perplexed and in darkness, because he serves in a perplexing scene, but with his '*will*' in the right place still; and we have this comforting hope (only a hope, but still a hope) held out to us, that the tempter, however he may seem to succeed, will in the end fail, and baffled and in shame be forced to admit that a good man, clouded though his senses be by error, is no willing slave to it. The language of Mephistopheles is shocking enough. He would not be the evil spirit if he could speak otherwise. But people say he is so shocking. He is the truer devil; he has nothing of the archangel fallen; not one ray of trailing glory about him; there is nothing in which people can sympathize, and so they are offended; as if it were necessary to make evil in a way attractive before

they can get up the proper kind of loving hate they like to feel for it. The preternatural machinery of Faust, we must never forget, is machinery only. He, that individual Faust, is not to be supposed to be introduced into a new element, a new sort of influence different from what surrounds the rest of mankind; if it were so he would be beyond our sympathy, and could serve only for a beautiful image containing neither example nor instruction. The forms that appear to Faust are about and in every one of us, only in his case the figure assumes a definite outline, by being brought as it were into focus; as he is in his own naked essence, the evil spirit is not and cannot be painted, (for who can know what he is,) but as he is to us; Mephistopheles is the devil of this age of intellect, and as such, if he speak at all he must speak in heaven. Many people are shocked at him who can manage a throb of admiration for Milton's Satan or Byron's Lucifer; the gloomy magnificence of the defeated and defying rebel has claims on their regard; at any rate, they can feel for him, and would not much mind purchasing a share of his grandeur with the sacrifice of a little of their own mean uninteresting goodness, provided they could be sure of their bargain; which seems to show that they are angry at Goëthe for spoiling their imagination and destroying their idol; and perhaps it would be better if, instead of throwing stones at him, they would submit to learn a little from him what this evil really is.

Mephistopheles speaks as the cool, polished, gentlemanlike, scientific disbeliever in the very existence of anything good, or true, or holy; he is a scoffer, who contents himself with denying, and does deny and does disbelieve even in the very presence of the Supreme object of all belief. Perfectly cool and perfectly contented, there is no heroism, no scorn, no defiance about him, to show that in his heart he believes what he professes to abjure. But we are wasting words in explaining what is itself its best explanation and surest apology; and we will pass on to the high arched narrow Gothic chamber, where, amidst a profusion of old books, papers, parchments, instruments, glasses, cylinders, retorts, skeletons, and all the furniture of the laboratory, is sitting the restless, unhappy object of this strange conference. It is Easter even, and the full moon is streaming in through the stained casement, on his head.

> 'I have explored
> Philosophy, and law, and medicine;
> Alas! and o'er theology have pored.
> And here I am at last, a very fool,
> With useless learning cursed.'

He, the boast and wonder of the school, the lawgiver of opi-

nion, winding all hearts and thoughts which way he will; he, with all his knowings and learnings, finds at last that he has learnt nothing but that nothing can be known. He has been more acute than all their doctors, their philosophic theologians; he has probed the depths of every science; neither scruple, nor perplexities, *he thinks,* torment him, nor fear of hell and devil.

'But I have lost all peace of mind.
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning and untrue.
Unhappy, ignorant and blind,
I cannot hope to teach mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog, were I a dog, so live.'

What by lawful means he cannot wring out of nature, he he will try if he cannot get at by unlawful, and therefore he has given himself to magic. Alas! what need has he of such strange instructors; is not the full calm moon chiding his restless spirit into peace with her sweet and melancholy smile. 'I think,' writes a very wise critic on this poem, 'it was one of the noblest conceptions that ever entered into the mind of a poet, which made Goëthe open his Faustus with a scene of moonlight.' The restlessness of an intellect wearied with the vanity of knowledge and tormented with the sleepless agonies of doubt; the sickness of a heart bruised and buffeted by all the demons of presumption, the wild and wandering throbs of a soul parched among plenty by the blind cruelty of its own dead affections; these dark and depressing mysteries all maddening in the brain of the hermit student, might have suggested other accompaniments to one who had looked less deeply into the nature of man, who had felt less in his own person of that which he might have been ambitious to describe. But this great master of the intellect was well aware to what thoughts and feelings the perplexed and bewildered are most anxious to return; he well knew where it is that nature has placed the only balm for the wounds of the spirit; by what indissoluble links she has twined her own eternal influence around the dry, chafed heartstrings that have most neglected her tenderness. It is thus in his weary melancholy Faustus speaks:—

'Beautiful moon—ah! would that now
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!
Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,

Wearied with search through volumes endless,
'Mongst parchments, papers, crowded books,
Alone, when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in with soothing looks—
Oh! that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light;
Floating, with spirits like a shadow,
Round mountain cave—o'er twilight meadow;
And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind.'

But no! this may not be. He is still in the dungeon of his student chamber, he has wilfully cut himself off from nature's teaching and sought his instructors elsewhere; he has fled from living nature to pore over the skeleton of the departed, and the hollow spectre has at last gathered life enough to tell him that it is dead and shall never live again. Nature speaks to him, but the long forgotten tone makes mournful music in his ear; enough to be but the dirge of the departed. Magic must help him now, or he is past helping; yet will the voice from the other world be any more clear to him?

'Away, away, and far away.
This book, whose secret spells are scann'd,
Traced by Nostradam's own hand,
Shall be thy strength and stay.
The thoughts of nature thou canst seek,
As spirits with their brothers speak.
It is, it is, the sunrise hour
Of thine own being. . . . . .

Ye that I feel floating near me,
Spirits answer, ye who hear me.'

He opens the book, and lights on the sign of Macrocosmos, the Spirit of the Universe, the great Anima Mundi weaving into everlasting harmony the endless discord of its parts.

'Ha! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense!

Am I a god—can mortal sight
Enjoy, endure, this burst of light;
All nature present to my view.
And is the glorious vision true?
The wise man's words at length are plain,
Whose sense so long I sought in vain.

The world of spirits no clouds conceal;
Man's eye is dim, it cannot see;
Man's heart is dead, it cannot feel.
Thou who wouldst know the things that be,
Bathe thy heart in the sunrise red
Till the stains of earthly dross are fled.'

He looks over the sign attentively. Nature's hidden ways appear to start out and unrobe themselves to him; all things for ever blending into each other, interweaving their wondrous fibres.

'Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving.
Alas! it is but a vision.
Oh what a vision—but a vision—only!'

Glad enough would be the seared, jaded heart of man to rest in that glorious presence: but it is not to be so; the harmony of the great Universe may be felt by spirits that are themselves in harmony, not by fallen man.

Poor Σοφία, the exile from the πληρῶμα, all infected as she was by passion, struggled up to the guarded door of heaven, and was driven sternly back by the inexorable ὅρος. She could but weep a few tears of pearl, and leave them there the offering of her sorrow, and go back and generate a world of light and darkness, and joy and sorrow, where the clouds are her robe of mourning; and the sunshine her happy smiles, when she thinks of the undying glories of her lost home.

The heart of man cannot embrace illimitable nature. The solace he seeks for, the Great Spirit may not impart; the food he hungers for it will not give.

Faust turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till his eye rests on the sign of the spirit of the earth. Of heaven he asked its highest stars, and heaven has refused him. Earth then shall yield him hers.

Here he has found a spirit kindred with his own.

'Fearlessly I read the sign,
And feel even now new powers are mine,
While my brain burns as though with wine.
Give me the agitated strife,
The madness of the world of life;
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength, enabling me to bear,
And thought, impelling me to share
The fortunes, good or evil, of the earth;

To battle with the tempest's breath,
Or plunge where shipwreck grinds his teeth.
All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray.
. . . . . .
Spirit, to my sight appear,
How my heart is torn in sunder,
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder,
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.
Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee;
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see.'

He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the spirit, mysteriously; a red flame is seen playing about, and in the flame the spirit.

'*Spirit.*

Who calls me?

Faust (*hiding his face*).

Form of horrors, hence!

Spirit.

Hither, from my distant sphere,
Thou hast compelled me to appear,
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence
With importuning violence;
And now . . . . .

Faust.

I shudder, overpowered with fear'

But the scorn of the spirit rouses him at last,—he masters his terror.

'Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
'Twas I that called thee, Faustus—I, thine equal.

Spirit.

In the strife of life,
In actions' thunder,
Weave I hither, and weave I thither;
Wend I over, wend I under
Grave and the womb.
A glowing life, a winding woof,
An ocean of eternity,
As I work at the ages roaring loom,
And weave the breathing mantle of God.

Faust.

Spirit, whose presence circles the wide earth,
How near akin to thine I feel my nature.

Spirit.

Man thou, and like those beings which thy mind
Can image: not like me. [*Vanishes.*

Faust.

Not like thee?
Made in the image of the Deity,
And yet unmeet to be compared with thee.'

A knock is heard announcing the presence of his pupil Wagner, who presently enters, and we may take advantage of the interruption to wait a few lines over the awful scene which it closes. There is no need of dwelling on its magnificence; the choral hymn of the earth spirit it would not be easy to match out of Æschylus; but it may not be out of place to attempt something like a sketch of its meaning, perhaps we should say, of one among many meanings which it may have.

Faustus has been represented as in utter and entire despair at the hollowness and shallowness, as it seems to him, of all existing systems, sciences, creeds, opinions; indeed, of the whole objective form of his faith.

Everything is floating, nothing is fixed, abiding, certain, any longer; and with dizzy head and reeling brain he dares raise up his eyes and stand face to face with the great God of the Universe, and ask Him what He is. To which miserable presumption, what other answer can be given than to fling him back, crushed and helpless, upon a sense of his own littleness?

If heaven will not help him, then, perhaps earth may. But what help can earth give to one who has wilfully withdrawn himself from all the ways and roads of earth, and chosen one which is neither of earth nor heaven, for himself. The lessons of earth, as he will learn by-and-by, can be taught only by experience. Looked at merely by the intellect *from without*, without faith in its Maker nor participation in its sufferings, with all its sins and errors, its crimes, wars, pestilences, religious hatred, selfishness and sensualities, with its

'Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captive ill,'

what can this earth look like but the penal settlement of the Universe? It was by taking her own road without her consort *Will*, by seeking to *know*, without doing or suffering, that

Valentinus's Σοφία first fell from her place in heaven, which, as far as it went, was not so wrong in Valentinus. To Athanasius in the African desert, or Luther before the Diet at Worms, this spirit of the earth may have very many things to say; all perhaps they can want to hear. Such men as these, heated as they are red hot in the furnace of suffering, and hammered till their thoughts fly out like sparks from the iron on the anvil, are beaten into hard steel that will cut through anything; but the man who wilfully leaves life and nature, shrinks from action, and would solve the enigma of the Universe by thinking, let him—if he can.

But Wagner is waiting at the door; Wagner is also a thinker; such a thinker as Faust was, and is no longer; Faust is the modern, Wagner the scholastic thinker, the eager devourer of books and treatises, and his master's oracular dicta, as if they were words of inspiration, his faith is yet unshaken in the infallibility of a manuscript. The pleasures of the mind are what Wagner delights in;

> 'Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf:
> These make the nights of winter bright and cheerful;
> They spread a sense of pleasure through the frame;
> And when you see some old and treasured parchment,
> All heaven descends on your delighted senses.'

His road is straight, without a winding or chance of error: he has but one desire, and that is easily satisfied. As yet he is but a pupil; by-and-by we shall see him the grown philosopher, out of whom in the end is to be made something; a certain young Homunculus in a glass phial, the most frisky, humorous sort of youth, who treats his governour (Vaterchen) with most unbecoming disrespect, and after a strange course is left careering round the world on the car of Nereus. But of him more hereafter. In the meantime Wagner has come in, as usual, to gather crumbs of learning that fall from his master's table. He has heard voices, supposes he may be declaiming a Greek play, and begs to be admitted to get a hint or two on elocution. Faust is still reeling from the awful presence he is but just released from, but his pupil's presence compels him to master himself. Indeed, his entrance at this moment is most skilfully contrived, to enable him to prepare himself for the collected desperation of what is to follow. In the meantime such thoughts as he treats Wagner to are bitter enough: for knowledge, this time—he gets only principles, which, if there was any chance of his understanding them, strike at the possibility of any knowledge, and will produce a most disastrous effect in his commonplace book. Listen to this, the concluding part of their dialogue:—

'*Wagner.*

Pardon me; but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transpose yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past,
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstrip their march in knowledge.

Faust.

Oh, yes! as far as from the earth to heaven.
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals.
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors,
In which those ages are beheld reflected,
With what distortion heaven only knows.
. . . . . History!
Facts dramatized, say rather. Action, plot,
Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
As it best fits the web-work of his story,
With here and there a solitary fact
Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers
Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
And wise old saws learned at the puppet shows.

Wagner.

But then the world: man's heart and mind are things
Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

Faust.

Why yes, they call it knowledge. Who may dare
To name things by their real names? the few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men;
They have been nailed to crosses, thrown to flames.
Pardon me, but 'tis very late, my friend,' &c. &c.

And Wagner gathers up this view of human life and matters, and stows it away delightedly as a fresh fact in one of his mind's pigeon-holes, and retires. Faust has now collected himself. Dreary and desolate, he can now look round him in the lower deep into which he has been hurled down. Like Manfred,—

> 'The spirits he had raised abandon him,
> The remedies he recked of torture him.'

The Evil Spirit is at his elbow, watching his despair and anguish; coldly and curiously watching the issue of the coming struggle: whether by his own act, he will now make himself over to him, soul and body, by breaking the prison he cannot escape from; or whether, by-and-by, he must appear in

his proper person, and steep the poor soul yet deeper in sin of body as well as confusion of spirit. Hitherto we have seen Faust, in spite of all, still hoping, struggling, thirsting; now we shall hear him pouring out his passionate despair of himself, of life, of truth, of God, of every thing. He, vain worm, had believed himself made in the image of God; now he finds he may not mete himself with the earth spirit:—

> 'Image of God! I thought that I had been
> Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay;
> That shining gloriously with heaven one day
> I had beheld Truth's countenance serene,
> High above cherubs; . . . . . .
> Then did I in creation of my own
> (Oh! is not man in every thing divine?)
> Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be,
> Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
> Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone,
> All by one word of thunder overthrown!
> Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee.
> True I compelled thee to appear,
> But had no power to keep thee here.
> Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt—
> How little and how great!
> Thy presence flung me shuddering back
> Into man's abject trance
> Of utter hopeless ignorance.'

Then he turns away to the active life of the world, to find that too only teaching him the same lessons. Clogged and dragged down by the sordid cares of earth to be forced to acknowledge,—

> 'Man's better riches a delusion vain,
> The mockery of an empty shadow all.'

Or if he has no real crosses to bear, his self-torturing nature will forge ideal ones no less fatal,—

> 'Fretting the mind with house affairs,
> Suggesting doubts of wife and heirs,
> Hinting dark fancies to the soul,
> Of fire and flood—of dirk and bowl.'

The whole race of man chasing a mirage in a Sahara desert, to perish there soul and body. He looks round his narrow chamber; the dusty volumes mock at him, each only teaching in its thousand pages,—

> 'That careworn man has in all ages
> Sown vanity to reap despair.'

In the spectral smile of a hollow skull he seems to feel it telling him, that it too, once, like him, loved and sought the beautiful, and followed truth for truth's own sake, and like him at last

sank shipwrecked in unsatisfying thought. Then physical science, the last fact in which unbelievers of all kinds have at all times sought to dissipate themselves, as whatever else it is, it is at least a fact; this too surrounds itself with adamantine walls, and baffles him again. His keys of science, his lathes, his retorts, his cylinders, he calls in vain upon to aid him. He stands before the door of nature, but it bids defiance to lock and ward, the strong bolts will not move.

In the next touch there is something almost tragically pathetic. His poor miserable property, the wretched furniture of a student's chamber, his sole inheritance from his father, he looks round at that, and asks it why it is still there; why had he not made the most of life, and enjoyed such pittance of pleasure as he could have bought with that, as better worth than all he has gained yet. God help him now! Enough and to spare of such pleasure Mephistopheles will take care to supply him with by-and-by! But that he should have sunk to believe all else so entirely nothing, that it would have been better to have secured at least a taste of *something* and in such a way! As Tieck's old witch says to Antonio, 'Fool, there is no higher and no better life. The man that does not skim the fat off the broth here is a dupe and a gull.' This is the lowest—he can sink no further:—

> 'He only knows—who rightly estimates
> That which the moment can employ;
> What it requires, and can enjoy,
> The moment for itself creates.'

Now then what will he do?—

> 'What can it be that thither draws
> The eye, and holds it there, as though
> The flask a very magnet were?
> And whence, O whence this lavish glow,
> This lustre of enchanted light,
> Poured down at once and everywhere—
> Birth of the moment—like the flood
> Of splendour round us, when at night
> Breathes moonlight over a rich wood?
>
> O phial—happy phial! Here
> Hope is—I greet thee, I revere
> Thee as art's best result; in thee
> Science and mind triumphant see.
> Essence of all sweet slumber dews,
> Spirit of all most delicate,
> Yet deadliest powers! be thou my friend,
> A true friend. Thou wilt not refuse
> Thy own old master this! I gaze
> On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
> That pressed me down less heavy lies.

I grasp thee, faithful friend art thou.
Already do I feel the strife
That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace. And now—and now
The swell that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away,
Outspread like ocean—life and day
Shines with a glow of welcoming.
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores with smiles from other skies.
. . . . . .

Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee?
Determine only—'tis thine own;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun, its smiling earth—
One moment—one, and all is done;
One prayer. Then comes the second birth.
Find life where others fear to die.

Shew by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim,
Stand fearless face to face with Him.'

He raises the goblet; the old friends, old customs, old faces, and family festivities; all the happy scenes of his boy days, when he remembers that goblet, rush back into his memory, and light his thoughts with soft and melancholy beauty. He fills it now:—

'Fill thee, old cup, now with the dark brown flood.
It is my choice. I mixed it, and will drink.
My last draught this, on earth, I dedicate
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.'

The full moon shines in. It is the dawn of the Easter morning. The Evil Spirit stands watching to spring upon his prey. Fond fool, that thinks in escaping life to escape *himself;* and find a brighter, nobler being in a higher world. He is drawn back to earth by sounds which speak to him of the one condition on which it can be other than eternal death. Two voices from the world of spirits had spoken at his bidding, to hurl him in wild scorn into a deeper abyss of misery than that from which he had called them to save him. Now comes a third unbidden. As he places the goblet to his mouth, bells are heard and voices in chorus:—

'EASTER HYMN.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen,[a]
Joy to the earth;
He has broken the prison
Of sin and death.
Joy to the mortals! He's broken the chain
That bound them to earth, and that bound them to pain.

Chorus of Women.

We laid him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh;
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here.
All wrapt in his grave dress,
We left him in fear;
Ah! where shall we seek him?
Our Lord is not here.

Chorus of Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried him,
But he was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self denial,
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial.
The grave is no prison,
The Lord hath arisen.

Faust.

Soft sounds that breathe of heaven, most mild, most powerful,
What seek ye here? Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed? Oh rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message; but I have not faith,
And miracle is faith's beloved offspring:
I cannot force myself into the spheres
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet from youth familiar with the sound,
Even now they call me back again to life.
Oh! once in boyhood, once the love of heaven
Came down upon me with mysterious kiss,
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath day!
Then did the voice of these bells melodious
Mingle with hopes and feelings mystical;
And prayer was then, indeed, a burning joy.

[a] Dr. A. has entirely mistaken the meaning in his version of this passage.

Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Drove me a wanderer through fields and woods;
Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me.
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring;
And now am I once more a little child,
And old remembrance twining round my heart,
Forbids this act and checks my daring steps.
Then sing ye forth sweet songs that breathe of heaven;
Tears come, and earth hath won her child again.'

Excepting Shakspeare, no poet ever showed a deeper insight into the impulses of the human heart than Goëthe has done in this passage. Similar touches in other poets will suggest themselves to readers of Wordsworth, Lamb, and Tennyson; but none so curiously, so exquisitely wrought up as this. We are fond of believing Wordsworth was thinking of Faust, when he called on the power of music to

'Stay
The uplifted arm of suicide.'

Alas! if his heart were no truer to him than his intellect, how soon lost were man. When he recovers himself, and is left again to the dominion of his natural powers, Faust can look back with scorn at his miserable weakness. A rich old chaunt, old remembered words, old music, like a spell recalling faded remembrance, this is all, by-and-by, he will make of it; one more of the wretched phantoms that haunt and mock our senses. In the bitterness of his soul he will curse it, and curse himself, that was again duped and fooled by it. But, for the present, we must here stop. We have already far outrun our limits, and we have many demands to make on the patience of our readers, from the long extracts we have found it impossible to avoid making. For unhappily, we are obliged to assume that Faust is not known among us; not known, that is, in a way that would justify us in alluding to passages merely instead of extracting them. In a second article we hope to conclude the first part, as what is commonly known by the name of the tragedy of Faust; and again, at a future time, if we can encourage ourselves to venture on ground so intricate, and as yet so unbroken, to attempt to follow the fallen spirit through its rise. For the present we leave him—for the present *saved*.

ART. II.—*Religio Medici, Letter to a Friend, and Christian Morals.* By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, KT., M.D. Edited by HENRY GARDINER, M.A., of Exeter College, Oxford. London. 1845.

IT is not our intention to review Sir Thomas Browne. His merits as a writer have long been generally appreciated. The union of extensive learning, profound thought, great originality of mind, and a peculiar quaintness and felicity of expression, which characterises his works, has secured him readers in every generation since his own, and a reputation the lustre of which has never at any time been wholly dimmed. The Religio Medici is undoubtedly his masterpiece. Some notion of the estimation in which it has been held, may be gathered from the number of times that it has been reprinted, and the variety of languages into which translations of it have been made. Between the date of its publication (1643) and the revolution of 1688, it passed through no less than twenty editions. Of these eleven were English, six Latin, two Dutch, and one French. After the Revolution, it shared the fate of all our deeper and sounder literature; and in the space of a century and a half was but reprinted twice in this country. In the interval, however, it was not forgotten on the continent; a German and a French edition belong undoubtedly to this period. At length, in that awakening of thought which our own times have witnessed, it resumed its old position in public estimation; and the edition which it is our present purpose to notice, is the fifth which has appeared since 1830.

This edition bears in its title-page the name of Henry Gardiner, M.A., of Exeter College. We do not know from what feeling or principle it is, whether from bashfulness or on the notion of its being a wise reserve, that Mr. Gardiner has omitted to place after his name the letters M.R.C.S., to which he is, we believe, entitled. We trust he will, in any case, forgive our revealing this secret, a knowledge of it being absolutely necessary towards a right understanding of his motives in undertaking the work of editing, and towards a just appreciation of the mode in which he has performed his task.

'Brethren, my heart's desire for Israel is, that they might be saved.' We conceive this to have been the feeling which first moved Mr. Gardiner to his undertaking, which has animated him throughout it, and which continues to occupy his mind. He has himself passed through the ordinary course of education of a medical student; he knows the temptations, the trials, the difficulties to which that class of persons is exposed; he laments the prevalence of immorality and irreligion among them; he

attributes it to the cruel neglect of their best interests which has been, till of late, so generally manifested; he looks upon them as far more sinned against than sinning—as less guilty than unfortunate; and he would fain be doing something towards improving and benefiting them. This most excellent and praiseworthy motive would suffice to cover many worse defects of execution than will be found in this very unpretending volume. There are indeed certain evidences of 'youngness' in authorship about the work, especially the introduction at the foot of the page of explanations properly belonging to the glossary, and the want of letters or brackets to distinguish his own notes from those of Sir Thomas Browne; and these notes of his own are occasionally superfluous, (pp. 10, 14, 40, 50, 79, 100, &c.,) irrelevant, (pp. 131, 184, 202,) or mistaken, (pp. 8, 61, 109;) now and then dangerous, (pp. 87, 89). But still, upon the whole, there is far more to praise than to blame about that part of the work which proceeds from the present editor. The analysis at the side is admirable for its terseness and its accuracy; the notes are in general very good, and neither too lengthy nor too numerous; and the text is corrected most judiciously. Further, an extremely sound judgment has for the most part been shown in the selection of authors from whom to illustrate Browne's meaning. Labouring chiefly for the benefit of young persons of his own profession, Mr. Gardiner has wished to call their attention to those authors, the reading of whom will be most likely to benefit them; as Butler, Keble, Wordsworth, Hooker, Coleridge, &c. Choice passages, opening deep veins of thought, are thrust upon them, which may probably beget a desire of a better acquaintance with the books from which they are taken; and thus the medical student, by the perusal of a single work which comes recommended to him by the prestige of a great medical name, is introduced into a whole library of wholesome authors, whom, from the specimens given him, he cannot fail to admire, and whom it is hoped he will be induced by such admiration to make the companions of his leisure hours.

Such is the account which we have to give our readers of this volume. In whose mind has it not raised a host of painful and perplexing thoughts? The moral condition of our medical and surgical students,—our brethren, our own flesh and blood,—the little care we have had for them, the complacency with which we have looked on while they sank into a state of immorality and irreligion, which has become proverbial; the next to nothing which has been done to Christianize them, while thousands upon thousands of pounds have been spent, and scores upon scores of lives sacrificed in futile attempts to make nominal converts of the distant heathen; the apparent hopelessness of their present state; the fearful nature of those temptations which must always

assail them; the terrible power of a 'bad name' once affixed to a profession to perpetuate itself by inducing those who cannot escape it to think little of deserving it; the impotency of such puny means as essays, editions, articles, to grapple with so gigantic a form of evil;—all this flashes upon the man of thoughtful mind, and well nigh fills him with despair. He knows not at first whither to turn him for relief or remedy. 'What Hercules,' he asks, 'shall arise to cleanse this Augean stable? What prophet shall stand up to cure this moral leprosy?'

God be praised, it is never too late to attack the moral evil which inheres in a class or a community. It is an individual only who can be 'reprobate;' a class can always be reclaimed. Especially must a class which consists almost exclusively of young and unformed minds, and is in a state of constant flux and change, be capable of receiving benefit from judicious and energetic efforts, if they be only made hopefully and perseveringly.

Let us consider what are the circumstances that have produced the extreme corruption against which something like a popular outcry is beginning to be raised.

The student in medicine or surgery, at the age of fifteen or sixteen is separated from his family and friends, and bound apprentice for a period of five years to some practitioner in a provincial town. There he becomes at once, in almost all respects, his own master. He has his own lodgings, where he breakfasts, dines, and sleeps—he attends the infirmary or hospital at stated hours, and perhaps accompanies his instructor occasionally in certain of his professional rounds—but the greater part of his time, and *his whole evening*, is at his own disposal. He is brought in contact with a body of youths similarly circumstanced with himself, among whom immorality is considered as a matter of course, and by whom, if he were to 'keep himself pure,' he would be ridiculed and persecuted. He finds himself released from all family restraints, and under no clerical superintendance. His master considers that he has but one duty towards him, to teach him his profession, and provided he attends to that, neither admonishes nor rebukes him. The infirmary chaplain is directed not to look upon any besides the patients as constituting his cure, and is allowed no opportunity of influencing the students' minds. To the student himself is left the entire direction of his conduct in respect of all moral and religious duties. No one even suggests to him that he should be careful to attend public worship on the Lord's day. In his attendance upon the patients at the infirmary he necessarily becomes acquainted with those unhappy women, whom want, or bad example, or it may be their own strong passions, have caused to fall; and in the private practice assigned to

him, he frequently finds persons, in a class considerably removed from the lowest, who are equally inclined to corrupt him, and whom it is far more difficult to withstand. How shall he resist this array of evil influences? The ridicule of comrades, who in their heartless derision term him 'milk-sop' and 'saint,'—familiarity with the language and the looks of vice, —daily intercourse, under circumstances of the utmost temptation, with those who do their best to lead him astray,—idle time hanging on his hands,—long evenings to pass he knows not how,—no parent near to encourage or to warn him,—no sister to elevate and purify,—no pastor to sustain and guide;—as a matter of necessity he falls, not at once into the grossness of vulgar debauchery, but into a more dangerous because more specious form of the same sin. He forms a *liaison,* and then follow in rapid succession, debt, difficulties, gambling to obtain means, drinking to drown thought, all the usual concomitants of that one sin, which in this age and country seems to be, even more than covetousness, the 'root of all evil.' Vulgar tastes, coarse habits of speech and thought, profaneness, open scoffing at religion, for the most part succeed; and when after three years the student removes to the metropolis to complete his studies, there is little left for him to learn of vice beyond the scale upon which it may be practised.

If, however, it should have happened by a combination of favourable circumstances that the student has not been corrupted in the provincial town where he has been studying, on his arrival in London severer trials await him. It may be that hitherto he has lived under the eye, nay, in the house of friends, that he has had his own father for teacher, or some conscientious and Christian practitioner, who has received him into his house, and charged himself with his moral no less than his professional education. He may have been introduced by him to one exclusive set of the students, living under similar restrictions with himself, who keep aloof from the general body, holding themselves higher in a measure, and declining anything beyond the merest acquaintanceship with them. He may have lived in a family, attended night and morning family prayer, been constant in his private devotions, gone regularly to the house of God, breathed always, except during the hours of his professional avocations, an atmosphere of purity, felt himself continually under the watchful guardianship of a strict yet kind-hearted friend. Now all is altered. The trial which others underwent at the commencement of their students' life comes now to him; and it comes with an increased severity fully sufficient to counterbalance any advantage which he may seem to derive from his more formed character and more settled habits of life and thought. He is still (be it remembered) but

eighteen or nineteen; still ductile, easily impressible,—'cereus in vitium flecti,'—nay, he is at the very most trying point in life, the point where boyhood has just ended and manhood scarce begun; when former amusements begin to appear tame, and a craving after excitement to be felt; when the affections expand, and the desires acquire fresh strength; when the restraints of religion appear most irksome, and the pleasures of sin most witching. And at this conjuncture he is set down in the midst of the great metropolis, without perhaps a friend or an acquaintance among its busy myriads, completely his own master. He has at hap-hazard to choose himself a lodging-house in the vicinity of his hospital. He fixes himself at one kept probably by persons accustomed to wink at vice, if not to be aiders and abettors in it. He picks up acquaintances among his fellow pupils, no longer persons chosen for him as desirable companions, but the first that chance throws in his way—society he must have—he cannot live alone in that vast, populous London—he must join himself at once to some set, and they who are ready to receive him are not the *élite* of the body;—still he cannot pause—anything is preferable to solitude in that awful crowd—and so he joins himself to some knot of vicious students, and by degrees, and after many a struggle, he becomes thoroughly one of them. Every external check is wholly removed; the surgeons and physicians of the hospital do not so much as know the pupils by name,—it is not their business to guide them or give them advice, and indeed they have no time for it; much less has the chaplain any acquaintance with them; the youths are thrown together without an atom of superintendance from any one older than themselves, and with abundance of idle time upon their hands; unprotected for the most part by any good previous training, unsupported by any sense of having a name or a character to keep up, unaided by the advice or countenance of superiors,—at a time when their passions are the hottest, their spirits the highest, their liability to be led away by bad example the greatest,—and this in such a place as London, where every temptation and allurement to vice surrounds them, and where there is no one whom they respect or fear even to observe their conduct. Truly it is a marvel that any escape unscathed; an equal marvel that so many fall away indeed, and live in the continual practice of what they know to be 'deadly sin,' and associate month after month with those whose delight it is to boast themselves of their evil deeds in foul and obscene language, and yet come not away wholly depraved, but retain within them a germ of good, which in after life expands under more genial influences and ripens into excellent fruit. Assuredly the seeds of goodness lie deeper within men than we think, and it is a shallow morality which deems that all

is lost because the first crop has been destroyed by blight, and the field to our eye looks bare and bleak, and is overspread with corruption, which left to itself would breed pestilence. A little patience—a little loving labour—a little turning of the soil—and lo! that which was corrupt and might have been noxious is gone, and green leaves spring up from seeds that lay buried before, and needed a friendly hand to bring them within the reach of sun and shower.

But we have digressed. The whole extent of the evil requires to be stated before we can with propriety enter upon the consideration of the remedy. There are two perils incident to the study of physic and surgery on which we have not as yet touched; first, the tendency of a familiarity with those scenes which students must witness, especially in the operating theatre and the dissecting room, to deaden the feelings, and produce a dull, callous indifference to the woes of others, and altogether a hard and unsympathizing tone of mind; secondly, the power of material studies, unless counterbalanced by others of a different nature, to warp the mind to materialism, and so to infidelity. On the former point it is not necessary to dwell,—it is sufficient to have mentioned it. Southey well observes on this head:—

'That the practice of physic, and still more of surgery, should have an effect like war upon the persons engaged in it, is what those who are well acquainted with human nature might expect, and would be at no loss to account for. It is *apparent* that in all these professions coarse minds must be rendered coarser, and hard hearts still further indurated.' *

The other point has been more questioned. '*Ubi tres medici, duo athei,*' was an ancient proverb in Browne's day, and 'irreligion,' he says himself, (p. 1,) 'was the general scandal of his profession.' Rabelais, too, is quoted by Southey to the same effect †. On the other hand, physicians are able to bring forward a goodly array of persons of eminence amongst them who have been decidedly religious men. The names of Galen, Boerhaave, Haller, and Zimmerman will at once occur to every one. But we have seen a list containing, besides these, the names of one hundred and twelve *Christian* physicians, of whom twenty-nine were, according to Bzovius, saints and martyrs. In our own country alone, since the Reformation, there have not been fewer than fifteen or sixteen who have attained some considerable reputation as writers upon religious or moral subjects. We may mention especially, besides Browne, Woodward, Freind, Gregory, Mason Good, Mapletoft, Sir R. Blackmore, Percival, Pearson, and Sir Henry Halford; while a very much larger

* The Doctor, chap. cxx., vol. iv. p. 185.
† Ibid., chap. cxix., vol. iv. p. 181.

number have been noted for combining great professional eminence with a spirit of genuine Christianity. Nor have there been wanting authors to maintain that the whole course of medical study is decidedly *favourable* to the production of a reverent and pious tone of thought. This was the opinion of 'Old Adam Littleton,' whom Southey quotes as arguing that 'his character of physician gave St. Luke no mean *advantage* towards the understanding of Christian truths, and apprehending the mysteries of faith.'* And a similar view seems to be taken at the present day by Mr. Maurice, who tells the students at Guy's Hospital that their studies 'lead them into depths they cannot fathom, and bring them at last into contact with the Christian mysteries.'† Undoubtedly there is something of truth in these latter representations; religious-minded men will find the study of the human frame, its mechanism, structure, functions, diseases, and derangements, open a wide field for the profoundest and most solemn thought; they will find their religious feelings deepened and intensified by their researches into these matters, and from the excellence of the creature will mount up to the contemplation of the might of the Creator, and to the realization to themselves of His wondrous power and perfectness.

But with such as are not religious-minded at the outset, the case will be very different. It is an old remark, that the investigation of second causes has a tendency to induce men to rest in them, and to forget that they are secondary; and hence the danger of being exclusively occupied with physical science, which was noted as early as the time of Socrates‡. Browne includes 'the natural course of his studies' among those grounds which would be likely to make the world think him destitute of religion—and certainly there seems to be a peculiar temptation to such as are employed in examining the material frame of man, and in tracing the connexion of the vital principle with his structure, to slide gradually into a belief that life is but a quality of matter, the result of a certain conformation and arrangement of its atoms. The connexion of life with matter is traced so far, and the dependence of mental phenomena on the physical condition is seen to be so close, that it seems but a little step onward in the same direction to conclude that soul and body are absolutely one, and death the final end of both. This is that 'tendency to materialism' which medical students themselves complain of as 'pervading all their studies,'§ and

* The Doctor, chap. cxix., vol. iv. p. 182.

† Sermon preached at Guy's Hospital, March 4, 1838, and dedicated to the medical students of the metropolis.

‡ Platon. Phæd. § 47. De Leg. Lib. X.

§ Letter from a Medical Student to the Rev. J. H. North. London, 1841.

constituting one of the most 'fearful' of their dangers. Terrible enough at all times, when it assails a mind corrupted by habits of vice against which the conscience rebels, and hardened by the dread ordeal of the operating theatre and the dissecting room, its force is almost irresistible. The hard heart readily accepts the dry and heartless creed,—the vexed conscience gladly catches at it as a relief from all its fears. Hence, great numbers of the students become secret infidels, and the last restraints are removed against a career of reckless immorality.

We have painted these evils faintly—we have not dared to do otherwise;—we could have told of scenes in the dissecting-room —'the irreverent treatment of the pale corpse, the ribald jest, the impure gibe, the hardened jeer.'* We could have told of the encouragement of such things by operators and lecturers—we could have told of their *leading* the students to entertain doubts upon religion—we could have spoken of *their* coarse jests and ribaldry. Again, we could have told of scenes in lodging-houses, of the innocent entrapped and then corrupted. Or we could have described minutely the progress of corruption from the first fall to the final taking refuge in infidelity. But we have thought it best to spare our readers these horrors—barely have we alluded to them—what we have put forward is a mere indication of the several sorts of perils which *must* beset the medical student under the existing system. We have confined ourselves to heads of evil—we have kept back the sickening details.

Turn we to the remedy. Faint hearts may deem that the disease is past cure. Shame on them to think so meanly of the power of human energy! Shame on them to forget the might of that Divine blessing which attends all zealous efforts made in a righteous cause! We are not of their number—may we never be of their company!

Shall we then essay to cure the evil by the printing-press? Shall we, with Dr. Greenhill, publish the lives of Christian physicians, write 'Addresses to Medical Students,' and 'Prayers for the Use of the Profession?' Shall we, with Sir H. Halford, give the students our essays in an octavo volume, or with Mr. Gardiner, reprint for their edification the religious writings of old and famous authors of their own body? These are good and praiseworthy efforts on the part of individuals. All honour to them for their noble striving in the cause of moral improvement! But what is likely to come of such petty isolated attempts to stem so vast an evil? What can books do? Let them be read, and even then how slight an effect do they in general pro-

* Sir Francis Palgrave (Merchant and Friar).

duce! But how are we to get them read? Unheard of by many, bought but unopened by others, tossed aside as dull or canting after the perusal of a few pages, by a third set—they will only be read by a select few, whom they may aid indeed, but whom they can never, by themselves, sustain. Here and there an individual may be preserved by means of a good book, when it is backed with other influences, and this is the utmost that such men as Dr. Greenhill and Mr. Gardiner propose to themselves; if through their labours two or three be saved who otherwise would have fallen, it is all they ask or expect—they have therein an ample reward.

While, therefore, we are far from wishing to discourage such efforts on the part of individuals, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact, that they are wholly inadequate to meet the present exigency. The plain state of the case is this:—We have an average of 1,200 medical students in London, and a much larger number over the country, constantly in course of education, and of these all but two or three hundred are exposed to the whole of those evil influences which we have enumerated. Through these evil influences and our total neglect of their moral and religious welfare, the body has become depraved, is saddled with an ill name, and thought quite irrecoverable. We, the nation, have sat by and seen this, and yet done nothing—attempted nothing. Schemes of 'Medical Reform' we have had, indeed, enough and to spare, but in none of them has it even been proposed to do anything for the poor student. The poor student, the Pariah of our land's inhabitants, receiving abuse on all sides, assistance on none, is given over to the enemy of mankind as his natural prey, and rightful property.

'But how is the nation concerned?' How, indeed? Is it nothing to the nation that one of its liberal professions lies under an opprobrium? Is it nothing to the nation, that they to whom the lives of its citizens, and the honour and domestic peace of all families, are to be committed, have, as a general rule, immorality and irreligion engrained into them during the whole course of their professional education? Is this nothing to the nation? Husbands, fathers, brothers, bethink you, is it nothing? or is it not everything?

'But what can the nation do?' We believe it lies in the power of the nation, at a small outlay, and with very little trouble, to effect within the space of a few years, an extensive, if not a complete reform. There is one very sufficient remedy for almost all the evils of which we have spoken—the COLLEGIATE SYSTEM. *Every Hospital or Infirmary in the kingdom should have, as a matter of course, its College for students attached to it.* These should be as nearly as possible modelled on the colleges or rather the halls at our Universities. They should be

each of them under a Principal, who should be a Master of Arts and a priest of the Church of England. In most provincial towns the chaplain would naturally receive the appointment. Strict discipline should be enforced with regard to attendance at the daily service, and at certain lectures to be given by the Principal, and with respect to hours. No medical man attached to the hospital or infirmary should be allowed to have any pupils who did not reside within the college walls or his own house. Expulsion from the college should involve the forfeiture of the indentures. Considering the youth of students at the time of their apprenticeship, we see no difficulty in the enforcement of a system of discipline even stricter than that which prevails at the Universities. With regard to gates, for instance, earlier hours might be fixed. The only point on which we should anticipate any difficulty is the matter of attendance at divine service: persons not members of the Church of England could not, of course, be required to attend the church services. In all other respects, however, they might be made to conform to the same regulations as the other students.

In this matter a beginning was made some few years since at Birmingham. An institution was formed, not indeed on an adequate scale, and defective in many of its regulations, but still a college for students, under a clerical warden, with a chapel attached, daily service, lectures, hall dinners, an academic dress, &c. This we had hoped might have expanded into fuller proportions, and eventually have become a model for other large towns to work after. The reports, however, which we receive of it are, to our extreme disappointment, very unfavourable. The discipline is said to be lax, the accommodation very poor, and the economical arrangements bad. We fear that unless vigorous efforts be made to remedy these evils, the Birmingham Medical College will fail, and so prejudice instead of furthering the cause we had hoped it might subserve, the application, namely, of the collegiate system to medical schools throughout the country.

But however this may be, whether the Queen's College at Birmingham come to be looked upon as a pattern for imitation or a beacon for avoidance, still the movement cannot be expected to commence generally with the provincial towns. London must set the example. '*Cui bono?*' men will say, to train up their students strictly during three years of their professional education, if during the remaining two they are to be exposed to that fearful array of temptation in the metropolis which was faintly pictured above. And certainly, if the collegiate system is anywhere imperatively required, it is in London, where the peril is so greatly augmented, and restraint from friends so wholly withdrawn. London, therefore, must begin, and that not in the poor, paltry fashion in which efforts have hitherto been made

there, but on a scale commensurate with the vastness of the evil, and the superabundance of her store of wealth.

There are two modes in which the collegiate system might be applied to the great hospitals. Either a single building might be attached to each, capable of accommodating the whole number of students, and a considerable body of Fellows or Professors be appointed to superintend and to instruct them; or the students might be separated into detachments, and distributed among several buildings resembling the halls of the Universities, each under its own Head or Principal. The advantage of economy would of course be on the side of the former plan. The many small buildings would undoubtedly cost more than the one large one. A less sum annually might suffice for the same number of clergymen collected into a body than would be requisite for them if each had his own establishment and his dignity of Principal to support. And the cost of living to the students might be so reduced within narrower limits. But every other consideration is in favour of the opposite plan.

Our experience is altogether against large colleges. Men are worst when congregated; detection is more difficult, vice finds more encouragement, discipline is enforced less easily. The difficulty of superintendence increases with increased numbers in far more than a mere regular ascending scale. If three men can sufficiently superintend one hundred students, to superintend two hundred, not six, but *eight* or *nine* will be required. Otherwise breaches of discipline will be sure to escape detection and to go unpunished. Again, in very large colleges there is more chance of a spirit of insubordination arising, and when it arises it is more formidable. And we should anticipate greater difficulty in procuring the governing body in the case of a single college than in that of many independent halls. Further, the simplicity of the hall system is in its favour; one can more clearly see how it would work. And it is not quite an experiment, for it may be considered as having been tried to some extent at Queen's College, Birmingham, and at St. Bartholomew's, the latter of which admits but twenty-four, the former but twenty students. We are therefore strongly of opinion that the plan of several halls, each under its own Principal, would be found far more efficacious towards the ends we have in view than the formation of a single college on an extended scale. This, therefore, is the course we recommend. Let several distinct buildings on the plan of our University halls be erected in the vicinity of the great hospitals, each with its one gate, its chapel, hall, buttery, kitchen, Principal's lodgings, &c., capable of accommodating 30 or 40 men. Let the students on entering make a promise to obey the statutes. Let these require attendance at morning prayers and at certain lectures to be given by the Principal or

Vice-Principal; forbid absence from the walls between the hour of 9 or 10 in the evening and morning chapel, unless with leave, and make such other regulations as are usual in colleges. Let special care be taken with regard to the comforts of the students —let their rooms be airy and neatly furnished, the food supplied them good, the terms moderate; let them have facilities for procuring from the hall kitchen and buttery the materials for such entertainments as befit their rank in life; let the introduction of anything from without for this purpose be strictly prohibited. The lectures should be upon moral philosophy, Christian evidences, or physical science treated in a religious way. Such works as Butler's Analogy, the Bridgwater Treatises, Paley's Natural Theology, and Browne's Religio Medici, would be fitting text-books. Each student should attend a lecture on one of these books twice or thrice a week. At the end of every term there should be an examination in each hall, and once a year an examination of all the students of the several halls attached to any one hospital. At these the students should be classed, or placed in order of merit. Prizes also should be given for theological and moral essays, and the prizemen should wear a different dress from the rest. Scholarships, too, would be of great utility *. The Principals should be appointed by the governors, with the consent of the Bishop of London, and should be irremoveable except by the Bishop, who should be *ex officio* visitor. To the principals should be committed absolute authority with respect to the government of the halls. All punishments, confinement to the walls, rustication, expulsion, should be fixed by them without appeal. Expulsion (which of course should only be resorted to in the extremest cases) should be an absolute bar to the obtaining of a diploma. The scheme should embrace the *whole* number of pupils attending any hospital, who should *all* be required to be members of some hall or other.

In conjunction with it a rule should be made, and promulgated through the provinces, that no medical student would be received into any such hall who had not lived during the whole term of his apprenticeship either in his instructor's or in a relation's house, or else in a collegiate establishment.

We know but of two objections that can be made to this plan, so far as its general features are concerned. The first, of course, in this money-loving age will be the expense. 'What!' it will be said, 'do we call on each of the great hospitals to build five or six of these halls, and to furnish permanent stipends to five or six clergymen of name and talent? Do we recollect the price of sites in such vicinities? Do we bear in mind that each building

* See a pamphlet on the Foundation of Scholarships in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Printed (for private circulation) by Wilson and Ogilvy, London, 1845.

would cost several thousand pounds? Do we recollect that men fit to be the Principals must receive at least 350*l.* or 400*l.* a year? Can we have thought of all this? Reminded of it, can we still urge our project?' Yes, truly; we both can and do. Let the expense be what it may, we say the thing must be done. Till it be done, a foul blot rests upon our fair fame as a nation. A case of frightful moral evil has been clearly made out, and one only remedy seems capable of adequately coping with it. All those who have the real well-being of the medical profession at heart appear to agree in recommending some such plan as that which we have here advocated*. As yet no fair trial has been made of any such system. In the metropolis especially the single attempt which has been made is on a miserably small scale; and is fundamentally wrong in some of the most important requisites †. Still, even with all its drawbacks, it has met with a degree of success which is encouraging.

For the sum of money required it has been proposed to go, in part at least, to Parliament‡. To such a project we are strongly opposed. When it is considered that Parliamentary grants are made out of the taxes, and that the taxes are almost entirely wrung from the indigent and the necessitous,—when again it is borne in mind that governments will always require a *quid pro quo,* a controlling power in return for pecuniary aid,—when, finally, it is remembered how surely the applying to Parliament would be the signal for sectarian objections,—we think there are few of those who desire the application of the collegiate system to the hospitals, but would shrink from seeking to raise any part of the sum required in this way. No! Individual exertion, as we have more than once declared in this periodical,—individual exertion must here as elsewhere be the saving power. Let a simultaneous effort be made on the part of the proper ecclesiastical authorities and the heads of the medical pro-

* In 1839, the managers of Guy's Hospital put out the heads of a scheme for giving to medical students 'the opportunity of placing themselves in an establishment resembling in its arrangement and discipline the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge.' In 1841 the Rev. J. H. North, Chaplain of St. George's Hospital, addressed a 'Letter to Sir Benjamin Brodie, on the application of the Collegiate System to the Medical Schools of the Metropolis.' In the same year appeared a 'Letter from a Medical Student to the Rev. J. H. North,' urging the adoption by the Government of a similar scheme. In 1843 a collegiate establishment on a small scale was actually opened by the authorities of St. Bartholomew's. About the same time the Queen's College at Birmingham was opened.

† We have the highest respect for Mr. Paget, whom we believe to be a most excellent man. Still we must say that the warden of such an establishment should be a clergyman. The following passage from Mr. Paget's first Report is pregnant with instruction on this head:—'I feel that the reverend the vicar has not received so much encouragement from the Collegiate Establishment as I hoped he would, and have constantly tried to bring him. It is not for me to say more than that I believe all exertions for the welfare of the establishment will be unavailing, *unless* he continues to afford both his personal encouragement and the aid of his sacred office.'

‡ See the 'Letter of a Medical Student to the Rev. J. H. North,' pp. 26—28.

fession—let them make their appeal to the public at large, especially to the influential and wealthy of the metropolis. Looking to the success of such appeals in the case of Scotch, and Irish, and missionary colleges, and to the great opulence of those most interested in the matter, we cannot think that there would be the least difficulty in raising funds fully sufficient for the purchase of the sites, the erection of the buildings, and even the founding of prizes and scholarships. This once done, we believe *no permanent annual outlay would be necessary*. The institutions would pay themselves. Let the halls be built by the donations of individuals, and then the room-rents alone would furnish an adequate salary to the several Principals. Moderate entrance and lecture fees (the latter *most necessary*, since gratuitous instruction is never valued) might easily be made to raise the annual proceeds to a sum which would even enable the Principals to engage the services of Vice-Principals, as is done in the Halls of the Universities. Meanwhile the cost of living would, we believe, be *reduced* to the students from its present average, by the lower rent which they would pay for their rooms compared with what they now pay for lodgings, and the more moderate price at which their meals could be supplied in such an establishment.

The other objection for which we are prepared, is the *difficulty* of introducing the change. The students, we shall be told, will not submit to it. This, we take the liberty of saying, is mere nonsense. The students *must* submit. Such an objection will only be raised by those who have no wish for any improvement in the moral and religious condition of the students, and yet do not dare to say so. It is evident that the heads of the medical profession, the directors of the several hospitals, and the authorities at the College of Surgeons, have all in their own hands. Let them make their own rules, be they as stringent as they may, and the students must conform, or fail of obtaining their diplomas. At any rate, there can be no difficulty with the *new* pupils, and in three years *all* are new. This objection, therefore, we put aside as puerile.

A joint effort is needed. The Lord Bishop of London, ever forward in the cause of moral reform, would surely take the lead in this work, if it were rightly represented to him. Four years ago it was stated that there was 'reason to believe that the highest ecclesiastical authorities were neither ignorant of the wants of the students, nor unwilling to assist them.'* The several chaplains of the hospitals, and the incumbents of the parishes in which they are situated, should be the first to stir. Let Mr. North make a fresh effort, and let the other clergy interested second him. Let us see the vigorous pen of the chap-

* 'Letter from a Medical Student,' p. 7, note [1].

lain of Guy's engaged in this holy cause. Let his influence, which we believe to be very great, be used with the heads of the Church on the students' behalf. We have little doubt that the managers of the several hospitals, and the medical profession generally, would join with readiness in such a scheme as we have put forth, if it were only pressed on their consideration by the proper ecclesiastical authorities. And they, how can they pause? A time is come when the position of the Church is in a measure recognised, when the clergy are expected to be up and doing, when a large section of the laity is anxious to act under them, to second their efforts, to carry out their plans for the amelioration of the existing state of things—when men are prepared to make large sacrifices of money for objects clearly good and practical, if they are undertaken by the Church in a truly Church spirit. There is everything, therefore, to encourage the effort we would have made—there is everything to indicate that it would be crowned with complete success. How can they, whose duty it is to make the effort,—they who 'have to give account for the souls' that are being lost,—how can they be justified in still sitting by, with folded hands, listless and motionless? We fear our voice is feeble—we fear more that it may never reach those whom we would fain rouse to act in this matter; still it will be a satisfaction to us that we have done what we could; we have called attention, so far as lay in our power, to one of the most frightful evils of our social system—we have spoken for a class on which men hitherto have been content to shower abuse, without so much as moving a finger to give assistance to it—we have cried on behalf of the poor hospital student, heretofore reckoned, almost universally, irreclaimable and reprobate. The issue is in higher hands than ours. We have done all we could. We have 'freed our own souls.'

ART. III.—*The History of England, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Commencement of the Reign of William the Third.* By JOHN LINGARD, D.D. A new Edition, 13 vols. London, 1845.

'THE history of England is yet to be written,' is the dictum of an intellectual Magnate of the present day. The literary world is now expecting with impatience the produce of the labours of our great Essayist, the luminary, who, enriching the light of his predecessors by his own, shall throw the lustre of his genius athwart the expanse of our country's annals,

to illumine what is yet dark, and correct what is yet fallible. He is indeed fortunate in possessing so invaluable a predecessor as Dr. Lingard: by a work so impartial, so searching, so praiseworthy, as a whole, and so admirable in detail, as the volumes before us, his labours will be materially lightened, in subjecting our history to the refining crucible of his powerful intellect. An elaborate or lengthened critique on a work so well known, and so generally valued, as Dr. Lingard's, would be misplaced; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with the endeavour to do justice to its various excellences in limits that will not draw too largely on the patience of our readers.

In stripping our history of the fallacies with which the philosophical vagaries of Hume, who was betrayed into numerous errors by the speculative tendency of his mind, had previously encumbered it, Dr. Lingard has performed a service which must ever entitle him alike to the approbation of his cotemporaries and the gratitude of posterity. He has completely cast down his visionary predecessor from his pedestal. Hume, as a writer of romance, or as a philosophical disquisitionist, may yet continue to please, but as an authority he is obsolete. In his preface to the present edition, our author, after an admirable delineation of the essentials of an historian, demonstrates with great truth the dangers to which a chronicler of historical events possessing a mental disposition such as Hume's is inevitably exposed. He says,—

'It is the privilege of the novelist to be always acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and character he delineates; but the writer of history can know no more than his authorities have disclosed, or the facts themselves necessarily suggest. If he indulge his imagination, if he pretend to detect the hidden springs of every action, the real origin of every event, he may embellish his narrative, but he will impose upon his readers, and probably upon himself. Much research and experience may perhaps have entitled me to form an opinion; and I have little hesitation in saying that few writers have done more to pervert the truth of history than philosophical historians. They may display great acuteness of investigation, a profound knowledge of the human heart; but little reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements. In their eagerness to establish some favourite theory, they are apt to overlook every troublesome or adverse authority, to distort facts in order to form a foundation for their system, and to borrow from their own fancy whatever may be wanting for its support and embellishment.'

Dr. Lingard is as free from the perils of metaphysical flights, which he thus condemns, as he is uninfluenced by a religious or political bias. He never evinces partiality; he may be accused of it by those whose eyes are distorted by the blemish they deprecate, but by none others. He never perverts facts, and

the arguments with which he supports the opinions which he draws from his narration of events are ever cogent and perspicuous. With a keen, searching, undeviating truthfulness, he has rescued our annals from much of the misrepresentation which the exaggerations of partizanship have created, from much of the obscurity which the fantastic ingenuity of antiquaries has caused, and from many of the sophistical conclusions of speculative theorists. This is no slight boon to have conferred both on the present and the future, but the task has been well and ably performed.

Hume has disposed of the Anglo-Saxon period of our annals in one half-volume: Dr. Lingard, however,—his labours greatly facilitated by the previous industry of Mr. Turner,—has devoted the whole of the first volume to this era, and the light which he has shed upon it must ever remain a lasting trophy of eminent talent, sagacity, and indefatigable research. It is to this epoch that he refers the primeval institution of the feudal system, rejecting the supposition that it was a Norman importation cotemporary with the Conquest. He demonstrates with arguments based upon indisputable evidence, both actual and presumptive, that the relations of suzerain and vassal were not unknown to our Saxon forefathers prior to the incursions of our Gallican invaders; and that the fealty implied in the one term, and the protection attributed to the other, were recognised among them at least in a degree. In corroboration of this assertion, he adduces an instance of eighty-four vassals who sustained death rather than abandon the fealty they had sworn to a lawless homicide. The Norman Conquest achieved the introduction of the more tyrannous and oppressive form of feudalism, but the researches of our historian show, fully and convincingly, that its primal establishment was anterior to the Invasion. He quotes a coeval authority to prove that the term *vassal* was in use in the time of Alfred.

Dr. Lingard agrees with Hume in maintaining that the Witenagemot was not a representative assembly, and the extent of its legislative power both allow to be extremely vague and undefined. The Cyning, or Rive, was compelled to obtain the acquiescence of the Witan ere he could carry any enactment into effect; and its members sometimes appear as the counsellors of royalty, at others as legislating in conjunction with him.

But although Dr. Lingard has thus invested the history of this primitive period with an interest which refutes the aspersive contumely of Milton, in depicting their juridical customs and political observances, he would have added, we think, to the attractions of his history had he delineated their social characteristics. The progress of a nation in refinement, the march of

intellect, the mutations of manners, the condition of the arts and sciences, are not less compatible with the province of the historian than a description of its polity. Notwithstanding this omission, however, our Anglo-Saxon annals can now no longer compare 'with the engagements of hawks and kites,' but may vie, if they do not excel, in interest with any portion of our chronicles.

The stirring scenes that England witnessed under the Norman dynasty, the rude usages, the turbulent contentions, that she exhibited during those troublous times, the superstitions of a semi-civilized age, the lofty influence of chivalric feeling mingling with the barbarous excesses of the most savage cruelty, are all depicted with great fidelity and force. In many scenes Dr. Lingard displays the highest dramatic ability; in his description of the internal commotions of those days, in his knowledge of the different social relations, in his piercing scrutiny of the intricacy of the national system, he is as skilful and profound as he is penetrating in analysis of motive, and in combination of cause with effect;—an union of essentials which is sustained throughout his history. We may differ from him occasionally in his estimate of individual character, as, for instance, we do in his judgment of Charles the First; yet we cannot accuse him of having misstated facts, or of wilfully distorting the foibles and follies of the objects of his censure. His convictions in every case are evidently sincere, and appear the emanations of a calm unbiassed deliberation.

It is in questions connected with religion that Dr. Lingard has been attacked, most unjustifiably and unfairly in our estimation, with the impeachment of partiality. In our country the feeling against Romanism prevails so strongly, that an historian who, more moderate than his predecessors, attempts to rescue a Faith abjured with so much fanaticism from the accumulated attacks of previous writers, or deprecate the harsh constructions of his opponents, is regarded with jealous eyes. If he adopt views not exactly coincident with their own, his pretension to impartiality is disputed; so true it is that men cannot read without prejudice when their passions are interested. Dr. Lingard's description of the Reformation, and of the causes that led to it, is, to our thinking, so faithful in narrative, so candid in confession, so liberal in spirit, so free from party feeling, so discriminating in perception, and so just in review, that we cannot sufficiently wonder at the charge which is preferred against him. What can be more fair and tolerant than the following passage, in which he records the main causes which contributed to the success of the Lutheran agitation.

'There existed in Germany a very prevalent feeling of disaffection to the see of Rome. The violent contests between the popes and the

emperors in former times had left a germ of discontent which required but little aid to shoot into open hostility; and the minds of men had of late years been embittered by frequent but useless complaints of the expedients devised by the papal court to fill its treasury at the expense of the natives.'

'2nd. The chief of the German prelates were at the same time secular princes; and as they had been promoted more on account of their birth than of their merit—they frequently seemed to merge their spiritual in their temporal character. Hence they neglected the episcopal functions: the clergy, almost free from restraint, became illiterate and immoral; and the people, ceasing to respect those whom they could not esteem, inveighed against the riches of the church, complained of the severity with which the clerical dues were exacted, and loudly called for the removal of many real or imaginary grievances which arose from the demands of the popes and the exercise of the episcopal jurisdiction, and which for years had been the subject of consultations, of remonstrances, and even of menaces. These attempts had indeed failed; but the success of Luther revived the hopes of the discontented, and thousands ranged themselves under the banner of the innovator without any idea of trenching on the ancient faith, and led solely by the hope of reforming abuses.

'3rd. The recent invention of printing, by multiplying the copies of books and the number of readers, had given a new and extraordinary impulse to the powers and passions of men, who began to conceive that their ancestors had been kept not only in intellectual but also in civil thraldom. Works, descriptive of their rights, were circulated and read with avidity; the oppression exercised by their rulers, and the redress of their grievances, became the ordinary topics of conversation; and the inferior nobles in each state laboured to emancipate themselves from the control of their princes and to establish their dependence on the empire alone. All Germany was in a ferment; and Luther converted the general feeling to his own purpose with admirable address. They contended for civil, he for religious liberty. Both had a similar object in view; both ought to support each other. The titles which he gave to his works aided his purpose. He wrote of "Christian Freedom," and against the "Bondage of Babylon;" liberty was constantly in his mouth and in his writings; and he solemnly protested that his only object was to free mankind from the intolerable despotism of the church of Rome. These arts wrought the desired effect; and though at first few of the princes became proselytes, the great body of the German nobles applauded and seconded his attempts.'

This is very much our own view of the revolution of that era. Political change was so identified and associated with religious reform, that we are at a loss to decide which of the two feelings the more preponderated. To bow the power of the Vatican, and repress the secular influence of the Pope, was as much the object of the movement as to amend the errors of the Roman hierarchy. Had not this feeling mingled itself so strongly with the religious enthusiasm of the Reformers, it is to be doubted whether the Protestant ascendancy would have been achieved at all;

at all events its establishment would have been deferred to a far later period. It is even probable that, but for the operation of this sentiment, the visible unity of the Church might have been preserved.

The history is brought down to the proclamation-day of William and Mary. Dr. Lingard's picture of the character of the last Stuart is just and accurate; it neither disguises his errors nor his blindness on the subject of prerogative, but it at the same time rescues him from the odium of the extravagant bigotry and tyranny with which some writers have invested him. We could have wished the work continued until the commencement of the present reign.

The defects of this history are the absence of description as to manners, arts, and the social progress, and the want of those familiar and lighter touches which redeem the dryness of historical narrative. It is a work, however, which must ever please from its solid and sterling qualities, which must ever be commended for the elaborate research it displays, and must ever be admired for the genius which has combined this latter with the most profound acuteness and searching penetration. The present edition contains a portrait of the author, and is embellished with very beautiful vignettes.

ART. IV.—*The Cricket on the Hearth: a Fairy Tale of Home.* By CHARLES DICKENS. London, 1845.

MR. DICKENS's reputation as a writer, some time since on the decline, will gain nothing by this little book. Its annual predecessors, 'The Chimes' and 'The Christmas Carol,' hold no very exalted position; but 'The Cricket' is, to our mind, inferior even to them. It is Dickenism diluted, or, to borrow a metaphor from the 'delicacies of the season,' a mince pie with more puffy paste than savoury mincemeat. As to the story, its plot is commonplace enough, and its details are equally unsatisfactory. As most persons will have read it by this time, we shall spare ourselves an analysis. The most striking feature of the characters is their want of originality—not, however, that they have been copied by the author from another, but that they are weak reproductions of his own previous creations; thus, in Caleb Plummer and his blind daughter, surrounded by their baby houses, Noah's arks, dolls, and rocking-horses, we seem to recognise a faint shadow of Nelly and the old man seated amongst the lumbering wares and dusty quaintnesses of the 'Old Curiosity Shop:' in the

principal of the firm, Gruff and Tackleton, are united the mental and personal accomplishments of MM. Scrooge and Squeers; whilst his fancy for a pretty wife, if it cannot recall the memory of Arthur Gride of Nickleby celebrity, has about it a dash of Quilpishness not to be mistaken. The cares bestowed and honours lavished on her baby by Mrs. Peerybingle, may carry us back to the interesting family of Mr. Kenwigs. In the matronly mother of May Fielding, with her regrets and surmises concerning the 'indigo trade' and its fluctuations, none will fail to see a feeble image of the excellent 'Nickleby mère;' nor will any dispute that in the graceless person of Miss Tilly Slowboy is displayed a complete and unmistakeable portraiture of Dick Swiveller's Marchioness.

We might push the parallel much farther if inclined, but have said enough, we think, to convince any painful and accurate peruser of the 'Boz' chronicles. With this short notice we would in all probability have taken our leave of Mr. Dickens and his Christmas book, contenting ourselves with adding some general expression of distaste for the vulgar style of the writer's wit, though that is a complaint to be more readily preferred against his weightier productions; and of tediousness at the elaborate and affected minuteness by which he seeks to give force or character to his descriptions. But in this little volume, as in others, he has touched upon two subjects which we cannot so easily dismiss. The one is a serious matter, and involves the highest principles—we mean human affections,—the other, apparently less important, seems at first sight matter of mere taste. And with this second one we will begin.

Mr. Dickens is fond of meddling with *fairies;* no man, perhaps, of lively imagination is not so. But Mr. Dickens (he must pardon our presumption) has had no true glimpses into fairy land; at least not upon this occasion. It is hard to define the fairy life, and by rule and measure to test the merits of pretended visitants from that bright sphere—their credentials, if they be true, are not to be mistaken; but the initiated alone can read them. It may seem bold enough to bring a charge of uninitiation against a writer on whose page the fairies appear not now for the first time; still we do so, and to the true dreamers of fairy dreams, to the constant lovers of the fairies, we submit the charge. We are content to appeal to Mr. Maclise's illustration; we accept this as a genuine embodiment of the author's idea; it can hardly be unfair to do so; we point to the naked urchins grouped round the carrier's hearth, in the frontispiece, and ask if these be genuine fairies—these wretched little muscular flesh and blood caricatures of men? Far be it from us to hold or to assert the doctrine that all fairies must needs be of ætherial form and life. Are we then wholly ignorant of Puck and Robin

Goodfellow? Can we forget the Brownie of the 'land o' cakes,' the Leprechaun of the 'emerald isle?' Shall we deny the Elf, the Gnome, the Kobbold, or the Troll? Far, far from us be the unworthy thought! These live in legends and in legendary hearts —in the pages of a Grimm, a Croker, a Scott, and a Musæus, nay, of 'glorious Will' himself. But none of these—again to the initiated we appeal—none of these would deign to recognise a brother in the vulgar imps of Maclise's frontispiece and title-page, or the humdrum fairies of Mr. Peerybingle's vision; for they, too, have an ideal form and substance, and to miss the true spirit thereof is to lose the secret of their being. We say, then, that the domestic fairy has lost, in this new fairy tale, its own unearthly stamp; but were this not the case, still we should be inclined to quarrel with the book even as a fairy tale.

'Homely men have homely wits,' it may be said, and honest John's dreams of fairy beings must needs be homely as himself. Ah, cold and cruel falsehood! How different was the fairy of our early childhood—how bright and beautiful, how awful and mysterious, even when appearing on the woodman's hearth, to teach the lesson of content by the humble means of the yard-long black pudding! She was a graceful and majestic being in the rudest cottage, as in the king's banquet hall; even when she came old and wrinkled, leaning on a crooked staff, and clothed in rags; her rags soon turned to glittering robes, her crooked staff to a brilliant star-tipped wand; like radiant Iris, she left a glow of beauty and a track of gorgeous hues behind her. And why should it not be so now? Why should not as fair and mystical a form visit gentle Dot by her baby's cradle, as she that came to poor despised Cinderella by the kitchen grate? Why must we vulgarize our fairies?

Some persons may think us too fastidious, and fail to recognise in the fairies of Mr. Dickens a savour of the Pickwick and a dash of the Oliver Twist school; to please them, therefore, and not to be out of humour with any individual at this happy season, we will leave the specific fairies in question, and hazard a few brief remarks on fairy literature in general.

In this England of ours,—once the noted haunt of these mystic beings,—in England, where a Spenser saw the brightest vision of their enchanted realm, their chronicles are now no more, at least we are unacquainted with them. Many will tell you that the railway and the spinning-jenny, that Chambers's and the Penny Magazine have put the beings themselves to flight. Seldom was saying more untrue; their life is not as that of mortal savage tribes, yielding and decaying before the advance of noisy turbulent civilization. To hold this were to join the silly farmer-lad, who sought with noise and shouts to drive them from his master's house, or to share the error of the rude

northern peasantry, who can believe their emigration and desertion of their well-beloved haunts. This error our author,—and we honour him for his knowledge of so much fairy truth,—this error he has most wisely eschewed. There is many a green and pleasant spot, there is many a gnarled oak tree, which yet, we may not doubt it, witnesseth their nightly sports and gambols; and then there are—again our author is in the right—the manifold and graceful troop of fairies of the fireside. But the fact is we have lost, not their presence but the seers of it, and this loss we are right in attributing to the 'Spirit of the Age.'

Now this consideration lies deep, deeper far than fairy tales or Christmas story-books; to prove the view that we would fain advance of it, would lead us through the history of many times and many men. But this our paper and our time at once forbid. Let it suffice to say that we conceive the falling off, even in this light and trivial matter of fairy lore, may be traced back with certainty to the cold and cowardly faith of our own days. Little wonder is it that when a man's perception of the deep and real mysteries of his own wondrous being is heartless, dull, and slow, that then the play of his more childish fancy, the pleasant trickeries of his less stern imaginings, should partake of the heaviness and clay of his more noble aspirations. The best fairy tales we have are legendary, descend to us from trustful ages, (let them sneer at this who will,) and only those of the present time whose study and imagination have been well versed in the past, they only who have lived in spirit once more in the olden time, or have in this same spirit quaffed the poetry of the pregnant age themselves do live in, they only have spoken in our ears heart-stirring tales of faëry. Such an one as the former was Walter Scott amongst ourselves, as the latter amongst the dreamy Germans, that strange 'Tieck,' who, to use his own expression, 'by slow degrees won back his lost youth,' the vigour and the startling truth of whose fairy tales leave behind them far the polished grace and chastened sprite-like fancy of Lamotte-Fouqué. Tieck's indeed is a wondrous history, and a no less wondrous mind; and to find a man cast in so large and yet so graceful a mould, one so terrible in his philosophy and gentle in his loving mysticism,—to find, we say, a man like him finding in fairy tales the fit expression of the workings of intellect and fancy alike, startles not a little the doubting unimpassioned Englishman, who first reads with an astonishment he is scarcely conscious of, and then, perchance, with an unmeaning—pish! throws aside the little volume he disdains because he cannot understand. In this school, in the school who form themselves on deep and painful writers of many tongues and ages,—amongst them we find no vulgarism and no common-place, they build their very fairy bowers on deep and strong foundations, and

therefore can we recognise in their fairies the worthy, nay the worthier successors of those bright airy essences that first we heard of at our nurse's knee. Moreover, imagination, like our other higher qualities, when spent and frittered away on meaner things, loses its best and brightest powers. Accustom it to loiter about stable-yards and coach-houses, to lurk in thievish dens and haunts of the disreputable; soil its wings in the dust and mud of crowded streets and noisy alleys; you will have checked undoubtedly, though perchance unwittingly, its bolder flights. Not that it may not walk, like innocence at times will do, unsullied and unscathed through all; but let it dwell too long in such abodes, see their sights, and utter their sounds, and defilement will and must in time ensue. This censure is more fitted, perhaps, for foreign writers and a foreign public than our own; that is, the latter heavier portion of it is. But the mews and stable-yard school is, we fear, peculiarly our own, and our present author has, despite his other and his better qualities, (and we are not those who would question their existence,) he, we say, has much to answer for as regards the vitiated taste of our reading public on this score. In this, we think, may be descried the secret of his failure as a chronicler of fairy doings. There is neither the ease nor flow of style when he treats on these matters, as when the sackcloth-coat of Caleb Plummer, the vagaries of the carrier's bull-dog, or the slip-shod attire of the little baby's nurse, call on the powers of his graphic pen. Queen Mab would scarce consent to have her sylph-like form designed by the same pencil which has given so truly to the world the features of a 'Sairey Gamp.' Falstaff and Queen Mab, it is true, had but one artist that drew them both,—true; but many may not dare what he has dared and done. And then, forgive us the comparison, Sir John! what hast thou to do with ought smacking of vulgarity?

Now come we to another ground of discontent with Mr. Dickens. Here, too, we find him ranked amongst a numerous school; but here he holds no longer the same distinguished post as must be conceded to him amongst the poets of the tavern and the stable-yard. We would speak of him in a different and more noble character, as a poet of the heart. How far he may deserve that name we will not here determine, but it would be injustice to deny his partial claim to such a title. There is much of kindliness and warmth, much even of deep feeling, of true pathos, in his writings, despite the many faults with which they abound; and therefore our causes of complaint are not so much against himself as the whole modern school of novelists (shall we call them?) and tale-writers amongst whom he may be classed. The passions and affections are their ground, as they have been the ground of all their brotherhood

in all times and all places; but of the higher principles which should control the one and regulate the other, they ever seem to us to entertain a strange forgetfulness. Consequently, as there is but little moral beauty in the characters they pourtray, so of sublimity it is not too much to say that there is none. That which ennobles man, though it goes forth from within, is external to himself; and deep as the human heart may seem, it is but a shallow well after all. And as the ancients, dramatists and other poets, well knew this truth, and made continual application to and of it, so the first writers of romance, the scribes of early lays and legends, were wont to imitate closely their example; and where religion was not made the mainspring of their heroes' words and deeds, they formed a substitute in that strange blending of Christian fortitude and human valour, of heavenly devotion and of earthly love, of which we are wont to speak as the spirit of Chivalry. And here it is that all the magic lies, the subtle magic of those old heart-stirring tales; a magic which serves to grace the memory of yeoman, forester, and bold outlaw, as well as gild the tale of lofty noble and of valiant knight. These writers were not copyists; they were true, indeed, to nature, but above her as it were. The manly bearing of the yeoman is somewhat more than yeomanly with them; the noble bearing of the baron is somewhat more than knightly. Where are we to look for this in the Albert Smiths, the Charles Dickenses, or even the Douglas Jerrolds, of our own later day?

True, the heart of man is a microcosm in itself; but in the microcosm, as in the universal κοσμος, strict account is to be kept of the external agencies of good and evil alike. However trivial or however vast the subject be, a creed is necessary to read the myth and understand: and however careful or reverent economy may be lest it offend against the rule that even Horace gives—

'Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus,'

still the great ruling principle will show, and will at times announce, its own existence, and reveal its guiding influence.

It is the seeming absence of this that we deplore: it is this which gives a cold unreal tone to so much writing in the present day, which cramps the true play of the fancy, whilst apparently setting it most free; which stamps a character of commonplace, and even harshness, on what might else be striking, exquisite, and refined. And as the tales of fairy life and fairy-land, so too the o'er true tales of daily life and human kind lose depth and tone and colouring,—oftentimes, we will allow, against the will and purpose of the writer; and the mistrustful, faithless 'Spirit of the Age' may be thanked in a great measure for it all.

And yet, to speak in this way is to speak but loosely and

unsatisfactorily; for, after all, what is the 'Spirit of the Age,' but the spirit and the character of the men whose being constitutes it? Material differences may, and do, doubtless, affect the minds of men; but then the mind of a writer, of one who would be more than a servile copyist of what his outward glance reveals to him; his mind must overleap the common barriers of material differences and unessential changes; and it is not the outward, but the inner life of man that should teach him all: observation may correct, but cannot create the ideal. Now here, again, is a grievous fault and delinquency of that class of writers to which we allude. Sharp and quick-witted, they soon catch the characteristics that distinguish the men or things that come under their observation; and these they will reproduce with all the fidelity and tiresome accuracy of a Daguerreotype. Like Paul Veronese, or the modern Hayter, they are perfect at the fold of a brocade, or the fashion of a lady's slipper—still more excellent at a 'gent's' pantaloons, or the 'highlows' of an omnibus cad—but the higher walk of art they cannot, or they will not, tread. Where is the bold design of a Rubens, the gorgeous tinting of a Titian, the chastened graces of a Raphael? Even in their chosen favourite line of the grotesque, they fall as far behind the real masters of the art—say, for instance, such an one as wild, fantastic, fitful Hoffman—as far as Caleb Plummer's grim dolls and spring-heeled Jacks behind the quaint and awful devices of an old Gothic choir, or as Maclise's imps behind the far-famed drolls of the inimitable Callot.

With much pretence of unmasking what is hollow and unreal, they themselves are often more hollow and unreal than that which they denounce. Backed by the superficial many, with whose present humour they now chance to jump, this school of writers have invaded newspapers and magazines, till truly they begin to nauseate; their spurious wit, and sneering 'anti-humbug' (as they would express it) morality meets one at every turn. 'Liberalism' is of course the banner under which they fight, and if we are to believe themselves, they seriously consider that they are in a kind of holy alliance waging war against the giant Ignorance, defeating it, as their most eloquent, and certainly clever representative has lately said, 'as Luther did the Evil One, by pelting it with inkstands.' A goodly boast, forsooth, the defeat of ignorance, in days when the first principles of all deep realities seem either forgotten or unknown! There was a time, when from their talent, activity and apparent heartiness, we had good hopes of some of these, nor will we deny that much that we can sympathize with remains amongst the best of them. But the bitterness and pertness, the self-sufficiency and flippancy withal, displayed by them of late, seem to warrant strong suspicions of the real worth and firmness of their principles. We

have already alluded to their vulgarity, and let no one esteem this a light thing or an unimportant index. It is no overstrained fastidiousness on our part that would make us urge this objection, but a conviction gradually acquiring strength, that they are exercising a real and injurious influence upon the literature of the day. Their style and subjects are for the most part popular, and their works assume some popular shape to meet the public eye. Now it is of great importance, especially in such days as these, when (and we confess we are all well pleased to see it) the rights and interests, the feelings and the wishes of the many are on all points consulted; in such days, we repeat, it is of great importance that the tastes formed by the advancing masses be severe, correct, and pure. In religion and morals, in literature and art, this is equally necessary, and is in all equally neglected, or nearly so. We have, then, reason to complain of all that does not approve itself as deep, reverent, and true; to all which qualities, a vulgar flippancy, whilst it is most opposed, is most dangerous and fatal; and the first, perhaps, and plainest symptom of its evil effects is the adoption, which in time becomes almost universal, of cant expressions and a slang phraseology. That much of this evil has already been effected, few persons, we imagine, will be inclined to deny, though many may be found to treat it as a matter of very secondary importance. For us, we cannot agree in this view; cast a shallow and vulgar mould ready to hand, and the thoughts of vulgar, shallow brains soon fill it up; and even the more earnest deeper thinkers are too apt in time to fall into the received formulæ, and accommodate their better capacity to the prevalent conceit.

We do not wish, of course, to charge these and similar enormities upon the little Christmas gift of Mr. Dickens, nor even upon the author of it himself, though we will not flinch from repeating what we have before asserted, that he is responsible for much in this matter. We see no bugbear in the 'Cricket on the Hearth,' and though its chirps are feeble, they are by no means unmelodious, with which negative approbation—it is all we can fairly bestow—we lay down our pen, not without heartily wishing to our readers, one and all, 'the compliments of the season, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year!'

ART. V.—1. *Letter to a Friend on submitting to the Catholic Church.* By the REV. F. OAKELEY. London, 1845.

2. *The Schism of certain Priests and others lately in Communion with the Church: a Sermon.* By the REV. W. J. E. BENNETT, M.A., late Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. London, 1845.

THERE can be little doubt that all members of the Church in England will agree in considering the departure from among us of the distinguished persons who have recently joined the Church of Rome, a subject of the deepest regret. We speak not of worldly admirers of things that be, whose idea of a church is that of nothing higher than a useful bond of society, and who would rejoice to reduce it to the level of their own notion, by the removal of its higher elements, and the expulsion from it of the men who advocate them; we speak not of the yell of savage delight which puritanical sectarians have raised, when they saw their powerful opponents separated from the Anglican Church. These, and all who in any way or degree partake of their spirit, will, either openly or secretly, rejoice that men who would not fall in with their views have gone elsewhere, and that their departure has given them fresh occasion to reiterate the cry, that to hold what are called High-Church views is inconsistent with the profession of the tenets, and continuance in the communion of the Church of England.

Now, not only do we most bitterly sorrow over the loss we have sustained, but many of us, we trust, may be led to look to the position we are in: we have gone on trusting to those around us, and assured, since all the chief marks of a true church were undoubtedly to be found in the body to which we belong, we were therefore quite safe. Now, we are far from saying or supposing that such is at all either a wrong mode of proceeding, or one unlikely to be attended with the highest spiritual blessings. Convinced that by a valid baptism we have been made members of Christ's holy Church, that in this sacrament, and the other holy administrations made by a priesthood in apostolic succession, we have the means of grace necessary for the health of our souls, we may shun all strife, as tending rather to disturb than to edify, and seek in our common and daily round of duties and religious worship a remedy for passing doubts, or hesitations, which a view of the divided state of Christendom might occasion.

Perhaps no one has more contributed to assist those who have been living in this (as we esteem) most holy path than one of those whose departure we have now to deplore. The rich

mine of devotion and practical religion contained in his printed sermons has furnished many a jewel for the eternal crown of humble and lowly followers of Jesus; and we trust, also, each one thus improved and strengthened, with those who may yet be so, (for we thank God, though we have lost the writer the writings remain to us,) shall be among the materials of his own crown of rejoicing at the last day. But since we have been thus accustomed to look up with respect and deference to the gifted writer and the holy man, how do we feel the ground shaken under us as by an earthquake, when we find that he has come to the deliberate conclusion that the Church for which he has done so much, in whose behalf he has toiled, and for whose sake he has patiently endured suffering, and taunts, and harsh speeches, has no longer the marks of a true apostolic church, and that it is his duty to leave her and join another, as he and we had before been accustomed to esteem it, in some respects a less pure communion, and, in this country, a schismatic body. Our confidence seems cruelly and deeply wounded; we are led to say, 'Surely if one so gifted, so meek, so learned, so pious, can be led to join the Church of Rome, there must be at least some doubt whether the corruptions existing in that body are so great or so many as we have been led to suppose; perhaps they were never sufficient to justify any measures which could cause a breach with her, and their abandonment was dearly and unjustifiably purchased by the loss of the union of Western Christendom; so much so that no course remains but to retrace our steps, and, like him, seek admission to her. Surely, again, if he can leave the Church he has so loved, the Church of his baptism, the home of his lonely life, the dwelling-place of his dearest friends,—there must be at least some suspicion that all is not well; that some deep corruption has been spreading and extending, unseen and uncared for by the many, which his eye has discerned, and the view of which has driven him from his home.'

Now, without saying or supposing that these thoughts are not to be met and answered by other, and far sounder and better views, by a reference, not to the opinions or leading of any one man, however esteemed, but to the whole host of British worthies, who have given the testimony of their learning, their experience, and their prayerful holiness to the Catholicity of the doctrines, and the sufficiency of the means of grace contained in the Anglican communion, it cannot be denied, that thoughts such as are above sketched have passed through the minds of many with painful acuteness, yet without awakening any further idea, without leading them to meditate taking the same course, but rather awakening them to the necessity of strengthening the cords and more firmly fixing the stakes which bind them to

their present position, and devoting renewed and increased energies to the service of their spiritual mother, thus deprived of the services of some of her ablest children.

It were wholly beyond the purpose of this article to attempt any notice of the work in which his reasons for his departure have been given to the world, but may we not, without presumption, suggest a cause of change, which may have had much greater effect on the decision, and more influenced the tone of thought which has led to it, than even he himself may be aware of. The severance of the ties which bound him to his parish, and the cessation of all the close relationships which exist between a pastor and his flock, where the one is anxious to teach and the others to be instructed in the path of salvation, unlike as they are to any other which can exist. We have often heard it said of late, that the holiness to which its members, in some instances, have attained, is one distinct proof that the blessing of God rests on the Church in England. Now, without giving the argument any more weight or force than it deserves, for at certain times a Church may have sunk into a state of lethargy in which this proof of external and visible holiness could not be plainly exhibited, and yet, by the mercy and grace of God, the seeds may yet again spring forth with new vigour; without insisting too much on this note of favour, we may be sure it is one of great value and power, and more especially when the fruits of it are to be seen under our own eye. And probably there are none who have tried, however feebly yet honestly, to teach the truth and the whole truth as the people are able to bear it, who have not seen at least some instances of this blessed working of the Spirit of God; some, perhaps, among those the world calls ignorant, and who are least endowed with its gifts, who have grown up under the Church's system, and perpetually sought in her divine ordinances a renewal of the union with their Saviour which by her means was first begun in them; who, fed by heavenly food, have attained a strength of trusting faith which excites our admiration and love, and widowed, childless, and afflicted, have departed in peace with the hope and trust of saints. One such scene as this will tend, more than many arguments, to convince us that we live and move in no unreal system, but that, however feebly our light may be burning, it is not extinguished. Sever us from this, and when we look at a distance at the strife of tongues, and the practical defects, we can in no case, save by blind indifference or prejudice, shut our eyes to how different becomes the scene, how prominently the evils come forward, and how faintly burns the light.

The same remark will apply in a certain measure to Mr. Oakeley, whose letter lies before us. But his course of conduct

has been somewhat different, for he seems, from his own account, to have been thoroughly impressed with the superior claim on his obedience possessed by the Church of Rome over that of the Church of England, supposing their directions to be different; and yet, with this conviction, to have remained with some hope that a gradual change in the body of Anglican Churchmen might bring them into union with the Roman see.

'For a time I was led to hope that the systems in question were not antagonist, but congenial; and I accounted it a chief duty to appropriate, as far as might be, the more remote with a view to the amendment of the nearer. Thus I sought to model the services of Margaret Chapel upon a type to which assuredly I found in the Church of England no living counterpart.' Now assuredly such an attempt as this carried with it its own elements of failure. Were we in ever such close communion, retaining the independence of a national Church, and admitting not the unasked interference or dictation of a foreign bishop, the attempt to model the services of one nation into the form of those of another, even granting that the differences were in minor and unessential matters alone, could never succeed, would naturally excite jealousy, and provoke opposition in the body where the introduction was attempted. We speak, of course, only of such attempts being made by individuals; if made by the governing body they would stand on very different ground. Again, 'That Rome must be restored to us, sooner or later, many of us have long seen and felt; and the hope we cherished was that the force of transition might be broken, and the eventual substitution come about through a gradual process of absorption. But others would not have it so, and perhaps they were right. Catholic Rome has long lifted up her voice against the attempt to receive her by halves; and what she failed for a time, through the dogged loyalty of a few churchmen, to achieve, Protestant England has effected for her. Rome has long advocated individual reconciliations instead of a corporate union; and most wonderfully have the acts of the Church of England at once accredited her judgment and promoted her great object.'

With such views as these, we cannot wonder that Mr. Oakeley should have left us. To remain in one body while all a man's sympathies and attachments are so firmly fixed on another as to be determined to take part with it against his own, whenever they shall differ, is to do that which no honest man can long do, and we doubt not that he would not have remained with us, even had not his chivalrous defence of Mr. Ward, and claim to be included in the same fate, hurried on the decision. Certainly, if there is no honest way in which a man can reconcile his views of Catholic truth with the formularies of the Church of England, or if he has not such fixed confidence in her authority as to

submit his judgment to hers, so far as is given in authorized standards, we cannot see how he can continue to minister at her altars; and we cannot fail to admire the honesty which prompts an unpopular avowal, and in some cases makes great personal sacrifices. It is needless to examine the reasons given by Mr. Oakeley in his letter, if such indeed they can be called, for the step which he has taken. He declares his letter 'not meant by way of argument or apology.' Certainly it contains very little of either, and is merely an explanation of his reasons for permitting certain convictions to lead him to one course of conduct at one time, another at a subsequent one; and we wish not to enter on a criticism which he says would be simply an unfair one.

In opposition to these melancholy events, and to endeavour to check the spreading of the principles which have caused them, Mr. Bennett has printed a sermon deprecating criticism almost as much as Mr. Oakeley. 'The pressure of the moment in the particular subject of which it treats, has rendered it impossible to do much in correcting it for the press. It is, of course, evident that its usefulness (if any) will be immediate, while our grief is fresh. I send it, therefore, to the printer in haste, with all its imperfections.' Prepared as his own congregation, no doubt, are to hear such things as are here brought forward, and instructed in the fundamental matters here taken for granted, we doubt not it would be both acceptable and useful; but, certainly, taken alone, it furnishes no solid ground of argument.

'The point at issue is not whether those who do so join it are schismatic, but whether we ourselves are not schismatic in not being in the communion of Rome? This, of course, opens a question far too wide for a sermon of this kind; but, shortly, it may be said, that the very meaning of Saint Cyprian in the passages quoted, and of the others, is strictly this, the setting up of a rival worship.' This point, thus taken for granted, is the very one on which the whole argument must rest; for surely the words of Saint Cyprian, or any other Father, can never be made to mean that the Catholic Church is guilty of a schismatic act in sending missionaries to teach the truth to a nation which has not at all, or only partly, learned it; which is heathen or schismatic, and not a branch of the one Catholic Church. We cannot possibly esteem the Church in Scotland to be a schismatic body, because the sect called Presbyterians are spread over the land they dwell in. We deny not, nay, we earnestly maintain, that the Church to which we belong is a true branch of the holy Catholic Church. So long as we can establish this, the schismatic act will belong to those who set up rival altars; if we fail in the proof, and those sent among us are sent by a Catho-

lic body, they are no longer schismatic teachers, but Catholic missionaries.

Again, p. 5: 'Three hundred years ago many superstitious rites in the Church were cleared away. Many usages which were not edifying were changed and restored to their primitive purity. That which a foreign Church had introduced, contrary to ancient times, was purged out. There was a circumcision; real, pure, and spiritual. But then came the concision. All ceremonies were pronounced superstitious. Contests arose about vestments, ornamental work in churches was destroyed, altars thrown down,' &c. Now is not this statement at variance with the plain lessons of history? Was there ever a time when the Reformation had so far advanced as to purge out all that the Church of England holds objectionable, and retain all that she esteems essential? Was there ever a time when the worship had been purified from what we esteem Roman corruptions, and no contest had arisen about vestments, no destruction of ornamental work, no pulling down of altars? Does the destruction and plunder of the monasteries, the sacrilegious spoliation of the especial property of God Himself; the alienation of tithes; do these things come under the head of real, pure, and spiritual circumcision? And if not, when was the time, when that circumcision had been effected, and the concision had not begun its work? Agreeing, as we do most cordially, with Mr. Bennett in the fundamental principles which he advocates, we regret that he should have built up, upon foundations we deem unproven, a conclusion to which we cannot follow him. 'Let it not be thought that these are good men who withdraw from the Church. The wind never carries away the wheat, nor the storms overthrow the tree which has a solid root to rest on. It is the empty straw which the tempest tosses; it is the sapless tree that the blast overthrows.' Surely there are few who would agree in the general application of these words of Saint Cyprian to those who have recently left our communion. We stand in a middle position between the Roman Church and the mere Protestant sectarians; and however we may be satisfied with our own state, we hardly can help seeing that those who stand on the extreme limits allowed by the Prayer Book may easily become dissatisfied with their position, and overstep the line, on one side, in search of even greater latitude of opinion than is allowed within it; on the other, in search after more definite standards, and more of, what they esteem, Catholic and edifying usages. Now, whether we have strength enough to visit with punishment all who deviate on either side or not, sure we may be that nobody in the world could ever endure a one-sided persecution, and that we are inflicting this if either by public acts, or private writings, we severely censure those who approach or join the Church of Rome,

while we suffer others, almost without notice, to join bodies of dissenters in which no marks of a true Church are to be found; or openly, while outwardly continuing with us, to hold communion with the excommunicants of a Church with which we are in full communion; or be present in Presbyterian assemblies. Surely, too, our grief and anger should be less, and expressed in more measured terms, when those of our brethren we have loved and valued unite themselves with another branch of the Catholic Church, however we may esteem it less pure than our own, than when they are guilty of a departure from the Church altogether.

There is one statement on which Mr. Bennett and Mr. Oakeley are agreed; which the former by the plainest implication, and the latter directly asserts. We quote Mr. Oakeley:—'The Anglican Church is an organized, acting body—a system it is, and a definite and distinct system too. It has its bishops, who, on the whole, speak pretty much the same language; it has its formularies, which, whatever their varieties, receive, on the part of those in authority, pretty much one uniform interpretation.' Now surely this is a statement which is hardly borne out by facts. For good or for ill, we can but admit that the Church of England has now no audible and authoritative voice. There are no means of obtaining any decision, which shall be binding on the consciences of the most submissive of her children, on any question of the interpretation of the Prayer-book. To this state of things must be attributed the great laxity and diversity of opinion which prevail among us, and from the want of habit of hearing, and submitting to the Church's voice, has arisen, we fear, a spirit of wilful deafness, which, did she speak never so wisely, would stop the ears and refuse to hearken. We say not that this silence has been, in our position, an unmixed evil. Rather may we not trace in it the directing hand of an allwise Providence, who has left us such decisions as were given when we were fit to make them, and withdrawn the power when we were no longer fit to use it aright. Had the Anglican body, during the last century, spoken with authority, being such as it was, should we have had the power of holding within the communion those true and ancient doctrines which are our glory and our consolation? We can hardly say that there is any fixed and definite voice in the body which retains within it, even in the same diocese, Mr. Oakeley; the unreproved preacher in the assemblies of Scotch Presbyterians; and the supporter by his presence and ministrations of the excommunicate rebel of Aberdeen: which numbers, even in high places, the high churchman, the sympathiser with the puritan, and the latitudinarian. That we may be what Mr. Oakeley says we are, 'an organized body, a definite and distinct system, it must be essential that we should be able

to speak with the voice of authority. Certain it is that such voice, whenever it speaks, will have the effect of separating from us some of those who hold views in opposition to each other, and who would not be content to submit their private judgment to the voice of the Church. This we may look for; but convinced as we are of the elements of life being still within us, we may humbly trust that God who has so far protected us will still overrule for good the time of the restoration of distinct speech, and the effect which it shall have.

We doubt not that, however diminished in numbers, we shall still exist. If, as we hope, we have hitherto, through great dangers and difficulties, been watched over by Divine Providence, and the seeds of truth kept alive within us, the touch of difficulty and persecution will cause them to grow and bring forth fruit. Low indeed had our sister Church of Scotland fallen, and a compromising spirit with the evil genius of Puritanism threatened her very existence, when the Almighty took away her wealth, and subjected her members to hard trials; and she came forth as gold from the fire, and remains to this day a pure and Catholic body. So may she be kept and preserved from all encroachment on her ancient inheritance of holy services.

For ourselves, a trial may arise sooner than we look for, and from a quarter which we are not guarding. We mean from the acts of the civil rulers in their administration of Church matters. We have but little confidence in the Churchmanship of the governing body which has unchurched itself by the admission to it of sectarians; we have but little confidence in the man whose temporizing policy caused his rejection from the object of his ambition, the representation of Oxford; and whose wound still rankles as if but newly received, and makes him look with little favour on the body which inflicted it. What is the real meaning and object of the Ecclesiastical Commission? We ever, from past and bitter experience, look with distrust at the tender mercies of the State towards the Church. Is this one bright exception, where, by the State's fostering care, the Church is to be protected and assisted? Let their acts give the answer. The time-honoured limits of ancient dioceses broken up, not for the purpose of subdivision, but in the vain attempt to bring a vastly multiplied population under the direction of the ancient number of bishops; inducements held out to curates to accept new churches under pledges of assistance from them, which are violated and their dupes left in difficulties; the appropriation, not of Government funds, but of the revenues of the Church itself, laid up, as this had been, against a time of need; and last, not least, the direct act of sacrilege committed in the operation necessary for the virtual extinction of the See of Rochester: the ancient residence of a bishop for 1100 years, with its consecrated

chapel still standing on its ancient site; and though now forming a part of the house, with its old walls still there, all this mercilessly sold to the highest bidder, a trafficking speculator. And not only the house and grounds, with all their dear memories, have been thus devoted to ruin, and no hand outstretched to save them; but with them has been sold the prospective advantage of the various leases; and the property of the See of Rochester thus for ever alienated from the Church. If this be not an act of plain and direct sacrilege, surely our fathers have strangely mistaken what constituted the sin. It is not alone in these higher matters that sacrilege, or what we esteem so, is at least attempted; but a short time ago a bequest of a small amount of property was made to a living: hardly had the fact become known, than a proposition was made that possession of the property should be transferred to one of the funds under the actual or possible control of Government, and the estimated net annual value charged on a neighbouring living. Now, in more than one respect, we seem to be following the example of the French nation. We have already seen colleges on the model of the infidel institutions of France attempted in Ireland. Have not we reason to fear that the Ecclesiastical Commission (innocently as far as many of the members of it are concerned) is but the beginning of a deep-laid scheme for getting possession of the whole revenues of the Church; and paying, and thus endeavouring to make subservient to the Government, the whole of the Clergy. Already, with one fell swoop, and without any violent opposition, have the revenues of the bishopricks and cathedrals been grasped; and instead of their ancient rights, the bishops are paid by quarterly sums from the Treasury. How long will it be before the same plan is at least attempted with the whole of the tithes, and other property, at present devoted to the maintenance of the inferior clergy? Let us not be caught unaware, and the enemy advance while we are sleeping. It may be that we can offer no resistance; it may be that God has decided thus to try our steadfastness; but come what may, and when it may, let us endeavour to be prepared with that which is the true strength of a Church; full of prayers, of good works, of holiness, steadfastly maintaining the truths committed to our guardianship, yet maintaining them, as far as may be, with meekness and peace to all, particularly to those who are of the household of faith, members of our own or any other branch of the Church Catholic. In Mr. Bennett's beautiful words, 'Let us gird up our loins afresh. As soldiers in a battle, who lose first one and then another of their chosen men, as brave soldiers, let us so much the rather draw in and collect the closer, so that our phalanx, though smaller, may yet present the same unwearied, steady, and determined face to the enemy. As seamen

in the storm which rudely blows around, we may indeed be compelled to part with some of the choicest part of the ship in which we sail: the masts may go; the cabins; the instruments of warfare; much of our store, even our provisions, may be cast out; but if the hull remains, we may still be safe in the mercy of God, only if, as St. Paul's mariners, we abide in the ship. Therefore let us be of good cheer even yet. The more other men desert our holy Mother, so much rather let us cling in close affection round her; so much the rather let the tenacity of our hold be tightened, and our service to her, henceforward, be more faithful.'

Since the foregoing pages were in type, we have been requested to notice the following correspondence between the Rev. F. W. Faber and the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson, Bart. Mr. Faber is as well known by the beauty of his fervid and elegant poetry, as he is universally esteemed and venerated for his deep and humble piety. We were ignorant of the existence of the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson, Bart., until we read his name in the *Morning Post* of the 30th instant. Mr. Faber's letters are in every respect worthy of him, and we could not better express our approbation. The first, especially, is replete with Christian charity and heavenly zeal. All sincere friends of our Church must regret the loss of such a man as Mr. Faber: very few are there who can supply his place. We will only refer to one passage in the last letter of the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson: he says, 'Subsequently to my letter to the *Northampton Mercury*, and in consequence of that letter, I received a communication from a person of high standing and character in the county, informing me of what was said to have occurred during your visit to Florence, and expressing a firm belief in the truth of the reports. I replied that I might perhaps make use of the information, if authenticated; but could not do so unless sanctioned by the parties on whom the truth of it depended, to give their names, if required. I was told, in answer, that "the authorities, if necessary, shall be forthcoming." ' Now, we beg leave to suggest to this 'person of high standing and character in the county' that the time *has* arrived when, if he wishes to preserve that 'character' untarnished, and not to disgrace his 'high standing,' he must give up the authority on which he uttered a malignant libel, which has been subsequently repeated *on his bare assertion* that this should be done 'if necessary.' We venture to say that *it is* 'necessary'—that the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson is bound to require this at the hands of his informant—that he is bound to publish these 'authorities,' or, at

all events, supply their names to Mr. Faber. Mr. Faber, conscious of the utter falsehood of the report *which was intended to injure his reputation*, may be content, having given it the explicit denial which he has done. His word is a sufficient assurance of the truth of any statement he makes. But this will not satisfy us: the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson must say a little more in 'self-justification,' or suffer by his silence.

The following is the correspondence referred to:—

'St. Chad's, Birmingham, Dec. 9, 1845.

'Rev. Sir,—A friend has forwarded to me a copy of a Northampton paper*, containing a letter from yourself, relative to my late secession from the English Church, and requesting me to answer it, which I declined to do. My friend Mr. Spencer has, however, begged me to write a few lines to yourself privately, speaking of you as one to whom silence might seem like a discourtesy, and that your character is such that he should be pained at even the appearance of it towards you. In compliance with this request, I venture upon what would otherwise seem an unwarrantable intrusion upon one of whose name even I was quite ignorant till yesterday. You will then, perhaps, allow me to state that it is *not* true, that all the seven who joined the Church with me were "in my pay," or had been under my "training," further than that, in some sense, all parishioners may be said to be under the training of their pastors. And further, one of those, who *was* in my

* The following is an extract from the Rev. Sir G. S. Robinson's letter to the *Northampton Mercury*:—

'But what are the facts connected with the secession of Mr. Faber and his seven parishioners? Mr. Faber preached his farewell sermon at Elton, and went *the next day* to make his recantation of Protestantism, under Dr. Wareing's auspices, at Northampton. Is it credible—is it possible—that he not only fully resolved upon his Monday's errand when he was delivering his Sunday's message in the guise, or rather disguise, of a Minister of the Protestant Church of England? Nay, if the step which he has taken be the result (as I suppose he would have us believe) of calm and patient deliberation, of long forethought, of much and earnest prayer for Divine guidance, must he not have been for at least *several weeks* in a state of mind which totally disqualified him, as an upright man, for preaching the doctrines or administering the ordinances of the English Church? Will even the miserable Jesuitical shuffling of Tract 90, or Mr. Oakeley's disgraceful sophistry of subscribing to the Articles in a "non-natural sense," avail to justify his representing himself as a bonâ fide Minister of a Protestant Church up to the very moment of his becoming a member of the Church of Rome?

'Then, again, as regards the "seven parishioners" said to have seceded with him. I confidently ask whether, in the judgment of common honesty, this fact, so triumphantly recorded by Dr. Wareing, does not stamp the whole transaction with a most suspicious character? Does it not prove beyond a doubt, what, indeed, his own conduct already referred to is sufficient evidence of, that he had made use of his assumed character as a clergyman, and of the opportunities for private instruction as well as public teaching which that character gave him, in order to betray her interests and draw away her members? The transaction, however, assumes a still more serious and censurable aspect when it is known who the converts alluded to were. A friend to whom I wrote to make particular inquiries for me respecting the truth of the current reports, says, "Those who have gone over with him (Mr. Faber) are his secretary, his footman and maid-servant, another young man, and two called boys, about sixteen or seventeen years old, all young people, who had been under his training and *in his pay*."'

pay, made a considerable pecuniary sacrifice to come and live with me, and so can hardly be supposed to have been actuated by pecuniary motives. On the whole, such a charge as that may now be best refuted by the six fresh converts from Elton, five of whom derived no assistance, pecuniary or other, from me, while three of them were vehemently opposed to Roman doctrine and to the other converts after I had left the parish: and only came to me last Tuesday in consequence of Mr. Claughton, the new rector of Elton, stopping them from coming to bid me good bye in person, and desiring them to hear "the other side of the question." They heard his two sermons, and then said among themselves, as they described it to me, "Well, we have only heard *one* side, not both; Mr. Faber never told us anything about Roman doctrines, or gave us any reasons for his going." So they came, three in number, to see me at Benefield, and the result of the conference was their conversion. I do not adduce this for any further end than to show that it is hardly a kindly or merciful construction to put upon the act of my poor converts, that it was effected through mercenary considerations. Indeed, nearly all the thirteen involve themselves in no inconsiderable temporal unhappiness by their act. With regard to preaching a farewell sermon on Sunday, and seeking reconciliation with the Roman Church the next day, I am well aware that two very opposite judgments may be formed, neither am I at all sure that my way of viewing it was right. I can only say that the motives which actuated me to what I very much disliked were, not only a wish to do what was right, but a wish to do what would seem least cavalier to the community which I was leaving. That the doctrines I taught at Elton, which were what is vulgarly called Puseyism, were Roman, I entertain no doubt; *but I was not aware of it myself.* I acted *bonâ fide*, fully believing that what I taught was *more* in accordance with the Prayer-book than the opinions of any other Anglican party, and was for the good of the English Church, which I sincerely loved, and for which I worked to the best of my ability. I was certainly wrong. Other parties, who condemned Puseyism as Roman, were more clear-sighted; but I do not think they could be more conscientious. When doubts came into my mind, it would appear from your letter that you think I ought to have given up ministering in the Church; but allow me respectfully to ask you whether that would not have been in effect settling the question? A change of religion is a grave matter; and one should be sure that a *conviction* is not an *impulse* before one acts. It would surely be monstrous to say that a man should back out of any sphere of duty because of an impulse which he has not yet ascertained to be a conviction of conscience. On this view the Evil One could shift all of us from our posts of duty at his wayward will. During this interval of doubt I preached almost exclusively old sermons written in the years 1837 and 1838, visited less sedulously in the parish, and to some who were in the habit of confessing to me, I openly stated my doubts, without, however, entering into reasons for them, and on the explicit ground of my having great influence over their minds, I suggested to them that they should confess to me no more. By so doing, I conceived that I was doing as much as I could to strip myself of influence over others without going *so far* as really to prejudge the

question. Certain circumstances on the Monday before I was reconciled satisfied me that my position in the English Church was not honestly tenable. On the Tuesday, in very great misery, I left home to seek counsel, and, finding the step inevitable, I did not return to my parish till Saturday evening, when I desired the clerk to let the people know that there would be no communion next day. Several of my people came to confession that night, and I refused to see any of them. I told my own household and another young man (two of which number had desired to join the Roman Church some months ago, when I was not in doubt myself, but whom I prevented) what I intended to do; eight persons at once decided to follow me, and feeling myself (on my convictions) in a place unsafe for my soul, I did not feel justified in holding them back; yet to one of them I did think it right to recommend delay; and that person, though now in the Roman Church, at the time remained behind. I should have much more consulted my own feelings in not reading prayers and preaching on the Sunday, especially as in an English church I felt myself bound to abstain, which I did, both from alluding to the step I was about to take, and from giving my reasons for it; it was simply a brief, hastily written expression of deep personal love and sorrow. I thought then, and think still, that, not knowing whence to get help for that day's duty, it would have been more abrupt and cavalier *not* to have officiated, than to do so. But I dare say you are a much better judge of what would have been most *proper* in that matter than I was, especially as I was in deep affliction and disturbance of mind. I only ask to have a kindly construction put upon my conduct, where an unkindly one is not actually inevitable. I do not feel myself in any condition to sit in judgment on others; and, though I think *not* for this particular act, I am sure in all other ways the very severe language you use about me is far more suited to my merits, and, I assure you, far less painful to my feelings, than the ill-deserved panegyric which Dr. Wareing in his affection has pronounced upon me. I know from my own past experience that it is so natural, so almost necessary, for persons in *your* position to misunderstand the process of thought and conduct which places men in *my* position, that the grief of finding one's self considered false and dishonest by much holier men than one's self, was quite anticipated by me as a burden which I trusted God would give me grace to bear as meekly as might be. It would, perhaps, then be too much to ask you to think that I have acted rightly, or to withdraw some of those severe imputations upon my moral character which seem so cruel to me, yet were but expressions of an honest indignation in you: yet I am sure you will allow me to ask so much of you as this—to TRY to think that in an act which has involved me in clearly foreseen distress and suffering, so far as things temporal and fleshly affections are concerned, I have endeavoured *for myself and others* to follow my conscience and the apparent beckonings of God's will, and where you think (as possibly from the necessity of your position, as an English clergyman, you *must* think) that I have acted wrongly, to pray God to forgive me, and out of my mistakes to bring a blessing to our poor distracted country. I am sure ALL *earnest* men must be agreed that the less we call each other hard names, and the more we pray for each

other, the sooner shall we attain to that unity after which, I doubt not, you yearn quite as anxiously and quite as honestly as myself. Once more I must request you kindly to forgive this intrusion on the part of one who is quite unworthy to occupy your time and trouble; yet may pardonably ask for a mention in your prayers.

'I remain, Rev. Sir,

'Very humbly and respectfully yours,

'FRED. WM. FABER.'

'Cranford, Dec. 18.

'Reverend Sir,—I wish to acknowledge, with as little delay as possible, the receipt of your letter, and more especially the Christian courtesy and kindness with which it is written. It would indeed show a callousness of feeling of which, I trust, I am not capable, if I were insensible to the evidence which every line of your letter gives of a heart sincere (though, of course, in my judgment, mistaken) in all its movements, and earnestly intent upon doing that which is right in the sight of God. I wish in the outset to make this admission as fully and unreservedly as possible, and thus to comply with the request you make, that I will try to "withdraw some of those severe imputations upon your moral character" contained in my letter to the *Northampton Mercury*. I wish it to be distinctly understood that my remarks apply to the system, and not to the unhappy victim to that system; to the loose and sophistical views of moral honesty inculcated by the Romish Church, and not to the unfortunate dupe, led away by the ignis fatuus of a visible Unity which that Church professes to afford. I should never have thought of making you the subject of public observation, if Dr. Wareing's specious letter had not trumpeted forth your character and conduct as worthy of so great praise. Seeing the use which he designed to make of your name, I thought myself justified in inquiring what grounds there were for his eulogium, and in publishing the result of those inquiries. I regret exceedingly your resolution to reply to my letter privately, rather than make the circumstance of your secession public. I regret this on two grounds: first, because, from your own statement, it appears that my allegations (with one trifling and immaterial exception) were correct. You deny nothing of what I stated, except that *all* the seven converts were in your pay. It appears that *only some of them* were. And though you also deny that they were under your training "further than that in some sense all parishioners may be said to be under the training of their pastors," you allow that they had been in the habit of coming frequently to you *for confession*, and few persons, I apprehend, will think that I used too strong a term in calling such practices *training* for Popery. I regret your resolution, secondly, because if I have done you any personal injustice by my published letter, your own statement of your case would have been the most complete refutation of any injurious impression respecting your character which my words may have conveyed, and would moreover have furthered the only legitimate object which I have, or ought to have, in view, viz., that of showing how baneful and deleterious is the effect, even upon the most amiable and well-intentioned

mind, of holding communication with Romish doctrines and Romish practices. Two years ago I was informed that you were at Florence, and that while there you attended mass, crossing yourself with holy water, and joining in other ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. I was assured, upon unquestionable authority, that your conduct, even so long ago as that, was the subject of general remarks among both Protestants and Romanists. Here then let me answer a question which you have put to me in your letter. "Allow me (you say) respectfully to ask, whether, when these doubts came into my mind, I ought to have given up ministering in the English Church, and whether this would not have been in effect settling the question?" Without the slightest hesitation, I answer that you ought to have done so. I cannot myself see that temporarily giving up the ministrations of the Church for the purpose of coming to a decision upon the momentous points at issue between the Anglican and Roman Catholic communions, would have been in any degree "settling the question." But even if it had been so, can there be a rational doubt on this subject? Your authority to preach and officiate in our Church was given on the express and declared condition that you subscribed *ex animo* to her Articles. You were bound by *solemn oath* to that condition, and the very instant a grave suspicion crossed your mind that her creeds and rites are not the creeds and rites of a true Church of Christ, from that very moment you could no longer aver that you were *ex animo* her minister, from that very moment you retracted the profession of faith on which alone you were entitled to minister at her altars. If there was ever a case showing how Tridentine morality affects a naturally amiable and simple mind, it is that of the late Rector of Elton. Your friend and fellow seceder, Mr. Watts Russell, did, I am told, the very same thing with yourself—that is, he received the pay, and wore the garb, and ministered at the altars of the Church of England, up to the very hour of his assuming an attitude of bitter hostility to her, denying the efficacy of her sacraments, excommunicating one and all within her pale, and counting it a sin even to kneel down in private prayer with her members. It is under circumstances such as these that I felt it needful to take notice (if it were not done by some abler pen and higher authority) of the system resorted to long since in other parts of the country by those who have gone over to Rome, but only recently adopted in this neighbourhood. It is time now that our people should be reminded to look upon the Church of England as a Church not protesting only against the vagaries and irregularities of Protestant Sectarianism, but against the delusions and dangers of the Romish schism. You are one of those who have forced this obligation upon us. By infusing suspicions and apprehensions into the minds of those who are under our care, you have justified them in demanding of us "are you real and *bonâ fide* Protestant Episcopalians, or are you Romish emissaries in disguise?" Thus, while professing to yearn (as you say in your letter, and say, I am sure, most sincerely) after unity, you are encouraging the very worst species of schism. Your means, I think, I have already shown to be schismatical, and your end is not less so, for you have left a communion blest with episcopal orders and episcopal government, for one which, in this country at least, has neither bishop nor diocese.

'In conclusion, I would wish to assure you that the last request in your letter shall not be forgotten. I should be indeed unworthy of having such a request made, and little would my prayers avail, if I could entertain any other feelings towards you personally than respect for the motives which have induced you to make such painful sacrifices, and regret that you should have left the Church of your fathers to league yourself with that motley crowd of Dissenters, who have no one object in common but that of her downfall and destruction.

'I am, Reverend Sir,

'Yours faithfully and respectfully,

'GEORGE S. ROBINSON.'

'77, Caroline Street, Birmingham, Dec. 20, 1845.

'Rev. Sir,—Allow me to thank you for your last letter, which lays the burden of your reproof upon the Catholic system rather than upon myself or any other individual convert. I quite think that you are only doing what is your duty (in your position) by laying open what you consider the manifestly immoral workings of an erroneous system; and though it is very painful to me to have Michael Watts Russell's name coupled with mine, because of the affectionate esteem with which I regard one so far above me as he is, nevertheless I presume I may infer from your letter, that in his case also it is more the system than the "victim" which you would hold up to reprobation. If it should seem well to you to publish your letter to me, then I will ask you to send also with it my letter to you, and likewise this note, as I may thus have an opportunity of publicly saying to others why I have refused to answer the attacks they have made upon me:—I do not think it is modest in me as a neophite to answer charges which have reference to the Church and not to me, and I think it still less becoming in me, from my own knowledge of myself, to try to clear my personal character of any accusation whatever. I am not *now* in any situation of responsibility, and am therefore entitled to the very grateful privilege of being unjustly accused, and of being silent under it. With regard to the correctness of the facts in your first letter, your word "immaterial" shows that I wrongly put a harsher construction than I need have done upon your language. I really thought your meaning was to throw a complete slur upon the conversions which accompanied mine, by implying that they were all mercenary. With regard to the facts of your last letter—I was at Florence two Sundays only; on both of them I officiated in the English chapel. I most solemnly declare that I never remember to have attended mass in Florence, and I positively believe that I never did. I may have entered a church on a week day, when mass was going on, but not to my knowledge. Tourists go in and out, and it may have been so with me. I never remember either crossing myself or using holy water there, and I positively believe that I never did. I was known at Florence as a "Puseyite," and as such, what I did and said was canvassed, while, in common with others of the party, I was the object of all such inventions as fear and distrust, not always unmingled with ill-nature, could suggest. I did not then, what I do now most fully confess, that, in my judgment, submission to the Roman Church is the legitimate and only consistent end of Puseyism; I do

not say the only honest one, because I blinded myself, and others may do the same, and in so doing both of us may injure the sensitiveness of our moral perceptions, without being aware of it. Once again allow me to thank you for the very great frankness of your letter, for frankness on such matters is the only solid courtesy; and still more let me thank you for the promise you make of giving a mention in your prayers to one who has only become known to you in so unpleasing a way.

'I remain, Reverend Sir,

'With much respect,

'Very humbly yours,

'FRED. W. FABER.'

'P.S.—I have kept no copy of this my last letter to you; I feel no sort of objection to their being printed with your letter, and in your hands am not afraid of the correctness of the press.'

'Cranford, Dec. 22, 1845.

'Rev. Sir,—Your explicit denial of the statement made with respect to your conduct at Florence renders it necessary for me in self-justification to detail the circumstances under which I made it. Subsequently to my letter to the *Northampton Mercury*, and in consequence of that letter, I received a communication from a person of high standing and character in the county, informing me of what was said to have occurred during your visit to Florence, and expressing a firm belief in the truth of the reports. I replied, that I might perhaps make use of the information, if authenticated, but could not do so unless sanctioned by the parties on whom the truth of it depended, to give their names, if required. I was told, in answer, that the "authorities, if necessary, shall be forthcoming."

'One other ground only I wish to refer to. You speak in your first letter of my being influenced in forming my opinion of your conduct by my "position as an English clergyman," and the same idea is repeated in your second letter, in nearly the same words. I should be sorry to leave you under such a mistake as this, because, though I cannot entertain any very sanguine hope that, while you are in your present "position," you will give much weight to my opinion, yet, I am desirous for your own sake, as well as that of others, that you should give it fair play in your mind, and not set it down at once as the result of clerical prejudice. I beg, therefore, to assure you, that my "position as a clergyman" has nothing whatever to do with the question. It is a simple question of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, a question that any man, woman, or child in the country of ordinary understanding, whose judgment has not been obscured and perverted by the dust of Romish casuistry, will form the same opinion of. It is a question, moreover, in which the laity are as deeply interested as the clergy, and one in which I trust they will take care to show their interest.

'I am, Reverend Sir,

'Faithfully yours,

'GEORGE S. ROBINSON.'

ART. VI.—1. *The Young Baronet.* A Novel, in 3 vols. By the Author of 'The Scottish Heiress,' &c. London, 1845.

2. *The Lady of Milan; or, Fidelity unto Death.* Edited by Mrs. THOMSON. 3 vols. London, 1845.

3. *The Eventful Epoch.* By NICHOLAS MICHELL. 3 vols. London, 1845.

4. *Contarini Fleming; and Alroy.* By B. DISRAELI, M.P. 3 vols. London, 1845.

WE were hesitating in the selection of a 'light article'—an article which, as Sir Walter Scott has somewhere said, might be read by ladies whilst their hair was papering—when, looking over our table, we happily discovered four recently-published Novels which we considered worthy of commendation. We select those only which are deserving of praise; otherwise should we soon be compelled to coin new words of censure. We are inundated with worthless trash: works of merit are scarce, and must be valued accordingly. And, upon reflection, we doubt if we could have made a better choice. Mrs. Trollope, it is true, has written 'a new novel,' but we are right glad her publisher has not imposed upon us the ungracious, yet all-necessary, task of criticizing coarse taste and miserable sentiment, albeit unfortunately allied with much ability and vigour. Mr. Hewlett, too, has given us three volumes neither better nor worse than those he was wont to supply. Mrs. Gore has edited much nonsense; and Mr. Cooper has presumed upon the reputation he has gained. We cannot afford space to notice all these works, and will therefore confine ourselves to those we deem most worthy of commendation—to those which will live beyond a first edition.

Among these we have no hesitation in assigning precedence to *The Young Baronet.* We have expected the publication of this novel with much anxiety,—and we are not disappointed. It is worthy, in every respect, of the reputation of its author. Who that author is, it matters not for the present, at least, to inquire; and we will hazard no vain surmise. It is sufficient to say, that from his pen nothing trashy proceeds: every new work only adds to a reputation now deservedly exalted. The highest praise we can give this novel—and it is no mean compliment—is to say that it is not inferior to *The Young Widow.* How different are the sentiments which such a tale excites, to those which are originated by one of Mr. James's spun-out narratives, which weary more and more at every page. Here we have true genius, eloquence, and deep feeling, all harmoniously combined. Of the novels of 1845, only excepting *Sybil,* we know of none which can compare with this.

We will give one extract; it will be sufficient in itself to justify our commendation:—

'And June came—for the weeks ran on too fast to be counted well—and the largest trees were green to their airiest summits; and vistas, lately dark enough for wood spirits to hold orgies in, were now leafy and fit for love-bowers, and the wild bird's limpid ringings were pouring from them all; and roses gave elegance to the poor man's cottage-garden, and the summer odour of honeysuckle welcomed him at his door, when the long day of toil was past; and though he was weary it bade him be glad, and may be sent gentleness into his heart to make its silent blessing heartier to the dear ones who welcomed him to his home again—it was June, the month which is summer's own, with no bleakness to begin it, and nothing arid to parch up the freshness of its sunniest days—the very churchyards were bonny, and the old yews and willows hung their green branches protectingly over the forgotten graves; and the erect sycamores ruffled their dark leaves in the churchwall breezes, and sweet birds sang there, making the forsaken place their own, and in the joyousness of a melody more true to sacred hopes than the requiem of the dirge, told gladly and aloud that the dead should rise again—and June came, and Renault was at Cuikglen on one of its fairest days, and he was sitting with Gertrude under the old acacia tree, when a post-chaise rolled along the drive at a short distance from the place. Gertrude started to her feet; a lady that sat in the carriage pulled the check-string, and called to the postillions to stop, and no sooner was this done, than a small gloved hand appeared outside the carriage-door, and threw it open, and without waiting for assistance, Alice Lennoy sprang out upon the turf, and in an instant was clasped in her sister's arms! "Dear, dear Gertrude!" exclaimed Alice, kissing her on both cheeks, and then for the first time seeing Renault, blushing slightly and turning a questioning look to her sister's beaming face. "It is Renault Falconer," she said, in a low and anxious tone. "Oh, it is Woodlie!" said Alice, with the instinctive grace of prompt courtesy to a guest of her father's house, holding out her hand, which Renault with strange embarrassment took respectfully. Few could have thus met that dazzling being with tranquil pulses for the time. To say that Alice Lennoy was beautiful is not saying enough; flushed now, and her dark eyes sparkling with the pure intensity of emotion at seeing her sister again—the sister who had always doated on her, who had saved her life on the lake, and who had in all cases sacrificed her wishes to hers, if they jarred or but seemed to jar—there was something in the extreme beauty of Alice too vivid for acknowledgment, and too subduing for admiration—like exquisite music it seized at once upon heart and soul, and held them in such sweet thraldom that they wished not to be free—she was one of those glorious beings who have to be seen but once, to live with us in our youth and manhood, and be remembered even in the dark nights of our ancient days; one of those lovely ones who give the imagination a warmer passion for the painter's visions, and the heart a readier echo to the poet's song; she was only seventeen, yet Milton's creative Eve, in all her blandishments of frailty, is less beautiful in her blank verse ideality

than was this proud patrician girl in the reality of her guise; for the classic sense of heathen notions of woman in a state of degradation by which John Milton was inspired, has given to his Eve a weakness which makes her but the mother of the unfortunate; solemn and obscure is the record from which he has cast the frailty of wantonness over the sweetest attributes of woman; Milton's Eve is but a beautiful personification of a goddess of profligacy, put in a situation where there was nothing but curiosity and creeping things to beguile her to her bent. But no frailty sat on Alice's open forehead; the mouth was proud and joyous, and the eyes were frank and true; the countenance was like a happy memory, like a vision of loveliness that might be; the roundest figure had the grace of dignity, and the gentle bust had the charm of love; bright and beautiful she stood there, with her small, delicate foot on the turfy soil, with the elastic firmness of a daughter of its lord, and with the old ancestral elms around her, rustling freshness into the sunny languor of the summer day; there might rarely be found a finer subject for a picture of the poetry of woman's lovelinesss, than this dark-eyed daughter of Lennoy, as she stood there in the glen.'

This is only one of those numerous beautiful passages with which these volumes are radiant; it will, however, suffice to call attention to one of the most charming novels it has ever been our fate dreamingly to muse over.

The Lady of Milan seems to be the production of an Italian, we presume a lady, and is edited by Mrs. Thomson, known as the author of several works of fiction, who, we hope, will forgive our saying, that a few words by way of introduction would not have been amiss; it was almost due to the writer. They appear to us to be the *first* effort of authorship, at least in this line; for the development of the story, and the introduction of historical details, are bristling with the errors of literary juvenescence: the former replete with puzzling episode, and the latter often wearisome and prolix. And this is the more to be regretted, because the reader who has the patience to peruse these dry pages, and who does not forget the narrative, will find an abundance of rich and even compensating beauties.

For the reasons just stated, it will be obvious that to give any proper idea of the plot would be difficult: its very simplicity is made subservient to our bewilderment. The time chosen is when Luchino Visconti was ruler of Lombardy's proud capital; and the lovely and high-souled Margaret Pusterla, his cousin, is the *Lady of Milan;* whom, in the first chapter, we find the wedded wife of Franciscolo Pusterla, a noble and distinguished cavalier; in the next chapter, however, we are introduced to her first love, Buonvicino, a 'scion of the house of Landi, one of the most illustrious families in Placentia,' and who, by the fate of war, was sent a deputy and honourable hostage to the court

of Milan; and there, lodged in the house of her father, Uberto Visconti, he met Margaret. Buonvicino was knightly and accomplished, polished in manner, and a cultivator of the 'belles lettres.'

'It was not surprising that so accomplished a knight should inspire the heart of Margaret with a feeling of interest. Buonvicino was in his thirtieth year; the lady had scarcely attained fifteen. The unremitting attentions of the knight awakened in her mind, as yet inexperienced and ignorant of itself, no sentiment but that of chaste and tranquil pleasure. When this incipient affection had deepened into a mutual passion, it yet remained secret; nor had the lovers themselves revealed it to each other. Those simple words, "I love you," had never, in their mutual intercourse, escaped the lips of the knight; but passion, in a silent language of its own, revealed itself in a hundred various ways. And Margaret hardly knew that she loved; she had never confessed so much to him; she had never *avowed* it to herself—although conscious that her heart beat more rapidly at the approach of Buonvicino, and that she felt lonely and dejected during his absence; as if he had relinquished something peculiarly his own, and as if she had been deprived of a part of herself. When quitting them he never said he would return, much less that he would return at such an hour, yet Margaret would remain during the whole period of his absence in a continual fever of expectation. At any unusual delay she was seized with an agony of anxiety; but no sooner did she see him again, than she was filled with a joy that seemed to expand her very existence—an existence whose fulness of happiness might well be compared to a tree blossoming amid the vernal breezes of May, or a vine loaded with September fruit.'

Such was their mutual position when Buonvicino is dispossessed of his estates, and banished for ever from Placentia; his every hope is blighted, he is suddenly reduced to poverty. Under these circumstances prudence admonishes him that Margaret is beyond his aspirations, that it would be allied to sin to seek such an union; and, with a poor knowledge of his own heart, he aids the suit of Franciscolo Pusterla. They are wedded; and now, for the first time, Buonvicino discovers that 'He had made an unfortunate mistake in supposing his passion to be extinct, when it is merely quiescent.' In vain does he struggle to repress this guilty love; he is necessarily much in her society; even her husband's praises only add fuel to the flame. He dared not to express these feelings in words, but, with the natural cowardice of immorality, he conveyed to her his sentiments in a letter. No answer was returned, and, to end all suspense, the knight sought the presence of the lady; he was admitted, kindly received, and silently, but most impressively rebuked. Before leaving the apartment he said, 'Margaret, this lesson shall not be lost; but never, while I have the breath of life, can your remembrance be effaced from my heart!'

'Buonvicino left the palace in a state of insensibility to external objects; he perceived neither the stairs, the servants, the gate, nor the road, but wandered about like a somnambulist, unconscious where he was. It was doubtful, indeed, whether he was aware that it was Holy Thursday, a day of universal devotion, on which (and the custom has continued even to the present time) all the people assemble and walk in procession, to kneel before the sepulchre of the Lord. They go to adore the holy place, in commemoration of that glorious tomb in which were deposited the remains of Him who is both God and man, when He consummated the redemption of the human race. Vast multitudes of men, women, and children, were now collected in the streets. Here were the poor, half naked and in rags; there the villagers, in doublets and cloth hoods; farther on came a procession of knights, in regular files, arrayed in a rich but not showy costume, without plumes and without arms. A crowd of people pressed on in great disorder after a man bearing a cross, to which, as a convenient substitute for an image of the Saviour, was affixed a winding-sheet, which he waved in the air like a banner. He walked barefooted, and some of those about him were clothed in sackcloth. One of them recited the rosary in a loud tone, to which a chorus of discordant voices responded. Others chanted the Stabat Mater, or the psalms of the penitential king, or struck themselves over the shoulders with whips of knotted cords, as they muttered a miserere in a doleful strain. Another, with still deeper self-abasement, having his head enveloped in large folds of linen and covered with ashes, marched between two brothers, who from time to time lashed him violently on the back. Numerous societies of men and women paraded the streets, so closely clad and hooded that neither their limbs nor features could be discerned. Troops of brothers, and of monks who were not bound to the cloister, walked hand in hand, with their eyes fixed on the ground, telling their beads, chanting and groaning. In this manner they proceeded to one or other of the seven principal churches, which, at that time, were all outside the walls. When they arrived there, they renewed this mock celebration of that great mystery of love and expiation, by redoubling their prayers, chantings, groans, and flagellations. Public societies, in long processions, attended by crowds of citizens, were continually arriving from every quarter of the city. Each party was headed by a man, intended to represent the Saviour, bearing a heavy cross on his shoulders, and accompanied with a group of women in the characters of Mary Magdalene and the Virgin, together with saints of every age and nation, all uttering loud lamentations. Others assumed the costume of Palestine, and represented the Jews, Pilate, Herod, and Simon the Cyrenean. In keeping with their outlandish dress, they also attempted to speak in some foreign tongue, and this jargon mingled strangely with the cries and lamentations of the crowd. As an accompaniment to this melody, there was a continual din of rattles and sticks struck against the gates and railings; these implements were used by crowds of children, to manifest their turbulent devotion. A blind man mounted on a stage, chanted, with a dolorous and monotonous voice, a composition as gross as can well be imagined; which, though at this day it would only excite laughter and disgust, extorted

from the bystanders tears of pious compassion. The attentive multitude eagerly threw their *quattrini* into the money-box of this blind beggar. Some of these men of iron, bred up in war and slaughter, who had never sympathized in the real and present sufferings of their fellow creatures, now wept like children at the recital of the voluntary sufferings of the Divine Victim. Some of them, clapping their hands on their sword-hilts, exclaimed, "Oh! if we had been there, we would soon have delivered Him!" A group of pilgrim-friars, perceiving this excitement, endeavoured to turn it to the most profitable account by beginning a moving recital of the barbarities they had seen inflicted on their Christian brethren in the Holy Land; and attempted to induce on the faithful a desire to deliver these Christians by force of arms, or, at least, to lighten their afflictions by present contributions of money. It was an imposing spectacle to see an entire nation weeping in sympathy with the sufferings endured so many years ago, as if it were but an event of yesterday; the effect, however, was diminished by the uncouth mixture of the solemn and burlesque which characterized the middle ages. Buonvicino was in the midst of the motley crowd; sometimes permitting himself to be carried along by the stream of the populace, at others forcing his way in a contrary direction, with downcast eyes, as though he dreaded an accuser in every person he encountered!'

We have extracted the whole of this description, not only because we believe it will be read with much interest, but also as affording an instance of the fault we have complained against: the historical part of the novel is too laboured; and, as here, is not introduced with discretion. We are obliged to read six or seven pages, not quite as agreeable and elegant as those of Gibbon, before we can ascertain whither poor Buonvicino bent his steps; and when at length we discover him standing before the church of the Umiliati of Brera, we must again restrain our impatience until we have learnt the history of the Order of the Umiliati—five pages more; then, we are informed that he has passed over the threshold of the monastery, greeted with the pious benediction, 'The blessing of the Lord be upon thee.'

'Around, an atmosphere of confidence and peace seemed to breathe; multitudes of sparrows chattered on the roofs, and the summer swallow sought again the nest from which she had never been disturbed. The numerous pieces of cloth on which the inmates had been at work, hung up in the spacious chambers, not to disturb the quiet of a day sacred to meditation. Here and there appeared one of the brothers, in a white cowl and tunic, his loins girded about with a cord, and wearing sandals on his feet; and his countenance sad and grave, in harmony with that solemn day. They were accustomed to the sight of strangers, incited by curiosity to inspect their abode; but they made no remarks on its beauties, they sought no conversation, they asked for nothing, they feared nothing. The religion they had embraced was a sufficient safeguard to the riches they had collected, and it seemed to impress a

sacred awe on those whom misfortune or curiosity had attracted to their dwelling. Each brother, as he passed Buonvicino, accosted him with the "Pax vobis", and, without another word, passed on. The soothing effect of this scene on the mind of Buonvicino was like the tranquillizing zephyr of returning peace on the waters of a stormy lake. He wandered about at random, deeply absorbed in his own reflections. His steps, at first hasty and uncertain, after a while became more sedate, and revealed the benign peace which, though slowly, was beginning to penetrate his soul. Now a concert of voices, feeble, distant, and which seemed to proceed from a subterraneous cavern, arrested his attention with a kind of lugubrious melody; and, following the sound, Buonvicino was conducted to the church. The dim light of this secluded aisle, barely sufficient to make the various objects visible, induced a feeling of profound solemnity. No lamp hung from the roof, no wax-light glimmered on the dismantled altar; a murmur of prayer, as it arose from the lips of the faithful, whose forms were indistinguishable in the surrounding gloom, resembled those spirits who, though invisible to mortal eyes, were heard on that day lamenting in the temple of Jerusalem, when the last sufferings of the Saviour had consummated the fall of the Jewish persuasion, and established the perfection of the Christian worship. In the confessions, or, as they were called in the dialect of Lombardy, the *scuruolo*, the brothers repeated the Lamentations of Jeremiah, together with the touching and single narrative of our Lord's Crucifixion. Buonvicino groped his way till he approached one of the sixteen columns which divided the area into three naves; here he stumbled on something which, by the touch, he discovered to be a tomb, supporting the recumbent effigy of the body enclosed therein. He kneeled before this tomb, which, in fact, was the sepulchre of Bertramo, first grand master of the Umiliati, who imposed the original rules of the order, and who died, in the odour of sanctity, in the year 1257. Buonvicino supported his forehead on the cold stone of this monument, while tears fell from his eyes, and tender emotions of piety penetrated his breast. The thought of God, of the end of all things, of the sufferings of Him who died and expiated the sins of fallen man—who testified, in short, a participation in the grief of all men, for a moment made him forget the anguish of his own heart; for a while obliterated the idea of his past sufferings and his recent error, of his country, of Margaret, of all which in the world had ever occasioned him either joy or sorrow. "What earthly felicity," said he, "does not end in grief, vexation, or weariness? Here, on the contrary, are privations which terminate in peace, and penitence which produces happiness. To the austerities of Lent will succeed triumphant hallelujahs. To-morrow they will meet, and salute each other with the cry—He is risen! A salutary self-denial, which resolves itself into holy exultation!"'

And Buonvicino joined that holy brotherhood. He was ordained a priest, and became a faithful and an eloquent preacher. Then, when by the daily practice of devotional exercises his heart had become pure, he again sought the presence of Margaret, and

'Having detached from his girdle a rosary composed of cedar beads with facettes, on each side of which was inlaid a star of mother-of-pearl, whilst from the chain was suspended a cross of the same material—a laborious work, which had been the production of his patient and solitary leisure hours,—he presented it to Margaret, saying, "Accept this rosary, and keep it in remembrance of me: it may one day be your consolation. When you recite your prayers, do not forget to implore God's mercy for a sinner."'

But why have we thus lingered over this somewhat serious passage, in a novel where so much is suitable for quotation? A few will ask this question, but our friends will readily divine the motive, and we will frankly avow it: we think it good in these days of reviving bigotry and speculating insanity, when the iron on which we travel is infecting the heart with its frigidity—to improve every occasion where we may legitimately contend with this debasing intolerance; and especially, because in reviewing a novel we attack the enemy in his stronghold—we carry the war into the chambers of the mothers and daughters of England, and administer the antidote where the poison is most fatally infectious. The Evangelicals are not scrupulous as to the means they employ to attain their end; if they can bar the door against Tractarianism, or make believe that 'Puseyism is Romanism, and that Romanism is of the Devil,' they care not very much how they accomplish this feat of Christian charity: they do not scruple to admit Eugène Sue to the school-room, or to place the eloquent libels of M. Michelet in the hands of a young wife! And yet these men preached sermons against Byron, and even now, whilst they are tacitly commending the pestilential ephemera we have named, are denouncing the works of Bulwer. We are anxious, then, when the opportunity offers, to call attention to the sublime religion and surpassing devotion of that Sister Church, which, however much we may deplore her errors, however much we may lament her superstitions, must be ever held dear by the Christian. The Ultra-Protestants will run beyond the goal, and lose the prize they are striving for; they may conciliate Dissenters, who will hereafter rule them, but they will force but too many of the true friends of the Church to cry out with the inspired Prophet, 'In returning and rest shall we be saved.'

We must now resume our narrative. Her husband having accepted a foreign embassy, Margaret retires during his absence to the palace of Montabello; and here Luchino, taking advantage of this absence of her lord, and instigated by a Ramengo, a servile courtier and a base villain, seeks to seduce her virtue. Franciscolo, apprised of this treacherous conduct of his Prince, returns hastily to Milan, and calling together his friends, they enter into a conspiracy to avenge the foul outrage,

and free their city. This scheme, by the imprudence of Alpinolo, a devoted page, who is a principal character in the story, is subsequently discovered. But now our author introduces us to the past life of Ramengo, in an episode of commanding interest: it is the gem of the book; and we have rarely met with a more powerfully wrought picture. Rosalia, the beautiful daughter of the house of Gualdo della Maddalena, becomes the wife of this wretch, Ramengo; it is an alliance repugnant to her feelings, and on which they were not consulted. Her husband soon suspects her good faith, and believes Franciscolo, who loved her in youth, to be the seducer; but not being able to wreak his vengence on him, determines to make poor Rosalia the victim; and the heartless cruelty with which he carries this into effect is truly appalling. He first essays to stab his own child, almost before the eyes of its suffering mother, in the very hour of its birth; in this he is frustrated, and then, whilst his thoughts were of revenge and murder, 'his conduct towards his wife seemed so calm, so peaceful and affectionate, that Rosalia took comfort and frankly forgave his former outrage.' He played the hypocrite well. We cannot afford space for more than a brief extract from this horrible scene; that, will, however, be amply sufficient to justify our remarks.

'It was at the close of one of the finest days in May, a short time after her restoration to health,—the season most propitious, the sky serene and cloudless, while the increasing heat gave a double charm to the fresh nocturnal breeze,—that Ramengo said to his wife, "What a lovely evening!—Suppose we take a walk together in the environs of the citadel; methinks it would greatly benefit your health." "Most willingly!" exclaimed Rosalia, overjoyed at this proof of her husband's affection, feeling as if she might again love him. "And the infant," added she; "I will run and take him to his cradle, shall I not? Only wait awhile till I have put him to sleep." "Why may we not take him with us?" replied Ramengo, "art thou tired of him already?" "Tired of him!" she repeated, in a tone of maternal affection: "Little dost thou know how delightful to a mother is the burthen of her child!" Thus saying, she folded her infant in his clothes, and carried him by the side of her husband. They descended the declivity leading from the citadel to the border of the lake. It was the first time since her confinement that she had walked beneath that serene and cloudless sky. She felt like a prisoner just restored to liberty: the glassy lake, the far blue mountains, thrilled her with rapture, as her breast dilated with the sweet and life-giving vernal air. The waters of the lake, though greatly increased by the melting of the mountain snows and the recent rains, were breaking in little billows on the shore with a soothing, gentle murmur. They sat down on a low parapet, to survey this wide expanse of crystal waves, unbroken by a sail or even the dashing oar,—for during the late war, all the vessels on that lake had been captured and sunk. Rosalia gazed awhile on the summit of the Resegone,

whose indented ridges the sun was steeping in his richest dyes; and then on the opening vale of Valmadrera, where his parting rays seemed to linger and renew their strength, as the life-blood rallies round the heart of the dying. Then, turning from this matchless scene to gaze on living beauty, she began to prattle to her babe, as though he were able to comprehend and to reply. "Open his eyes, my love!—open them, to behold this lovely scene! Does he see those hills? He will hereafter know them well! Up those mountain sides, high as their summits, will he one day pursue the bounding goats, with step as light as theirs, rejoicing in the pure air, the laughing sun, and liberty. And when, after long absence, he shall revisit his native land, he will mount some hillock, some tower, to catch the first glimpse of those mountain peaks, the sweet memorials of his childhood. And does he not see this lake? It hides beneath its waves an infant fair as himself. The day may come when he will swim through these transparent waters, or gaily glide over them in a boat." "And why should not we," interrupted Ramengo, "indulge ourselves with a sail in a boat this evening?" "Oh yes!—let us do so!" she exclaimed, "provided the working of the oars will not weary you too much." "On the contrary, they will prove a most salutary exercise." About a stone's throw distant was a pier, at which the only two boats that remained in all the lake and river, were preserved for the service of the citadel. Ramengo, seating Rosalia and her babe at the stern, removed one of them, and, taking a pair of oars, pulled away along the shore on which at this day stands the populous town of Lecco. They passed under the arch of Azone's bridge, erected by that lord but a few years before, and, gliding beside Pescate and Pescarenico, they pushed their course to where the waters expand into a wide basin. In the meantime the twilight wore away; the outline of the surrounding mountains grew more and more indistinct, and blended with the deepening azure of a cloudless Italian sky. When they reached the middle of the lake the objects on the shore had become almost invisible,—except the curling smoke of a few scattered cottages, whose inmates were cooking their meagre supper of fish. All these lovely scenes corresponded with the peaceful joy that filled the heart of Rosalia, as she pressed her lips on the dewy forehead of her slumbering babe. Ramengo suddenly sprang from his seat, and began to stamp violently at the bottom of the boat, till he made it tremble violently, terrified the mother, and awakened the child. "Vile adulteress!" he exclaimed, "didst thou hope to hide from me thy base treachery? Thou art deceived—I know it all! Behold the hour of thy punishment has arrived. Wretch! thou shalt die now." Pale with terror, she gazed wildly around, clasped her infant closely to her breast with one arm, and extending the other toward Ramengo in an instinctive attitude of supplication, she was about to answer—to demand an explanation—to beseech. But the villain would not give her a moment's grace; he threw away the oars, and plunging into the lake, began to swim towards the shore. Rosalia covered her eyes as he sprang from the boat, and uttered a wild scream of despair. She watched him swim away, and with the last gleam of twilight she saw him gain the bank.'

Here follow more than twenty pages of really harrowing misery and despair; the painful interest is never permitted to flag, and altogether the scene would add to the reputation of our most established novelists. We can only give the concluding lines, and they disclose the unhappy fate of the beautiful and confiding Rosalia.

* * * 'In the midst of so many sufferings of anxiety, grief, hunger, and hopes excited only to deceive, the force of maternal love alone had sustained her strength. But now the conflict was at an end—despair at last prevailed. Her senses grew dim, she saw no more, she heard no more; she had no further concern with earthly things. Let us hope that, in her last moments, her spirit was united to those faithful friends, piously kneeling on the rock, who had implored the Lord to grant her that mercy in heaven, which she had so vainly sought on earth.'

We would gladly prolong our extracts, but that we have already exceeded the space we can fairly accord. A very brief summary must therefore suffice. Margaret, Franciscolo, their child, and the faithful Alpinolo, are arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Luchino knows not mercy. Every succeeding act in this black tragedy is pourtrayed with the pencil of a master, and the catastrophe is wrought up with great and vigorous ability. Let us instance the visit of Buonvicino to administer the last consolations of religion to Margaret; it must draw a tear from the most callous:—

'At the exact hour of noon on the following day, Margaret heard her prison door open, and lifted up her eyes. Oh, no! this is not the brutal jailer; her eyes do not meet, as they were wont, a look of insult or cold indifference. No! she sees—oh! she sees a well-known friend —Buonvicino! At first she could scarcely believe her senses: a loud "Ah!" an expansion of the eyes, a stretching forth the arms, alone revealed her astonishment; then she rose from her little stool, and approached the brother. Moments like these have no words, and the touching silence alone shows that the depth of the affections hinders their expression. * * * * * * Here they touched upon the sweet remembrance of their serene, youthful hours; then she resumed, "But what is the use of thus afflicting us; alas! why do not they reflect how much they make us suffer?—Ah! we think of it too much!" She sighed deeply, and a fresh cloud of sadness came over her brow. Then, forcing away her attention from her persecutors, she went on to say—"And the sun! O Buonvicino! how glorious was the sun, the sun shining in his strength, on those hills where we roamed about at freedom! Here, deprived of his cheerful beams, I have felt nothing all this summer but the stifling heat; and now, still in darkness, I already shudder with cold. And yet it is but the beginning of October; oh! what will become of me in December and January?" Here an involuntary groan from the brother brought the dreadful truth

clearly to the mind of Margaret; and throwing himself on his knees, he exclaimed,—"Ah, yes! then you will be with us no more!" * * * * * * "Let me see my husband." The monk had foreseen this request, and hardly restraining his tears, replied, "God alone can grant you this desire!" "Is he dead?" she screamed, drawing back in terror, and extending her rigid hands. The look of the brother, and a sigh as he shook his head, gave her a terrible confirmation. "And my child?" said she, with increasing anguish. "Waits for you in paradise." * * * * * * And the Umiliato, placing the crucifix before her eyes, exclaimed, "He died forgiving his murderers!" Margaret fixed her eyes for a moment on the pious symbol, and then, raising them to heaven, appeared recomforted, and her countenance beamed with a presentiment of immortality, as she placed her foot on the scaffold. In a few moments the executioner, grasping the long black hair, presented to the sight of the people the severed head that seemed to be still gasping for breath. * * * * * * When Margaret laid down her neck to the axe, Buonvicino knelt down, and, for the few minutes that remained to her, murmured in her ears his last consoling words; then with a resolute act, as one who suddenly escapes from a painful position, he grasped the crucifix, raised it towards heaven between his clasped hands, then cast it to the floor and fell with his face upon it. The blood of the victim sprinkled him; all was over, yet he did not move from that attitude. They shook him; raised him; he was dead!'

We by no means coincide with every opinion of this writer, more particularly in the estimate of the Feudal System, but we see much to approve in the general sentiments enunciated, and though there are faults numerous and all obvious, yet is there far more to commend than to condemn.

The Eventful Epoch; or, the Fortunes of Archer Clive, is a novel of very respectable merit. It will be read with unflagging interest even to the last page. The characters are for the most part well delineated; the incidents of the stirring times in which they move—the first French Revolution—are vigorously drawn. We shall attempt no analysis of the story; we have been compelled to read it hastily. Minda Clive is a very fine, and indeed an original creation; Lady Eltham, a most repulsive specimen of titled pride and ignorance; Hector, her son, is a true portrait; we could, if we mistake not, find a Lady Gertrude Kenmure living and breathing within the precincts of May Fair; but, to our mind, Walter Pellew, the foster-brother of Archer Clive, and a fierce revolutionist, and his young wife, Camilla, are the best drawn characters. They give the chief interest to the tale; and from that part of the book we will make one extract.

'Walter Pellew occupied lodgings in an obscure court in Fleet Street; the house was a narrow lofty building, very antique, and very dilapi-

dated; there were four floors, each of which was appropriated to a set of lodgers; Pellew and his wife occupied the third. Their two apartments were small, and scantily furnished; while, owing to the narrowness of the court, and the dingy horn-like substance, an apology for glass, in the windows, very little light was admitted even at mid-day. The small patch of carpet beneath the stained Pembroke table, the coarse blue moreen-covered sofa, and the cane-bottomed chairs, all denoted poverty; yet there was a neatness in the arrangement of every little thing, an air almost of comfort in the whole appearance of the room, which spoke eloquently of the industrious qualities of Camilla; and yet perhaps she was but a type of her sex—never despairing, ever active, patient woman! pouring light on the thickest gloom in which fate may involve the scenes of life; and placing a flower even on the wintry brow of despair. And here she was, that gentle one, the clergyman's too fond discarded daughter. Oh! what a contrast—the rectory, with its venerable ivied walls; the cawing rooks; the green lawn; and, rising above the ancient elms, the grey church spire. Oh! what a contrast between these scenes where passed her happy childhood, and the dark heavy walls of the squalid courts and alleys now around her! Yet Camilla sighed not for all she had lost in flying from her home; she had fled to love. The ties which bound her to her birthplace were sweet, and the attachment to her parents was strong; but what are such feelings to the all-engrossing affection which burns in the heart of the woman devoted to her husband? And for Walter Pellew, Camilla patiently bore the anger of her father and the scorn of her friends; *his* smile, *his* look of fondness, repaid her for the bright things she had forfeited for ever. Privation, poverty, hunger—Oh yes! every ill in the catalogue of human sorrows she could bear with smiles, so *he* felt them not. To minister to his wishes, to soothe and encourage him beneath his disappointments, to share his little successes, but never to droop, however adverse circumstances might be—this was her province, and this formed the end and aim of her existence! Two years had now passed over this young couple; they remained alienated from their families, to whom their residence was unknown. Pellew supported himself by his pen, and experienced all those alternations of hope and depression incidental to the literary character; those feverish feelings which attend partial success, and that bitter gnawing of the heart-strings which results from disappointment. He laid his pen aside; his thin features were lit up with an expression of pleasure; his eyes, ever brilliant, flashed as though they were diamonds suddenly instinct with life; his chest was expanded, and he breathed out his words low, but in a tone of intense exultation.—"Camilla I have completed my task—would that to these papers I dared append my name! but they shall go forth to the world. Oppressed people claim your rights! slaves, shake off your fetters! tyrants, tremble!" The poor wife took his hand, and kissed his damp forehead. His enthusiasm, at one period, she had shared; but now it was the cause of all her sorrow. "Walter," she said, drawing him quietly away from his desk, "since you have finished your paper, I hope you will write no more to-night. Now talk to me calmly; tell me, even if your new pamphlet meet great success, what will it do for you?" "Not much for me,

Camilla, but I trust it will benefit the world, it may assist in opening the eyes of the degraded masses. The crisis of a national regeneration has arrived in France, and I hope a similar glory is beginning to dawn over this country." "A day of anarchy—a day of rebellion—a day of blood!" "Camilla?" "Forgive me, dear Walter; you know my heart; I am only anxious that you should not by any act, though justified by your own conscience, endanger your safety. Religion has had its martyrs, but surely no one is called on to sacrifice himself for that which relates only to the affairs of this perishing world." "Camilla," said the revolutionist, with deep solemnity in his manner, "you do not attach sufficient importance to this question; it is whether the majority of mankind shall still move through life in degradation, wronged, insulted, and tyrannized over by the few; or whether they shall assume their natural rights, as men springing originally from one stock;—whether the immortal soul of one being shall not be considered of as much value as the immortal soul of another, and emerging from the darkness of accumulated ages, enjoy the light of moral as well as physical freedom: one vast family bound together by an harmonious feeling of equal privileges, equal rank, and looking to God only as a Sovereign Lord of all.—A Martyr?—persecuted for advocating such an order of things?—Oh! Camilla, gladly would I mount the scaffold, and pour out my blood, if my poor single life might but one step advance this glorious cause!"'

In this style is much of the novel written. It is earnest, eloquent, accurate in description of life, and generally correct in sentiment.

We have reserved a few lines to notice the republication of two of Mr. Disraeli's romances, 'Contarini Fleming' and 'Alroy.' They are given to the New Generation, and will, we are certain, be accepted in the spirit in which they are offered. We owe very much to the author of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil.' His eloquence has moved the heart of a nation, and planted the standard of Ancient Faith and Ancient Loyalty in many a desert place. He has appealed to a New Generation: let there be no feeble answer, and we have full confidence in the issue. These two beautiful tales will be read now with renewed interest; they are poetically eloquent, and full of Mr. Disraeli's bold, generous enthusiasm*.

* We have been requested to notice a criticism on 'Coningsby,' which appeared some little time ago in the columns of the 'Morning Post.' The respectability of that able journal will always command attention for any thing which it may publish; and had not Mr. Disraeli himself so triumphantly replied to his assailants, we intended to have attempted his defence. Even now, should these attacks be repeated, as they have been indirectly in the pages of a Magazine of last month, we may investigate the charge, and deal with it as it merits.

ART. VII.—*Lord John Russell's Letter to the Electors of the City of London.* London, 1845.

LET us not deceive ourselves: the country is in a great crisis: not one of those agreeably agitating conjunctures, when red tape officials tremble for their places, and the waiters upon Providence are in doubt whither to direct their interested devotions: but a crisis that may decide not only the future industrial policy of England, but the fate of its peerage, and form of its constitution. We cannot, entertaining such a conviction, shrink from recording our judgment, and offering our advice to those, whose conduct mainly interests us at present—the territorial aristocracy of the country. With pseudo-Conservative statesmen, Free-trade orators, Whig converts, we have now nothing to do; but for the course pursued by the natural leaders of the people that it should be worthy of them, and equal to this grave emergency, we are painfully anxious. Solemn deliberation, to be followed it may be by bold and energetic action, is their first and paramount duty. Nothing, we know, is easier, nothing more grateful in some ways, to the feelings of high-couraged men, than on such an occasion as this to stop ears and eyes, and shouting 'No surrender,' rush blindly on to victory—or defeat. Such a course exacts but little painful thought, demands no anxious deliberation; would that it were sanctioned by true honour, wisdom, or patriotism! But no, we call upon the aristocracy to resist the temptation, and to apply all their energies to the solution of the terrible problem submitted to them. To understand it fully, to unravel all its perplexities, to fathom all its depths, to meet all its dangers, to discharge all its duties, to do all this may well seem beyond mortal capacity; and yet unless the effort at any rate is made, we see no peace for the present, no hope for the future. Let us then stand excused if we give what help we can to a right appreciation of the crisis. To understand clearly the present, and to master the future, we must refer to the past.

In 1841 the country was divided into three great parties: the then government, who, favourable to free trade, yet not altogether hostile to protection, proposed to the country a fixed duty of eight shillings; the Protection Party, who, under the guidance of Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Stanley, combated alike the fixed duty of the Whigs, and the total repeal of the Free-traders; the pure Free-traders, then a compact body, indeed, but of no influence in the country at large. At the election which followed the announcement of the Whig budget, there was no doubt, no hesitation in the protection ranks: the younger men of the Tory party who aspired to

public life, received with implicit faith the statements and deductions of the great Protection leaders, and so did the vast majority of the constituencies; a fixed duty of eight shillings was regarded as tantamount to the return of one-half of the English soil to barrenness, and the ruin of one-half of her rural population. Where is the intelligent farmer now who would not gladly accept the offer he then rejected, or who still believes it would inflict on the country the evils he then anticipated from it? The fixed duty was rejected, and with a triumphant majority of 100, Sir Robert Peel came into office. That was the first act of the drama. The second opened with the introduction of the new Corn Law and Tariff; great doubts were entertained whether those measures were in accordance with the policy indicated, and the promises made or implied at the election of 1841; but, in spite of recent events, in spite of all the obloquy and abuse now showered upon their author, we feel a pleasure in giving a retrospective approval of those measures, which met with the support, we believe unanimous, of the New Generation. In the discussions, however, that arose on those questions, and subsequently, it was impossible not to remark a growing divergence of language and opinions between the minister and that great section of his supporters to whom we are now more immediately addressing ourselves; and early in 1843 Sir James Graham announced that as to the abstract principles of free trade there was no difference of opinion between him and the economists. It became also evident that as the probabilities of a fixed duty compromise decreased, so did the ranks of the repealers swell; while we are not aware of any instance of an admirer of a fixed duty, in despair of obtaining that, transferring his support to the sliding-scale. The eloquence, energy, and success of the League were becoming more apparent day after day, and contrasted strikingly with the feeble utterance, languor, and want of unity and confidence of its chief opponents. The debates on the Canada Corn Bill showed on which side was, at any rate, determination. Many Protection opponents of that measure, rather than incur the risk of turning it and the ministry out together, by a junction with the Whigs, refused to vote, and the obnoxious Bill was carried by a majority of 100. Here then ended the second act; the New Corn Law, the Tariff, the Canadian Corn Law, were passed; the League was in full and energetic operation; Lord Spencer and a few other practical farmers had declared they did not fear the effect of a free trade in corn; the chiefs of the Government, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, had proclaimed their theoretic adherence to the philosophy of the League; and hesitation and irritability, that knew not where or how to strike, marked the bearing of the pure Protection Party.

We now come to the third and (for the present) last act. Alarmed at the conduct and progress of the League, startled at the language and demeanour of the ministry, the country party, headed by the sturdy yeomanry of Essex, at last organized itself, and set about to stem the advancing flood. By meetings and pamphlets, by speeches and tracts, the onward march of the League was attempted to be stayed. We say attempted, because we think it is now evident, that while the Protection Society afforded a rallying point to the disbanding soldiers of the ministerial army, and revived a more hopeful and energetic spirit in the counties, and published many able and well-reasoned works, still it failed to regain any of the lost ground, or even materially to retard the enemy's march. Above all, it made no converts; and all experience tells us, that a cause which, fiercely attacked, makes no converts, will fail in the long-run to hold its own. Things then were in this state when the rumour of a possible famine, most wickedly and maliciously exaggerated we admit, decided the wavering adherents of the rejected fixed duty, and they passed over with hardly an exception to the Free-trade ranks, thus rendering, according to an opinion of Sir Robert Peel, formed, we have reason to think, soon after his accession to office, the maintenance of the Corn Laws impossible, and causing, after a short delay, the resignation of the once powerful Conservative administration.

We have thus briefly sketched the preceding events; and what light, let us proceed to inquire, do they throw on the present crisis? What course do they indicate as the right one for the aristocracy to pursue? The first impression we derive from thus reviewing the progress of the Corn Law question since 1841 is—that, whether owing to a misplaced confidence in the Government, or an equally misplaced want of confidence in themselves, the great agricultural party took no steps to meet the great and growing danger that was threatening them, until it had assumed a magnitude and power that rendered a protracted and fearful struggle certain, an ultimate conquest over it, to say the least, doubtful. And when the counter agitation was commenced, and the enlistment of the sympathies and support of the working classes throughout the country became as desirable as it was practicable, a selfish fear paralyzed the leaders of the agriculturists, and the Ten-hours' Bill was rejected to maintain the Corn Laws. Short-sighted and wretched policy! The Ten-hours' Bill granted to the operatives of the North by the agriculturists of England, would have encircled the laws protective of English industry with a support and defence far more potent than that of ministers or societies—the affections of a long-enduring and grateful people.

But that golden opportunity was allowed to slip by: the word

of Peel prevailed more with the gentlemen of England than the prayers of their lowly fellow-countrymen, and now we read of the Preston operatives unanimously asking for a repeal of the Corn Laws, while the 'Morning Post,' the only journal that with equal ability and consistency has advocated a highly protective policy, feels it right to assert that the present system of protection to agriculture is defective and inefficient, and must, in order to its just maintenance, be enlarged so as to cover the whole surface of English industry: such, too, is the opinion of many wise and patriotic men of eminence in our periodical literature. Is there, however, among the Protection Party generally, any desire thus to carry out their grand principle, or does the cry of 'Protection to English Industry' mean, in nine cases out of ten, anything more than a retention of the present sliding-scale? And is not, therefore, the enterprize to maintain the Corn Laws an attempt to keep one portion, great and important no doubt, but still one portion, of an otherwise abandoned system, and that portion the one which, from the necessity of the case, is most exposed to the exciting abuse of demagogues, and the unreasoning enmity of mobs? No one could, or did complain, of the protection afforded to the cork-cutters of London, or the straw-plait makers of Hertford; a cry of 'cheap corks from Spain,' or 'cheap bonnets from Tuscany,' would never have aroused the passions or excited the hopes of any class of Englishmen — and yet, hardly with a struggle, their protection was destroyed; so likewise it fared with nearly all the other products of English industry, until the industry of agriculture remains well nigh the only one of English industries that is adequately protected against foreign competition. We do not say that this is wrong, or even practically unjust: but we assert that the fact being so, places the Corn Laws on an eminence, as it were, by themselves, exposed to the darts of an infuriated enemy, and unguarded and undefended by the other numerous smaller protective duties that heretofore were auxiliary to them. This, we think, is a very important consideration, and one that should not be lost sight of by the leaders of the aristocracy at this crisis. If the Dukes of Richmond and Buckingham, and those energetic men among the farmers by whom they are supported, intend determinately to carry on the struggle, we must submit to them that they should widen the base of the Protection Society, so as to comprise the hand-loom weavers of Lancashire, the framework-knitters of the midland counties, and all who live by English industry, in one great national league, such as at this moment is omnipotent without organization in France. But are they sure that now those various trades wish for a return of that protection which they were at the time unwilling to lose? If they do, if they know, from bitter experience, that owing to the want

of that protection which they have lost, the foreigner is earning the wages that might have been theirs, then such an attempt will not only be right, but successful; and 'Protection to English Industry' will be a cry as animating and powerful in the cellars of Stockport and Bolton, of Nottingham and Leicester, as it is in the fens of Cambridgeshire, or the corn-fields of Essex. If, however, the reverse is the fact, and the thousands who live by the other branches of English industry cannot be won back again to the standard of protection, then let our leaders carefully review our present position, reckon their forces, count up the certain cost of the struggle, and estimate its probable result.

Nor let them be deterred from doing this their duty by the charge of cowardice, or the taunt of indecision. It is one thing for a garrison, ably officered, well provisioned, and plentifully supplied with all the munitions and resources of war, to surrender at the first hostile summons; and altogether another, for that garrison, deserted by its officers, with crippled means, and undermined walls, to enter into terms, and effect an honourable capitulation. The conduct we might blamelessly and wisely pursue in 1841, may now be far from wise and right. Let us then enter upon this part of our task. We see a law which has worked fairly, which admits foreign corn to supply the deficiency of the home produce, before the price reaches an oppressive height, which gives, according to his belief at any rate, a security to the English farmer that his capital shall not be sacrificed, and promotes the extended cultivation of the English soil, attacked with a vigour, pertinacity, and an eloquence, as extraordinary as they seem to us uncalled for. We see the ranks of the opponents of that law increasing every day in number and influence; prime ministers, past, present, and to come, either openly joining that array, or desisting from opposing it; we hear of many converts to, of none, as we said before, from its ranks; and we behold an organized agitation at work throughout the length and breadth of the land to carry out its object, fraught with the gravest moral evils to the peace and stability of the empire. That is the picture on one side of the shield. Reverse it; what do we behold? Confidence? Unity of thought and action? A well-founded hope of an ultimate and lasting triumph to be followed by internal repose and harmony restored? Alas! none of these; but angry recriminations, just suspicions, the led mistrusting their leaders, the leaders deserting their followers, while no one ventures to say what no one is foolish enough to think,—that permanent victory and tranquillity can result from a further protraction of the contest.

What, under other circumstances, had another line of conduct been pursued by the late government, or by the great country-party since 1841, might have been our present position,

it is now useless to inquire; but for England's sake let us not visit the faults of those who might have trusted us more fairly, or led us more wisely, on her, and on ourselves. We ask the leaders of the aristocracy, have we truly stated the present aspect of affairs? Have we over-estimated the strength of the Free-traders, underrated that of Protection? If we have, well: if we have not, can they hope, without some great change in their battle such as we have alluded to, some great alteration in their method of warfare, to fight the fight to a successful issue? And are they prepared to adopt that change, and plunge the yeomanry of England into that career of ceaseless agitation, and turmoil, and war, without which the struggle cannot be maintained, and with which, as the Duke of Richmond truly said, must come a total revolution of all those habits, thoughts, actions, occupations, which have hitherto given to the English farmer so happy and so deserved a reputation. Every squire must become a platform-orator, every yeoman an itinerant lecturer, the country tradesman must desert his counter, the tenant-farmer leave his fields, to carry the war of words, and, if necessary, of acts into the enemy's nearest camp. The country must be turned into one universal battle-field, and all those gentle virtues, and modest graces, that still we love to think linger among the green fields and pleasant valleys of rural England, must be bid depart, never perhaps to return. Henceforward this fight must be

> 'No delicate and dainty trouble;
> A ruffle in a ewer of milk of roses,
> Made by a *noble's* finger,'

but a stern, unsparing, uncompromising death-struggle, in which the land shall teach manufacture to know its master, or manufacture triumph over the land.

We do not say, that under such circumstances the struggle may not be fearfully prolonged, may not even ultimately end in the triumph of the land; but what must the cost and what the effects of such a triumph be? A protracted moral, if not physical, civil war, during which all confidence must be destroyed, the land relapsing into bad cultivation, or absolute barrenness, trade and agriculture both paralyzed, and each reacting unfavourably on the other, panics only not said to be ever recurring because in truth they would never intermit, and all the benefit the Corn Laws were intended to procure, steadiness of price, and security, absolutely lost, thus realizing the old moralist's definition of folly, 'propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.' At this cost must the triumph, if at all, be won—and the effects of it? . . . . . .

Doubtlessly these considerations must have presented them-

selves to those who take the lead at the Central Protection Society; but we speak to the whole country-party; we would urge on each noble in his castle, each squire in his old hall, each yeoman in his farm-house, to ponder on them well, and then resolve boldly. It may be right, it may be for the eventual prosperity and glory of England, that all these dangers should be braved, and 'No Surrender' be the cry: but let that decision at any rate be formed only after earnest deliberation, and on grounds very different from those upon which Mr. Ellman held up Mr. Sidney Herbert to the farmers of Sussex as their future leader, and the Yeovil Protection Society promised the men of Somersetshire the 'clarum et venerabile nomen' of the hero of Waterloo to lead them on to victory.

Let us now, having thus shortly sketched the past history of this conflict, and adverted to the means by which alone, according to our view, it can be hopefully carried on by the country-party, and the probable cost of its prosecution, place in conclusion before our readers the courses it is open for that still powerful though partially broken party to pursue.

First, they may abandon at once and altogether the struggle, and adopting frankly and boldly their new position, with all its dangers, duties and responsibilities, offer the Corn Laws as a peace-offering to the genius of their country, and thus prove to the world alike the disinterestedness of their past resistance, and the magnanimity and courage of their present assent. This course, we believe, has found recommenders at protection head-quarters, and has the merit of settling the question for ever. It is either a bold and wise resolve, or a cowardly and stupid concession. Believing, as we do with the late Lord Spencer, with Lord Lyttelton, with Judge Coleridge, and Dr. Chalmers, that the land of England would not cease to be profitably cultivated, although individual cases of distress and hardship might occur, were the Corn Laws to be repealed—we shall not upbraid the leaders of the country-party with treason or cowardice, if they adopt this course. Great dangers require great ventures, and the moral effect of the gentlemen of England coming forward, and doing of themselves what neither Russell, nor Peel, nor Cobden could do without them, could not fail to be immense and salutary. But this step, if taken, must be taken with unblanched cheek and gallant bearing. It is the brave venture of men who, uncompelled, for their country's sake, leap, Curtius-like, into the gulf: there must be no murmuring, no complaining, no voting against the first reading of a bill, staying away on the second, and voting for the third: no unnecessary abuse of others, no petulant attempts to render the sacrifice, if it be one, as little gracious as may be. If carried out in this magnanimous spirit, the aristocracy and gentlemen

of England may rely on their resolve being appreciated by the people. No doubt the fatal concessions of the French aristocracy will be urged in bar of such a line of conduct, and the day that witnesses it will be designated 'the day of dupes;' but are the cases really parallel? Are the Corn Laws truly part and parcel of the venerable remains of the old English constitution that have survived the rebellion, the restoration, and the pious revolution? Or are they not rather what Mr. Disraeli, we think, once called them, 'an accident,' beneficial and wise at one time, the reverse at another; and to identify the existence or even the splendour of the English aristocracy with the Corn Laws is as insulting to that order as it is in fact untrue. Count Carli, the famous Italian political economist, in reviewing the many changes which, even up to his time, had taken place in English Corn Laws, awarded the meed of his approbation to every change that had occurred, asserting that whether the English government encouraged foreign importation or prohibited it, wisdom had ever directed the choice. To suppose, then, that under all circumstances a highly protective policy is the right policy, is to fall into almost as great a mistake as lunatics of the League have on their side fallen into. Of course this does not prove that *now* it would be wise to abolish all protection; but we submit it does justify the aristocracy in reconsidering, impartially and without fear, the question of the Corn Laws, and even incurring some risks, to restore social order and harmony to their distracted country. Let them, at any rate, believe that these few sentences come from no enemy of their order, nor from one who is indifferent to the welfare of their rural dependents.

The second course that the agriculturists may take, is that which a year ago Lord Grey, with all his impressive eloquence, urged upon them—a low fixed duty compromise. Then it was feasible; is it so now? Probably there are still some among the Free-trade Conservatives and Whigs who, alarmed at the language of the League orators, and pained at the further continuance of the contest, would gladly meet the Protection Society on the neutral ground of a 5*s.* fixed duty, and so terminate peaceably this conflict: but we cannot cherish a hope that they would be found many or influential; nor is there any reason to expect that the League would *now* desist from their enterprize for such an arrangement. It is the old story over again—claims entirely rejected until they are entirely conceded: and such we believe to be a very general belief among the farmers; they see that such a compromise would afford no security to them, and would not satisfy the demands of their opponents; and, therefore, though over many a market table during the last month a sigh has been breathed for the rejected fixed duty of 1841, few

aspirations have been uttered for another of 1846. Speaking, however, without reference to the chances of success, we will say that *could* a fixed duty of 5*s.* be maintained for ten or even five years longer, the perils attending a repeal of the Corn Laws would be greatly diminished, and the agricultural classes generally would be enabled to see their way through the mists of doubt and panic that now oppress them, to an intelligent and successful adaptation of their resources to their new position: while the march of agricultural improvement would be hastened rather than impeded by the anticipated change. But for the reasons above stated, we cannot think that this course is to be adopted with any success, and therefore dismiss the consideration of it to arrive at the remaining alternative, which enlists many of our sympathies and some little of our reason on its side, and is the obvious one for the country party, without deliberation, to adopt.

Should the aristocracy call upon the yeomanry and the rural population at large to maintain at all risks, and through all possible convulsions, the present Corn Laws, and govern the country on that basis? For this we apprehend to be the true statement of this alternative. A simply obstructive maintenance of the Corn Laws is no longer possible: it must be active, administrative. To turn one administration out after another, and not to find an efficient substitute for it, is not patriotism, but faction; inviting the attacks of foreign foes, and fostering the machinations of insincere allies. If Sir Robert Peel's government proposes such an alteration in the Corn Laws as necessitates, according to the convictions of the country party, the overthrow by them of that administration, they must be prepared to step into the vacant seat of the stricken Phaeton, and conduct the car of government through all the dangers and obstacles of the way. An obstructive policy, we beg Lord Stanley's pardon for reminding him of it, seldom benefits the country, nor redounds to the credit of those who pursue it, under any the most favourable circumstances. But applied to such a question as the Corn Laws, it is little short of insanity; and whatever truth there might be in the Duke of Richmond's famous boast, 'As we have made this government, so can we unmake it,' we are too secure of that nobleman's patriotism to fear he would act upon it, except under the above condition.

We have already pointed to some of the disasters which we deem well nigh inevitable from a further protraction of the contest; let us now for a few moments consider the prospects of an administration pledged to maintain the present protection. To talk of it as some journalists and mob orators have done, as a Tyrrell-Sibthorp cabinet, is a vulgar stupidity. Such an administration, powerful from the position, habits of business, and ta-

lents of its members, might, we well know, be formed to-morrow: the names of Richmond, Buckingham, Colquhoun, Shaw, Maclean, O'Brien, Malmesbury, Barrington, G. Bentinck, occur to us as we are writing, and by themselves are sufficient to prove our assertion. Nor is it to be doubted that they would, if violently assailed, be also enthusiastically supported; many mistakes, many short-comings would be overlooked in them, which in 'Sir Robert,' (who enjoys in the counties the favour and reputation which Sir Robert Walpole did during the last year of his rule,) would be freely commented upon; and as the public generally would not anticipate any marvels of statecraft from them, they would be spared the mortification and peril of not realizing unreasonable hopes, while the different departments of ordinary administration would be well and popularly conducted. Sir Robert Peel and his immediate followers would, it is evident, be debarred from opposing such a government save on the question of the Corn Laws, and perhaps one or two other less important matters. That is the most favourable view that can in reason be taken of a Protection government: the perils that would surround it are manifest, and may well make even Lord George Bentinck, whom we regard as the most daring, and perhaps the ablest, of the personages we have mentioned, pause yet longer than did Lord John Russell, before he ventured upon so tempestuous a sea.

But short of this consummation, we repeat, opposition to Free trade cannot stop, if intended *bonâ fide*. Mr. Christopher, nor Mr. Miles, can never again look to Sir Robert Peel or Sir James Graham to reply to Mr. Villiers or Mr. Cobden. They must trust to the independent country party alone for arguments and for votes. The whole *personnel* of the present Government is severed for ever from them: let us understand what this loss is: Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Lincoln, Mr. Cardwell, in the House of Commons; of the House of Lords we need not speak, as it is clear the battle will be chiefly if not altogether in the Lower House. All those, so far as we know, without an exception, who have been trained up in Sir Robert Peel's government, are now, whatever they were five years ago, friendly to free trade; and hence the grossness of the delusion which would animate the farmers to the struggle by promising them effective support from the Sidney Herbert section of the government. No! if they are determined to

'Stand back to back in God's name, and fight it to the last,'

they must trust to no present statesman's aid, whatever may be the case hereafter. Their own energy, their own courage, their own eloquence, their own statesmanship, must conduct them through the storm; and if all these should fail, after a few years,

to win for them the victory, a recollection of the odds that were against them, and a consciousness of having done their duty according to their convictions, may console them in defeat. But once again must we implore their leaders to review with all impartiality and care the certain concomitants and probable results of adopting this last alternative.

We have thus, to the best of our ability, and with an honest endeavour to represent faithfully the political prospects with which the agricultural new year opens, presumed to offer these remarks to the consideration of the agricultural leaders. If they seem to be written in too desponding a spirit, and to recommend too yielding a line of conduct, it is because, on the one hand, we are oppressed by the saddest forebodings of the evil results that must follow the impending internecine contest; and on the other, have too great a confidence in English energy, English skill, English soil, and English climate, to look with equal dread at a competition with foreign farmers. We see little to be gained by a repeal of the Corn Laws, we see much to be hazarded by their retention; and under this impression, as junior officers at a council of war, we have ventured to speak our opinion, in no spirit of presumption, or fancied superior clearness of view beyond our elders and betters, but with an anxious desire of uniting once more the rapidly dissolving elements of English society, and combining in one league of loyalty and love under our youthful Queen, the peer and the millowner, the peasant and the manufacturing operative. Should our attempt fail, as we fear it will, and this country—that might be so powerful in its internal concord, and must be so weak in its divisions—be separated into two hostile factions;—should '*Delenda est Carthago*,' be the cry from one camp, answered by 'No surrender,' from the other, then we trust, that all those who think with us that *now* by a bold wisdom on the part of the aristocracy the country may be spared the miseries of that strife, will then, their counsel having been rejected, and their generals determined upon war, share with them the dangers of this campaign, and fight with a good courage, though, like 'blameless Falkland,' with a dejected spirit and a troubled mind. If there be differences of opinion at the council, let there be none in the action. It is to aid those deliberations that these pages are written; not to throw difficulties in the way of their accomplishment. But, 'the time flies fast on: let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither the courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and safety.'*

* Old Mortality.

SHORT REVIEWS

OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Eastern Europe and the Emperor Nicholas. By the Author of 'Revelations of Russia;' 'The White Slave.' London, 1846. Newby.

We are enabled to state, on what we consider unquestionable authority, that Mr. Smythe is *not* the author of this book. It might not be difficult, were we so disposed, to name the writer; indeed we are much mistaken if in his first work—the 'Revelations of Russia'—he has not, inadvertently, given the well-informed a clue whereby to detect him. However, we are content to deal with him in his present very prudential mystery; and it is, we opine, as much for his publisher's interest as his own that the cloak should not be removed. Be he then a Travelling Physician, or the correspondent of a Morning Journal, we will not seek to penetrate his becoming concealment.

But we must firmly insist that such a book as this should not be given to the world anonymously. It contains grave statements, and, as they appear to us, over-bold assertions, imperatively requiring the writer's name as a guarantee of their truth. There can be no legitimate excuse for longer withholding from the public this information; and an anonymous *re*-assertion in the columns of a newspaper (which looks very like a gratuitous and clever advertisement) is, we submit, poor evidence of veracity.

The 'Revelations' was apparently a first effort of authorship, and there might be good reasons why the writer's name should be for a time concealed; his next production being a novel, did not as such require to be vouched by its parent; but when he follows up these successful publications by another serious work on Russia, in which he relates what he alleges to be facts, and indirectly promises a few more tomes dedicated to the same subject, then does it become necessary to demand some better security than the name of a fashionable publisher, an unbridled tongue, or a letter to the *Times*.

As it is, we must place these volumes in the same niche with the "Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope," and similar unscrupulous books; they must be read as libels until their accuracy is made manifest. The personal acrimony, the evident exaggeration, the high colouring, all lead to this conclusion: and the writer can only escape the attendant censure by avowing his authority, and thereby substantiating extraordinary statements. He is at present doing injustice to himself, and dealing most unfairly with his readers; and this avowal is the more necessary, as his vehemence of language and bitterness of hate are calculated, not unnaturally, to create a suspicion of his honesty.

We need not say we are no advocates of despotism. We are no admirers of the Russian government or institutions; we only desire fair play. What we so earnestly protest against—and it is this that militates against the whole book—is the personal and vindictive attack on

the Emperor. He is always dragged forward for severest censure: the cruelties of a savage and licentious soldiery, the very usages of the country, are all charged against him with most persevering and incessant industry. And this virulence and rancorous enmity is so constantly and intensely manifested in almost every page, that it prejudices the mind against much which would otherwise be deeply interesting. The talent displayed in all these works—which led many of our contemporaries to attribute their authorship to the honourable member for Canterbury—furnishes only another argument against them. It is the ability of the writer which makes it necessary for us thus emphatically to protest against very many of his sentiments.

The second volume is principally occupied with some account of the literature of Eastern Europe, and will well repay an attentive perusal. The style of this writer is earnest, popular, and eloquent.

A Pilgrim's Reliquary. London, 1845. Pickering.

Since Eöthen we have not read a more charming book; and it has an advantage over that celebrated work—the sentiment is as correct as the language is elegant. We can only make room for one short extract, and select the following description of Lavater:—

'His face is pale and penetrating, like Sterne's monk, but not mild; keen and eager attention and observation hurry about his thin lips, and in his eyes, which search you to the soul, and are yet tempered with so much benevolence, that you are not afraid of their fire. Every motion, every look, every gesture, and almost every word, marks enthusiasm engendered by glowing fancy, active knowledge, and exquisite sensibility. Intense thought has forestalled time in furrowing his cheeks, and the fervours of an ardent imagination, continually kindled by new and deep researches, seem to have consumed his flesh, and burned up his colour to ashes. His manners are at once open, vivacious, and simple, with the information of a first-rate understanding, and the captivating cordiality of a warm and good heart, disdainful of little forms, but from right feeling never neglecting those more essential points that win your confidence and respect. You will not laugh at me for being earnest to hear this extraordinary genius preach, though wholly ignorant of the German language. Do the voice, the air, the eyes, the gestures, of such a man say nothing? yes! they speak always in the most forcible, and often in the most intelligible language. Mr. Lavater was born an orator—he seems to move the passions at his pleasure. His tones are finely varied according to his feelings, and when turned to the pathetic are irresistible. His action is equally animated and graceful; so far from being affected and studied, to set off his own eloquence, and work upon the feelings of others, it apparently proceeds from the impulse of the moment, and his natural fire and sensibility. As he preached without notes, his hands were at full liberty; he used them just enough and no more, without flourish of false pathos, or one wild gesture of flaming enthusiasm. How did I regret that I could not comprehend his words; but I have been well informed that his style is what I suppose it, eloquent, energetic, and full of fire. In short, of all the preachers I ever saw in the pulpit, he came the nearest in my idea of apostolic dignity and inspiration. He has been a voluminous writer, but his favourite, most extraordinary, and most celebrated work, is that on physiognomy, which he has reduced almost to a system.'

On some future occasion we hope to renew our acquaintance with Mr. White, when our space may permit us to do him more justice.

Poems and Pictures. London, 1846. Burns.

THIS splendid volume reflects great credit on its very spirited publisher. It is a work which will outlive all the annuals; for while it rivals them in the beauty of its illustrations, the literary portion of the pages is infinitely superior to any that we have yet seen. It is the best presentation book of the season.

The O'Donoghue; a Tale of Ireland, Fifty Years ago. By CHARLES LEVER, Esq. Dublin, 1845. Wm. Curry and Co.

MR. LEVER has been called the Irish Dickens. Let his friends decide if this be a honourable distinction or no. *The O'Donoghue* is, as we think, the best of Mr. Lever's novels: it is essentially Irish, full of genuine humour, and the interest is well supported. The volume is profusely adorned with illustrations, which, for the most part, well embody the spirit of the text.

Rambles in the United States and Canada, during the year 1845, *with a Short Account of Oregon.* By RUBIO. London, 1845. S. Clarke.

THE author of this volume is not a sweet-tempered individual. We are no admirers of the Yankees; we will join heartily in a laugh at their impudence, and are free to denounce their dishonesty wherever it is made evident, but we are opposed to all vituperative and sweeping accusation. 'Rubio' is determined to rival Mrs. Trollope. He speaks of Jonathan with a plainness and a freedom, which will, we opine, be far from acceptable in that 'home of Liberty.' After doing justice to the natural beauties of the country, and describing the feelings they are calculated to inspire in the spectator, he thus proceeds:—

'But, on the other hand, it is not so with the inhabitants; the men inspire us with very different feelings, from their vulgarity, hypocrisy, ignorance, and dishonesty, together with their constant sordid and grovelling pursuit of dollars and cents, and in obtaining which they do not appear to be particularly successful, as there is scarcely a dollar to be seen in circulation through the whole country.'

To say truth of this book, we must call it a very agreeable and exceedingly amusing collection of exaggerations; not written down from splenetic motives, but with the comparatively harmless desire of affording entertainment. We do not say this is right. We are however ill-disposed seriously to quarrel in the present instance; much of our author's censure is well bestowed, well merited, and very well expressed. There is much curious information, moreover, to be gathered from these rambles, quite sufficient, indeed, to justify our cordially recommending an attentive perusal. Amusement is often coupled with instruction.

The account of Oregon deserves a more serious consideration than we can at present bestow; it has the merit of being concise and explicit.

Adventures in the Pacific. By JOHN COULTER, M.D. Dublin, 1845. W. Curry, Jun., and Co.

THE islands of the Pacific, and the 'sufferings' of Queen Pomare, have obtained a transient notoriety. The crooked policy of the present ruler of France, and the nasal eloquence of a few missionary politicians, equally contributed to this miserable result. We can afford to smile at the intrigues of the one, and denounce the impertinence of the other.

This volume is the account of a four years' voyage; and combines much valuable information with a series of romantic incidents not unworthy of being related by De Foe.

Dr. Coulter possessed ample opportunities of observation, and he has communicated what he saw in a pleasing and unassuming manner. We have not space for quotation, and besides, it would be hardly fair to cull from so short a book passages which should be read with the entire narrative to be correctly understood or appreciated.

Trials of the Heart. By Mrs. BRAY. Being the 8th volume of the new and illustrated edition of her Novels and Romances. London, 1845. Longman and Co.

WE confess that, whenever we can do so, we like to gain an insight into the author's mind in respect to the mode and manner of treating his work. We like to be indulged with a view of his materials, his first ideas, the hints he may have derived from casual circumstances; the sketches, as it were, from which he combines the subject of his picture, and its progress till its ultimate finish be achieved. An insight of this nature can seldom, if ever, be obtained, unless an author takes the trouble to leave us, or to give us, what is not the least interesting part of his personal history—that of his work. When he gives us that, we seem to become in a great measure known to himself, we seem to talk with him about his pursuits, to have our curiosity gratified, and we enter with a higher degree of relish on his labours.

We have been led to offer these remarks by the gratification we have derived in respect to every one of these novels and romances, from the preface Mrs. Bray has prefixed to the first volume of her series, wherein she gives much information of such a nature as we have pointed out; it is indeed most desirable. Of the various tales which compose the present work, *Trials of the Heart*, she says, 'These tales were principally written with a view to develop the passions and feelings of the human heart, under some of the most trying circumstances to which it can be subjected in the pilgrimage of this world. Many real characters, incidents, and events of deep interest in themselves were introduced, but so disguised by change of name, locality, and period, as to avoid giving offence to any one.' Our authoress then proceeds to state that the first of these tales, *Prediction*, was founded on a circumstance related to her in her youth by a clergyman at Swansea, in Wales. He stated that a friend of his at college, who was a visionary young man, was weak enough to consult a very celebrated wizard during his visit to Oxford, and received from his hand a prediction, which,

some years after, was unhappily and literally fulfilled. On her recollection of the leading facts, more than twenty years after, Mrs. Bray founded the story of *Prediction;* yet not with a purpose to keep alive the follies of astrology. Quite the reverse ; for she adds, in her preface, 'I endeavoured to show in the course of that narrative how a foolish attempt to penetrate beyond the veil with which an all-wise Providence has invested the future, by seeking information from the cunning pretenders to forbidden arts, may be the means of bringing about those very evils that have been predicted.'

The next, *The Orphans of La Vendée*, is, also, a beautiful tale. The period chosen is that of the French Revolution. Some of the heroic characters of the time, who played so distinguished a part as royalists in the wars of the Bocage, are introduced; but the main interest of the story rests with two beings, orphans, brother and sister, who, from infancy to their maturer years, have been all the world to each other, and whose affection, unchanged by suffering, trial, or separation, leads to those heart-moving events which we can only hint at, as we must not forestall them with the reader. It appears this tale had its origin in truth: Madame de la Rochejacquelin mentions in her Memoirs an amiable but daring girl, Jeanne Robin, of Courlay, who joined the Vendean army, disguised as a soldier, and after displaying great heroism, perished nobly in the battle of Doué. This girl, Mrs. Bray tells us, suggested to her the Jeanne of her story. She is admirably drawn, and has been almost invariably selected by critics, as one of the very best of Mrs. Bray's female characters. Making Jeanne, as our authoress has done, when young, to be deeply impressed with the heroism of Joan of Arc, by reading her history, and act under the influence of those enthusiastic impressions in the hour of her beloved brother's danger, is finely conceived, and perfectly natural. We think the scene where Jeanne reveals her early impressions and resolutions to the good curé and bids him farewell at night, as he lies concealed, to save his life from the pursuit of his enemies, in the wood, one of the most touching and, ennobling, in relation to its sentiments and feelings, we have ever read. The catastrophe of this story is tragedy of the highest order of writing.

The next tale, *The Little Doctor*, has a double power to interest us; as Mrs. Bray tells us the characters therein introduced, such as the little Doctor himself, his wife and family, were all the familiar friends of her youth; that the birth of the infant, described as taking place on Christmas Day, narrates the very curious circumstances which she had heard from her mother attended her own birth; that the nurse Judy, with all her eccentricities, her fidelity, and her superstitions, was Mrs. Bray's own nurse; and with many other personages and events, the most curious were actually drawn from *real life*. The tale of *The Little Doctor*, though deeply pathetic, more especially at the close, is in the early part replete with fancy and humour. The story is simple and well told; and the character of his elder daughter, Elizabeth, with her beautiful face, her accomplishments, and her superior mind, who, in the tale, refuses the man she loves, and by whom she is beloved, solely on account of an over sensitiveness about the deformity of her person, is very charmingly drawn. The affection, the tenderness, the mutual

confidence, and the relative sense of protection on the one hand, and duty on the other, subsisting between father and daughter, is also very beautifully developed in the tale.

The next is *Vicissitudes.* This is likewise founded on fact; and, in its class, is as unique as Robinson Crusoe. The heroine, like Crusoe, was also born at Hull, and the narration of her life is thrown into the form of autobiography. It appears from the preface, that in the Spring of 1835, a lady of great worth, then advanced in life, who had been known to Mrs. Bray for many years, and who in her youth had been very beautiful, related to our authoress (with permission to avail herself of what was related in any way she pleased) the extraordinary vicissitudes of her past life. At one time she was honoured with the notice of that amiable king of Sweden who afterwards fell by the blow of an assassin; she was caressed by many of his court. At a later period, when a widow with three children, she was actually wanting bread, whilst at the same time she was entitled to property of no small value in Yorkshire, that had belonged to her deceased father, and which had been sold after his death, in consequence of a false report having reached England, that the vessel in which she had been exposed to a storm had been seen to founder in the Cattegat, and all souls on board to perish. Her subsequent efforts to support herself and her children when in dire distress, her reliance on a good Providence to bless these efforts, and their ultimate success, are all drawn with a truth and feeling that appeals to every heart, and cannot be too highly praised.

The Adopted is the last of these tales in *Trials of the Heart.* The length, intricacy, and fulness of the story, render it impossible that we should give even such a sketch of the facts on which it is founded as we have already given respecting the others. This is also of the time of the French Revolution; and many of the characters of the day are introduced with much effect. But the great interest on which the story turns is domestic; and of all Mrs. Bray's tales of that class, whether for character, incident, or description, *The Adopted* is one of her best. It is such a tale as none but genius could conceive or execute; it is also of a highly moral tendency; abundant in its reflections on men and things, and displays all Mrs. Bray's peculiar power in developing the feelings of the human heart; it is indeed at once instructive, delightful, and impressive.

Crœsus, King of Lydia; a Tragedy. London, 1845. Pickering.

In this age of Railroads, Church controversy, and burlesque, it becomes, perhaps, a question to be asked, whether or not a man should write tragedies at all; or, if he give way to his inclination for so doing, whether, at any rate, he can fairly expect to reap popularity, much less profit and renown. If it were not that the merit, or rather demerit, of modern works of imagination has lately appeared to suit itself to the declining taste of the age, we might still be of the opinion of an ardent German poet, who declares, in an exquisite little song, that the spirit of poetry is and ever will be as strong in the world as ever. As it is, we merely express a melancholy doubt on the subject. However, we will, on this occasion at least, assume the propriety of dramatic author-

ship, and proceed to notice the work before us, which is, indeed, of too extraordinary, meritorious, and powerful a nature to be passed over in silence.

We shall not stop to inquire if this be a tragedy formed on those strict and severe principles which the classic muse is apt to claim for her own. All we shall say on this point is, that we had rather some tragedies of sterner construction resembled this, than that this should be altered to suit the taste of those small but learned critics, who would fain clip the wings of its daring originality. According to these gentlemen, it is so difficult a thing to execute a tragedy, that they condemn it by anticipation; and it often proves more arduous to struggle against the petty universality of their knowledge, than it would be to shine unextinguished through the ignorance of a semi-barbarous but less fastidious age. With these few remarks, let us at once proceed to our task, in performing which we shall rather attempt to excite public attention by quotation from the work itself than by our own observations, feeling confident that in this manner we shall best do justice to our author; and we shall reserve any adverse criticisms we may be inclined to make till we have given some specimens of the talent and genius we admire.

The plot, if plot it may be called, of this tragedy is simple enough. Crœsus, King of Lydia, had a son named Atys, who was all that his father could desire. This young man, of whose death, by a point of iron, Crœsus was warned ineffectually in a vision, is slain, unwittingly, by Adrastus, a fugitive prince, who had already, by accident, killed his own brother, and had sought refuge at the court of Crœsus, who purified him from his crime, according to the rites of antiquity, and treated him not only with hospitality but friendship. On the death of Atys, Adrastus gives himself up to the enraged father, who, after a severe mental struggle, magnanimously pardons him. But Adrastus, unwilling, after so dreadful a calamity, to live, slays himself on the tomb of Atys; and Arienis, the beloved daughter of Crœsus, between whom and Adrastus there existed the most passionate regard, dies of grief. It is then that Crœsus, who, till now, had been vain-glorious, proud, haughty, tyrannical, impatient, and selfish, humbled to the dust, feels the vanity of human greatness, and, conscious of the overweening pride and presumption of his conduct, acknowledges the justice of the gods. These are the main incidents of the story, as taken from Herodotus. The author has of course introduced some incidents and several characters altogether fictitious; these we shall not stay to point out, but shall proceed to quote certain passages from the tragedy which, to us, appear worthy of more particular notice. And first, the description of Arienis, a most sweet feminine creation, from the mouth of Glaucus.

> 'Aye! such a dream,
> Endymion, in his longest, sweetest sleep
> On Latmos' top, where honeysuckles wav'd
> Amid the silken tangles of his hair
> Their spendthrift blossoms, and the green, cool turf
> In the pale light with droplets ever wink'd
> To the enamoured queen of that witch'd hour,

Smiling imagin'd never ! Such a face
Did ne'er make Paris heave a sobbing sigh,
As round him Heaven's resplendent beauties all
Knitted their hands on Ida, by Love's queen
Invited : her arch'd neck, her liquid eyes,
Like desert shy gazelle ; her virgin mien,
Eager, astonished, bold, and coy by turns :
Her glossy hair ; her fresh and coral lip,
Like sparkling sea-nymph's, that on deep clear wave
By rocky islet sails, and, beck'ning, sings
A sweet monotony of charmed song,
Strange, old, and passionless. Her brow !
The shell-like convolutions of her ear,
Transparent, tiny portals to a heart
That never throbb'd to any lover's plaint
Or selfish wiles—these ! these ! Her feet, too, prest
Upon the earth in pettish yet proud guise—
Her swelling instep, rising softlier than
The lawny greens of Tmolus—her breast still
More undulating, snowy, feathery, fine,
Than dream of Cytherea's stately swans,
Waving beneath our half-closed lids at noon,
Warm'd by the kisses of a turquoise sky
From rapt Elysium stolen !—These !'—(*Act* ii., *Scene* 1.)

Again, in Act III. Scene V., her cousin Lydis, speaking in answer to the question, 'Is she anger'd gone ?' says,—

'You know not Arienis ; anger she
Knows not ; but rather melancholy
Doth, rapt, sit by her side, soft-teaching her
The spells of patience and mild love of all.
The shyest creatures ever came to her,
The very birds her white hand hath set free
From prison home. Buoy'd on a limber twig,
Awhile they danc'd in small relief against
The cloudless summer sky ; but ere cold winds
Could make their little bodies tremble, they
Came back and sought her velvet hand again.'

In the second act we have the drunken Meles. The severity of the ancient Greek drama would scarcely have permitted his catches and drolleries, although nothing can be more admirably characteristic. The author may, indeed, plead in his defence, the case of Hercules, in the Alcestis, who enacts the votary of the jovial god with as genuine Bacchanalian babble as any mortal or immortal whatever, when mortally drunk. There is a fine soliloquy of Adrastus in this act, and also a most spirited description of a review, and of the person of Crœsus.

Perhaps the finest passage in the whole play is that in which Adrastus, immediately preceding his death, says, 'Spirit of justice,'——— but we have not room for it.

The awaking of Arienis to find her lover dead is striking. On finding Adrastus determined to die, she had fainted at the tomb of Atys, and is found by her cousin and a band of Lydian girls, who visit the tomb with flowers.

Arienis. 'Who are ye, with frighten'd looks ?
He will not do it ! Let me go, methought
Just now, his voice did call me to the tomb,
Less sad than 't was before ; to pray with him.
(Rushes to the tomb.)
What is that heap'd and ghastly form ? Whose blood
Bubbles to my numb feet ?—I dream not, see !
It is Adrastus, dead ! He would not live—
Why did'st thou tell me not, and then we might
Have died together ? now I linger but
A brief sad hour. Why hold the garlands, till
They grow to your wan fingers ? Strew around !
Ye have more need now. Strew around, I say !'
(Falls into the arms of Lydis.)

The winding up, where the proud monarch is humbled by calamity heaped upon calamity, is in harmonious keeping with the whole. Crœsus, after an ebullition of his accustomed haughtiness, is told of the death of Adrastus, whom he had forgiven, and of his favourite daughter Arienis. Then, under a sense of utter prostration, he gives way ; and the play ends with the following beautiful lines.

Crœsus. ''Tis enough !
The wrath of Heaven, present, bends me low ;
Till my white hairs, escap'd from kingly crown,
Do grovel in the dust. O pride ! O pomp !
Why are your silver voices dumb, that late
Did soothe my jealous ear ; but in your place
Steals a small cry from lowly roof, and chills
My conscience, telling me that all is just.
Rich, I forgot the poor—proud, thought the Gods
My equals ; grac'd with fortune, power, more
Than ever other mortal blest, I thought
It did become me. Selfish, opulent,
I gave not. Solon ! Solon ! Thou wast wise—
Saying, with accents calm, that greatness might
Desert the side of Crœsus, leaving him
To link his arm with sorrow, pace by pace
Guiding his faltering footsteps to the tomb
He had forgotten.

'Let all Sardis mourn,
That lov'd him well, the treble death that numbs
With stern reality my faded brow. Give alms,
That they may bless him dead and pray for me
Unwilling living. Hang out sable dumb
From darken'd windows. To my people sad
Proclaim two years of mourning. They will find
Fresh joys, their young hope wither'd ;—but I, I
Alone must weep for ever, hope no more—
Chamber'd with grief, death waiting at the door."
(*The curtain falls.*)

Before we conclude this notice we must give the Author our advice to attend to two or three little points ; which, however trifling, are of consequence, where success, particularly on the stage, is coveted. We think him too redundant of figure ; too exuberant of simile for a

tragedy. We, also, think him, in parts (although, now they are written, for their beauties, we would not alter them) too long and Cato-like. We recommend, here and there, a more frequent use of the article. The want of this gives sometimes a slight appearance of mannerism. We are desirous too, although for once or twice it be well, of seeing a tragedy of later date than the classical; which cannot easily become popular with the million;—albeit it may delight the higher order of readers. We congratulate the author on the idea of appearing illustrated. It is better than if he had made an attempt to 'soothe the jealous ears' of any of the managers of the present day. Managers of all times, as Sir W. Scott remarked, are fonder of pressed men than volunteers.

Bells and Pomegranates, No. VII. Dramatic Romances and Lyrics. By Robert Browning. London, 1845. Moxon.

We are much pleased with this number of *Bells and Pomegranates;* Mr. Moxon has not favoured us with the six which have preceded it. We wish every success to so cheap, and yet so good, a publication.

Mr. Browning has many faults which, were we disposed to be severe, might be mentioned with proper censure; but his beauties are exceedingly more numerous, and on these we are better pleased to enlarge. These short poems appear to us to happily combine many of the characteristics of real poetry, and more especially its simplicity. We give one extract, and very cordially recommend this, we suppose we must call it a *Serial*, to our readers.

'I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and He;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all Three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the light sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

'Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'"Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lockeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

'At Aeschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the midst at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray.'

1945: *A Vision*. London, 1845. Rivingtons.

We have heard many surmises respecting the parentage of this very eloquent little book, but cannot pretend to decide whether the author of 'Hawkstone,' or a noble lady, scarcely less celebrated, is entitled to the distinction; and be this as it may,—whether the writer is of Oxford, or a tenant of the drawing-room, matters little; this pamphlet, for it is nothing more, requires no distinguished name to recommend it. It addresses itself to the heart and the better feelings; is earnest in its language; Catholic in every sentiment. We would have it read in every cottage in the land, for it speaks to the Peasantry in words of unmistakeable import. The well-being of the poor, and the security of the Church are identical.

The writer commences thus:—

'As I sat one summer evening in the solitude of my home, and gazed upon the village church, a glorious relic of better times, thronging thoughts came over me, and my mind went dreaming back into the days when holy men reared the noble pile, and consecrated it to the glory of God, a monument and a symbol of their piety. There it stood, in the centre of the village, with cottages clustering round it; for the poor, whom Christ hath called "blessed," had been from time immemorial almost the only inhabitants; and now the innocent voices of children in their play cheered my spirit. It was a sweet scene, but something there was wanting to its perfect harmony. In other days at this vesper hour, the doors of the sacred building would have been open wide, and desolate and weary hearts might have found within its sacred walls the communion and the solace of prayer. Now the doors were closed, and so from Sunday evening to Sunday morning they would continue closed; no prayer, no chant, to waken the echoes, no invitation and no welcome to the toil-worn villager before his nightly rest, to remind him of the rest of heaven. The Cross had once stood on high upon the eastern gable; now there was a broken shaft, standing as if in mockery of Faith and hope departed. Once saintly forms, in hues of grace and beauty, had shed a glory like a light from heaven on kneeling crowds within; now plain glass in mutilated stone-work glared coldly down upon the empty chancel, in deadly concord with the white-washed walls, barren of sacred text and pictured emblem. It seemed almost that one might hear the sound of guardian spirits departing, and mysterious voices murmuring, "Let us go hence." Time was, and, by the blessing of God, time shall be again, when men felt that to devote the whole day to worldly gain, was to rob God of that which He had given to be used to His honour, and to peril heavenly treasures; and the poor have hearts to feel this. The blessing pronounced by Him who "for our sakes became poor," is still upon them. They are ready to receive His word; they yearn to accept His promises. It is not the deadness of the poor to the doctrine and discipline of Christ which has stolen from them the rich inheritance bequeathed to them by ancient piety; it is the cold and faithless spirit, the hateful, miserable worldliness of those who dare to call themselves their betters. There was no danger of profanation, when men by holy communion within sacred walls, daily learnt reverence by daily self-abasement. There was that which would elevate the hope, and enlarge the charity, and keep in living energy the Faith of Christians, in the daily exhibition of the spirit of prayer, the ever open doors inviting worship, and silently proclaiming "the glad tidings." And shall not those times return? If the clergy are faithful to their ministry, they shall return, and the dream of that evening which crept so soothingly over my fainting spirit shall be realized.

I dreamt: and the same Church and the same still village scene was before me; but I stood among men of another generation, and yet familiar faces. It was the same vesper hour, but a bell was tolling, and the Church doors stood open, and there was a throng of little children, and grey-haired men and women, and many a robust man and matron gathering there, to the rest and the refreshment of prayer. I entered the Church among them, and when the sounds of gently falling feet, and the whispers of secret aspiration were hushed, a priest, a venerable man, with calm benignant countenance, came forth, and in a grave and solemn voice began the service. I could not but mark the intense devotion of the people; all joined as if with one heart in their due place and time. They listened to the words of Holy Writ, as if it were indeed the word of life to their souls. In the psalms and hymns of the Church they alternated the responsive verses in simple cadence; all knelt in prayer, and at each conclusion there ascended from the lips of all the loud Amen; like a clear tone of music ringing through aisles and arches, and seeming to blend with the song of angels. It was impossible not to feel that He was present among that lowly kneeling crowd who hath promised ever to be "where two or three are gathered together in his name." There was a short silence, and then the congregation rose, and quietly and reverently left the church, the smile of a heart at peace with God on every countenance, and happy voices mingling as they passed along, and separated each to his humble home. I lingered, as some few others did, waiting for the venerable man, the pastor of that little flock. As he came forth from the church, his whole appearance and demeanour marked the man of God. He stopped once or twice before he came to the spot where I stood, to address a word of kindly greeting to an aged man, or to listen with a look of inexpressible benignity to the confiding prattle of a little child who ran to him with its offering of wild flowers, and to lay his hand in loving benediction upon its head. He had won the hearts of young and old in his long and faithful ministry. As he approached I accosted him, and he offered his hand with the salutation of peace upon his lips. When I spoke of having known his village in times long gone by, and the delight I felt in the altered scene before me; let us sit down, he said, by the churchyard Cross, and interchange our knowledge of the place and people. There are a few here of my friends who will be glad to join our talk, and you, as well as I, may learn many a lesson from the poor. As he spoke, some few gathered round us. It was in the year 1845, I said (it did not seem strange to any of us, that I spoke of a time a hundred years past by); it was in the year 1845 that I last gazed upon this church, and sadly I remember the desolate feeling that came over me when at this very hour I longed to offer up a thanksgiving for God's mercies within its walls, and the doors were closed against me. Then there was no Cross to throw its holy shade over the peaceful graves, but bleak stones with heathen emblems sculptured, and wretched legends, (ah! some few I see still remain,) told a tale of human vanity! How changed! how happily changed is all this now!

'It is, indeed, he answered fervently. Thank God! those days are over, and I have perhaps as much to tell of the revival of better feelings as you of those faithless days; and yet I have read that even then there were signs of better things; and my people have a tradition, that about that time the voice of prayer began to be heard more frequently in some of the towns and villages of England. It was so, I answered. Here, at the time I speak of, there was service on the saints' days and other holidays of the Church; but few, very few, were found to assemble themselves together.'

The following portrait will be immediately recognised:—

'*Pastor.* You remember that my friend Richard spoke of the memory, so dearly cherished among us, of her who, under God, was a great instrument of that restoration? With the love of a mother, He caused to spring up in

the heart of the Queen a desire that her children should be nurtured in that high and heavenly wisdom which can alone give true dignity to princes. The increasing care, on all sides, to bring up children in the faith and obedience of Christ, extended to the court; and one was chosen, a meek and holy man, endowed with rare intellectual gifts, to whom the training of the young princes was committed. The light of a heavenly conversation shone ever around his path; his solid learning commanded honour, and his gentle manners and grave instruction secured him the unbounded confidence of his royal pupils. They grew up in ever increasing reverence for his precepts: and he had the skill to draw all his teaching to one point—the high and angelical perfection of the Christian character. Whether it was philosophy that they studied, he would direct them to the deeper wisdom of the doctrine of Christ: or history and the art of government, he would illustrate both from the examples of Christian kings and statesmen, and place the boasted instances of heathen virtue side by side with the brighter instances of Christian grace. The heroic ages of Christendom furnished him with acts of chivalrous honour, surpassing the illustrious deeds of Greece and Rome: while he made them familiar with the epic and lyric poetry of classic ages, he did not fail to point to the loftier thought and diction of Hebrew prophecy, and the sweeter strains of Christian minstrelsy; while he trained their minds to admire the bold eloquence of Demosthenes, he taught their hearts to glow with the fervid inspiration of St. Chrysostom. Thus he never lost sight of the one great object of their education—the training the royal children to fitness for their high earthly destinies by teaching them to know their more exalted station as citizens of heaven; their membership in CHRIST; their participation of His Spirit; their inheritance in His kingdom. Very soon this example in high places acted with reciprocal force upon the nation, and gave fresh impulse to the better principles of education among all classes of the people. Men saw, in the unbridled licence which now and then burst forth, the fruits of their own neglect of children, and the Church awoke once more from her slumber to an energetic life, and seized all opportunities of repairing the past; and so when, many years after, the eldest of the princes succeeded to the throne, the humblest man in the broad realms of England, among many humble men in high station and in low, was he who ruled the mightiest dominion the world ever saw.'

Our author concludes with the following happy prophecy and pious aspiration:—

'*Stranger.* And is the Church in England now in communion with other Christian Churches?

'*Pastor.* Alas! no. The old schism of the East and West continues, but the violence of animosity is much abated; and there is on all sides a great increase of charity. The power of Catholic truth in doctrine and in discipline is manifested in the wide conversion of heathen nations to the faith of Christ through the living energy of English missions. God's hand is heavy on His Church in Rome, and there seems a distant hope that His chastening may bring her to repentance, and so Christendom may be as one again. Oh, how blessed and joyful will be that day when Rome, purified from all things that offend, is seen once more in holy fellowship with the faithful in all the world; other churches according to her the willing honour of pre-eminence held due in early ages to her high gifts and world-wide fame, and she most lowly in her dignity, labouring earnestly with them in one faith, and hope, and love, to publish the Gospel of salvation; when jealousies shall have ceased for ever! Till that may be, we rejoice to know that there are many and increasing numbers of holy men within her communion who are not partakers of error, humble souls whose loving prayers and devoted lives are moving ever heavenwards to aid that consummation; and yet it seems too

blessed an one ever to be again after so long and miserable a separation. I often think it a more likely event that an unity of inward graces in the individual members of the different Churches is all that we shall ever see in this world, so deeply rooted the causes of alienation seem; that we shall never know a perfect outward unity until Christ shall gather His members at His coming from all the world, and from all ages, and present the redeemed to His Father, a "glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and without blemish." Yet the heart of a Christian must yearn for fellowship, and make unceasing prayer to God for mercy on his suffering Church; and it may be His will to grant our prayers, for us He has purified, and so why not others? Till the Church of England was taught once more to bow beneath the Cross, she never raised it up on high as the token of her victory.

'*Stranger.* And tell me of the separatists of our own Church, whose state I once so sadly used to dwell upon: are they restored?

'*Pastor.* Gradually, I thank God, the Church is gathering within her arms her straying children: every year the ranks of dissent diminish, for the high glory and blessing of communion with her are more and more manifest. The light of holiness, in her true children, shines more brightly before men, and they are forced to confess that God is in her of a truth, and they are divinely moved to seek grace and consolation in her bosom. In times of tribulation the ministers of those irregular communities had no substantial comfort to supply, and men felt how meagre and unsatisfying was their ever-shifting creed: the reed they leant upon pierced them through, and they had recourse, by thousands, to the full and merciful provision for their starving souls, which Christ had made for them in His Church.

'*Stranger.* Oh, happy consummation! How blessed must it be to be a fellow helper, together with God, in bringing back holy love and unity and peace! How must the sight of these things elevate and cheer you in your ministry!

'*Pastor.* Humbly I thank God for His consolations. But we have our trials, and it is good for us to have them. If it were not for His great mercy in sending us trials, our hearts might be lifted up, and we tempted to ascribe something to our own labour and deserving, and not give to Him all the glory.

'*Stranger.* Yes, doubtless, Christian watchfulness is as needful now as it ever was; but to me, in contrast with those times of trouble and rebuke which I so painfully call to mind, it seems as if nothing could be wanting to your perfect earthly joy. The outward state of the building, dedicated to God's service, I see, too, harmonizes with the sanctity within.

'*Pastor.* Oh! yes; with the revival of inward reverence, care also for outward decency revived. Men began then to understand their concord, and to see that outward beauty as much betokens inward piety as outward neglect betokens inward irreligion. Sympathy then sprung to life with the order and splendid ceremonial of ancient services. God has adorned His glorious world with features of dignity and beauty, and thrown the harmony of living light over this majestic fabric of the universe; and He has clothed His own image upon earth with the noble proportion and form of man; and we are but working in the direction of the Creator's wisdom, and after the pattern of His creation, when we give outward grace to structures erected to His honour, and soften with tints of gorgeous colouring within, and adorn His services with holy melody, to charm the eye which He has made to rejoice in beauty, and the ear which He has made to revel in the voice of music.'

May that blissful dream be realized! The land we love so well—the land of our Fathers—will then once more be happy and merrie England.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Hulsean Prize Essay has been adjudged to C. Babington, Esq., B.A. (1843) of St. John's College, Cambridge.

REPORT OF THE CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

The Committee of the Cambridge Camden Society cannot allow the Michaelmas Term to pass over without reporting to the members the present state of the Society's operations and prospects.

The Committee were elected at the Anniversary Meeting in May, with instructions to revise the Laws of the Society on the basis of a scheme then submitted to the members, and with an understanding that the public meetings of the Society in Cambridge should be discontinued until all necessary changes should have been satisfactorily carried into effect. They have first to report that, at the first meeting after the anniversary, Mr. Stokes, one of the six elected, resigned his place on the Committee. The following gentlemen, of whom the two last alone had not already served on the Committee, were added to the number.

The Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., Trinity College.
J. S. Forbes, Esq., M.A., Christ Church.
J. J. Bevan, Esq,, M.A., Trinity College.
Sir S. Glynn, Bart., M.P., M.A., Christ Church, Oxford.
F. H. Dickinson, Esq., M.P., M.A., Trinity College.

The Committee have appointed A. J. B. Hope, Esq., M.P., M.A., Trinity College, to be Chairman; the Rev. F. W. Witts, M.A., King's College, to be Treasurer; and the Rev. B. Webb, M.A., the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., of Trinity College, and F. A. Paley, Esq., M.A., St. John's College, to be Secretaries.

In the list of members provisionally elected, we find the Rev. E. Coleridge, M.A., Eton College, and H. H. Smyth, Esq., B.A., Jesus College. There is an accession of upwards of forty members, and altogether we can congratulate the Society on the progress it is making. We need not say how heartily we wish it all success.

THE UNIONS.

To several Correspondents who wish to see some report of the Union debates given in our pages, we can only reply that the Rules of these Societies will not permit of such a publication of their proceedings. Whether this restriction is necessary or wise, we shall not presume to say until we have had further communication with the principal members of both the Unions.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Oxford and Cambridge Review.

Sir,—I am anxious to take advantage of your permission to correct a statement made respecting me in your number for August. In page 125 it is stated, 'The Archdeacon of Meath receives 720*l.* (per annum) without any duty to perform.' In reply to this, I beg to say, that whatever duties belong to the office of archdeacon in any diocese of England or Ireland, belong to my office in this. I have the management of ordinations four times a year; the Ember season seldom passing without one. On each occasion I have to examine the candidates (with the assistance of some of the clergy of the diocese) in a very long and difficult course. The examination lasts five days, and I have besides to make all needful inquiries respecting the candidates.

I have also to attend the bishop at confirmations and local visitations. This required a month's close attendance last summer for one half of the diocese, and an equal period will be required next year for the other half. I have also to inspect personally a certain number of rural deaneries each year. I have to attend the bishop on other occasions, as he may require me; and as there is no other dignitary in this diocese but myself, such calls are necessarily more numerous than elsewhere. I have also, from time to time, to visit parishes in which local inquiry may be necessary, and these occasions are not few. I am often called on to adjust questions between parties on occasion of vacancies and promotions, &c.; and I have an extensive correspondence with the clergy on the affairs of their parishes, which last year cost me above 10*l.* in penny postage.

So much for the duties of the office: I come now to its emoluments. These you state at 723*l.* It is true the archdeaconry lands produce this sum, but it is not true that the archdeacon receives it as his income. Did you never hear of a tax on church income in Ireland? I pay 108*l.* 10*s.* tax on the 723*l.*; and on account of holding this office, I pay more tax on my benefice by 50*l.* than I otherwise should. The duties of this office oblige me also to keep a curate, to whom I pay 100*l.* Collection costs 36*l.*, and 30*l.* goes to the poor-rates. Here are deductions amounting to 324*l.*, leaving 400*l.* a year for the only dignitary of the largest diocese in Ireland.

I am aware how you have been led into the mistake. In the Report of the Union Commissioners there is a return (made in error by my predecessor) that there is not any duty attached to the office of archdeacon. I presume he mistook the question to relate to 'parochial duty;' he could not have meant to say that there were no duties belonging to the office, for he used to examine for orders and visit parishes. However, this mistake was his, and it is but just to say so.

The circumstance may serve to show that Blue Books alone will not qualify a person to write on the affairs of the Irish Church. In reports more worthy of credit than those of the Union Commission,

you may find my gross income, as Archdeacon and Rector of Kells, stated above 1,900*l.*, and the net income at 1,800*l.* But if you apply to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, they will give you an actual valuation of the present income at 1,641*l.* gross, and 1,427*l.* net. But this is an *Irish* net income. From it must be deducted the tax I pay these same Commissioners, 214*l.* (on which sum I pay the collection, poor-rates, and county rates); also to be deducted, poor-rates, about 70*l.*; county rates, 30*l.*; schools, 100*l.*; agency, 82*l.*; besides numerous local subscriptions which must be forthcoming from the rector. Here are deductions exceeding 500*l.* a year from what is called the net income of an Irish benefice; leaving about 900*l.* a year (half the net income in the Blue Book) for the dignity and parish united, the latter having a charge of 1,100 souls in communion with the Church.

Your statement of the affairs and income of the Irish Church is as far from the reality as that relating to myself. In some points false returns have misled you, in others want of the most ordinary knowledge of the subject. In describing the *present condition* of the *reduced establishment*, you say there are 895 parishes having less than fifty Protestant Episcopalian inhabitants. Now did you not know that 140 of these came under suppression by the Temporalities Act passed ten years ago? Of the remainder about 110 have no income; about 110 continue to exist, not on any church grounds, but solely on the grounds of lay property. Here are 360 off the list! Of the remainder, numbers (whose amount I cannot exactly tell) a great number are formed into benefices; each such benefice being declared by Act of Council and by Act of Parliament, to be (what in common sense they ought to be) single parishes; but to create parishes under the mark, these are illegally returned as separate parishes. Many more of these parishes do not exist, and never did exist, except in a fraudulent return got up to raise an unjust outcry against the Irish Church. To let you a little into the way this was done:—in many cases an enumerator was given a parish with parts of other parishes adjoining as his district. These *parts* are returned as parishes having less than fifty Protestant inhabitants. In other cases, where three or four segments have been taken off several parishes to form a new parish, to meet the wants of church accommodation, each *segment* is returned as a parish having less than fifty Protestants! Many parishes under the mark are twice entered; in one division alone there are nineteen such cases. Townlands are given as parishes. *Names* which have no districts are given as parishes; and every mistake goes to swell the number of parishes having less than fifty Protestant inhabitants.

In page 128, you profess to give 'the present condition of what we think is rather facetiously called *the reduced* establishment.' One item is Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, 151,127*l.* Do you mean to say that the Archbishops and Bishops of the *reduced establishment* have this income? I am sure every reader has put this construction on it. This item is more than 91,000*l.* too much! You make the income of the reduced establishment of bishops about 35,000*l.* more than the income of the full establishment before any reduction was made. Another item is 'Tithe Composition, 531,781*l.*' Do you really not know that

in the reduced establishment there is no tithe composition? In lieu of it is a rent-charge of about 378,800*l.* You state the glebes at 92,000*l.* The actual value, as given by the commissioners, is 76,788*l.*

In these three items of the reduced establishment your statement is about 259,300*l.* too much.

I fear I have trespassed too far: may I yet venture to ask, in reply to all you say of the Irish clergy, and of their utter failure with the Roman Catholic population, whether you have ever heard of the working of the Irish Society under their management? As I have been forced to write of myself, I may give an instance which I can personally vouch for. Having been lately asked to preach in a town in my archdeaconry, in which the Irish teachers were assembled, they all attended; about 300 in number. These men are not to be considered merely as individuals: each one is a teacher of others, a centre of intelligence in his hamlet. *All* had been Roman Catholics; perhaps one half are so still; yet they all attended our service of their own accord. There you might see the captain of a Ribbon Lodge, and his desperate comrades, having now forsaken all agrarian and political societies to use his native influence over his fellows, in that which soon becomes the darling object, to promote the knowledge of the Word of God in the Irish tongue.

After their departure to their homes, a paper was sent to me, signed by 112, (of whom many are Roman Catholics,) requesting that the sermon should be printed for them. The great distances at which they lived from each other alone prevented all their names being attached to it, as I am informed on good authority. Does this look like an utter failure? Is it a 'political nuisance,' that of the tens of thousand of Roman Catholics connected with this society, none have joined repeal? They have learned to brave political as well as religious persecution;—for persecution they have to bear in every form.

I may boast of this, for it is none of my doing. It is the work of the clergy around me, men who possess the respect and esteem of the whole Roman Catholic population.

If you, Sir, are desirous of obtaining real knowledge of the state of our Church, this is deserving of your attention. I shall always be ready to receive on respectable introduction any clergyman or member of the English Church, and to afford him every facility for judging of its operation.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDW. A. STOPFORD,
Archdeacon of Meath.

(*No. VIII. will be published on the 1st February.*)

*** *Books intended for Review and Insertion in this List should be sent to the Editor before the 15th of the Month.*

LIST OF

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